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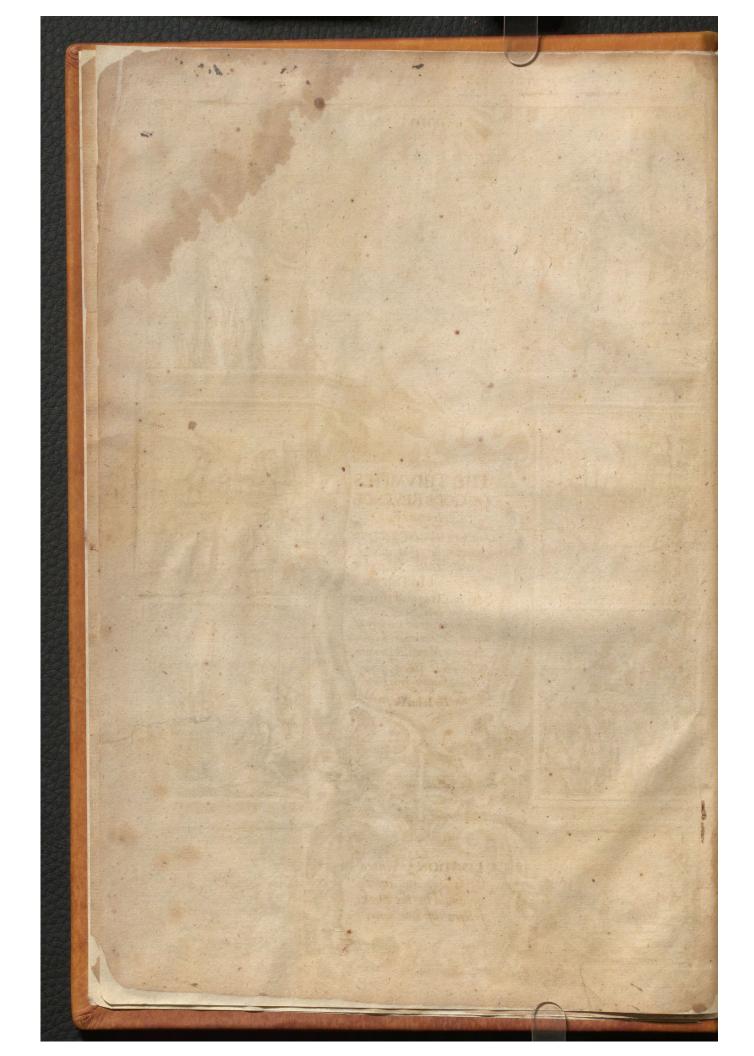


Peter Whiteford Redpath B.So. Jocelyn Clifford Redpath B.S.

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TRIUMPHS

GODS REVENGE

CRYING and EXECRABLE

SINNE

(WILFUL and PREMEDITATED)

MURTHER

With His Miraculous Discoveries, and Severe Punishment thereof.

In Thirty several

TRAGICAL HISTORIES:

(Digested into Six Books) committed in divers Countreys beyond the SEAS.

Never Published or Imprinted in any other Language.

Histories which contain great variety of Mournful and Memorable Accidents, Historical, Moral, and Divines very necessary to restrain and deterr us from that bloody sin which in these our days makes so ample and large a Progression.

With a TABLE of all the feveral Letters and Challenges contained in the whole Six Books.

Written by JOHN RETNOLDS.

PSAL. 9.16.

The Lord is known in executing Judgment, and the wicked is snared in the works of his own hand.

PROV. 14.27.

The fear of the Lord is a well-fring of life, to avoid the snares of death.

The Fifth and Last Edition.

Whereunto are added the lively Pourtraictures of the several Persons, and resemblances of other Passages mentioned therein, engraven in Copper Plates.

LONDON, Printed by A. M. for William Lee, and are to be fold by George Sambridg, Francis Tyton,
John Martin, Thomas Vere, Randolph Taylor, Edward Thomas, Thomas Paffenger, Henry Brooms
Nevil Symmons, Robert Clavel, William Grook, and James Magnes; and other
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HUMULAT

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ICADO V. Priored Ly & W. for William Lee, and are to be fold by George Sarbridg, Francis Tysen, John Street, Thomas I. ver. Rankling when, Edward Thomas Fallenger, elenny Broom, Made Street, Street Street, Street,

I he Epilite Dedicatory.

To my Sacred Soveraign, CHARLES, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.

A S Rivers, though in their passing they fall into A many Neighbour-Currents, yet finally empty themselves into the Sed: so let these my poor Labours (though formerly dedicated to divers Illustrious Peers of this your Realm) be suffered at last to terminate in the Ocean of your Princely Greatness and Goodness, wherein all Vertuous Endeavours (as so many Lines in their Center) desire to be united.

What private respects may challenge me towards their Honours, the same towards your Majesty, will claim the publike
Bond of common Allegiance, whereby I am more eminently, and
more universally obliged. I am not so overweening of my weak Endeavours, as to think them worthy of your Majesty's view; much
less able to add any thing to your Royal Vertues; Rivers add
nothing to the Main; yet thither they naturally send the Tribute
of their streams: & if my Loyalty teach me to do the like, it will
not, I hope, be conceived done out of an opinion of Merit, but only
out of a desire to discharge the duty of a Subject to your Majesty.

And I am the rather emboldned to this Confidence, because I have formerly adventured the like; when to your Princely View, being then the Second Hope of this Kingdom, I (about Eleven years since) presented a Translation of a Work of Monsieur de Resuges, entituled, A Treatise of the Court; the Gracious and Undeserved acceptance whereof, if it hath inspired me with surther Courage, to present you (now advanced to a greater State) with a greater encrease of mine own Labour, your Majesty will not (I hope) condemn me of groundless Presumption.

The former Three Books had the Honour and Happiness to be perused by the Judicious Eye of King James, your Renowned Father, of Happy Memory; In whose Incomparable Judgment they failed not of Approbation, though Dedicated to Inferior Names:

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Names: the more am I now encouraged to Inscribe and Intitle the whole Six to your Sacred Majesty, as being no less Heir of His Virtues, than of His Crown and Dignity.

And one thing more (arifing from the Consideration of the thing it self) made me think it a Present not altogether unworthy of your Royal Estate: for, the Contents of it being the Execution of Justice upon the Unnatural Sin of Murther; Where can it be more fitly addressed, than to the Great Patron of Justice among us (God's immediate Vicegerent), by whose Sword (as the Minister of Heaven) such odious Crimes are to be chastised, and Innocent Blood justly expiated with Guilty.

And it may more fitly suit with your Majesty, who as you excel in the careful Administration of Justice upon all Offenders; so especially upon those (most beinous of all others) the violaters of God's sacred Image, in the perpetration of wilful Murther, towards whom Clemency even changeth her nature, and becomes Cruel to the Weal-publick. Never had any Land less cause to complain of too much Indulgency this way, than ours, as may well appear both by the rareness of such Occurrences in your Kingdom, and the severe vindication of them whensoever they

bappen, or by whom, or how soever performed.

These Histories therefore, which may serve as a Looking-glass to all Nations, shall to these of yours be a special Ornament and Mirror of their felicity, and set forth and publish your Praise, in the peaceable and quiet Government of your People, whose Climate (seldom or never) affords such Tragedies; nor will do, whiles your Christian resolution shall continue to prevent them in the spring, and to punish the lighter degrees of Bloodiness with due relation. The great Author of Justice (who is Goodness and Justice it self) long preserve your Majesty with us, and the Happiness we enjoy in your Sacred Person, so near resembling Him whose Authority and Image you bear. So prayeth

Tour Majesty's most bumbly devoted in all Dutiful Allegance,

Total of homomod down JOHN REYNOLDS.

THE

AUTHOR

HIS

PREFACE to the READER.

Hristian Reader, we cannot sufficiently bewail the iniquity of these last and worst dayes of the world, in which the crying and scarlet-sin of Murther makes so ample, and so bloody a progression: for we now scarce turn our ear or eye any where, but we shall be enforced, either to hear with pity the mountfull effects, or to see with grief the lamentable Tragedies thereof: as if we now so much degenerated from our selves, or our hearts from our souls, to think that Christ were no longer our shepherd, or we the sheep of his Pasture: or as if we were become such wretched and execrable Athiests, to believe There were no Heaven, to reward the righteous; or Hell, to punish the un-Psal. 23.1. godly. But, if we will divert our hearts from earth to heaven, and raise and erect our souls Psal. 100.3. from Satan to God, we shall then not only see what engendereth this diabolical passion in us, but also find the means to detect, and root it out from amongst us.

To which end it is requisite, we first consider, that cur enemies who oppose our trarquillity in this life, and our felicity in that to come, are neither so few in number, nor so weak in power, that we should think our selves able to vanquish, ere we fight with them; for we have to fight with the bewitching World, the alluring Flesh, and the entising Devil: not with three simple Souldiers, or poor Pigmes; but with three valiant and puissant Chieftans, subtil

to incamp, dangerous to affail, and powerful to fight.

The World, that it may be witch us to his will, affails us with Wealth, Riches, Dignities, Honours, Preferments, Sumptuous houses, perfumed Beds, Vessels of gold and silver, pompous apparel, delicious fare, variety of sweet Musick, Dancing, Masks, and Stage-plays, delicate Horfes, rich Coaches, and infinite Attendants, with a thousand other inticements and allurements.

The Flesh presents us with Youth, Beauty, The inst of the eye, and the pride of life; with ins. 1. John 2. Condinate affection and lascivious desires, with a piercing eye, a vermilion cheek, golden hair, Col. 3.5. and a slender waste. And although it discover us not all these persections of nature in one personage; yet, he shews us most of them in divers: and then if any thing want to captivate our affections, we shall hear them marry their Syren voice to their own Lutes and Vials, or their dancing feet to those of others: or if this will not suffice, then Persuming, Powdering, Crisping, Painting, Amorous kisses, Sweet smiles, Sugared speeches, Wanton embracings, and Lascivious dalliance, will undertake to play a world in love. On the other side, Strength, Nimbleness, Agility of body, Sloth, Luxury, Gluttony, Intemperancy, Drunkenness Voluptuousness and Sensuality will cast us out so fair (I mean so treacherous) a Lure, as if we stoop thereto, we shall buy our pleasure with repentance, and our delight therein will prove our ruine and destruction.

And now, if neither the world, nor the flesh can entangle, or instance our hearts, Then 1. Pet. 5.8. comes the Devil, that roaring Lyon, who malks about, seeking whom he may devour, that mortal Rev. 12, 9. John 12. 31. enemy, and arch-traytor to our souls, that Prince of darkness, whose subtility is the more danger—Eph. 6. 12. ous, and malice the more fatal, in that he transforms himself into an Angel of light, thereby to 2. Cor. 11.6. make us heirs and slaves of his obscure kingd.m.; yea, he will proffer us more than either our tongues can demand, or our hearts desire; for all the pomp, treasure, and pleasures of the world, yea all that is in the world, and the world it self, he will prostrate and give us, if we will consent to obey him, and promise to fall down and adore him; and for a pledge of his in-Luke 4.6. 76 fernal bounty and liberality, he will puff us up with Pride, Arrogancy, Ambition, Vain-glory, Ostentation, Disdain, Covetuousness, Singularity, Affectation, Considence, Security; and if all these allurements will not prevail to subdue us, he harh yet reserved Troops and Forces, and another string to his Bow: for then exchanging his smiles into frowns, and his calms to storms, he will give us Pensiveness, Grief of mind and body, affliction, forrow, discontent, choler, envy, indignation, despair, revenge, and the like.

Yea, he will watch us at every turn, and wait on us at every occasion : for, are we bent to

revenge;

The Preface.

revenge; he will blow the coals to our choler: are we given to forrow and difcentent; he will thrust and hale us on to dispaire : are we inclined to wantonness, and lascivicusness; he will fit us with means and opportunity to accomplish our carnal defires : or, are we addicted to covetouinels and honours; he will eitner cause us to break our hearts, or our necks, to obtain it; for it is indifferent to him, either how or in what manner we enlarge and fill up the empty rcoms of his vast and infernal Kingdom.

Thus we see how powerfull our three capital Enemies are; yea, what a cloud, nay, what a world of subordinate means and influruments they have, not only to ensuare, but to destroy us: yea, not onely to conquer our hearts, but, which is worfe, to make shipwrack of our souls : and from hence comes our mifery : yea, from these three fatal trees we gather the bitter fruit

of our perdition.

But against all these temptations and dangers, against all these our professed enemies in general, and each of them in particular; we may swim in the Ocean of the world without drowning, and pilgrimage upon the face of the earth without terrour or destruction, if we will confider, and in confidering temember, that God is our Creator, Christ our Saviour, and the Holy Ghoft our Santtifier and Comforeir : that we are honoured with the resemblance of God, whose Pfal. 11. 5. 6. Stamp and character we bear, and inriched with immortal and living fouls: which facred privi-Joh. 10.21-11 ledges and divine prerogatives lift us up by many degrees of excellency above the rest of all his creatures, whom he hath made for our service, and we enely to serve and glorifie Him: That he hath made the world for a thorow-fare, and us as paffengers, that we have no abiding Gen. 1. 28. City here, but must seek one in the world to come : That the world is ours but for a season, 11a. 43. 21. and Heaven our patrimony and inheritance for ever : That the pomp and pleasures thereof are Heb. 13.14 but transitory and temporary, and that the vanity thereof passeth away as dust or smoke before the wind, whereas those of Heaven are both immortal and eternal : That our flesh is but like Pfal 132 3. s flowers that fade, and grafs that withereab, but a mais of corruption, a tabernacle of clay, and a coffin of dust and ashes, that the best of its beauty is but vanity and deformity; and the end of its Bravery but rottenness and putrifaction: If, I say, we spurn at the vanity of the world, 1. Cor. 6.15, contemn the pleasures of the flesh, and scoff at the temptations of Satan; using the first, as if we used it not, making the second the Temple of the Holy Ghost, and not the members of a Harlor; and that we are so far from searing, as we defie the third, Setting our affections on things that are above, and not on things of the earth for if we will be heirs of the Church Triumphant, Col, 3,2. we must be first Souldiers of the Militant, and so following the advice and direction of the Apo-

file, stand against all these our enemies, Having the whole spiritual Armour girt about us, as the girdle of Truth, the Brest-plate of Righteoufnefs, the Shield of Faith, the Helmet of Salvation. and the Sword of the Spirit, not to catch at these alluremennts, or to be caught by them; not to frike fail, or to floop to these afflictions : or to hang down our heads, as if we gave way to them, or were contented that our weakness should yield to their strength, or our joyes to their afflictions: rather to stand up couragiously, and to repel and refist manfully, considering that we are not only heirs, but coheirs with Jesus Christ, in the participation and felicity of that Heavenly Hierusalem, whose joyes are infinite, and glory eternal.

I deny not, but afflictions, and temptations may befall us; yea, I acknowledg they are subject and incident to the best and dearest of Gods children, whom he will trie in the fire, to fee whether they will prove filver, or drofs; yea, he will come with his fan and winnow them, to see whether they are Wheat or Chaff, Corn or Darnel : But the Children of God should rejoyce in tribulation, and account it exceeding joy, when they are timpted : yea, they must confider, that God tempteth no man with evil : but it is our own concupilcence that draws and enticeth us to it. In which respect, we may justly say, it is a folly to hearken to temptation, but a

James 1. 2. James 3.14. mifery and madness to follow and imbrace it.

For why should discontent cast us into dispair, except we will resemble the foolish Sailor, who abandoneth the Helm in a florm when he hath most need to use it? or the simple fish, that leaps from the pan to fire . Or those ignorant Pools, who to shelter themselves from the rain run into the River? For are we tempted? The Lord will hold us up by his right hands Pial. 73. 25.
Pialm. 9. 10. yea, he will not fail these that seek him: For he is our reck and our fortress, our stield, and our Pial. 18. 2. refuge, yea, although he hath wounded us, he will hind up our woundes. And that we may yet see a farther benefit, that accrueth to those that are tempted, let us read with joy and retain with comfort, that, Bleffed is the man that indureth temptation, be shall receive the Crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to these that love him : yea, they that trust in the Lord shall be as

Jam. I. : 12. Plal. 125. 1. Mount Sion, which cannot be removed but abideth for ever.

When therefore (amongst other temptations) choler so far prevaileth with us (or rather the Devil with our choler) that we imagine milchief in our hearts, or lift up our hands again fe

Pphel. 6.

B. CMM. 5. 3.

Hof. 6. 1.

The Preface.

our Christian Brother; let us then consider what the Apostle tells us from God : Hethat I John 2 1 1. hates his Brother, walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither be goeth: yea, He that laves not I Jhon 4. 10 his Brother, is not of God. Hath any one therefore offended thee ? why, confider he is a man and no Angel, and as subject to infirmities as thy felf : as also, that he is thy Brother by Creation and Adoption, by Nature and by Grace, and that he bears the same Image and Resemblance of God as thy felf doft : in which regard thou art countelled, Not to let the Sin go down Ephel. 4. 26 on thy wrath: That thou feek after peace and follow it: That we forbear and for give o e another, 1. Pet. 3.9.

s Christ for gives us, and that if we live in peace the God of peace will be with us.

But some there are (yea alas, too too many) who are so hardned in their hearts and fins. Plat. 14.58. and to resolute in their wilfulness, as instead of rellishing, they distaste, and instead of embracine, reject and diffain this Christian advice and counfell, opening their thoughts and hearts to all vanities, or rather drawing up the Sluces and Flood-hatches to let in all impiety to their

fouls, they give way to the treacherous baits of the world, to the alluring pleasures of the Flesh, and to the dangerous and fatal temptations of the Devil, and so cruelly imbrue their hands in the innocent blood of their Christian Brethren; and although the murders of Abel Gen 4.8 by Cain out of Envy, of Wriah by David for Adultery, of Abner by Joab for Ambition, of 2. Sam. 11.17. Naboth by Jezebel for malice, and of Jehu his sons by Athaliah for Revenge (with their se- and 3.27. veral punishments which God inflicted on them for these their heavy lift law and horrible crimes) 1 King 21.13. are precedent enough fearfull and bloody, to make any Christian heart dissolve into pity, and 21. 1. and a regenerate foul melt into tears, yet fith new examples engenders and produce fresh ef-

feets of forrow and compassion, and as it were leave and imprint a sensible memory thereof in our hearts and understandings, therefore I thought it a work as worthy of my labour (as that labour of a Christian) to collect thirty feveral Tragical Histories, which for thy more easy

and perfect memory, I have digested into fix several Books, that observing and seeing herein as in a Crystal Mirrour, the variety of the Devils temptations, and the allurements of fin a wherewith these weak Christians (the Authors and Actors hereof) suffered themselves to be carried away and feduced : Confidering, I fay the foulness of their facts in procuring the deaths of their Christian Brethren, some through blood, others through poylon: as also Gods miraculous detection and severe punishment thereof, in revenging blood for blood, and death for death: year many times repaying it home with interest, and rewarding one death with many; that the consideration of these bloody and mournfull Tragedies, may by their examples, firike aftonishment to our thoughts, and amazement to our senses, that the horror and terrour thereof may hereafter retain and keep us within the lifts of charity towards men, and the bounds of filial and religious obedience towards God, who tells us by his Royal Prophet, Pfal. 7.14-15 that mh soever maketh a pit for others shall fall into it bimself: for his mischief will return upon his own head, and his cruelty fall upon his ewn pate. Which we shall see verified in these, who sedu-

Apostle, if any one be afflicted, let him pray: and grieved to pour forth their hearts beefo e God:not james 5. 13. confidering the efficacy thereof; n'r how Moses made the bitter maters of Marah sweet there Pfal. 61. 8. by : yea they builded not their faiths on God, and his promises, on Christ and his Church, on Exod. 15. 16. his Gospell and his Sacraments, but spurned at all these Divine comforts and spiritual blesfings, yea and trampled that sweet smelling facrifice of prayer under their feet, which is the antidote and preservative of the soul against sin, and the Bulwark to expell all the siery and bloody darts of Satans temptations: yea, the very ladder whereby both aspirations and eja... culations of our souls mount unto God, and his benefits and mercies descend unto us: and this

ced partly by Sin, but chiefly by Satan, who is the author thereof, forgot the counfell of the

and only this, was both the Prologue to their destruction, and their destruction it self : the which I prefent unto the view, not onely of thine eyes, but of thy heart and foul, because it is a vertue in us to look on other mens vices with hatred and detertation, imitating herein the wife and skilfull Pilot, who mourns to fee the Rocks, whereon his neighbours have fuffered shipwrack : and yet again rejoyceth, that by the fight thereof he may avoid his own : which indeed is the true way, both to fecure our fafety, and to prevent our destruction, as well

I must further advertise thee, that I have purposely fetched these Tragicall Histories from forreign parts, because it grieves me to report and relate those that are too frequently committed in our own Country, in respect the missertune of the dead may perchance either afflict, or fcandalize their living friends; who rather want Matter of new confolation, then cause of reviving old sorrows; or because the iniquity of the times is such, that it is as easie to procure many enemies, as difficult to purchase one true friend: in which respect, I know that divers, both in matters of this, and of other natures; have been so cautious to disguise and mask their Actors, under the vails of other names; and sometimes been inforced to lay

of the Temporal life of our Bodies in this World, as the Spiritual of our fouls in that to come.

The Preface.

their Scenes in Arange and unknown Countreys.

For mine own part, I have illustrated and polished these Histories, yet not framed them according to the Model of mine own fancies, but of their paffiors, who have represented and personated them : and therefore if in some places they seem too amorcus, or in other too bloody, I must justly retort the impersection thereof on them, and not thy self on me; sith I onely represent what they have setted, and gave that to the publick which they obscurely perpetrated in private.

My intent, desire, and prayer, is, that if thou art streng in Christ, perusing and reading of these Histories may confirm thy faith, and thy defiance of all firs in general, and of Murther in particular; or if thou art but weak in the rules of Christian fortitude and piety, that hereby it may incourage and arme thee against the allurements of the World, and the Flesh; but especially against the snares and enticements of the Devil, which may fir thee up either to Wrath, Despair, Revenge, or Murther : that by the contemplation thereof, thou maist resemble the Bee and not the Spider, and so draw hony from all flowers, but poyson from none.

It shall be the felicity of my thoughts, and the glory of my content and labour, if by the fight of these Histories, thou respany spiritual comfort or encouragement in this Christian Warfare against the World, the Flesh, annd the Devil, our three professed and fatal enemies or if thou wilt be fo wilfully negligent of thine own good, as to ride post by other mens fins; and vices, yet with leifure take a curious and exact furvey of thy own; and in feeing them, not

onely endeavour but strive to reform them.

If this first Book of my Tragical Histories work any good effect in thee, in causing thee to affume and take on a resolution to hate these sins in thy self, and to detest them in others; then the five other parts which I owe to my premife, and the fentispiece to thee, shall not be kept back, or with-held thee, but in due time succeed this their elder filter : having purposely enlarged thee this my Preface, because this one shall serve for all fix Bocks, at least if the rest be fo happy to see the world, or I so fortunate, that the world may see them. In the mean time hoping that thy courtesie and charity will wink at some defects and impersections, which may herein have flipt either from my Pen, or the Press, and whereof the malice of some, or peradventure the ignorance of others may accuse themselves by condemning me; I recommend Deut. 30. 20. these my labours from their passion to thy friendship; from their censure to thy judgement : and Pfal. 104.31. us all to the protection of God, Who is our life, and the firength of our days: To whom be glory

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and description of the state of

Thy Christian Friend JOHN REYNOLDS.



THE

AUTHOR

HIS

READVERTISEMENT

TO THE

Judicious Christian Reader.

Hat my promise owed six of these Books of Gods Revenge against Murther to the World, the Title, and my Epistle (to the Reader) of the first Book, doth apparently testifie: It is now some ten years since that I published the third thereof, since when, my time and leisure hath been still so interrupted, and (asit were) cut asunder by many different intervening accidents, that I along time both doubted and feared that the three last Books would have absolutely dyed upon the Design: But I praise and bless God, (he hath been so favourable to my desires, and fo propitious to my intentions and resolutions) that I have cleared that doubt and secured this fear; for now (by his facred Assistance and Providence) I have fully and compleatly finished them, and do here present all fix Books to thee in one intire Volumn. I am not so vain or presumptuous; to think that they deserve to be seen and read of more Judicious; for my thoughts aspire to nothing unproportionable to my mean abilities. I knew it was a fingular great and excellent point of wisdom in socrates, who (by the Oracle of Apollo) was deemed the wisest of Men, to confess and acknowledg to the world, That he knew but one thing, which was, that he knew nothing.

But here, before I proceed farther, I must let the world know, that I understand there are a generation of people, who have been so strangely ignorant, as to give out that these my Histories are not Originals, but Translations, either from Italian or French; all which (with equal Truth and Modesty) I simply contradict and deny, whether they regard Matter, Manner, Method, or Phrase, Place, or Persons: for contrariwise I found out the grounds of them in my Travels, and (at mine own leisure) composed and penned them, according to the rule of my weak Fancy and Capacity, they being so far from Translations, that as I have hitherto resused to imitate any therein, but my self, so had I been so ambitious or vain-glorious to have given way, or consent to it, some friends of mine in Paris, had long since done the three first Books into French, from my sirst Original thereof: But knowing Humility to be the fairest Ornament of a Writer, and Modesty best to become-Vertuous

Minds, I have hitherto prevented it, and do still resolve so to do

Now

The Re-advertisement.

Now because as Idleness makes some too curious, and Cariosity makes others too idle so it likewise pleased some (not so discreet as forward) to condemn and tax some of my Histories for being too long, and others for being too short, as if I were bound to observe and please their fancy, more then the truth, or mine own judgment; or that in the contriving and penning thereof, I were obliged to delight and content them before my felf. No, no, as long as I know men are as different in their opinions and censures, as in their countenances and complexions, I shall rather connive and not regard their (worthy to be pitied) ignorance, and resolve and content my self to contemn and pals by, rather than to effect or grieve at it. They will first I hope read, before they understand, and let me then request them also, that they will first understand, before they either centure, or tax any part of what they read; and fo I doubt not, but they will both fee, and find, that in the penning and publishing of these Histories, if I am not worthy of their Love, yet (at least) their unjust Envy and Detraction is every way unworthy of me, and that although many Books of these our time are not particularly approved and liked of for the present, yet it is not impossible for the future both to respect and honour them; and so I leave these uncharitable Zoylists to sleep, standing in the simplicity of their ignorance, if they will not be rectified and reformed by warning. And I will now divert my pen to the wife and religious Christian Readers, who will know what fingular good effects it worketh in their hearts, first to read with understanding, and then to apply with charity and prudence, for whose sakes solely I have now added these my three last Books of Gods Revenge against the Crying Sin of Wilful Murther, to the three former; for I send them to the publick good, whereunto all our Endeavours should tend, to the Propagation of Christian Love and Charity among men, whereat all our Enterprizes should aim, and to the flourishing advancement of Gods honour and glory, to which all the thoughts of our Hearts, and Faculties of our Souls should chiefly aspire and level.

And because scaliger Affirms, That nothing so soon allures or draws a Reader to peruse and read, as a strange Theam and Argument: Therefore this Path being seldom (if ever) trodden or beaten by any other, I am so far from despairing, as I am confident, at least, of thy acceptance, if not of thy approbation of these my labours; and the sooner, because as thou hast heretofore disburthened my stationer of the three first of these Books, so he (in compensation thereof) hath now drawn the three last of them from me to the Press, with a more than common and usual importunity; and I shall bear this content to my grave, and I hope from thence to Heaven, that in penning of them all, I shall leave no pernicious Air behind me, to infect Youth with Scurrility, or corrupt their Manners and Inclinations with Incentives to Lewdness and Vanity; which as it is the shame of this our age, so it ought to be the care of every good Man, to thun that which fo many of our lewd and lascivious Pamphlets do not. In writing hereof, I have consecrated my Pen rather to Instruction then Eloquence, and to Charity rather than Curiosity, and have made it my chiefest Care, Ambition, and Conscience, to profit thy Soul, rather than to please thine Ear, and to savour more of Heaven than Earth; Yea, I will affirm (with equal truth and boldness) that I have written it with so innocent a Pen, that the purest and most unstained Virgin shall not need to make her beautiful Cheeks guilty of the least Blush in perusing it all over-

It is with no small cost and labour, that I first procured, then penned these Histories, and have now polished and prepared them to the Press, as well for

to the Christian Reader.

the extirpating of that Execrable Sin of Murther (which cryes so loud to Heaven for Vengeance) as also to shew thee, Gods sacred Justice, and righteous Judgments in the Vindication of the inhuman Authors thereof, to the end, that (by the knowledg and reading of them) thou maist become more Charitable, and more hate cruelty, by their wretched and lamentable examples: having herein endeavoured (as much as in me sies) to make my Reader a Spectator, first of these their soul and bloody Crimes, and then of their condign and exemplary punishments, which (as a dismal storm and terrible tempest from heaven) sell on them on Earth when they least dreamt or thought thereof.

And here to conclude this my Re-advertisement to thee, I religiously from my heart intreat thee to respect the matter, not the Words, and the Importance and Consequence, more then the Dressing of these Thirty several Tragical Histories, whiles I will account and esteem it a far greater Happiness for my self, to learn true Charity, and the true sear of God in writing them, than to presume of my Ability to instruct and teach others by reading them, because I may justly and truly say with Lipsins, That my aim and desire in publishing of them, It is not that I might be made greater, but better thereby, and (if it please God) others by me.

What Spiritual Fortitude, or Benefit, thou reapest by their knowledg and contemplation, I exhort thee, in stead of giving me any Thanks, to reserve and give them wholly to God, who is the giver of all good things, yea, the Father of Mercies, and the God of all Comfort and Consolation, to whose Grace I commit thee, desiring thee to assist me with thy favourable opinion, and dayly prayers to his Throne of Grace, as I shall ever be ready to requite thee with mine.

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Thy Christian Friend

John Reynolds.

RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE

LORD MAR QUIS of BUCKINGHAM, &c.

Right Honourable

Bout some two years since, I (from beyond the Seas) presumed to send your Honour two several pregnant Testimonies as well of my affection to your service, as of my zeal to your prosperity; not that I performed those then, or remember them now, in regard of your fortunes, but of your vertues; for I know that to flatter, is to betray Greatness: a vice most ignoble in it felf, and therefore most improper for your Honours receit, or acceptance, sith your actions still make it apparent to our Sacred Soveraign, and his most Excellent Majesty to all the World, that you are truly Honourable, truly Noble, and now to second my two former acknowledgments of zeal and duty to your Honour, with this third, I (though in a less serious yet more publick manner) presume to make you the Worthy and Noble Patron of the first Book of my Tragical Histories, (Some of the mean observations and collections of my sender Travels) wherein The Triumphs of Gods Revenge against the crying and execrable Sin of Murther, are so eminent and conspicuous, that (except my hope betray my judgment) they are made obvious to the fight, and consequently profitable to the Soul of a Christian; and not to prophane either your Honours cares, or my pen, with the least Spark or shadow of an untruth, my presumption had not been so ambitious, to have committed these Histories to the Press, except with a desire, that in some sort they might thereby repress that hellish sin, against which they solely contest and fight, and which in these our days (with as much pity as grief) makes so bloody, and so lamentable a progression, thereby to serve as stops and preventions, in our England, immitation of the Cataracts of Nylus, which kept Egypt from being Submerg'd with her Inundation: Nor had I aspired to shelter them under the wings of your Honours Patronage and Protection, but that thereby they might find the surer passage, in conversing with the different opinions, and the safer in meeting with the self-pleasing censures of the world; and if your Honour please, select some few hours from your more serious and weighty affairs, and vouchsafe imploy them on the different accidents these Histories report and relate; I (with as much humility as considence) presume, that you will esteem them, if not prositably lent, yet not prodigally nor viciously cast away, in the perusal and contemplation thereof. How seever, they proceed from his Pen, whose heart not only admires and honours your Vertue, but rejoyceth in the Reward thereof, your Fortunes; for I live not, if in the sincerity and candor of my foul, I wish not that your Honour may still remain firm to these, and these eternally fixed and constant to you; and from your Honour successively to your Fosterity, transcendently to your Name.

Your Honours
in all duty and Service,
JOHN REYNOLDS.



The Stationer to the Reader.

Aving been so often importun'd for a Fifth Edition of this Book, I may seem to owe little further satisfaction to the World, but to procure what is defired, and answer a publike Expectation. Yet seeing that those that have done well in their former actions, have made themselves Debtors to the world, and must for the future render a severer account upon the score of their old merit. I shall not excuse my self from giving the reasons of this new Edition in solio, because the Four first were receiv'd with universal approbation; the which, when they first came out, the sparkling Vein which run through them, the sublimenels of some parts, where suitable passions were to be expressed, joined with the rareness of the Narrations, and perhaps the compassion of some persons, which made them wish they might not be true; began to create suspition in some, as if they wanted truth, the foul of History: Upon which the Lord Abbot, formerly Arch bishop of Canterbury, not willing so great a part of God's Government in the world, should be sustained upon painted Pillars, knowing the Auxiliaries Falshood supplies Truth with, are dangerous, and always call'd back in her greatest occasions; did very diligently enquire of the Author concerning most of the particulars, and was by him so amply satisfied, that that excellent person (who was then so great a part of the publike Conscience) did jung the Gentleman's Travels most profitably undertaken, and his Pains plac'd for the best advantage; which he did declare to the Woll by his License and Approbation. Besides, as a further moot of their truth, I have spoken with several Gentlemen, who have had acquaintance with some of the chiefest Actors. So that those Ladies whose perfect goodness delights to share in the sufferings of Castandra, and pay their Ceremonies of grief to empty Tombs, may let fall that Celestial Dew upon those sweet Flowers and Lilhes which here grow about the Grave sometimes of unfortunate Faith and clear Innocence. That all this may appear more lively, I have added the several Brazen Cuts, which represent the most confiderable actions, and offer a variety, which I question not but will be agreeable: for, that which is more flowly deduced through

The Stationer to the Reader.

the course of a larger Narration, will at once be presented to the view, and make the impression strike the deeper. For, as Naturalifts observe, that the blood of that beast which dyes the Purple, does then give the truest stain when he is killed at one blow: so Tragical Stories, put into such order that they may at once touch the sense, do most passionately move the affections; which being the main End of this new Edition, and the truest Benefit the Publike can receive, To create a horror in men of a fin which is purfued of God by those Punishments which are visible, and not adjourned to the Great Day, I shall rest assured of the acceptation of the Candid Reader, to whom I am to give farther notice, That this most Excellent History of God's Revenge against Murther, in few years having vended and fold all the Third and Fourth Impressions (so well contrived with the Graving of brass Plates to all the thirty Tragical Histories); I now the Fifth time present it unto the World much better corrected than the last Impression.

The whole work at large thus published the Fifth time, hath no Addition to the Matter, neither had any of the former. Only to these two last Impressions I did add the thirty brass Plates, that hath so much satisfied the Reader, that he cannot ever hereaster expect any more to be added. All which I commend to thy kind

acceptance, and my felf to thy fervice.

W. L.

A TABLE

leads Berntonav-

weedla flynny con chine god

on the freet. Laurieta, Poligny's Ton

ne, Lontents.

Of the Contents of all the Histories, Contained in the whole Six Books.

The Contents of the First Book.

chrometed in a Lake, and I. I. YNOTSHALL been about the the chi

Auteselia causeth La Fresnay an Apothecary, to posson her Brother Grand Pre and his Wife Mermanda, and is likewise the cause that her said Brother kills de Malleray her own Husband in a Duel. La Fresnay condemned to be hanged for a Rape, on the Ladder confesseth his two former murthers, and says that Hauteselia seduced and hired him to perform them: Hauteselia is likewise apprehended. And so for these cruel murthers they are both put to severe and cruel Deaths.

Page 1

Pisani betrapeth Gasperino of his Mistress Christineta. Gasparino challengeth Pisani for this Disgrace and hils him in the field. He after continueth his Sute to Christineta. She disjembles her malice for Pisani his Death. She appoints Gasparino to meet her in a Garden, and there cause he Bianco and Brindoli to murther him. They are all three taken and executed for the same.

HIST. 111.

Mortaign, under the promise of Marriage gets Josselina with child, and after converting his love into hatred, causeth La Verdure and La Palma to murther both her Sher young son. The jealouse of Isabella to her Husband La Palma is the cause of the Discovery hereof. They are all three taken and executed for the same. p. 29

HIST. III.

Beatrice-Joanna to marry Alfemero, caufeth de Flores to murther Alonso Piracquo, who was a futer to her. Alsemero marries her, and finding de Flores and her in adultery, kills them both. Thomaso Piracquo challengeth Alsemero for his Erothers death. Alsemero kills him treacherously in the field, and is beheaded for the same, and his body thrown into the Sea: At his execution, he confessed, that his Wife and de Flores murthered Alonso Piracquo: their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their ashes thrown into the air.

P. 41

Alibius murthereth his Wife Merilla: he is discovered, first, by Bernardo, then by Emelia his own Daughter: jo he is opprehended and hanged for the fact.

The Contents of the Second Book.

toin a words thou HIST. VI.

Victorina causeth Sypontus to stab & murther her first Husband Souranza, & she her seif poyloneth vastino her second: so they both being miraculously detected, and convicted of these their cruel murthers, he is beheaded, and she hanged and burnt for the same.

Pag. 77

HIST, VII

Gatalina causeib berwaiting maid Antilva two several times to attempt to porson ber own sister Berinthia: wherein failing she afterwards makes an Emperick, b. 2

The Contents.

termed Sarmiata, poyson her said maid Ansilva: Catalina is killed with a Thunder-bolt, and Sarmiata hanged for poysoning Ansilva. Antonio see als Berinthia away by her own consent: whereupon her Brother Sebastiano sights with Antonio, and kills him in a Duel: Berinthia in revenge hereof, afterwards murtheret be ber Brother Sebastiano: she is adjudged to be immured twixt two walls, and there languisheth and dies.

HIST. VIII.

Belluile treacherously murthereth Poligny in the street. Laurieta, Poligny's Mistrifs, betrayeth Belluile to her Chamber, & there in revenge shoots him thorow the body with a Pistol, when assisted by her waiting, maid Lucilla, they likewise give him many wounds with a Poniard, & so murther him: Lucilla string for this fast, is drowned in a Lake, and Laurieta is taken and hanged, and burnt for the same.

HIST, IX.

Jacomo de Castelnovo, sussessible sin love with his daughter in Law Perina, his own son Francisco de Castelnovo's Wife: whom to enjoy, he causeth Jerantha sirst to poyson his own Lady Fidelia, and then his said son Francisco de Castelnovo; in revenge whereof, Perina treacherously murthereth him in his bed. Jerantha ready to dye in travel of clild, confesseth her two murthers, for the which she is hanged and burnt. Perina hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetual imprisonment, where she sorrowfully dies.

Pag. 104

Bertolini seeks Paulina in marriage, but she loves Sturio, and not himself: he prays her Brother Brellati his dear friend, to sollicit her for him, which he doth, but cannot prevail: whereupon Bertolini lets fall some disgraceful speeches, both against her honour and his reputation: for which Brellati challengeth the sield of him, where Bertolini kills him, & he slies for the same. Sturio seeks to marry her, but his Father will not consent thereunto, conveys him away secretly for which two disasters, Paulina dyes for sorrow. Sturio sinds out Bertolini, and sends him a challenge, and having him at his mercy gives him his life at his request: he afterwards very treacherously kills Sturio with a Petronel in the street from a window: he is taken for this second murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body thrown into the River.

The Contents of the Third Book.

HIST. XI.

De Salez killeth Vaumartin in a Duel; La Hay causeth Michaele to poyson La Frange; De Salez loves La Hay, & because his Father Argentier will not consent that he marry her stisseth him in his bed, and then takes her to his Wife; she turns Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying, he accuse th her of this bloody fact, & himself for murthering his Father Argentier: so his dead body is hang'd to the Gallows, then burnt; La Hay confesseth this murther, and likewise that she caused Michaele, to poyson La Frange: she hath her right hand cut off, & is then burnt alive; Michaele is broken on the wheel, & his dead body thrown into the River. p. 135

Albemare causeth Pedro and Leonardo to murther Baretano, and he after marrieth Clara, whom Baretano sirst sought to marry. He causeth his man Valerio to posson Pedro in prison, & by a Letter which Leonardo sent him, Clara perceives that her Husband Albemare had hired and caused Pedro & Leonardo to murther her first Lover Baretano: which Letter she reveals to the Judg; so he is hanged, and likewise Valerio and Leonardo sor these their bloody crimes. pag. 161 HIST. XIII.

The Contents.

La Vasselay poysoneth her waiting-maid Gratiana, because she is jealous that her husband De Merson is dishonest with her; whereupon he lives from her; in revenge whereof she causeth his man La Villete to murther him in a wood. On them marries him in requital. The said La Villete riding a year after through the same wood his Horse falls with him, and almost kills him; then he confesseth the murther of his Master De Merson, and accouse the his wife La Vasselay to be the cause thereof: so for these their bloody crimes, he is hanged, and she is burnt alive. P. 171.

Fidelia and Calestina cause Carpi and Monteleon, with their two Lackies Lorenzo and Anselmo, to murther their Father Captain Benevente, which they perform. Monteleon and his Lacky Anselmo are drowned. Fidelia hangs her self Lorenzo is hanged for a robbery. On the Gallows confesseth the murthering of Benevente, Carpi hath his right hand, then his head cut off; Calestina is beheaded, and her body burnt.

P. 187.

Maurice like a bloody Villain, and damnable Son, throws his Mother Christina into a Well, and drowns her: the same hand and arm of his, wherewith he did it, rots away from his body; and being distrazed of his wits in prison, he there confesseth this foul and inhuman murther, for the which he is hanged.

The Contents of the Fourth Book.

HIST. XVI.

Deaques causeth his son Don Ivan to marry Marsillia, then commits adultery of Incest with her; she makes her father in law Ideaques to poyson his old wife Honoria, of likewise makes her own Brother De Perez to kill her Chamber-maid Mathurina; Don Ivan afterwards kills De Perez in a Duel; Marsillia hath her brains dasht out by a Horse, and her body is afterwards condemned to be burnt; Ideaques is beheaded, his body consumed to ashes, and thrown into the air.

P.217.

HIST. XVII.

Harcourt steals away his brother Vimory's wife, Masserina, and keeps her in Adultery. She hireth Tivoly (an Italian Mountebank) to poyson La Precoverte, who was Harcourts wife: Harcourt kills his brother Vimory, and then marries his Widow Masserina: Tivoly is hanged for a robbery, and at his execution accuseth Masserina for hiring him to poyson La Precoverte; for the which she is likewise hanged. Noel (who was Harcourts man) on his death-bed suspecteth and accuse his said Master for killing of his brother Vimory, whereof Harcourt being found guilty he is broken alive on the wheel for the same.

P. 233.

Romeo (the Lackes of Borlary) kills Radegonda, the Chamber-maid of the Lady Felifanna, in the street, and is hanged for the same: Borlary afterwards hireth Castruchio (an Apothecary) to possion her husband Seignior Flaneze, for the which Castruchio is hanged, and his body thrown into the River, and Borlary is beheaded and then burnt.

P. 251.

HIST. XIX.

Beumarays, and his brother Montaign, kill Champigny and Marin, (his second) in a Duel; Blancheville(the Widdow of Champigny) in revenge thereof hireth Le Valley (who was servant to Beumarays) to murther his said Master with a Pistol, the which he doth; for the which Le Valley is broken on a wheel, and Blancheville hanged for the same.

P. 268.

HIST. XX.

b 3

Lorenzo

The Contents.

Lorenzo murthereth his wife fermia he some twenty years after (as altogether unknown) robbeth his (and her) son Thomaso, who likewise not knowing Lorenzo to be his Father, doth accuse him for that robbery, for the which he is hanged. p. 281.

The Contents of the Fifth Book.

HIST, XXI

for these their bloody evines

Paptistyna and Amarantha poyson their eldest sister Jaquinta; after which Amarantha causeth her servants, Bernardo & Pietia to stissle their eldest sister Baptistyna in her Bed; Bernardo stying away breaks his neck, with a fall off his Horse; Pieria is hanged for the same, so likewise Amarantha, and her body after burnt; Bernardo being buried, his body is again taken up, and hanged to the Gallows by his feet, then burnt, and his ashes thrown into the River.

P.992.

HIST. XXII.

Mattino poysoneth bis brother Pedro. Emurthereth Monfredo in the street: He afterwards grows mad, and in his confession reveals both these murthers to Father Thomas his Ghostly Father; who, afterwards dying, reveals it in his letter to Cecilliana, who was Widow to Montredo, and Sister to Pedro and Martino. Martino hath first his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the same.

HIST. XXIII.

Alphonso poysoneth his own Mother Sophia, and after shoots and kills Cassino (as he was walking in his Garden) with a short musket (or Carabine) from a Window. He is beheaded for these two murthers, then burnt, and his asses thrown into the River.

Pont Chausey kills La Roche in a Duel. Quatbrisson causeth Moncallier (an Apothecary) to poyson his own brother Valsontaine; Moncallier afterfalls, and breaks his neck from a pair of stairs. Quatbrisson likewise causeth his Fathers Miller Pierot to murther and strangle Marieta in her bed, and to throw her body into his Mill-pond. Pierot the Miller is broken alive on a wheel, and Quatbrisson sirft beheaded, then burnt for the same.

P. 345.

Valti first murthereth his son George. On next poysoneth his own wife Hester, and being afterwards almost killed by a mad Bull in the fields, he revealeth these his two murthers, for the which he is first hanged, and then burnt.

P. 365.

The Contents of the Sixth Book.

HIST, XXVI.

Mpcria for the love she bears to young Morosini. seduceth and causeth him (with his two consorts, Astonicus and Donato) to slisse to death her old hushand Palmerius, in his bed: Morosini misfortunately letting fall his gloves in Palmerius his chamber, that night which he did it, they are found by Richardo the Nephew of Palmerius, who knows them to be Morosini's, and doth the reupon accuse him and his Aunt Imperia, for the murther of his Uncle. So they, together with their accessaries Astonicus and Donato, are all four of them apprehended and hanged for the same:

HIST: XXVII.

Father Justinian a Priest, and Adrian an Inn-keeper, poyson De Laurier, who was lodged in his house, and then bury him in his Orchard; where a month after a Wolf digs him up, and devours a great part of his body; which Father Justinian & Adrian understanding, they sly upon the same, but are afterwards both of them

The T	able	of the Letters.	
bended and hanged for it.			p. 400
The state of the s		XXVIII.	4-11-11 B
Hippolito murthereth Garcia in	the sti	reet by night, for the which he is h	anged.
Dominica with her Chamber-m	raid D	enisa poysoneth her husband Rod	erigo;
Denila after strangleth her new	born	Babe, and throws it into a Pond,	for the
which she is hanged; on the lade	der she	confesseth that she was accessary, w	ith her
Lady Dominica, in the poyloning	g of her	husband Roderigo; for the which	
minica is apprehended, and lik	ewise h	panged.	.414.
Sanctifiore (upon promise of marr	rage)	gets utilla with chila, anathen	after-
wards very ingratefully and trea	cherou	ly rejecteth her, and marries Berts	ranna:
Urlina being sensible of this her o	disgrare	disguises her self in a Friers habit	t, and
	nore as	he is walking in the fields, for the	
she is hanged.			.426.
		XXX.	11: 1
De Mora treacherously kills Palus	raina	Duel, with two Pijtols: His Lady De	Mana
with the aid of her Gentleman T	Ther E	erallo, poysoneth her husband De	IVIOFA,
		thereth her said husband Ferallo	
	is her	last murther, and her ashes thron	
the air for the first.		Sea Part of the P	.447.
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The Triumphs of Gods revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY I.

Hauteselia causeth La Fresina an Apothecary, to poyson her brother Grand Pre, and his Wife Mermanda, and is likewise the cause that her said Brother kills De Malleray her own Husband in a Duels La Fresina condemned to be hanged for a Rape; on the Ladder confesses his two former Murthers, and says that Hauteselia seduced and hired him to perform them; Hauteselia is likewise apprehended, and so for the cruel Murthers, they are both put to severe and cruel deaths.

IF our Contemplation dive into elder times, and our curiofity turn over the variety of ancient and modern Histories (as well Divine as Humane) we shall find that Ambition, Revenge, and Murther, have ever proved fatal crimes to their undertakers: for they are vices which so e-

clipse our judgments, and darkens our understandings, as we shall not only see with grief, but find with repentance, that they will bring us shame for glory, affliction for content, and misery for selicity. Now as they are powerful in Men, so they are (tometimes) implacable in Women, who (with as much vanity as malice) desight in these sins: as if that could add grace to their bodies, that deforms their souls, or lustre and prosperity to their days, that makes shipwrack both of their fortunes and lives. It is with grief and pity (yea not with passion, but compassion) that I instance this in a Gentlewoman, who was born to honour, and not to shame, had not these three aforesaid vices (like so many infernal. Furies) lain her glory in the dust, and drag'd her body to an untimely and infamous grave. It it is a History that hath many forrowful dependences, and which produceth variety of disasterous and mournful accidents: wherein (by the just judgment of God) we shall see Ambition bitterly scourged, Revenge sharply rewarded, and Murther severely punished; by whose example, it all that profess Religion become less impious, and more truly religious, we shall then lead the whole course of our lives, in such peaceful and happy tranquillity, as (arming our selves with resolution to live and die in the savour of Heaven) we need not fear either what earth, or hell can do unto us. The History is thus:

Ear Auxone (a strong and ancient Town upon the Frontiers of Burgundy, and the free County) dwelt an aged grave Gentleman (nobly descended, and of a very fair demaynes) named Monssour de Grandmont, who had to his wise a virtuous Lady, termed Madamoyselle de Carnye, the only daughter of Mounsieur de Buserat, a worthy Gentleman of the City of Dole. This married couple for a long time lived in the greatest height of content, that either earth could afford, or their hearts could desire; for as one way they grew opulent in Lands and wealth, so another way they were indued with three hopeful Sons, Grand Pre, Vileneuse, and Massera, and with two Daughters, Madamoyselles de Hautsfelia, and de Cresse, a fair Posterity; they blest in their Parents, and their Parents hoping themselves blest in them; so as (to the eye of the world) this one family promised to make many, (especially seeing the youngest of the five had already attained its tenth year) but God in his Providence ordained the contrary.

Grand Pre(as the first and chiefest Pillar of the house) craves leave of his Father that he might serve his Apprentiship in the Wars, under the command of that incomparable Captain, Grave Maurice, then Earl of Nassaw, since Prince of Orange. Vileneuse delighting in Books, his Father thought sit to send to Pont-au Mousson; and thinking to retain Masseron with him, he for his beauty was begg'd a Page, by that valourous Marshal of France, who so willingly and unfortunate-

ly loft his Head in the Baftile of Paris.

As for their two Daughters: Hautefelia lived with her Parents; and de Cresse they presented to a great Lady of Burgundy, who was long since the most afflicted and sorrowful Wife and Mother to the Barons of Lux, Father and Son, who were both slain by that generous and brave

Lorayn Prince, the Duke of Guife.

But behold the inconstancy of fortune, or rather the power and pleasure of Heaven which can soon metamorphose our mirth into mourning, our joys into tears, and our hopes into despair: for within the compass of one whole year, we shall see three of these five Children laid in their graves, and of three several deaths; for Vileneuse was drowned at Pont-au Mousson, as he bathed himself in the River; Masseron was killed in a Duel at Fontain bleau by Rossat a Gascoyn, being Page to the Duke of Espernon; and Hauteselia died at home of a burning Feaver with her Parents; a triple loss, which doth not only afflict their hearts and souls, but also seems to drown their eyes with a deluge of mournful and sorrowful tears.

Grandmont and de Carny his Wife, being thus made unfortunate and wretched by the death of three of their Children, they resolve to call home their other two, to be comforts and props to their old age; but their hopes may deceive them. First, from the Baroness of Lux comes de Cressie who succeeding her Sister, we must now term by the name (or rather by the title) of Hautefelia; who hath a great and bloody part to act upon the Theatre of this History: after her, very shortly, comes Grand Pre from Holland, where (in divers services) he left many honourable and

memorable marks of his prowefs and valour behind him.

Upon his arrival to his Fathers House, the flower of all the Nobility and Gentry of the Country come to condole with him, for the death of his Brothers and Sister, as also to congratulate his happy return (an office and complement which expresses much affection and civility). They find Grand Pre a brave compleat Gentleman, not in outward pride; but in inward generofity and vertue, not in the vanity of fashions and apparel, but in the perfection and indownments of his mind and body; he is wholly addicted to the exercise of War, and not to the art of courting Ladies; his delights are in the Camp of Mars and Bellona, and not in the Palace of Venus and Cupid; well knowing that the one will breed him honour and glory, and the other shame and repentance; his passines are not crisping and powdering of his hair, quarelling with

his Taylor for the fashion of his Cloaths, dancing in Velvet pumps, and tracing the Streets in neat perfumed Boots with jangling Spurs; yea, he refembleth not young spruce Courtiers, who think no Heaven to brave Apparel, nor Paradife to that of their Mistreis beauty: for he only practifeth riding of great Horses, Tilting, running at Ring, displaying of Colours, tolling the Pike, handling the Musket, ordering of Rank and File, thereby to make himfelf capable to conduct and embattail an Army, and to environ, fortifie, or befiege a City or Castle, or the like; yea, he fourns at the Lute and Viol, and vows there is no Musick to the rathing of the Drum and Trumpet, and to the thundring of the Musket and Cannon; but this Warlike and Marshal humour of his shall not last long. Wherein we may observe the vanity of our thoughts, the inconstancy of our delights, and the alteration and mutability of our resolutions; for now we shall shortly see Grand Pre hate that he loved, and love that he hated; yea, we shall see him so plunge and drown himself in the beauty of a fair and sweet Gentlewoman, as he shall leave Holland for Burgundy, War for Peace, Arms for Love, and Enemies for a Mistress: but time must work this alteration

and metamorpholis.

The old Gentleman his Father seeing Grand Pre's Martial disposition, fears lest this ambitious and generous humour of his will induce him to feek Wars abroad, fith he finds none at home; and therefore desirous of his company and presence, in that it will sweeten his former afflictions, and give life to his future hopes and content, he profers him the choice of many a rich and fair young Gentlewoman for his Wife, of the best and most ancient Families in and near Auxone: but Grand Pre is deaf to these requests and motions, and thinks it a disparagement and blemsh to his valour, if he should any way listen, or give ear thereto; the which his Father perceiving, and understanding, he bethinks himself of a further invention, and so resolves at Winter to leave the Country, and to recide in the City of Dijon, (famous for the ancient feat of the Dukes of Burgundy, and for the present Court of Parliament) hoping that there amongst the multitude of fweet Ladies and Gentlewomen, wherewith that City is adorned, his fon Grand Pre might at last espy some Paragon of Nature, whose beauty might have power to subdue and captivate his affections; and indeed (as the sequel will shew) the event answereth his expectation.

For on a Sunday morning in Lent, as Grand Pre went to the Royal Chappel to hear Father Fustinian (a Capuchin Fryer) preach, he opposite to him espies a most delicate and beautiful young Lady, flender of body, tall of flature, fair of taint and complexion, having a quick and gracious eye, with pure and delicate hair of a flaxen colour, being infinitely rich in Apparel, yet far richer in the perfections and excellencies of a true and perfect beauty; in a word, she was so amiable and so lovely, so sweet, and so pleasing to his eyes, as at her very first fight Grand Pre could not refrain from blufhing, as being ravished with the sweetness of so fair an object, fo as his heart panted and beat within him, as being not accustomed to encounter with fuch

beauties, or with such sudden passions and alterations. Now by this time this young Gentlewoman (whose name we shall anon know) could not but perceive with what earnestness and delight Grand Pre beheld her, and seeing him to be a proper young Gallant, and richly apparelled and followed, the could not refrain from dying her Lilly cheeks with a Vermilion blush, which gave such grace to her beauty, and so instanted our poor Grand Pre, as he could no longer refift the influence of fuch amorous affaults; and now it is that his thoughts strikes fail to affection; and his heart doth homage to beauty, so as he revokes his former opinion conceived against the power and dignity of Love, which he now holds erronious, and in his heart vows that there is no fuch felicity in the world as to injoy the Lady of his defires, whom his eyes and foul chiefly honour and adore: But if he be influared and imprifoned in the fetters of her beauty, no less is the in those of his personage, only she is more coy and precise in the exterior demonstration thereofs for as he cannot keep his eyes from gazing on her; fo she feems but to look on him by stealth, or if she transgress that Decorum, she immediately, in outward appearance, checks her eyes from ranging beyond the lifts of modely and difcretion.

But by this time to the grief of our new Lovers, the Sermon is ended, and all prepare to depart, fo their eyes with much discontent and unwillingness, for that time take leave each of others and hereGrandPremaking a turn or two in the Church, is doubly tormented and perplexed, first with grief that he is deprived of his Mistris sight, & then with sorrow, that he neither knows her, nor her name: But as love refines our wits, and gives an edg to our intentions, so he shews her to his Page, and sends him to make secret enquiry what she is. His Page speedily returns, and informs him, that the is Midamoyfel Mermandi, eldest daughter to Mounsieur de Cressonville, one of the chiefest Prelidents of the Court of Parliament. Grand Pre extremely rejoyceth to know what she was, and far the more, in respect he sees it no disparagement either to himself or his House to marry her; and therefore omitting all other defignes and refolutions (and bidding farewel to the Wars) he refolves to feek her in Marriage; to which end, the next day, he of fet purpole, with a Gentleman or two of his intimate and familiar friends, infinuates himfelf into her Fathers house, who

being absent, whiles they entertain the Mother, he (under colour of other conference) courts the Daughter: yea, now his affection is to her by many degrees redoubled, because he sees the excellency of her mind is answerable to that of her person; and now she coming likewise to know him, is as it were wrapt up in the contemplation of a thousand sweet contents, which so work on her affection, (or rather on her heart) as if he thinks himself happy in seeking such a Mistress, she esteems her felf bless in finding such a Servant:

Grand Pre finds his first entertainment from Mermanda to be respective and pleasing; and so authorized by her courtesse and advice, he taking time at advantage, goes to the old President her Father, and bewrays to him his affection to his Daughter, and the desire he hath to obtain her for his Wife: so having begun his suit, he leaves his Father Grandmont to similate, and con-

tinually frequents the company of his beautiful Miltrefs Mermanda.

Her Father Cressonville dislikes not this match, but deems it both agreeable and hononrable; only he knows that Grandmont hath likewise one only Daughter, and himself one only Son, so he infinitely desires, to make this a double Match, thereby to contract a more firm and stricter league betwixt their two houses: this is proposed and debated, as well between the younger solks, as the old Parents, and at last it takes effect; so as purposely omitting, first the conference, then the Letters sent, from Grand Pre to Mermanda, and from Mermanda to Grand Pre; from De Malleray (Cressonvilles Son) to Hautesilia, and from Hautesilia to De Malleray, because the inferting the reof would make this brief History swell into an ample volume; These Marriages, to the joy of the Parents, and the sweet content of their Sons and Daughters, are pompously solemnized in Dijon, with all variety of Feasing, Dancing, and Masking, answerable to their degrees and dignities. But these Marriages shall not prove so fortunate as is hoped, and expected; neither was Hymneus invited thereunto, or if he were, he resuled to come; and therefore Lucina will likewise save her labour, because she knows that neither of these two young married Gentlewomen shall live to make use of her assistance.

And here before I proceed farther, I wish the event of this History could give the lie to this ensuing position, That there is no pride nor malice to that of a woman; but I have more reason to fear, than hope to believe the contrary; for no socner, have our two young couples reaped the fruits of Marriage, and the felicity of their desires, but we shall see the Sun-shine of their joy overtaken with a dismal storm of grief, forrow, and missortune; whereby we may observe and learn, that there is no perfect nor permanent felicity under the Sun, but that all things in this world, yea, the world it self is subject to revolution and change. The manner is thus:

Hautefelia envies her Sister in Law Mermanda's advancement, and contemns her own; she likes not to give the hand to her, whom she knows is by discent her inferiour, and to speak true, prefers a Scarlet Cloak before a Black, and a Sword-man before a Pen-man; these ambitious conceits of hers, proceeding from Hell, will breed bad blood, and produce mournful effects; yea,

peradventure itrangle her, who imbraceth and practifeth them.

Mermanda is of a gracious and mild nature, Hantefelia of an imperious and revengeful, never any married couple live more contented, nor past more pleasant days, than did Grand Pre and his fair Mermanda for the space of one whole year; wherein she bore her self so loving and courteous towards him, and he so kind and pleasant to her, as their sweet carriage, and honourable and vertuous behaviour, was of all the world (Hantefelia only excepted) highly praised and applauded. But Hantefelia envying Mermanda's prosperity and glory, because she could neither parallel the one, nor equal the other, and seeing with no other eyes than those of ambition and envy, bethinks her felf how she might act her disgrace, and eclipse the splendor of her vertues and glory. When remembring that the Baron of Betansord (dwelling not far from Auxone) sometimes visited her Brother Grand Pre, as also he had lately done her two unkind offices; the one, by buying a Jewel from her, which she was in price with, of a Gold-Smith at Dijon-Fair; and the other for retaining a little sine white Frizeland Dog, which his Page had stole from her: she thinks to give two strokes with one stone, and at one time to be revenged both of the Baron and of her Sister in Law Mermanda.

Judge, Christian Reader, what simple reasons and trivial motives this inconsiderate Gentle-woman hath for her malice, but she is resolute therein, and as she hath laid the soundation, so she will perfect the edifice of her malice and revenge; which to effect, she sends a servant of hers purposely near Auxone, to her Brother Grand Pre, and writes him a Letter to this effect: She intreats him to come ride over to her, for she hath a fecret of importance to reveal to him, which she holds not sit to commit to pen; and withall adviseth him, to frame some other excuse to

wards her Husband for his fudden coming.

Grand Pre arrived at Dijon, and is welcomed of his Brother and Sifter, but he discovers her to be more forrowful than accustomed; he is ignorant what these clouds of her discontent import, or from whence they arise; but he shall know too soon, and his curiofity shall pay dear to understand

The

deritand it. Supper ended, they fetch a walk in the Garden, and so he is conducted to his Chamber, where his Brother in Law De Malleray giving him the good night, his Sitter Hunefilia with tears in her eyes informs him, that she knows for certain, the Baron of Betanford is too familiar with his Wite Mermanda, yea, beyond the bounds of honesty: the which she must needs reveal to him, because his honour is hers, which, as she is bound by nature, she will cherish and preserve as her own life.

Grand Pre amazed at this strange and unlooked-for news, is like one lunatick, or rather stark mad, he stamps with his soot, throws away his hat, now casting himself on the bed, then on the sloor; yea, and had not his Sister prevented him, he had killed himself with his own Sword: these are the wretched passions of jealousie, which transport our selves beyond our selves, and our reasons beyond the limits of reason: and now this vite and malicious Sister of his, (more our of posicy than charity) useth many prayers and perswasions, brings him again to himself, and they conclude to keep it secret from all the world, but withall Grand Pre vows sharply to be revenged both of his Wise, and the Baron of Betansord.

Huttefelia having thus broached her inveterate and implacable malice (laughing hereat like a Gypfie) betakes her felf to her rest, leaving her Brother not to sleep, but to drive out the night in watchfulness and jealousie: who the next mora (sooner than his accustomed hour) riseth, takes his leave of his Brother and Sister, and so very pensive and sorrowful rides home.

Mirmanda finds her Husband sad, and inquires the cause thereof; she prays him, that if any gricf or mis ortune have befallen him, she may participate and bear the one half thereof, as she doth of his joy and prosperity: and as she was wont to do, prossere the kiss him, but he slights her, and with much unkindness and distain puts her off; whereat she is amazed, as not acquainted with such discourteste. After Supper (jealousie being his chiefest dish; and grief, hers) he makes three or four solitary turns in the Court, and then sends his Page for his Wise, who betwixt comfort and grief, hope and despair, presently comes to him. He demands of her whether she will walk with him; she answereth, that his pleasure shall ever be hers; and that she will most joysully and willingly wait on him where he pleaseth: he brings her to a solitary Grove, and there having choler in his looks, and fire in his tongue, he chargeth her of dishonesty with the Baron of Betanford.

Poor Mermanda, as it were pierced to the heart with the thunder-bolt of this news, falls to the ground in a fainting fwoon: yea, Grand Pre her Husband had much ado to recover her, when coming again to her felf, the with many volleys of fighs, and rivolets of tears, purgeth her felf of that imputation and feandal, the blames his credulity and jealousie, terms her accusers devils and witches, invokes heaven and earth to bear witness of her innocency; and withall clears the Baron of Betanford, vowing and protesting by her part and hope of heaven, that he never attempted nor opened his mouth to make her the least shadow of so unchaste a motion.

Grand Pre weighing her words, and feeing her bitter and forrowful tears, believes his Wife, and fo frees both her telf and the Baron; prays her to pardon him, and vows that he will love her dearer than before, and for ever forget and bury the memory thereof in perpetual obliviou and forgetfulness

But his Wife Mermanda, not withstanding this submission and reconciliation of her Husband, is still vexed in mind, as finding it easie to admit grief, but difficult to expell it: she knows not what to do, nor of whom to take advice how the should bear her self in this streight and perplexitysfor well the knows, that if the Baron of Betanford hould come to visit her Husband, as formerly he was accustomed to do, it would revive and confirm his jealousie, although they were both as innocent as innocency it felf. Now the refolves to write the Baron a Letter to refrain her honle:but then the thinks it too much indifferetion & prelimption to attempt it, or that the Letter might be intercepted, or her Husband have news thereof, but again, fearing his coming, and encouraged through her innocency, the refolves to write unto him: which the doth to this effect: I is not with blushes, but tears, that I prefume to write unto you; for indeed it grieves me to publish my Husbands folly, which by duty I know I am bound to conceal; neither had I attempted it, but that grief and necessity throws me on this exigent: for so it is, that my unspotted chastity is not capable to defend him from jealousie, which makes me as much triumph in mine own loyalty, as I grieve at his ingratitude; and not content to wrong me, bis folly, or rather his frense hath reflection on you, whom he takes to be both the object and cause thereof: but as your innocency can justly warrant and defend mine bonour; and your bonour my, innocency from the least shadow of that crime; so that we may both indeavour, rather to quenoh than enflame this his irregular passion; I most humbly befeech you to refrain our house, and neither to visit me, nor be familiar with himsand so peradventure time may wear away from his thoughts, that which at present truth and reason cannot. Tour relucent vertues and true generosity assure me of this courteste, the which I will repay with thanks, and requite with prayers, that your days may be as infinite as your perfections, and MERMANDA. your fame as glorious as your merits.

The Baron receives this Letter, praiseth Mermanda's discretion, and laughs at Grand Pre's folly, extolleth her innocency, and condemns his jealoufie; he will be careful to preferve a Ladies honour, especially one so truly chaste and honourable as Mermanda: he before had a purpose to fee Paris, but now this occasion doth both crown and confirm his resolution; he makes ready his preparatives and biggage, and so takes Coach for that great City, which abounds with the greatest part of the Nobility of the whole Kingdome: but before his departure, he returns Mermanda this Answer.

Y Our vertues and my conscience, make us as unworthy of your Husbands jealousie, as he of so chaste a Wise as Mermanda, and so true a friend as Betanford: but as your affection to him hath still shined in your loyalty, so it must now in your patience; sith be in this base-passion of his seeking his own shame, will at last assuredly find out your glory. Had his folly revealed me so much as your discreet Letter, I would have exchanged my Pen to a Sword, and with the hazard of my life, and loss of my dearest blood, made known as well to him as to the whole world, the truth, both of your chaftity and honour, and of mine bonour and innocency: In the mean time I will both imbrace and obey your request, and will manage it with such observance to your Husband, such respect to your vertues, and such regard to mine own reputa-tion, as I hope be shall rest satisfied of your chastity towards himself, and of mine to you; otherwise I prize Ladies of your perfections at so high a rate, and set Cavaliers of his humour and inclination at so low an esteem, that I will know how to answer his choler with contempt, and to requite your discretion both with admiration and praise.

BETANFORD.

Mermanda very joyfully receives this Letter: but hers to the Baron produceth effects contrary to her hopes; for Grand Pre understanding of the Baron of Betanford's sudden departure for Paris (as jealousie is full of eyes) he fears a Plot betwixt him and his Wife, and so confirms his former suspition of her disloyalty; he therefore converts his love into hatred towards her, and now (to shew the fruits and effects of his jealousie) resuseth her his Bed, than which, to a chaste and vertuous Wife, nothing can be more distasteful.

At this ingrateful discourtesse, poor Mermanda tears her hair, sigheth, weepeth, mourneth, and lamenteth in fuch pittiful fort, that it leems nothing in the world is capable to comfort her: but the conceals her grief as fecretly as the may: only her pale cheeks and discontented looks, as the outward heralds of her inward affection, do filently discover and bewray it.

Her Husband's Father and Mother, Grandmont, and de Carnye, all this while know nothing of this discontent between Grand Pre and Mermanda; but their malicious and wretched Daughter Hantefelia (whose malice never tleeps) hath spies in every corner of her fathers house, who advertise her thereof; whereat she infinitely triumpheth and rejoyceth. But this joy of hers

shall be but as a breath on steel, or as smoak before the wind.

Grand Pre this mean time boils with inveterate rage, and his jealousie carries him to such extreams, as he vows to be revenged, first of Betanford, then of his Wife, to which effect he pretends business to Chaalons (as what will malice leave unpretended?) and taking a choise Horse, a Page, and two Lackeys with him, he passeth a contrary way, and comes first to Troy, then to Brie-count Robert (a days journey from Paris) where being very private in his Inne, he writes a Challenge, and taking afide his Page, delivers it him, and commands him, at break of day to post with all expedition for Paris; where being arrived, to go to the Crown of France in Saint Honories Street, and secretly to deliver it to the Baron of Betanford, to take his Answer, and to

The Page to obey his Master's command, seems rather to fly, than post; he fitly finds out the Baron, and very fairly delivers him the Letter, who breaking up the Seal, therein finds these

words:

GRAND PRE, to the Baron of BETANFORD.

YOU need no other mitnefs than your felf, to inform you in how high a nature you have wronged me, and herein your false glory hath made my true shame so apparent, as I had rather die than live to digest it: for not to dissemble you my malice, as you have done me your friendship, I can sooner forget all other offences, than pardon this: therefore think it not strange that I request you to meet me on Thursday morning next, at five or fix, either with your Sword or Rapier on Horfe-back, or afoot at Carency, half a league from Brie-count Robert, where the Bearer hereof shall expect you, to conduct you fafely to a fair Medow, where without Seconds I will attend you. It is impossible for me to receive any other satisfaction; for to write you the truth, nothing but your life, or mine, is capable to decide this difference.

At the reading hereof, the Baron is so far from the least shew, or apprehension of fear, as he is pleasant and jocund; yea, he causeth Grand Pre's Page to dine with him, and after dinner, takes him aside, and speaks to him thus; Tell thy Master, that I will not fail to meet him on Horse-back without a second, at the bone and place appointed. The next morn he dispeeds away a choice Horse, which his Lackey leads, and about ten of the Clock, only with his Chirurgion, and Page, takes Coach, and comes that night to Carency, where he lodgeth.

The next morning being Thursday (the day appointed to fight) Grand Pre, pretending to go to the Church, fends away his Page to Carency, to await and attend the Baron, and so only with his Chirurgion hies himself to the field; which he first entered, and immediately (before he had fully made four turns) in comes Betanford, whom Grand Pre's Page had met at Carency, and now conducted thither, having only his Chirurgion with him, and having left his Coach, Page,

and Lackey, a furlong off, with command not to thir, till they heard from him.

The Chirurgions instead of two Gentlemen for their Seconds) dispose themselves according to the Order and Ceremonies of Duels) to fearch the Combatants for Coats of Male, or the likes but they might have eased themselves of this labour and curiosity; for both the Gentlemen were too honourable, to have their valours tainted with this base point of cowardize or treachery; yea, in meer contempt thereof, they both of purpose had left their Doublets behind them. And now begins a Combate, as memorable as bloody, yea, performed with such valour, dexterity, and resolution, that as these times infinitely admire, so succeeding ages will very difficultly believe it.

They come into the Field with a foft trot, and each having his Enemy in front, and being neer fixscore paces distant, they give spurs to their Horses, and part like two slashes of lightning. At their first meeting, Grand Pre runs Betanford thorow the left shoulder, and Betanford only wounds Grand Pre in the right cheek, close under the eye; and being excellent Horse-men, they turn short, and so again fall to it with bravery and courage; in which encounter Betanford receives a wide wound upon the brawn of his right arm, and Grand Pre another thorow his left fide, which undoubtedly had proved mortal, and so ended the Combate with his life, had not his Sword glanced on a rib, and fo ran outwards; and now they both retire to take breath, refolving to advance with more fury: they part again: Betanford runs Grand Pre thorow the neck; and he Betanford thorow the small of the arm, where meeting with the sinews and arteries, it causeth the Sword to fall out of his hand, whereat he is extreamly perplexed and amazed.

Here perchance some base Fellow (who had never been trained up in the School of Honour, and therefore not deserved the title of a Gentleman) would have wrought upon the misfortune of this accident, and defired no better advantage to dispatch his Adversarie: But Grand Pre, whose generosity in this I commend as much as I detest his jealousie, doth highly disdain to stain his honour and courage with this infamy, and so puts Betanford out of his apprehension and fear with these words; Baron, be couragious and chearful, for I will rather die, than different my felf fo much, to fight with an unarmed man, and fo commands his Chirurgion to deliver him his Sword again. Betanford is thankful to him for this courtefie, and vows he will never for-

get it.

Now although their wounds do rather ingrain, than imbroider their Shirts with blood, yet their youth is so vigorous, their courage so inflamed, and their hearts so resolute and magnanimous, as they neither can, nor yet will rest satisfied: in a word, they manage their Horses bravely, and act wonders with their Swords; for by this time they having run four feveral Careers: Betanford hath received seven wounds, and given Grand Pre ten: but the loss of all this blood, (which now issued from their bodies rather by spouts than drops) is not capable to cool their courages; and fo although with dust, fweat, blood, and wounds, they rather look like Furies

than Men, yet they will not refrain fighting.

And now their Chirurgions grieving and pitying to fee them, as it were drowned in their blood, and well knowing that they had performed more than they thought possible for men, they both agree, and so running with their Hats in their hands, humbly pray them to defift and rest satisfied, by shewing them that their Swords and Courages had already acted wonders beyond belief, and that it was pity that Parents, Prince, and Country, should be deprived of such resolute and valorous Cavaliers, than whom, the world (upon so unfortunate an accident) hath seldom seen braver: but they speak to the wind, and receive no other thanks, but this check from them both, that they are base Fellows, and know not what belongs to their function and duty; and so rating and commanding them away, they once more divide themselves, and with fresh resolution and courage, again set spurs to their Horses; but this incounter proves more happy to Betanford, and more dangerous to Grand Pre: for as he makes a thrust to Betanford, which mist and past under his right arm, without doing any other harm than piercing and cutting thorow his Shirt, Betanford (with all the courage and dexterity he had)run Grand Pre tho-

row the belly into the reyns, with which unfortunate wound, as also with a falle pace, his horse then made, he fell from the saddle to the ground speechless, sprawling and strugling, as if he were upon the point to take his last farewel of the world: but he was not so happy, for he shall be cured of his wounds, and hereafter die a more mournful and lamentable end.

Betanford leeing Grand Pre fall, doubted that his wounds were mortal, and so alights : whereat his Chirurgion with a loud voice, cryed out, Dispatch him, Dispatch him; but he calls him villain for his labour, when remembring the former courtefie he had received of Grand Pre, in regiving him his Sword, he like a true noble Gentleman vows now to a quite it, and so throwing it and his hat away, he with out-spred arms ran to imbrace and assist him; yea, he prefers Grand Pre's life before his own, and with all possible speed commands his Chirurgion to bring and haste thither his Coach, and to his best power doth assist Grand Pre, in setting him up, in ordering and binding up his wounds; his Coach being come, he causeth him to be laid in softly, and so he in one Boot, and the two Chirurgions in the other, their Pages and Lackeys attending them, they drive away to the very next Country-house, where they hush themselves up privately: and here Betanford refembling himself, conjureth both the Chirurgions to use their best art and chiefest skill upon Grand Pre, and before he would have his own wounds looked unto, he causeth his to be opened, they do it, and both concurr in opinion, that his last wound is mortal; he fees them drefs him, and vows he will not forfake him in this extremity, but will be more careful of him than of himself. Reciprocal and fingular demonstrations of court fie and honour in these two Cavaliers, which will make their memories famous to Posterity.

Betanford seeing Grand Pre committed to sleep, causeth his own wounds to be speedily searched and dressed, which are not found dangerous; and then takes order in the house, that Grand Pre be surnished with all things necessary, as Chamber, curious attendance, and the like; yea, he ordereth matters so, that all things might be done with great secretic and silence, not permitting any of his own, or Grand Pre's Servants to be seen forth the house, to the end that the news

of these their accidents might not be bruited or vented.

About noon, Grand Pre's speech by little and little comes to him, and likewise his memory, when Betanford absenting all from his Chamber, with his Hat in his hand, came to his bed-side, and having courteously taluted and comforted him, prays and conjures him, as he is a Gentleman of Honour, to tell him why and wherefore he fought with him. Ah Baron (quoth Grand Pre) first swear to me on thine Honour, thou wilt deliver me the truth of a question, I will demand of thee, and then I will shew thee. By my honour and sidelity, replies Betanford, and as I hope for Heaven, I will. Then Baron (quoth he) diddest thou never wrong me and mine Honour, in being too samiliar with my Wite Mermanda? The Baron with many solemn protestations and religious oaths, clears both himself and Mermanda, and vows that his heart never thought it, much less his tongue ever attempted it. Whereat Grand Pre very humbly intreats him to excuse and pardon him, lith he understood and believed the contrary, which was the only cause of his discontent and challenge: adding withall, that he will, till death, esteem him as his most honourable friend, and as long as he lives, will affect and love his Wise dearer than ever he had before. It is as great a happiness to repair and reform errors, as a misery to commit them.

The Baron of Betanford staies very secretly ten days with Grand Pre at the Country-house, when seeing his wounds hopefully cured and recovered, they resolve to depart. Grand Pre kindly thanks Betanford for his lite, and all other courtesies he had received of him, and he as courteously doth the like to Grand Pre, for giving him his Sword wherewith he preserved his own, and so like honourable and intimate friends, they take leave each of other: the Baron taking horse for Paris, and freely lending Grand Pre his Coach to return to Auxone. Thus we

fee courtesie always returneth with interest.

Grand Pre at his comming home, kisseth and sawneth on his Wise Mermanda, acquaints her with the occasion and event of the combate, condemneth his own folly, and extolleth her chassity, prays her to forgive him again this once for all, and vows, that there lives not a braver Nobleman in the world than the Baron of Betanford: and to tpeak truth, she deserves this

submission and reconciliation, and he that praise.

At the knowledg hereof, I know not whether Mermanda (like a gracious and courteous Wife) did nore grieve at her Husbands wounds, than rejoyce at his recovery and life: and now he repenting and detefting his former error, renews his love, affection, and friendship to her, the which he coustimeth and uniteth with a perpetual and indissoluble Gordian knot: nevertheless the variety of her afflictions, and the excess of her grief and discontent, breeds her much weakness and fickness, which withereth the Roses and Lillies of her beauty.

But come we from Mermanda's heavenly vertues, to Hautefelia's devillish vices, which cannot be parallel'd or compared, except by Antithesis; for as Mermanda reposeth her self under the sha-

dow of her own innocency, and lives in perfect love and charity with the whole world, so her wretched Sister-in-Law Hautefelia, seeing her hopes and purposes prevented, will not sleep in her malice, but sets her wits and revenge upon the Tenter-hooks, to find out another expedient, to be rid of Mermanda, who (in her wicked conceit) she thought was Energy to her con-

tent, and an eye-fore to her ambition and greatness.

We no sooner the from God, but the Devil follows us; and it proves always a miserable solly, To be wise in wickedness and sin. Hautefelia is resolute in her rage, and cannot or rather will not see heaven for hell; she bethinks her self of another invention to send Mermanda into another world, and so strikes a bargain with La Fresnay an Apothecary, for two hundred Grawns to poylon her: who, like a limb of the Devil, doth undertake and promise it; the which (Ah grief to think thereon) he in less than two months performeth, and so this vertuous and harmless young Gentlewoman is most unnaturally and treacherously bereaved of her life, and brought to a mournful and lamentable end. Which inhumane murther, we shall see, God in his due time, will miraculously detect, and severely revenge and punish.

Her Husband Grand Pre exceedingly bewails her death, as also her parents and friends; yea, so infinite were her vertues, and so sweet her behaviour and carriage, as all that knew Mermanda lamented her decease; yet no way suspecting or knowing the extraordinary cause thereof.

Now, while others mourn, Hantefelia exceedingly triumphs and rejoyces hereat: but this bloody victory shall cost her dear. In the mean time Mermanda's single death can neither quench her revenge, nor satisfie her ambition; for as she liked not the Sister, so she (as before we shewed) never loved the Brother, her own Husband deMalleray, whom she observed, very bitterly to weep and grieve at his Sister Mermanda's death; she therefore, resolute to add fin to sin, resolves to cast the apple of discord between Grand Pre her Brother, and de Malleray her Husband: knowing that it the first were slain, she was sole Heir to her Father; if the second, she would have a Noble Husband; a policy, whose invention is as diabolical, as the execution thereof dangerous!

To which effect, the informs her Husband, That her Brother Grand Pre had killed his Wife Mermanda with his jealousie, that he held her to be the Baron of Betanford's strumpet, with whom for the same cause he had sought at Brie-count Robert, and which was more, it was shrewdly suspected he had poysoned her: the which she once thought for ever to have concealed, but that she knew her Husband was, and ought to be neerer to her than her Brother. Good God! how far will the malice of this wretched Woman extend, or to what a monthrous height will it grow?

De Malleray grieved at this heart-killing news, because he ever loved his Sister as dearly as his own life, without considering and weighing whether his Wive's words were dross or gold, believes her; and so resolves very secretly to acquaint the President his Father herewith, thereby thinking, and presuming that he would by order of Law call Grand Pre in question for the fact.

But old Crefforville (having as well his head in his eyes, as his eyes in his head), seeing that this suspicion and accusation had no firm grounds, that it was an intricate business to find out, that it would breed a scandal to his Family, and especially to his deceased Daughter's reputation, sich it is the nature of calumny to aim at the most vertuous persons, as Cantharides do at the fairest showers; that it would take up the dust of her tomb, and with a breed him an infinite number of potent and powerful Enemies; Therefore grounding his judgment upon these reasons, and his resolutions upon this his judgment; he holds it best to smother it in thence, and so to brook his Daughter's death as patiently as he may.

De Malleray seeing his Father so cold in this business, began to be all in fire himself, vowing that he would maintain the honour, and revenge the death of his only Sister Mermanda; and his Wise Hautefelia, with her impetuous and implacable malice, blows the coals, and sets an edge to this his resolution: when that very instant understanding his Brother Grand Pie was that Evening arrived at Dijon, the consulting with Nature, but not with Grace by a Gentleman

of his familiar acquaintance, fends him this Challenge.

DE MALLERAY to GRAND PRE.

I Should degenerate both from my honour and blood, if Iwere not sensible of those wrongs and disgraces you have offered your Wife and my Sister; they are of that nature, that I know not whether her innocency deserve more pity, or your jealousie contempt and revenge: her death and your conscience make me as justly challenge you, as you have unjustly done the Baron of Betanford: Therefore to morrow at five of the clock after duner, at the foot of Talon-fort, in the meadow ranked with Walnut-Trees, bring either a single Rapier, or Rapier and Ponyard, and I will meet you without Seconds: The equity of my cause, and the unjustice of yours, make me consident in this hope, that as you lost your blood neer Brie-count Robert and sow leave your life in the sight of Dijon. Judge how earnestly I desire to try the temper of your heart and sword, sith already I not only count hours, but minutes,

DE MALLERAY.

Grand

Grand Pre, though newly recovered of his late wounds accepts this Challenge, but not without extream wonder to fee De Milleray to passionate and resolute; he makes choice of single Rapier, and so they meet, where, without any other ceremony, they throw off their Doublets, and gave them to their Chirurgions, whom they command to stay without the next hedge, and not stir

from thence, till the death of the one proclaim the other victor.

The Sun (that great and glorious Lamp of Heaven) fwiftly poits away from our Horizon to the Antipoder, of purpose not to see, or be accessary to this bloody Tragedy; when our Champions unsheath their Swords, and dispose themselves to fight, both with judgment and resolution. De Malleraycomes up fairly, profers the first thrust, and gives Grand Pre a wound in his left thigh, and in exchange receives another from him in the neck, which he aimed faily at the brest, but that he bore it up with his Rapier. Grand Pre at the first gives back, but seeing De Malleray insult and press on him, he resolutely advance th, and runs him thorow the side: but the wound was so tavorable, as though it caused much blood, yet it brought little danger. They make a stand & take breath, and so they very resolutely to it again: De Malleray having hitherto the worst, doth now resolve to manage his basiness with less violence and more judgment; when Grand Pre driving home to him, he wards bravely, & taking advantage, thrust him in the less shoulder with a deep wound; but himself is hurt in the less arm with a wound, which ran from his wrist to his elbow.

By this time their shirts are deeply be prinkled and gored with their blood, but this will not appeale their courage, they will try again, for they never think enough as long as they can stand, and this encounter proves as fortunate for Grand Pre, as fatal for De Malleray: for he receives a deep wound under his left pap, which carries his life and foul from this world to another; so

as without speaking one word, he falls dead to the ground.

Grand Pre feeing De Malleray dead, gives thanks to God for his victory, and so mounts on horse-back, and with his Chirurgion posts to Dole, a Parliament City of the tree County, belonging to the Arch-Duke Albertus, leaving De Malleray's Chirurgion, not to cure, but to bury his Matter, or at least to convey his dead body to Dijon, for President Cressonville his Father to perform that office.

Mho is no fooner advertised of his Sons death, but with tears he gives the Parliament to understand thereof, and craves justice for the Murther. The Parliament decrees a power to apprehend Grand Pre; but he is not desirous to lose his head on a Scassoli : for by this time he hath recovered Dole; where having staid some three months, his parents and friends (by the favour of that generous and true-noble gallant, Monsseur le Grand, his Majestics Lieutenant of the Pro-

vince of Burgundy) procured and fent him his pardon.

But in this mean time come we to his Sister Hautefelia (the disgrace of her Sex, and the firebrand of Hell) who no Tooner understood the death of her Husband, & the slight of her Brother, the having hardly the patience to fee him laid in his grave, and refolving rather to break her neck with malice, than her heart with forrow, being fure of her Dowry, packs up her Jewels, Plate, and chiefest Baggage, and so leaves Dijon, and goes home to her Father near Auxone, where during the age of her Father and Mother, and the absence of her Brother, she most imperiously Iways and commands all. But this her authority lasteth not long; for now home comes Grand Pre from Dole; at whose return she finds matters altered, and her greatness and power diminished, and to her grief fees that the cannot fo absolutely domineer as before, and which was far worfe, her Brother in his absence at Dole, having smelt and understood her malice and inveterate hatred, both to Mermanda, the Baron of Betanford, De Malleray her Husband, and likewise to himself, (though nothing suspecting or dreaming of her poysoning humour) he is so far from acknowledging or respecting her for his Suter, as he will neither indure her company or sight; which she making no shew to perceive, but like a Fury of Hell, as she is, dissembling her malice and revenge, the is still constant, and perseveres in her humor of blood and murther, and hath again recourte to her execrable Apothecary La Fresnay, and to the Devil her Doctor like wise, to make away her Brother Grand Pre with poylon, as he had already Mermanda his Wife, and giveshim three hundred Crowns to effect it. This damnable Apothecary loving money well, and (as it feems) the Devil better, doth ingage himself speedily to perform it; and wretched villain as he is, within two months he accomplisheth and finisheth it : And so as Mermands ran equal fortune with him in life, he doth the like with her in death; for one deadly Drug, one bloody Sifter, and one devillish Apothecary gives a miserable and lamentable end to them both.

And now his blood-thirsty Sister Hautefelia (the Author of these Murthers and Tragedies) thinking her self freed of all her Enemies, and of all that stood in the way of her advancement and preferment, she (neither thinking of her conscience or soul, of Heaven or Hell) domineers far more than before; yea, builds Castles in the air, and slatters her self with this salse ambition that she now must be a Duchess, or at least a Countess; but she reckons without God.

We have seen, nay we have here glutted our eyes with several Murthers, whereof we have beheld this wretched Gentlewoman Hautefelia, to be the horrible and cruel Author, and this ex-

ecrable La Fresnay to be the bloody Actor: these crimes of theirs, and the smoke of these their impious and displeasing facrifices, have pierced the clouds, and assended the presence of God, to sue and draw down vengeance and contusion on their heads; for although Murther be for a time concealed, yet the suger of God will in due time detect and discover it; for he will make inquisition for blood, and will severely and sharply revenge the death of his children.

But Gods Providence and Justice in the discovery thereof, is as different as miraculous; for fometimes he protracts and deferrs it of purpose, either to mollishe or to harden our hearts, as feems best to his inscrutable will, and divine pleasure; or as may chiefly serve and tend to his glory; yea, sometimes he makes the Murtherer himself as well an instrument to discover, as he hath been an actor to commit murther; yea, and many times he punisheth one sin by and in another, and when the Murtherer sits most secure, and thinks least of it, then he heaps coals of sire on his head, and suddenly cuts him off with the revenging sword of his sierce wrath and indignation.

And now that great and foveraign Judge of the World, who rides on the Winds in triumph, and hath Heaven for his Throne, and Earth for his Foot-foole, will no longer permit Humifelia and La Fresnay to go unpunished for these their execrable murthers: for the innocent and dead bodies of Mermanda and her Husband Grand Pre, out of their graves cry to him for revenge, which like an impetuous from, or a terrible thunder-clap, doth in this manner sud-

denly befall and overtake them.

Some fix weeks after Grand Pre's Funerals were folemnized, whereat his Sifter Hautefelia (the better to cloak her villany) wept bitterly, and was observed to be the chiefest mourner, this hellish Apothecary La Frejnay, having gotten his money so casily, thought to spend it as prodigally; and so on a time, being in his cups at a Tavern at Dijon, and his brains swelling and swimming with strong Wine (as drunkenness is the Bawd and Usher to other fins) he stealing from the rest of his company, committed a Rape upon one Margaret Pivot, a Girle of twelve years old, being the Vintners Daughter of the Tavern wherein he sate tippling.

This young Girle, with millions of tears, throws her felf to the feet of her Parents, and accuse the La Fresnay for the fact, who do the like to those famous Senators of the Count of Parliament: so he is apprehended, and being examined, with many vehement and bitter assevatations denyeth it: he is adjudged to the Rack, and at the second torment consesses in and to is

condemned to be hanged.

Two Capuchin Friers prepare him for his end; they exhort him not to charge and burthen his foul with concealing any other crimes, adding, that if he reveal and repent them on earth, God will remit them in heaven; these exhortations of theirs produce good effects; for though he have formerly lived like a Devil, he will now die like a Christian; and so with many tears revealeth, that at the instigation of Hamtefelix, and for the lucre of 500 Crowns (which at two several times she gave him) he had poysoned Mermands and her Husband Grand Pre.

All the world is amazed, and the Parliament acquainted herewith, they alter their first Sentence, and so for his triple villanies condemn La Fresnay to be broken alive upon the wheel, and there to languish and die, without being strangled, which in Dijon is accordingly executed

to the full fatisfaction of Justice.

A Provost likewise is forthwith dispatched from Dijon to Grandmon's House, to apprehend his Daughter Hameselia, and as God would have it, she was ignorant of La Fresnay's apprehendion, and more of his death. The Provost finds her dancing in her Fathers Garden, in company of many Gentlemen and Ladies; he sets hands on her, and so exchangeth her mirth into mourning, and her songs into tears: she is brought to Dijon, and examined by a President, and two Counsellors of the Parliament. She impudently and boldly denies both? Murthers; saith, La Fresnay is her mortal and professed enemy, and therefore not to be believed. But the Devil who hath so long bewitched and deluded her, either will not, or rather cannot save her with this poor evasion; she is adjudged to the Rack, and at the first torment consesses.

The Criminal Judges of this great and illustrious Parliament, in detestation of these her exectable and bloody crimes of Murther, pronounce sentence on her: so, after she had repented her sins, and prepared her self to die, her Paps are seared, and torn off with red hot Pincers,

then she is hanged; her body burnt, and her ashes thrown unto the air.

Now to gather some profit by reading this History, or indeed, rather by the memory of the History it self, let us observe, nay let us imprint in our hearts and souls how busie the Devil was by ambition, covetousness, malice and revenge, to seduce and perswade Hauteselia and La Fresanay to commit these murthers; and also how just God was in the detection and punishment thereof, that the sear of the one may terrifie us from imbracing and attempting the other; to the end, that as they lived in sin, and died in shame; so we may live in righteousness, and die in peace, thereby to live in eternal selicity and glory.

GODS



GOD'S Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

Sentence, and to lorder to the west of YAOTSIH HISTORY

Pisani betrayeth Gasparino of his Mistrel's Christeneta. Gasparino challengeth Pisani for this discrease, and kills him in the Field: be after continueth his suit to Christeneta; she dissembles her malice for Pisani his death; she appoints Gasparino to meet her in a Garden, and there causeth Bianco and Brindoli to murther him; they are all three taken, and executed for the same, and company of the same.

Where Affection hath Reason for guide, and vertue for object, it is approved of Earth, and applauded of Heaven; but where it exceeds the bounds of Charity, and the lifts of Realigion, Men pity it, Angels lament it, and God himself contemns it; for if we are crossed in our love, why should discontent make us desperate? or to what end should we fly Reason to follow Rage, except we desire to ride post to Hell, and to end our days on a shameful and infamous Scassod here on earth? It is an excellent felicity to grow from Vertue to Vertue, and a fatal misery to run from Vice to Vice. Love and Charity are always the true marks of a Christian, and Malice and Revenge, those of an Infidel, or rather of a Devil; but to imbrue our hands in innocent blood, and to feek the death of others: is to deprive our selves of our own life, as the sequel of this History will declare, which I relate with pity and compassion, fith I see the Stage whereon these Tragedies are acted and represented, not only sprinkled, but goared with great variety and essuance of blood.

In Pavia (the second City of the Dutchy of Millain) the very last year that Count Fuentes (under the King of Spain) was Vice-roy of that Stage, Signior Thomaso Vituri, a noble Gentleman of that City, had one only Child, a Daughter of the age of fifteen years, named Dona Christeneta; who

was exceeding fair and beautiful, and indued with many excellent qualities and perfections, requisite in a Gentlewoman of her rank: the was fought in marriage by many Gallants of the City; but a Cavalier of Cremon must bear her away, or at least her affection:

The Hiltory is thus,

Signieur Emanuel Gasparino, a noble young Gentleman of Cremona, hearing of Vituri his wealth, and of his Daughter Christin. ta's beauty and vertues (the Adamants and Load-stones to draw mens affections) resolveth with himself to seek her for his Wife: he acquamts none herewith, but an intimate dear friend of his, a young Gentleman of the same City, named Signior Ludovicus Pisani, by descent a Venetian, whom he prays to assist and accompany him to Pavia, in seeking and courting the fair Christeneta his mixtress. Pisani terms himself much honoured and obliged to Gasparino, and very willingly grants his request; and so they prepare for their jour-

They come to Pavia, Vituri bids Gasparino welcome, and entertains him respectfully and conreteously, as also Pisanis, he thanks Gasparino for the Honour he doth him in seeking his Daughter, and like a careful Father takes time to consult hereon: but for Christeneta, the looks not so pleasing nor pleasantly on him as he expecteth. He is deeply in love both with her beauty and other perfections; but he finds her cold in her discourse and answers, and very melancholy and pensive: he courts her often (and after the Italian sashion, with variety of Musick, Dittys, and Ayrs) but still he finds her averse, and contrary to his desires, as if her thoughts were otherwise fixed. Gasparino knows not how to win her affection, nor how to bear himself herein; he consults with Pisani, and prays him to conserr with Christeneta, and to sound her affection: But it proves often dangerous, still indiscretion, to trust a friend in this case.

Pifani promifeth to perform the office of a Friend, and to conferr effectually with Christeneta; he feeks opportunity and place, and finds both; he fets out to her Gasparino's merits; and paints forth his praises, and in a word, leaves nothing untouched, which he thinks may any way advance his Friend's content and affection: but he finds Christeneta's mind perplexed and troubled; for she often changeth colours, now red, then pale, and then pale, now red again; yet he observes that her eyes are fill stedsaftly fixed on him; he prays her that she will return a plea-

fing answer for him to carry to his Friend, and her Lover Gasparino.

Christeneta would willingly speak, but cannot, for her heart and. Paps beat and pant, and her sighs very consusedly interrupt her words; but at last, dying her Lilly cheeks with a Vermillion blush, she tells him that she is not ignorant of Gasparino's merits, who deserves far her better, but that she cannot consent to love him, in respect she hath fixed, but not ingaged her affection on another. Pisani still extolleth his Friend Gasparino to the sky, and for all honourable parts preferrs him before any Gentleman of Lombardy; and withal, with much industry and infinuation, endeavours to request and draw Christeneta to name him her servant: which she once thought to have done, had not modely (the sweetest and most precious ornament of a Virgin) for that time withheld her, when after two or three deep sighs (the outward Heraulds of her inward passions) she told him thus:

Pifani, It is a dear and near friend of yours, who is the first that I have, and the last that I will affect; but I will not at present name him, only if you please to meet me secretly to morrow, at eight of the clock in the morning, in the Nuns Garden at Saint Chre, I will there inform you who it is; but in the mean time, and ever, forbear to sollicit me any more for Gasparino, lith he shall not be my servant, nor will I be his missies: and so for that time they part,

and he confidently promifeth to meet her.

Galparino demands of Pifani how he finds his miffress Christenera; He answers faithfully according as she told him; but conceals their appointed meeting in the Nuns Garden: and now because he seeth it labour lost to research Christenera, he will not be obtained in his suit, but will give a Law to his passions and affections, rather than they shall prescribe any to him, and so resolves to take leave of her, because as well by her selfs, as by her father and Mother, and now chiefly by Pifani, he sees she is otherwise bent and affected, so which end he leaves Pavia, and returns to Cremona Leave we therefore Gasparino to his thoughts, and come we to those of Pifani and Christenera, to see what their Garden-conference will bring forth:

Pijani cannot imagin what friend of his it should be that Christenera loveth, but the knows e-nough for them boths and it may be, too much for her self: she knows it at least an immodest, if not a bold part for her to court Pijani, who ought rather to court her: but she thinks it both wildom and duty to give way to that which she cannot avoid and prevent, and so preferrs the zeal of her affection before the respect of her modesty, but that which makes her so resolute in the execution of this her amorous attempt is, to see that Gasparino hath sound Pisani to sollicite for him to her, and she can find none but her self to follicite for her self to Pisani; therefore bold in this her resolution, she bears so deep and so dear an affection to Pisani, that she thinks

every moment an hour, and every hour an age, before the fee Pifani, that one perion of the world, whom the loves more dear than all the world. Thus withing night day, her house the Nunnery, and her Chamber the Garden; the with much impatient patiency awaits the hour of eight, which she knows will bring her her joy or her torment, her felicity or her misery, her lite or her death.

The clock strikes eight; Christeneta takes her Prayer-Book, and her waiting Maid, and so trips awayto the Nunnery; but the doth now dispence with her devotion, to give content to her eyes, or rather to her heart, in feeing and injoying the defired company of Pifani, whom the effects the life of her content, and the content of her life, and fo forfakes the Church, to go to the Garden: Pifani, who never failed of his hour and promife to men, doth now dildain to mils thereof to a Lady: for Christeneta hath scarce made three paces in the walks of the Garden, but c're the fourth be mished, the sees Pifani enter; she blushes at his light, and he grows pale at her blushes; he finds her in a Bower of Sycamors, Cypreffes, and Vines, decked within with Rofes, Lillies, and Gil'y-Howers, he gives her the good-morrow and the falute, the which, with a modelt and fweet courtefie, the receives and returns; he tells her he is come to perform his promile, and it it please her to receive hers. She would fain answer him, but her cheeks give bluthes, where her tongue should words; but at last darting a sweet look on him (which was the Embassador and Herauld of her heart) she discovereth her self to him thus,

The perfon (Pijani) on whom I have fixed and fetled my affection, doth exceedingly refemble you, is of your own blood, and of your nearest and dearest acquaintance. Pisani presseth her to know his name? when after many glances, fighs, and blufhes, the tells him, his name is Pifani, and himfelf the man; prays him to pardon her boldness, and to give an honourable interpretation and construction to her affection; adding withall, that when she first saw him, she loved him; and now prays him to be pleased, that Christenera may be a Sollicitor for her self to Pisani, and not Pisani to Christeneta for Gasparino; yea, she confirms her words with many lighs, and again her fighs with many tears, which trickle down her beautiful cheeks, like pearled drops of

dew upon blushing damask Roses. Pifani wonders at this unexpected news, and knows not how to bear himself in a buliness of this nature; he fees that her beauty deferves love, and her defeent and vertues respect: but withall he is not so dishonourable to betray his Friend. He wonders at her affection, and is not ignorant that the deferves a more noble Husband than himfelf; but feeing her languish for an anfwer, he returns her this: Although I acknowledg my felf infinitely bound to you for that affection of yours mberemith you please to honour me, yet as honour is to be preferred before affection so Christeneta must excuse Pilani, fith be cannot be a servant to her, but he must be a Traitor to Gasparino; and that respect excepted, in requital of your favour, I will esteem my felf happy if I may lose my life for your scr-

Yet he is not fo unkind, but gives her a kiss or two at farewel, which as much delights Chrife-

neta, as his refusal doth afflict her: so they part. The rest, time must bring forth.

Now although Gasparino have left Pavia, yet he cannot forsake his affection to Christeneta, but cherisheth her memory, and in heart adoreth her Idæa; yea, he loves her deeply and dearly, and indeed her perfections and beauty deserve love: but such is Christeneta's affection to Pisani, as the can take no truce of her thoughts, but despight of discretion and modesty (which perswade and counsel her to the contrary) the within ten days after purposely sends a confident messenger to him, to Cremona, with this Letter, and so I'me more by an so constitute and the second

and be resistently promise CHRISTENETA to PISANIA

Indit not fleange, that I second my last speech with this my first Letter, and think, that were not my affection intire and constant, Ishould not thus attempt to reveal it to you in lines, which blush not, as my checks do, when I write them, I should offer too palpable violence and injury to the truth if I tell you not that it is impossible for Christeneta to love any but Pisani; whom I no sooner sam, but deeply admired and dearly affected. Now fish my zeal to you is begun in vertue, and shall be continued in bonour, it makes me flatter my self with hope, that you will not enforce me to despair: for if I am not so happy to be yours, I must be so unfortunate never to be mine own Judge what your absence is to me, sub your presence is my chiefest selicity: which makes me both desire and wish, that you were either in Pavia, or I in Crewona, I can prefix and give bounds to my Letter, though not to my affection. Hate not her, who loves you dearly, nthermise, whatsoever you think, I know, your unkindness to me will be meer cruelty. Think ten spd. will be seen to freet CHRISTENETA.

Pilani receiveth this Letter, he wonders at her affection, and now confults betwixt, Christeneta's love to him, and his respect to Gasparino, he at first holds it incivility not to answer her Letter, and yet is very unwilling; in doing her right, to wrong his Friend: but at last perusing her Letter again, he finds it so kind, as he deems it not only ingratitude, but a degree of inhumanity for him not to return her an answer, and therefore taking Pen and Paper, he writes to her thus:

PISANI to CHRISTENETA.

You discover me as much affection as I should treachery to my friend, either to accept or requite it; and were it not for that consideration, which must tend as well to mine own honour, as to your content, I would not stick to say, that Pisan loves Christeneta, because she descrees to be beloved; only give me leave to inform you, that as you are too fair to be refused, so I am too honest to betray my friend, especially such a one who is as considert of my sidelity, as I assured of his. Could time reconcile these difficulties with my reputation, my heart would instantly command my Pen to signific you, that I desire to give you hape, and take away your despair; and withall, that Pavia, is more pleasing to me than Cremona, sith Christeneta lives init, and Pisan in her. I was never heretofore crust to any, neither do I resolve to be unkind to you; for how can I, sith I as truely vow to honour you, as you profess to love me? Live you in this assurance, and I will die in the same.

PISANL

Time with a swift foot vanisheth and passeth away, but Christenera's affection to Pisani cannot; she in his Letter perceives a glimmering light of hope break forth thorow the obscure clouds of her despair; but sear doth as soon eclipse and strangle, as propagate and produce it; only, despight of all apprehension and opposition, her thoughts do still gaze and look on Pisani, as the needle of the compass doth to the North; so as she can rest in no true tranquillity of mind, before she writes to him again; the which, some fifteen days after, she doth to this effect.

CHRISTENETA to PISANI.

May pass the bounds of discretion, but will not exceed those of honour; I have ever learned to retain this Maxim, that affection, which receives end, had never beginning: If then I live, I must breathe the air of your love, as well as this of my life: sith it is the prime and sole cause thereof, as the Sun is of the light. Your Letter I find so full of doubts and ambiguities, as I know not wherefore to hope, or why not to despair; could you dive as deeply into my heart, as I have into your merits, if nature do not, pitty would inform you, that you ought to prefer the love of a Lady before the respect of a Gentleman, especially sith he may carry his heart from you, and I desire to bring and present mine to you: and how can your absence either rejoyce or comfort me, sith your presence will not? Think what you ploase, either of me, or of your felf, only give me leave to tell you, that I find doubt a step and degree to despair, as despair is to death: I write rather with tears than Ink. If you will not live my Saint, I must die your Martyr.

CHRISTENETA.

At the receipt of this fecond Letter (which was so sweetly pleasing, and pleasingly sweet to his thoughts) he tound the Bulwarks and defences of his respect to Gasparino razed and heaten down, and a fair breach made and laid open for Christeneta to enter and take possession of the Castle of his heart: so now at one instant he performs two several attempts; so the farther he slies from his friend Gasparino, the nearer he approacheth to his Mistress Christeneta; and therefore now wholly imparadising his thoughts in the Garden of her pure beauty, and taking the chiefest light of his content and selicity from the relucent lustre of her eyes, he thinks it high time, no longer to bear out his Flag of Defiance, but to strike sail, and do homage to the soveraign of his thoughts, the which he doth in this Letter, that he purposely sends her, in answer of hers, by his Page.

PISANI to CHRISTENETA.

Your vertue and beauty is enough powerful to prevail with me; but your affection, which adds grace to either, and either to it, makes me forget my respects to Gasparino, to remember my love to Christenetas, but that which gives life to this my resolution, is, that it is impossible for him to hate me as much as you love me; and in this hope I both rejoyce and triumph, that you skall not be my Martyr, but my Mitress, and I will be both your Saint and your Servant: for as you define to live in my favour, so my chiefest ambition and zeal is to die in your affection: that which heaven makes me affirm, earth shall not enforce me to deny. I will shortly follow, and second this my Letter; till when, you can never so much lament my absence, as I desire your presence. Let this be your true consolation, sith it is my sole delight and chiefest felicity.

PISANI.

If Pisani his first Letter overthrew Christeneta's despair, this his second revives and confirms her hopes; so that whereas heretofore she condemned her presumption in writing to Pisani, she now not only appliands her resolution therein, but also blesseth the hour that she attempted it: yea, she buildeth such Casses of delight and content in her heart, and her heart in her soul, to think that she should be his Wife, and he her Husband; that she anticipateth the hours, and blames the days for not presenting her with the sight and presence of her sweet Pisani; whom, above all earthly contents, she chiesly desireth.

Now if Christeneta were thus perplexed with the absence of her Pisani, no less is he with that of his Christeneta: for, remembring the freshness of her youth, and the sweetness of her beauty, he in conceit hateth Cremona, which before he loved; and now loveth Pavia, which before he hated. It is as great a grief to him to be with his other affairs without her, as it would rejoyce him to be with her, without them; yea, she runs so deeply in his thoughts, and they on her beauty, as (if it were not immodesty) he either wisheth himself impaled in her arms, or she incloistered in his. And now, to perform as much as his Letter hath promised, he, without thinking or respecting of his old friend Gasparino, prepares all things ready to go see his new Mistress Christeneta.

He comes to Pavia, accompanied with three or four of his neerest and dearest friends, visiteth Christeneta, whom he saluteth and courteth with all kind, honourable, and amorous complements: She is joyful, yea, ravished with his arrival; he doth affure her of his perpetual affection, and reciprocally himself of hers; yea, she so infinitely delights in his presence, and he so extreamly in hers, that she now freely gives her self to Pisani, and he in exchange, as absolutely takes himself from Gasparino, to give himself to Christeneta: to as she rejoycing in her purchase, and he triumphing in his victory, they attend the time, wherein heaven and earth hath ordained

of two bodies to make them one.

But it is not enough for Pisan to be possessed of Christeneta's savour; for he must likewise obtain that of her parents, before either he can enjoy his wishes, or she her desires, and so he goes honourably and secretly to work with them: but he finds them not so tractable as Christeneta hoped, or himself desired: for old Vituri her Father preserving wealth before honour, and riches before vertues, dislikes this motion, alledging that Pisan's Father died exceedingly in debt: that his chiefest Lands were ingaged and morgaged; that he had many great Legacies to pay to his Sisters; but, which was worst of all, that Pisan himself loved the Court better than the Country, and that in his expences and apparel he was extreamly prodigal, and frugal in neither; which considerations so swayed the judgment and opinion of Vituri, that knowing he might every day provide and procure a better Match for his Daughter, he gives Pisan to understand, that as yet he hath no intent to marry his Daughter; alledging her sew years, and the like trivial reasons and excuses, whereby Pisan might planly perceive, that he had no intent to give him his Daughter.

This refusal of Vituri doth wonderfully grieve Pisani, and afflict Christenera, so as they see their hopes nipt in their blossoms, and their delires not in the wayto reap such effects as they expected. Pisani distrusting his own power, sets his Parents and chiefest Friends to draw Vituri to hearken unto reason: but his age cannot be deceived in that, which his judgment, and not his passion, suggested him; they have divers conferences; but every day, instead of bringing hopes, produce the more difficulties and despair; and now that Pisani may see that his suit and research is displeating to Vituri, he looks not on him with so courteous an eye as accustomed; and which is

worse, Christenetz is forbidden his company, and he her Father's House.

This goes to the hearts of our two Lovers, but they brook it as patiently as they may, and hope that time will give end to these their discontents and afflictions. In the mean while, as fire suppressed doth often slame forth with more violence, so sith they cannot Personally visit one the other, they entertain their affections by their Letters; who are so many in number, as I hold it fit rather to suppress than divulge them: Thus whiles Pisani comforts himself, that there are no roses without prickles, and that hopes long expected are best welcome, but chiefly relying upon the affection and constancy of his Mistres; he will not stain his valour with this point of Cowardize, To be put off with the first repulse of Vituri, but resolveth to continue as constant in his affection, as he doth in his resulal; and so, after he had staid a month or two in Cremona, he bethinks himself of an Invention whereby it is not impossible for him to obtain his Mistress of her Father:

Pisani, being inriched with the treasure of Christeneta's favour and affection, writes to her, that if the can obtain her Mothers consent, the peradventure may easily procure that of her Husband, who hearkening and relishing this advice with much zeal, puts it a foot; and as in few days the gained her Mother, so a month was not fully past, before she had likewise drawn her Husband to approve and consent to this Match. So now our Lovers are again revived and comforted;

for the rubs being taken away, the difficulties removed; and the Parents of both fides fully fatisfied, all things now feem in so fair a forwardness and preparation, as if our two Lovers were shortly to injoy each other in marriage; or to injoy the fruits of marriage, which so earnestly and infinitely both affected and defired.

To which end, that their Nuptials might be solemnized with the greater pomp and glory, they provide themselves of variety of rich and sumptuous Apparel. The day appointed, and all the Nobility of Pavia and Cremona (as well their Kinsfolks as others) are invited to the Wedding. But their Parents shall come short of their Designs, and these our two Lovers of their hopes; for this Marriage being not begun in Heaven, thall never be finished nor consum-

inated on earth.

We have here so much spoken of Pisani, that it seems we have quite forgotten Gasparino, as if he had no farther part to act in this History; but he is not so fortunate: for this proceeding of Pifani to Christeneta is not fo fecretly managed, but he hath news thereof, who knowing there can be no greater Treason, after that of a Subject to his Soveraign, than for a Friend to betray his Friend, he grieves, and is extreamly incenfed at Pifani, to lee he hath betrayed him of his Mistress: the which he takes so bitterly and passionately, that he vows he will make him repent it. Jealousie and Revenge are always bad Counsellors, and therefore can never prove good Judges: But such is his love to Christeneta, and so deeply is her beauty imprinted and engraven in his heart, as shutting his Judgment to Charity, and opening it to Revenge, he is refolved, at what price foever, to call Pifam to a strict account for this affront and disgrace, and is resolved rather to die, than live to see himself thus abused, by one whom God and Naturo hath made his inferiour. Were we as apt to do good as evil, we should be Angels, not Men; but refembling our selves (or rather hearkening too much to the Prince of Darkness) we fly reason to follow rage, and many times procure our own destruction, in seeking that

Gasparino having thus his eyes and senses o're-clouded and veiled with the mist of Revenge, is transported with such bloody passions and resolutions, as he is sometimes resolved to Pittol Pifani, either in the Street, or in his Bed; and other times to hire two or three Ruffians to murther him the next time he rides into the Country: but at last casting his eyes from Hell to Heaven, and from Satan to God, he trampleth those execrable resolutions under his feet, and banisheth them from his heart and thoughts, esceming them as unworthy of him, as he were of the World, if he should commit them; and so for that time enters into a resolution with himself, no more to think on Christenera, and less to be revenged of Pisani, for betraying her

from him.

Had Gasparino continued in this peaceable and Christian-like mind, he had not exposed himfelf to fo many dangers and misfortunes, nor given himself as a prey to feed the malice and revenge of his bloody Enemies: but now, understanding that all Cremona and Pavia pratled and laughed at his difgrace, in seeing him thus baffled and abused by Pisani, he thinks that not only himself, but his honour is disparaged and wronged herein, and that he shall be extreamly condemned of Cowardize, if in a Duel he call not Pifan to right him, and give him fatisfaction: yea, the only confideration of this point of honour (which many times is bought and fold at for dear a price, as the peril and loss both of body and foul) did so violently perswade and prevail with him, that as revenge admits of no opposition, nor hearkens to any advice, so enquiring for Pifani, and understanding him to be in Pavia, he the more incouraged and inflamed hereat, tu king with him a resolute and confident Gentleman, and one only Lackey, sets spurs to his Horse and to hies thither, refolving with himfelf to gain his honour in the fame City, where he had received his difgrace.

Being arrived at Pavia, he is affured that Pifani is in the City, and enquiring more curioufly after him, he understands, that, that very instant he is with his Mistress Christeneta, which so galled his thoughts, and inflamed his heart, as he was once resolved that very inflant to send him a Challenge, and the sooner, because Christenera might be an eye-wituels of the delivery thereof : but to speak truth, Passion could not find a better opportunity, nor Judgment a worle, for him to draw his malicious contemplation into bloody and impious action; and therefore respecting Christenera, although she had refused to respect him, and fearing if she had the least notice or inkling thereof, the loved her Pifani to dearly, as the would hinder and prevent him from running into so eminent a danger, he all that day hush'd himself up privately in his Inne, deferring the lending thereof till the morning, when delivering it to his Coufin Sebastians (the Gentleman that came with him from Cremona) he prays him instantly to find out Pifani, and to

deliver it to him as secretly and as fairly as he could.

Sebafiano being no novice in these occasions and accidents, repairs to Pifani his Lodging and finds him as he was issuing of his Chamber, whom he falutes, and delivers Gasparino Challenge fast sealed. Pifani with a constant carriage, and firm countenance, receives it, and breaking off the Seals, steps aside and reads these Lines.

GASPARINO to PISANI.

OU have given the first breach to our friendship: for sith you have treacherously bereaved me of my Miltru, you must now both in bonour and justice, either take my life, or yield me yours in requital. If you consider your own ingratitude, you cannot tax much less condemnathis my resolution: the Place, the West end of the Park; the hour, four or five after Dinner; the manner, on foot, with Seconds; the Weapon, if you please, two single Rapiers, whereof bring you one, and I the other; and I will be content to take the refusal, to give you the choice. If your courage answer your insidelity, you will not refuse to meet me.

GASPARINO.

Pifani having received and perufed this Challenge (like an Italianated Gallant, preferring his honour before his life) very cheerfully, without any motion or shew of alteration, either in his specehes or countenance, turns to Sebastiano, and speaks to him thus, Sir, I pray tell Casparino from me, that my felf and Second will with fingle Rapiers meet him and his, at the hour and

place appointed.

Sebajiano returns: and Pifani having accepted the Challenge, bears it so secretly, as Christenera.

Sebajiano returns: and Pifani having accepted the Challenge, bears it so secretly, as Christenera. (the other half of his heart) understands not hereof; he finds out his dear and intimate friend Sfondrato, a valiant young Gentleman, issued of a very noble Family of Millain, who accompanied him from Cremona, to whom he relates the whole effect of this business, shewing him Gasparino's Challenge, and requesting him to honour him so much as to Second him in this quarrel: Sfondrato very cheerfully and freely offereth, and engageth himfelf; and fo about noon Sebaftiano and himself, like honourable friendly enemies, meet to provide and match the Rapiers; but bear it so secretly and discreetly, as none what soever could once perceive their intents, or gather their resolutions. The hour approaching, they all take Horse, and that day Pisani, because he would be no way prevented and hindred, doth purposely refrain to visit his Mistress Christeneta. They post to the Park as to a Wedding, being the place of Rendezvous of their meeting (so famous for the Deseat of the French, and taking Prisoner of their King Francis the Second, by the Forces of the Emperor Charles the fifth.)

Gasparino and Sebastiano are first in the Field but Pisani and Sfondrato are not long after; so they all tye up their Horses to the hedge, pull off their Spurs, and cut away the timber-heels of their Boots, that they might not trip, but stand firm in their play: But ere they begin, the Second's search the Principals, and they the Seconds: so they throw off their Doublets, and appear all in their thirts, not as if they feared death, but rather as if they were refolved to make death fear them.

By this time Gasparino and Pifani draw, they make their approaches, and at the first encounter Pisani is hurt in the out-fide of the left arm, and Gasparino in the right flank, the blood whereof appeared not, but fell into his hose; they again separate themselves, and now try their fortunes a tresh; here Pisani receives two wounds, the one glancing on his ribs, the other in the brawn of his right arm, and Gasparino one deep one in his left shoulder; but these slight hurts they only effects as fearrs, not as wounds, and therefore feeing their shirts but sprinkled, not dyed with their bloods, they couragiously come on again; but this bout proves favourable to them both, for Gasparino wards Pisani's thrust from him, and only runs Pisani thorow the hose, without doing him any other harm: and so they close, which Pifani doth purposely to exchange ground, thereby to have the Sun in his back, which was before in his eyes, and now they conclude to take breath.

Their Seconds withdraw not from their stations, neither can they yet imagine to whose side fortune will incline, they being well-near as equal in wounds as courage; and now Pifam and Gasparino dressing their Rapiers, and wiping off the blood from them, begin again to make tryal on whom Victory is resolved to smile, but they alter the manner of the Fight; for now Gujparino fights with judgment, and not with fury, and Pifani with fury, and not with judgment, whereas heretofore they both did the contrary. They traverse their grounds, Pifani is so violent, as he hath almost put himself out of breath; but Gasparino is so wary and cautelous, as he contents himself to break his thrusts, and resolves not to make any but to the purpose, and upon manifest advantage; the iffue answereth his hopes and expectations; for at the very next encounter, as Pisani runs Gasparino in the neck, he runs Pisani thorow the body, a little below the left pap; and his Sword meeting with Cava Vena (which leads directly to the heart) makes a perpetual divorce betwixt his body and his foul, and so he falls stark dead to the ground. Gasparino knowing him dispatched, sheaths up his Rapier. But Sfondrato and his Chirurgion run to his affistance; but the affection of the one, and the art of the other were in vain; for Pifani his life had for saken his body, and his foul was already fled from this world to another.

Whilst Sfondrato and the Chirurgion were stretching out the dead body of Pisani, and covering it up with their Cloaks, Sebastiano runs to Gasparino and congratulates with him for his victory, extolling his valour to the sky. But Gasparino tells him, that these praises appertain not to him, but to a higher providence; and withall prayes him to be careful, and to manage his life both with courage and discretion: and for himself, finding his wounds no way desperate nor dangerous, he is resolved not to suffer his Chirurgion to bind them up, till he see the issue of the Combate betwixt his faithful friend Sebastiano and Sfondrato.

By this time Sfondrato thinks it high time to begin, and being no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his friend Pifani, but rather incouraged and resolved to set it dearly on the life of Sebastiano; he draws, and with his Rapier in his hand comes towards him. Sebastiano meets him half way with a very fresh and chearful countenance, and so they approach one to the other; at their first encounter, Sebastiano gives Sfondrato a large and wide wound on his right side, but receives another from him thorow the left arm, a little below the elbow; but that of Sfondrato poured forth more blood; and, to be brief, they both give and take divers wounds, and perform the part of valorous Gentlemen.

But, in the end, God, who would not give all the victory to one fide, but will make both parties losers, to shew that he is displeased with these their bloody actions, and uncharitable resolutions, which though Honour seem to excuse, yet Religion cannot; after they had three several times taken breath, Schastiano advancing a fair thrust to Sfond ato's breast, which only pierced his shirt, and ravelled his skin; Sfond ato requited him with a mountful interest, for he can him thorow at the small of the belly, and so nailed him to the ground, bearing away his life on the point of his Rapier.

Thus our four Gombatants, being now reduced to the number of two, Sfondrato expected that Gasparino would have exchanged a thrust or two with him, the which certainly he had performed: But Gasparino sinding that the loss of so much blood made him then weak, and that it was now more than time for him to have his wounds bound up, they having taken order for the decent transporting of their dead friends that night to Pavia; they, without speaking word one to the other, commit themselves to their Chirurgions, and so their wounds being bound up, they take them with them, and, to save themselves from the danger of the Law, they take Horse and post away, Gasparinoto Parma, and Sfondrato to Florence: from whence they resolve not to stir, before their friends have procured and sent them their Pardons.

Leave we them there, and, to follow the stream of this Fistery, come we to Cremona and Pa-via, which rings with the news of the issue, of these lamentable and tragical Combates. Pisani and Sebastiano are infinitely bewailed of their Parents, and lamented of their friends, yea of their very enemies themselves, and generally of all the world, who either knew them, or heard of their untimely and unfortunate ends.

But all these tears are nothing, in comparison of those which our fair Ch istemeta sheds for the death of her sweet Pisani, for her griefs are so infinitely bitter, as she tears her hair, dissignerth her face, weeps, mourns, houls, and cryes so extreamly, that sorrow her self would grieve to see her forrow; yea, she forsakes and abandoneth all company, throws off all her rich and glittering Garments, and takes on mournful and sad apparrel; so as all the perswassions of the world are not capable to give her the least shadow of consolation; for, as the affirms, she neither will, nor can be comforted; only amidst her tears, if she admit, or permit any passion to take place in her heart or thoughts, it is choller and revenge against Gasparino, who had bereaved her of her only joy, of her dear and sweet Pisani, whom she loved a thousand times more dear and tenderly than her self, and of him she vows to be revenged in the highest degree: Whereby we may here in Christeneta see the old phrase made good, and verified, That there is no affection or haired to that of a VV oman; for where they love, they love dearly; and where they hate, they hate deadly: But leave we her to her forrows, and come we again to Gasparino; who in short time, having obtained his pardon, returns from Perma to Cremona, where he is joyfully received of his Parents and Friends.

He is no fooner arrived, but the remembrance of Christeneta's beauty doth flourish and revive in his heart; for although she had loved another, yet he could affect none but her self: when letting pass some six or eight months, and hoping that time (which is subject to nothing, and all things to it) might wipe off her tears, and blow away her sighs for the death of Pisani; he resolves to renew his old sute to her; to which end he visits her, first by friends, next by letters, and then in person. Christeneta (like a counterfeit Fury) dissembles her love to Pisani, and her hatred to him, and withall triumpheth and taketh a pride to see how discreetly and closely she bears her malice: But our wisdom in sin proves meer folly in the eyes of God, which though she

will not now acknowledg; yet she shall hereafter be inforced to do it with repentance, and peradventure when it is too late. So being resolute in her inveterate indignation; her malice doth so out-brave her Charity, and her revenge her Religion, as she cannot find any rest in her thoughts, or tranquility in her mind, before she see the death of Gasparino make amends and

fatisfaction for that of Pijani.

Cafparino having the eyes of his judgment hood-winked, and not fore-feeing how dangerous it is to repose and relie on the favour of an incented enemy, (as our judgments are never clearest when we approach our ruin) is very importunate with Christeneta, that he may meet and conferr privately with her, which indeed is the only opportunity that in heart she hath so long

defired; and now it is that the conspires his ruin, and plots his destruction, wherein (perchance) feeking his death, the may procure her own.

Diffembling wretch as the is, the feems to be vanquished with his importunity, and therefore to shew her self courteous and kind to him, the appoints him to meet her in the Nunns Garden at fix of the clock in the morning. But what courtesie, what kindness is this, To have honey in the tongue, and poyson in the heart? For she presently agrees with two wretched Russians, Bianco and Brindoli, for twice fifty Duckets to murther him. See here the implacable and damnable malice of this young Gentlewoman, who forgetting her Soul, and her God, becomes the Author of so execrable and lamentable a Murther.

Gasparino, drowning his sences and understanding in the contemplation of the content he should receive in injoying his Mistress Christeneta's Company, thinks the night long e're the day appear, and although the evening were tair and clear, yet in the morn, Aurora had no sooner leapt from the watry bed of Neptune, but the Skies were over-cast and veiled with obscure clouds, which imprison the Sun and his golden beams, purposely not to behold so bloody a

Tragedy, as was then to be acted.

Christeneta (who could not sleep for revenge) is stirring in the morning betimes, and so are Bianco and Brindoli. They all meet in the Nunns Garden, the walking in the Alleys, and they hideing themselves out of fight: At last the clock strikes six, and immediately in comes Gasparino, with his Hat in his hand, and his Rapier by his fide; he courts and falutes Christeneta with many amorous speeches, and sweet complements; she prepares to receive him: but in stead of courteous entertainment, gives him a bloody welcome; her words (or rather her watch-words) are these; Gasparino (quoth she) this Garden is the place where I had my first conference with Pisani, and where I purpose to have my last with you. At which words, Bianco and Brindoli, rush forth of a Bower, and with many wounds kill him dead at their feet, but he had first the leilure to draw, and for a while very valiantly defended himfelf, giving each of them several wounds. Christenera seeing Gasparino telled to the ground, fearing that he was not fully dead, and to prevent his crying, she runs to him, thrusts her Handkercher into his mouth; and to shew her telf more like a Tygar than a Woman, and a Devil than a Christian, she with a small Ponyard, or Stelleto, stabs him many times thorow the body, and spurning him with her feet, utters this revengeful and bloody speech; This I facrifice to the memory of my dear Love Pisani. And so Bianco and Brindoli take this murthered body of Gafparino, and tying a great stone to it; threw it into the Well of the Garden; and, the better to conceal this damnable act, they fly by a Postern-door; and Christeneta thinking to cover and throud her fin, under the cloak of piety and devotion, forfakes the Garden; and fo, unfeen of any earthly eye, betakes her to the Nunns Church, where fhe falls on her knees; but with so prophane a devotion, as she did no way repent, but rather triumph at this murther; But this her hypocrifie shall cost her dear.

We have here feen this horrible and cruel murther committed and acted, and the murtherers themselves by this time all sled, and gotten to their homes; yea, Christeneta glorieth in her revenge, and Biance and Brindoli in their money; so as they now think themselves free, and past all danger: but they shall be deceived in their hopes, for Divine Providence hath decreed otherwise. And here we come to the detection and punishment of this murther, wherein God's mercy and

justice, his providence and his glory, do most miraculously shine and appear.

The Nums being in their Cells at their Orifons, hear the clinking of fwords, and so they advertise their Abbess or Governmess thereof, who gives the Alarum in the House. They descend to the Garden, to see what this rumor might be; they find the Postern open, and the Alleys very much sprinkled and gored with blood; they suffect murther, but neither find nor see any, either living or dead; they send to acquaint the Prefect and Provost of the City herewith, who repair to the Garden, and (as before) and much blood, but see no body; they make strict inquiry and search in the ditches, hedges, thickets, and vaults of the Garden, but find nothing, only they forgot to search the Well: Then to find what those sighters were, they think of a policy, as worthy of them, as they of their office; they give a secret charge to all the Chirurgions of the City to reveal them, if any having new wounds, came that night, or the next morning to them, to

be cured, whereupon Rhanutio, one of the chiefest Chirurgions, informs them, that he about an hour since had dressed Bianco and Brindoli (two Soldiers of the City) of nine several wounds, which they newly received. The Presect and Provost advertised thereof, cause them to be brought before them, whom they found both together, where (no doubt) they had consulted. They inquire who wounded them? They answer, They had a quarrel betwirt themselves, and so they fought it out. Being demanded again, where, and when they fought, they looked each on other, and knowing that Christeneta was safe at home, and Gasparino close in the Well, they instantly replyed, it was in the Nunns Garden at Saint Clayre, and at six of the clock in the morning, which agreeing to the Nunns relation, gave end to this business, for that time especially. But though they delude and blind the eyes of men, yet they cannot, nor shall not those of God; And now, although these murtherers have thus escaped, yet they prepare to torsake and leave Pavia, for sear to be afterwards discovered. But they shall be prevented in their subtleties, for the hand of God will speedily arrest them.

Now we must observe, that Gasparino being found wanting two whole nights from his lodging, and his Lackey gathering no news of him at Vituri's House, where he usually frequented to visit and court his Mistress Christeneta, he informs the Host of the house thereof; and he like an honest man, doubting the worst (after the custom of Italy) acquainted the Pretest and Provost thereof, who, like judicious and wise Magistrates, examined Gasparino's Lackey, when he last saw his Master, and where. The Lackey answers, He parted from his chamber yesterday morning betwixt five and six, with his Prayer-Book in his hand, as if he were going to Church, but commanded him not to follow him; and since (he saith) he saw him not. And now, by the providence of God, the Lackey's relation gives a little glimpse and glimmering light to the discovery of this murther; for, the Magistrates see, that the hour of Gasparine's departure from his Chamber, and that of Bianco and Brindoli's sighting do agree; as also his Book and the Nunns Church

bear some shew of coherence and probability.

Whereupon, they (guided as it were by the very immediate finger of God) resolve and determine to apprehend, and sorthwith to imprison both Bianco and Brindoli, who, the very next

day had thought to have flipt down the River to Ferrara, and fo to Venice,

They are examined concerning Gasparino; they vow he is a Gentleman they have neither known nor seen. The Magistrates hold it fit they should be put to the Rack; which is as speedily performed: but these stout Villains sirmly and constantly maintain their first speech; and although they make suit to be freed and released, yet the Presect holds it necessary to commune them in prison; and withal, to make a more narrow and exacter search in the Nunns Garden.

Christeneta, being at the first advertised that Bianco and Brindoli were dead, is thereat assonished and amazed, and so resolves to fly, but being advertised they had already suffered torments, and revealed nothing, she again resolves to stay, which indeed she doth; but it is the justice and

mercy of God that keeps this bloody Bird within her Neil.

The Prefect and Provost (as being inspired from Heaven) continue constant in their resolutions, to make a second search in the Garden for murther; which they do, and very curiously, leaving no place unsearched: at last it pleased the Lord to put into the Provost's mind to search the Well, which the day before they had omitted. He acquaints the Prefect herewith, who with much alacrity approves hereof, and so causing it to be searched, they at last in their hooks bring up some pieces of wrought black Tassety, which by the Lackey was affirmed, and known to be the same that his Master Gasparino wore, the last time he saw him: whereat they were more eagerly encouraged to search again most exactly; which they do, and at last bring up the dead body of Gasparino, when stripping off his cloths, they find his body pierced with thirteen several wounds, at the mournful sight whereof, the whole Assembly, but especially his Lackey, cannot refrain from tears, and yet all glorise God for finding his body, as also for the discovery of the Murtherers, who now they considently, believe are Bianco and Brindoli.

But fee the farther mercies of God; for Bianco and Brindoli are but the hands which executed this murther, and not the head which plotted it: therefore the Magistrates, being sure of them, do now resolve to hye to prison, and to give them double torment, thereby to discover out of what Quiver the first Arrow of this murther came: But behold the mercy and justice of God! they are eased of this labour, and the name of the Malesactor brought them by a most miraculous and unheard-of accident; for when the Magistrates and whole Company had often visited Gasparino's naked body, and seen nothing but wounds, a little Boy standing by (of some ten years of age) espied a linnen cloth in his mouth, which he shewed the Company, which the Prefect causing to be pulled out, found it to be a Cambrick Handkercher, and withal, a name

in red filk Letters in one corner, which was the very true name of Christeneta.

See, see, the goodness! Oh let us stand amazed and wonder at the mercies of God, to see what means and instruments he ordaineth for the discovery of murtherers!

D 2

The

The Prefect and Provost, send away speedily to apprehend her; she is taken in the midst of her pleasures and pattimes, yea from the Arm of her Mother, and feet of her Father, to whom she fled for fafety, but in vain; for she is instantly committed close Prisoner, from whence we shall not see her come forth, till she come to her condign punishment, on a shameful Scaffold, for this her horrible offence of Murther.

And now the Prefect and Provost go themselves to the Prison, where Bianco and Brindoli are; they accuse them peremptorily for the murther of Gasparino, whose body, they inform them, they have taken out of the VVell: but they again deny it. They give them double torment, and con-jure them to reveal this their murther; but they are so strong of courage, or rather the Devil is

so strong in them, as they deny all, and neither accuse themselves, nor any other.

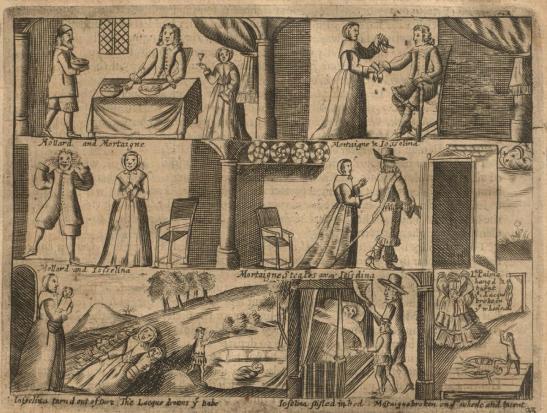
The Prefect and Provost, although they saw all circumstances concur, that undoubtedly Christeneta had a deep hand in this murther, yet they examine her fairly, and promise her much savour, and their best friendship and assistance, if she will reveal it; but she, as her two confedences. rates, denies all. They adjudg her to the Rack, whereunto the very patiently permits her felf to be fastned, but her dainty body and delicate limbs cannot indure the cruelty of this torment; and so she confesseth all; that, in revenge of Pisani's death, she had caused Bianco and Brindoli to murther him in the Nunn's Garden, as we have formerly understood.

And now comes Gods sentence from Heaven, pronounced against these murtherers, by the mouth of his Magistrates on earth, who for reparation and expiation of their horrible crimes of murther, committed on Gasparino, adjudg Bianco and Brindoli to have their right hands cut off, then to be hanged, and their bodies thrown into the River Po; And Christenera (notwithstanding all the solicitation which her Father and friends made for her) to be first hanged, then burned, and her ashes thrown into the air: VVhich, to the full satisfaction of Justice, before an infinite number of Spectators (who affifted at their mournful ends) was accordingly executed, who yet could not refrain from tears, but as much approved and applauded Christieneta's affection to Pi-fani, as they detected and abhorred her inhumane and bloody revenge to Gasparino.

Bianco and Brindeli, as they lived unrighteously, so they dyed desperately, and could not be drawn to repent themselves of this their bloody fact: But, as I have understood, Christenera was extremely sorrowful for her sins, but especially for this murther, whereof at her last breath she infinitely and exceedingly repented her self: yea, I have been informed, that she delivered a godly and religious speech upon the Ladder, but I was not so fortunate to recover it.

May all true Christians read this History with profit, and profit in reading it, that so God may receive the glory, and their fouls the eternal comfort and confolation. Amer.

GOD's



GOD'S Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY III.

Mortaign, under promise of Marriage, gets Josselina with Child, and after, converting his love into hatred, causeth his Lackey La Verdure, and La Palma, to murther both her, and her young Son: the jealouse of Isabella to her Husband La Palma is the cause of the discovery hereof: they are all three taken and executed for the same.

T is a just reward for the vanity of our thoughts, and a true recompence for the errors of our youth, that we buy pleasure with repentance, and the sweetness of sin with the bitterness of affictions: but if we violate the laws of Christianity, and abandon our selves to lust and fornication, then we shall see with shame, that men will not pity us, and find with grief, that God will punish us. It is an excellent vertue in maidens, not to listen to the lewd temptations of men, and in men not to hearken to the sugged charms of the Devil, for commonly that folly gives the one shame, and this madness brings the other destruction: but if we first forget our selves, and then our God, by adding and heaping sin upon sin, as first, to perpetrate fornication, and after murther, than assuredly our estate is so miserably wretched, and so wretchedly miserable, as we have no hope left for better fortunes, nor place for worse. And because Example is both pleasing to our memory, and profitable to our judgment, this mournful ensuing History shall make good, and confirm it tous: Therefore let us shut the door of our thoughts against the power of sin, and that of our hearts, against the malice of Hell, and we shall not only make our fortunes immoveable in this world, but our selicity eternal in that to come.

In the South-east part of France, within a days journey of the famous City of Lions, at the foot of the Mountain of Tarma, upon the border and bosome of that sweet River Lignon, so samoused by the Minion of Honour, and the Darling of the Muses, the Marquess of Urse, in his beautiful and Divine Astrea, near Durency (a certain small Village) there dwelt a poor Country Farmer named Andrew Mollard, who of late burying his Wise, had one only Child left him by her, being a very fair young Girle, about the age of twelve years old, named Jossephina, whom he hoped

should prove the staff and prop of his age, and resolved when she grew up in years, and came to womans estate, to marry her to some of his neighbours sons, and at his death, to give her all that little which either his Parents, or his own labour and industry had left or procured him.

Two or three years sliding away, in which time Mollard increasing in wealth, and his daughter in years, she was, and was justly reported to be the fairest Nymph of those parts, and by all the rustick Swains termed the fair Josselma, esteeming themselves happy, if they might see her,

much more, if they might enjoy her presence.

Now within a little League of Mollard's house, dwelt an ancient and wealthy Gentleman, named Mounsieur de Coneye, who had many Children: but among the rest, his eldest son, termed Mounsieur de Mortaign, was a very hopeful and brave Gentleman, who was first a Page to that generous Noble-man Mounsieur de la Guiche, sometimes Governour of Lyons, and since his death, a chief Gentleman to Mounsieur de Saint Ferrant, now a Marshal of France.

This Mortaign having lived some years in Paris, with his Lord the Marshal, where he followed all honourable exercises, as Riding, Fencing, Dancing, and the like (whereby he purchased himself the honourable title of a most perfect and accomplished Gentleman) was at last desirous to see his Father, partly, because he understood he was weak and tickly; but especially to be at the Nuptials of a Sister of his, termed Madamyselle de la Hay, who was then to be married to a

Gentleman of Avergne, termed Mounsieur de Cassalis.

This Marriage being solemnized, Mortaign having conducted his sister into Avergne, and now feeing his Father strong and lusty, he begins to dislike the Country, and to wish himself again in Paris, where the ratling of Coaches, and the infinity of fair Ladies did better delight and please him: he craves leave of his Father and Mother to return, which (because he is the chiefest stay and comfort of their age) they unwillingly grant him, and so he prepares for his return to Paris. But an unlooked-for Accident shall stop his Journey for the present; and another, but far more

fatal, seconding and succeeding that, shall stop and hinder him from ever seeing it.

For the night before the morning he was to depart, de Coucye his Father is most dangerously taken with a burning Fever, and so neither he nor his Mother will permit him to depart. Living thus in the Country, and few Gentlemen dwelling near his Father's house, he gives himself to Hunting and Hawking, pastimes and exercises, which though before he loved not, yet now he exceedingly delights in: Now amongst other times, he one day hunting in his Fathers Woods (hollowing for his Dog which he had loft in a thicket) by chance sprung a Pheasant, which flying to the next Woods, he fends for his Hawk, with an intent to fly at him; and so being not so happy as again to let fight of him, he ranged to far, and withal to fast, that he was very thirsty, but faw no house near him, that he might call for Wine; till at last he happened on that of Andrew Mollard, of whom we have formerly made mention. Mortaign, seeing a man walking in the next Vineyard, demanded if he were the man of the house, and prayed him to afford him a draught of Wine alledging that he was very thirfly; Mollard knowing this young Gentleman by the model of his face, presumed to demand him if he were not one of Mounsieur de Coucye's Sons? He answered, yes, and that his name was Mortaign. Mollard presently calling to mind that he was his Father's Heir, very courteoully (in his fashion) prays him to enter his house, and so being set down, he sends his daughter Josselina for Wine, which she fetched, and they both drink; where honest Mollard thinking his house blessed with so great (and as he thought so good) a Gentleman, very chearfully proffers him Pears, Grapes, Walnuts, and fuch homely dainties as his poor Cottage could afford. But we shall see Mortaign requite this courtesie of Mollard, with an extream ingratitude:

Mortaign whose eye was seldom on Mollard, and never from his Daughter, admires to see so sweet a beauty in so obscure a place; he cannot refrain from blushing, to behold the delicacy of her pure complexion: for though she were poor in clothes, yet he saw her rich in beauty, which made not only his eyes, but his heart conclude, that she was wonderful sair; sith it is ever the sign of a true and perfect beauty, where the sace graceth the apparel, and not the apparel the sace. And now comparing Josselina's taint, to that of the gallant Ladies of Parin, he finds that the truth of nature exceeds the salshood of their Art: for thorow the Alabaster of her Front, Neck, and Paps, he might perceive the azure of her veins, which like the windings of Meander's streams swiftly range, and sweetly presents it self to his eye. And for her eyes, or rather the Diamonds and Stars of her sace, their splendor was so clear, and their influence so piercing, as they not only captivate his thoughts with love, but wounded his heart with affection and admiration. But if Mortaign gaze on the freshness and sweetness of Josselina's beauty, no less doth she on the properness and perfection of his youth, only his eyes tilt at her with more liberty, and hers on him with modelty, respect, and secrecy; which Mortaign well cspying, he yows to obtain her favour, or to lose his life in research thereof: but the end of such lastivious resolutions.

ons seldome prosper.

But see how all things tavour Mortaign's affection, or rather his lust, to fosselina! for Mollard tells him, he holds a small Tenement near adjoining to his Father; who hath now put him in Suit of Law for two Herriots; and therefore befeecheth him for his good word and favour to his Father in his behalf. Mortaign glad of this occasion to serve for a pretext and clock for him to have access to his House and Daughter, promiseth him to deal effectually with his Father for him, and the next time he passeth that way, to acquaint him what he hath done therein: and so stealing a kissor two from Joselina, as her Father went into the Court, and with all, fwearing to her, that he loved her dearly, and would come often to fee her; he thank-

ing Mollard for his good chear, for that time departed. But the further he goes from Mollard's house, the nearer his heart approacheth his Daughter Josefina. So his thoughts being stedfastly and continually fixed on her, he begins to distaste his Father's house, yea, forfakes all company; and many times pretending to walk in the Park and Woods, he steals away privately to see his new Mistress. He visits her often, but especially when her Father is at Market; and gives her Gloves, Lawn, and Silk Girdles; yea, he never comes to her, but brings her some Gift and Present, thinking thereby the sooner to obtain his defire, but as yet he is still deceived: for, although she be humble and simple, yet the is chaft, and will not hearken to his allurements and enticements. Had Joffelina continucd constant in this resolution, her life would have proved more happy, and her death less

Mortaign perceiving Josselina's councils and obstinacy, is thereat no way the less, but rather far the more enfoared and enflamed with her beauty; and now perceiving that all his Vifits, Gifts, Speeches, and Prayers, work no defired effect, he hath recourse to that old fallacy and subtil invention, whereby so many filly Maids are abused and deceived; he vows, that if the will permit him to enjoy his defire, he will marry her, notwithstanding that their Birth and Quality were so unequal and different: and this, and only this battery and allurement, was that which vanquished Josselina's Chastity; who, poor Girl, caught with this snare, in hope to be a Gentlewoman, shook hands with her Maiden-head, which she should have prized and esteemed far more precious than her life: but she shall pay deer for this her folly; tor

she shall live Mortaign's Strumpet, and never dye his Wife.

Mortaign hath now his defire of fosselina; and for the fruit of this their unchast pleasure, in short time her belly swells. Mollard her Father discovers the Pad in the straw; he grieves hereat, tears his white hairs, and vows, his Daughter's infamy will shorten his dayes. He torments her with reproachings and threatnings, fo as the can find no rest or tranquillity in his House: she advertiseth Mortaign hereof, and requests his affistance in this her affliction. Mortaign by night steals her away, and sends her ten Leagues off from Durency, placing her in a poor Kinsman's House of his, where she is delivered of a young Son. But the shall thorsty fee (with repentance) what it is to have a Child ere a Husband. In the mean time she feeds her felf with hope, that Mortaign will shortly marry her; but he resolves nothing less: for the Gallants of these times (who build their triumphs upon the shipwrack and ruins of Maidens Honour) will promise any thing, ere they enjoy their desire, but perform nothing when they have obtained it; but rather spurn at those pleasures, as at Nose-gayes, which they delight in in the morn, and throw away ere night.

Calintha (Mortaign's Mother) all this while knows nothing of these occurrences betwixt her Son and Joffelina; and defires to fee him married, that the might have the felicity to fee her self a Grand-mother: to which end, she resolves to seek a Wife for him; and makes a motion to Monsieur de Vassy, the Senesehal of la Palisse, to match her Son with Madamoyselle la Varina, his only Daughter. De Vaffy dislikes not this motion; the young folks fee and love:

fo as in all human sense, and outward appearance, it seems a short time will finish and conclude this Match: but it was otherwise determined in Heaven. This news doth amaze and terrifie foffelina: but, as misfortune feldom comes alone, the likewise, that very instant, understands that Mollard her Father (for very grief of her foul fact) is dead, and hath dis-inherited her, leaving her nothing but the memory of her shame, for her Portion and Dowry, and only repentance to comfort her . And this indeed is the forerunner of her future misery. Wherefore now, if ever, it is for her to look to her felf and welfare; to which end the resolves to write Mortaigna Letter, to put him in mind of his promise, and to take compassion of her poverty, being already reduced to this misery, that she hath not wherewithal to maintain her self and Child. Her said Letter (word for word) I thought good to insert here, because the substance and perusal thereof, deserves both pity and com-

JOSSELINA to MORTAIGN.

You have bereaved me of mine honour, the which had I as much grace as vanity) I should have escembed far dearer and more precious than my life. Tour promise to make me your Wife, was the only lure which drew me to consent to that error and folly; at the remembrance whereof, I grieve with shame, and shame with repentance, especially sith I see you are so far from performing it, as you hate me, instead of loving me: let the sweetness of my youth, and the freshness of my beauty, (which with many oaths you protested you both admired and adored) judg whether I have deserved this discourtesse of you: but it is a just punishment for mysin; and now I find too late, though formerly I would not believe, that the fruits of pleasure are bitter, resembling those Pills which seem sweet to the Palate, but prove poyson to the Stomack; and may all Maidens beware by my example. If you will not advance my fortunes, yet seek not to make shipwrack of my life, as you have done of my chastity. You know, my tather is dead, and with him, all the Means which in this world I can either hope or expect, as well for the maintenance of my self, as of your son, except from your self; the which, with millions of sight and tears, I beg and beseach you afford us; and if not for love to me, at least for pity to him; if you will not grant me the honour to be a piece of your self, yet in nature you cannot deny but your little Son is not only your Piture, but your Image: therefore if you will not affect me for his sake, at least do him for mine; and think, that as it will be an extream ingratitude in you, not to give her maintenance, who hath given you a son; so it will be extream cruelty, not to allow that poor Babe wherewithall to live, sith be hath received both his Being and life of you. But I hope you will prove more natural to him, and more charitable to my self; otherwise rest assume that such disrespect and unkindness, will never go long, either unpitied of men, or unpunished of God.

JOSSEL IN A.

Jesselina having penned this Letter to Mortaign; she, desirous to draw hope and assistance from all parts, thinks it sit likewise to write another to Calintha his Mother, to the same effect: the which she doth, and sends it by a consident Messenger, with express charge to deliver them severally: the tenor thereof is thus.

JOSSELINA to CALINTHA.

I know not in what terms either to relate you my misfortunes, or reveal you my misery, especially sith my own folly and indiscretion gave life to the first, as your Son Mortaigu's ingratitude doth to the second: had I been as wise, as now sorowful; or as chast, as now repentant; or which is more, had I not then loved him, as much as he now hates me, I need not blush, as I do, to write to you, That his promise to make me his Wise, hath made me the unfortunate Mother of a young Son, whereof he is the unkind Father. I may well term my self unfortunate, sith I no sooner lost mine bonour, but my Father, for his displeasure of my shame and folly, gave all his Means from me, which before, Right and Nature had promised me; and I may justly term your Son Mortaign unkind, sith he not only resulted to marry me, but also to allow maintainance, either for my self or his Child. It is therefore to you, wanting and despairing of all other means, friends, and hopes, that with many blushes and tears, I presume to acquaint you with the poverty of my fortune, and the richness of my misery, the which I humbly request you both to pity and relieve; at least, if you will not, that your Son may, who is the cause thereof. My love to him, bath not deserved your hatred to me: and therefore in excusing my folly, or rather, if you please, my youth, I hope you will be so charitable to the poor Bake my Son, that I shall not want for his sake, nor he for his Fathers; or if you will frown, and not smile on me, but rather triumph to see me languish and faint under the burthen of my poverty, yet vouchsale to excuse his innocency, though you condemn mine error: and so, if I must dye miserably, at least let me carry this one content to my grave, That I maybe sure he shall live happily. Nature cannot deny this Charity, and Grace will not excuse that Cruelty.

I OSSELINA.

Whiles Fosselina statters her self with hope, that these Letters will procure her, her desire and comfort, Mortaign, and Caliniba his Mother, receive them. As for Mortaign, he, like a base Gentleman, (wnose courtelie was now turned into inhumanity) as much triumphs in his own lin, as rejoyceth in Josselina's soolish ambition and poverty. It is a felicity to him, to think that he hath abused her youth, and betrayed her chassity: and therefore he now respecteth her so little, or rather dis-respecteth her so much, as her shame is his glory, her misery, his happiness; and her affliction, his content; yea, he no more thinks of her, but with disdain and envy: for the beauty of Varina, hath quite defaced and blotted out that of Josselina. Neither doth this cruelty of Mortaign end in her, but it begins in the prettyBabe his Son: for he so far degenerateth

from

from the Laws and Principles of Nature, as he not only hates the Mother for the Child's fake, but the Child for his Mother's fake; yea, he is fo far from giving either of them maintenance, or both content, as he feorns the Mother, and will no way either own or relieve the Child's and fo burning his Letter, and forgetting the contents thereof, he very ingratefully and cruelly refolves to answer it with filence: and this is the best comfort which Josseph and the poor young Babe, her Son, receive from Mortaign. But I fear the worst is to come.

If Joselina and her Babe receive such dis-respect and inhumanity from Mortzign, it is to be feared and doubted, that they will meet with little better from his Mother Calintha; who no fooner received and read her Letter, but, full of wrath and indignation, the in difdain throws it away from her: yea, her disconvent and malice is so inflamed against Josselina and her Child, as fearing it may prove a blur and a block to Mortaign's marriage with Varina, the not only refuseth to relieve them, but is so cruel and inhuman, as she wisheth them both in another World, as unworthy to live in this. But her choler is too passionate, and her passions too unnatural and cruel: for it the would not relieve Foffelina, whom her Son Mortaign had abused; vet, in pity; yea, in nature, the should have taken order for the maintenance of the Child, whom her Son had begotten: for if the Mother had deserved her hatred, yet this poor Babe was innocent thereof, and rather merited her compassion, than her envy, or, at least, if there had been any spark of humanity, grace, or good nature in her, if she would not have been seen courteous and harbarous to them her felf, yet the might dispence with her Son, and wink if he had performed it. But nothing lefs: for her malice is fo great, and her rage to outragious and unreasonable, as the refuseth it her selt, and commands him to the contrary: so as being once resolute, not to cart away so much time to return Josselina an answer, the at last in a humour, wherein disdain triumphed over pity, and humanity over charity, calls for Pen and Paper, and returns her this bitter and cruel answer.

CALINTHA to JOSSELINA.

Aving been so graceless to abuse my Son, I wonder how thou direst be so impudent, as to offend I me with thy Letter; the which I had once thought rather to have burnt, than read: but I find it not strange, that being defective of thy body, thou art so of thy judgment; to think, that sith thine own Father gave all from thee, that I, who am a meer stranger to thee (as I wish thou hadst been to my Son) should afford or give thee any thing. Neither doth this resolution of mine proceed from contempt, but charity: for, as thou art a womin, I pity thee; but, as a frumpet, hold it no pity to relieve thee. Now then, despairing of any hope for thy self, thou pleaded for thy Brat; but sith he is the object of thy shame, as thou art of my Son, and with all the cause: why should I look on the Child with compassion, sith I neither can nor will see the Mother, but with disdain and envy? Thou complainest of thy missortune and mifery, without confidering that the Stars and Horosope of thy base birth, never pointed thee outfor so high an estate, as of a Clown's Daughter, to become a Gentleman's Wife: but thou must add ambition to thy dishonesty; as if one of these two vices were not enough powerful to make thee miserable. Thou dost likewife tax my Son of unkindness towards thee; without considering, that his love to thee, hath been cruelty to himself: for, as thou art like to buy his familiarity with tears; so, for ought I know, may be thine with repentance. If thou expect any comfort, the u must hope for no other than this, That as my Son distains to marry thee, so do I, that either my felf or he relieve thee. Look, then on thy felf with shame, on thy Child with repentance, whiles my Son and I will remember you both with contempt, but neither with pity. CALINTHA.

Poor Josselina having received and perused. Calintha's Letter, and seeing, withall, Mortaign so inhuman, as he distains to write to her; for meet grief and sorrow, the, with her Babe at her breast, falls to the ground in a swoon; and had not the noise thereof advertised those in the next room, to come to her assistance, she had then and there ended her misery with her life, and not afterwards lived to see and endure so many sharp assistance, and lamentable wants and missortimes.

Alas! alas! the hath now no power to speak, but to weep; yea, if her tears are not words, I am sure her words are sighs: for, being abandoned of Mortaign, and hated of his Mother, she is so pierced to the heart with the consideration of that cruelty, and the remembrance of this disdain, that she tears her hair, repents her self of her former folly, and curfeth the hour that Mortaign sirst saw her Father's house, or she him: but this is but one part of her forrows and afflictions. Lo, here comes another, that is capable to turn her discontent into despair, her despair into rage, and her rage into madness.

For, by this time, Calintha understanding by her Son, where Josselina resided and sojourned, the so ordered the matter, as when Josselina least thought thereof, the and her Babe, in a dark

and cold night, is most inhumanly turned out of the House where she was, yea, with so great barbarism and cruelty, as she was not suffered to rest, either in the Hay-loft, Barn, or Stable, or any other place within doors; but inforced to lye in the open field, where the bare ground was her Bed, a Mole-hill her Pillow, the cold Air her Coverlet, and the Firmament her Curtains and Canopy. And now it is, and neve before, that her eyes gush forth whole Rivers of tears, and her heart and breast sends forth many Volleys of deep-tetch'd sighs; yea, having no other Tapers but the Starrs of Heaven to light her, she looks on her poor Babe for comfort; whose fight, God knows, doth but redouble her forrows and afflictions, because it lyes crying at her breast for want of Milk, which (poor woman) she had not to give it: when, being in this miserable case, and accompanied with none but the Beasts of the Field, and the Birds of the Air, who yet were far happier than her self, because they were gone to their rest, and she could receive none: she, after many bitter sighs, groans, and tears, uttered these species to her self:

Alas, alas, poor Infelina! it is thy folly, and not thy fortune, that hath brought thee to this milery: for, hadft thou the grace to use, and not to abuse thy beauty, thou might'st have seen thy self as happy, as now thou art wretched and miserable. But see what a double loss thou receivest for thy single pleasure; for the loss of thy chastity to Mortaign, was that of thy Father to thee: and now being deprived of both, what wilt thou do, or whither canst thou slye for comfort? But alas, this is not all the misery: for, as thy loss is double, so is thy griet: for now thou must as well forrow for thy Child, as for thy self: yea, Instelland, forget to grieve for thy self, and remember to do it for thy Babe, sith thou hast brought it into the world, and hast not wherewith to maintain it. And then, not able to proceed further, she takes it up and kisses it, rains tears on its cheeks, though she cannot stream milk in its mouth; when again, recovering

her speech, the continues thus:

Ay-me, Joschina! thou art both the Author and the Cause of thine own misery, and therefore thou must not blame Heaven, but thank thy self for it: for, thy afflictions are so great, as wheresoever thou turnest thy thoughts or eyes, thou sindest nothing but grief, nothing but sorrow: for if thou think on Mortaign, he looks on thee with distain, if on his Mother Calintha, she with envy: yea, thou canst not behold the World without shame; thy poor Infant, without sorrow; nor thy self, without repentance. Nay, consider surther with thy self, what thou hast gotten by casting (or rather, by casting away) thy affection on Mortaign; he sound thee a Maid, and hath left thee a Strumpet; thou hast a Child, and yet no Husband; then thou wert so happy, as to have a Father; and now thy Son is so miserable, as he can find none: yea, then thou wert a Friend to many, but now thou findest not one that will be so to thee, and, which is worse, thou hast not wherewithal to be so to thy self. Alas alas thou hast no House to go to, no Friend to trust to, no Meat for thy self, nor Milk for thy Child: therefore poor Josephan, quoth she, How happy should we both be, if thou wert buryed, and he unborn.

She would have finished her speech, but that tears interrupted her words, and sighs cut her

tears in pieces

By this time her Babe falls afleep; but her griefs are so great, and her sorrows so infinite, as the cannot close her eyes, nor yet be fo much beholding either to Morpheus or Death to do it for her; which perceiving, as also that the Moon was inveloped in a Cloud, and that the Starrs began to deny her the comfort and lustre of their light : she fearing to be overtaken with rain, and perceiving a thick Wood a prety way off from her, the takes her Babe, and as fast as her weak and wearied legs could perform (bitterly weeping and fighing) hyes thither for shelter: but Heaven proves more kind to her, than Earth; for lo, both the Moon and Starrs affift and comfort her in this her forrowful Journey. Being come to the Wood (which indeed was farther off than she thought) she began to be weary, and there making a bed of Leaves which at that season of the year fell abundantly from the Trees) she thereon for a while rested her felf, but deep she could not : and now if any thing in the world afforded her comfort, it was to fee that her Infant flept pretily, though not foundly: but here, if her eyes craved reft, to her stomack craved meat; for it was now mid-night, and she had eaten nothing since noon: so pulling off her Upper-Coat, the wraps and covers her Child as hot as the could; who being faft a-fleep, and laying it on the bed of Leaves, the goes from Tree to Hedg, and gathers Black-berries, Slows, and wild Chefs-nuts, wherewith, inflead of better Viands, she fatished her hunger; and now the fees her felf on the top of a Hill, at whose foot the perceived a River, and a great stony Bridg over it, the which she knew ; as also, that there was a little Village near about a mile beyond it, which indeed in the midft of her miferies afforded her fome comfort. So hick the hyes to her Child, which the finds out by its crying; it wanting not only his Nipple, but his Nurse; and so with many kisses takes it up in her Arms, and hyes towards the Bridg,

and from thence to the Village, which the now remembers is termed Villepont, where the atrives at five of the clock in the morning, and lodged her felf in a very poor Inn; being extreamly glad, and infinitely joyful, that the had recovered fo good a harbour

But money the hath none to pay her expences, and to lye in Inns upon credit, is to be ill attended, and worse looked to: so she is enforced, yea, fain to fell away her Quoives, her Bands, and her Upper-Coat, to discharge her present occasions. Poor Fosselina! how happy hadft thou been, it thou hadit had as much Wit and Chastity, as Beauty, or rather, more Chaftity, and less Beauty! But it is now too late to remedy it; though never, to repent it.

Toffelina knowing Villepont to be but seven Leagues from Durency (the Parish where she was born, is irrefolute, whether to flay here, or to go thither. Want of means perfuades her to the first: but, knowing that Mortaign's love was turned into hatred, and that it was dangerous for her to be near his incenfed Mother, the refolves to stay in Villepont, and to write to her Kinsfolks and Friends, to affilt her in this her mifery and necessity. In the mean time she is enforced to content her felf with a poor little out-Chamber, where there is neither Chimney nor Win dow, but only a small loop, whereinto the Sun scarce ever entred; and yet she is extreamly well contented, and glad hereof.

But, Wealth finds many Friends, and Poverty none, and yet, fith diversity of fortunes is the frue Touch-stone of Friendship, we may therefore more properly and truly term those our friends, who affift us in our necessity, and not who feem to pleasure us in our prosperity; for, those are real friends, but these verbal: those will perform more than they promise; and these

promise much, and perform nothing.

But Josselina is so wretched and unfortunate, as the finds neither the one nor the other to affift her in Ithis mifery: yea, so far she is to receive either means or promises, as nothing is sent her, nor none will fee her; fo as miterable necessity enforceth her to report and divulge the misfortunes of her fortune, and to complain to all the world, of Mortaign's treachery, and of his Mother Calintha's cruelty: yea, the threatens to fend him his Son, fith he will not afford

her wherewith to maintain him.

This is not fo secretly carried in Villepont, but De Vassye and Varina his Daughter have news hereof in La Paliffe, which occasioned her to grow cold in her affection, and he in his respect to Mortaign; so as all things decline, and there is little hope or appearance, that this Match shall go forward. Mortaign is too clear-lighted, to be blind herein; yea, he presently knows from what point of the Compais this wind cometh; and is fully possessed, that Josselina is the cause of these alterations and storms: he is exceedingly enraged and enslamed herear, and gives such way to his passion and choler, as these obstacles must be removed; and he vows to destroy both Josselina and her Son. A bloody resolution, not beseeming either a Christian, or a Gentleman: tor, Was it not enough for him to rob Josselina of her honour, and to put a Rape on her Chastity and Vertue, but he must likewise bereave her of her life, and so add Murther to his lust? Alas, what a base Gentleman is this? yea, how far degenerates he from true Gentility, to be so cruel to her that hath been so kind to him? But the Devil suggesteth to his thoughts, and they to his heart, that Varina is fair; and that there is no way nor hope left to obtain her, before Josselina and her Brat be dispatched. Now if Grace could not perswade him from being to cruel to Josselma, yet (me-thinks) Nature should have with-held him from being so inhuman to his own Son. But his faith is so weak towards God, and the Devil is so strong with him, that he cannot be removed or withdrawn from his bloody resolution, only he altereth the manner thereof: for, whereas he resolved first to destroy the Mother, then the Childsnow he will first dispatch the Child, then the Mother. O Heavens! why should Earth producefo bloody and prodigious a Montter?

Now the better to diffemble his malice, he thanks to reclaim and pacific faffelina: and for gives order that the and her Child be lodged in a better Inn , in the fame Village of Villeponts and lignifies to her, that he hath gotten a Nurse, and hath provided maintenance for his Son; and that shortly he will fend his Lacquey for him; but withall, that she must keep this very fecret, because be will not have his Mother Calintha acquainted therewith. Fosta selina rejoyceth, and seems to be revived at this pleasing news; yea, she begins to forget her former milery, and flatters her felf with this hope, that Fortune will again smile on her. So, within three dayes, Mortaign fends his Lacquey, La Verdure, to her for the Babe, the which, with many kiffes and tears, the delivereth him; hoping that Mortaign, his Father, would be careful of his maintenance; and not fo much as once dreaming, or conceiving, that he had any intent to murther it. But the shall find the contrary; for henceforth she shall never see her Babe, nor

her Babe her.

La Verdure (the Lacquey) following his Master's command, is not four Leagues from Villefont, before, like a damnable Miscreant, he strangles it; and, wrapping it in a Linnen Cloth (which (which he had purposely brought with him) throws it into the River Lignon; but he shall pay

deer for murthering of this sweet and innocent Babe.

But it is not enough: for Mortaign's devillish malice and revenge, will not be quenched or fatisfied, till he fee the Mother follow the fortune of the Son: to which end he agrees with her Holt, La Palma, and his aforefaid Lacquey, La Verdure, to stiffle her in her bed. The which, tor two hundred Franks, they perform and bury her in his Garden, she being foundly sleeping, and, poor foul, not so much as once dreaming of this her mournful and lamentable end. What Tygers or Monsters of Nature are these, to commit so damnable a Murther; as if there were no God in Heaven to detect them, nor Earth or Hell to punish them!

But we shall see the contrary; yea, we shall see both the Murther, and the Murtherers, revealed and discovered by an extraordinary means; wherein God's providence and glory will most

miraculoully resplend and shine

As foon as La Verdure and La Palma had murthered our harmless Josselina, they both pott away to Durency, as well to acquaint Mortaign herewith, as also to receive their money (whereof the one half was paid them, and the other due). This news was to pleating to him as he chearfully layes down his promife: and so they both frolick it in the Village: La Verdure making no

haste home to his Master Mortaign, nor La Palma to his old Wife Isabella.

In the mean time (a Month being past away) Mortaign hoping the way clear, and all the rubs removed, that hindred him from obtaining his fair Miltress Varina, he procures his Father, De Coucye and others of his friends, to ride to La Palisse, hoping to finish the Match betwixt La Varina and himself. But he and they are inforced to see themselves deceived of their hopes. For, De Vaffy and his Daughter having heard thate foffelina and her Son were conveyed away, and could not be heard of, they (suspecting and fearing that which indeed was faln out) in plain terms gave Mortaign the refuial; who, galled to the heart herewith, doth now hang down his head, and fee his former bloody Errors and Crimes; but it is too late: for the Lord hath bent his how, and his arrow is ready to revenge them.

La Palma understanding of Mortagn's arrival from La Palisse, thinks it high time for him to leave Durency; and so returning home to Villepont to his Wife Isabella, who being an old woman, and he a young man, was not only impatient, but jealous of his long flay (which was well near five weeks) and the rather, for that he departed, as the thought, in the company of I ffelina; who, because she was young and fair, she vehemently suspected he had since entertained and stayed with. But, this Jealousie of hers, God makes his instrument to discover this

execrable Murther.

For, La Palma coming home, his Wife Isabella (as we have heard) being incenfed with anger, and inflamed with jealousie, gives him this bitter entertainment and welcome: La Palma (quoth the) you were very unkind, so soon to forfake your Whore Joffelina. La Palma being pierced to the quick with this bitter speech of his Wife, like a lewd fellow, gave her first the lye, and then termed her Whore in speaking it. She hath fire in her looks, and he thunder in his speeches. So, after many bitter and scandalous injuries banded one to the other, she adds rage to her words, and he a box on the car to his choler, wherewith he fell'd her as dead to the ground; yea, the Servants, and all that beheld it, cry out a-main, as if her foul had already taken her last farewel of her body. At this tumult the neighbours affemble, and deeming I-Sabella dead, they lay hands on La Palma her Husband, and carry him before the Procurer, Fiscal of La Palisse, who was then in the Village of Villepont; who, without further examination, commits him to prison; and so goes in person to visit Habella; who by this time is a little recovered, but not freed from the danger of death. She relates him all that had past betwixt her husband and her felf; as also of his departure with Josselina, and of his long stay in Durency; adding withall, that he hath heretofore many times beaten her, and now the hopes that this blow will not go unpunished: yea, her rage, or rather God's Providence, carries her so far, as she constantly averrs to the Magistrate, that if Josselina be not her Husband's Strumpet, the constantly believes he is her Murtherer; and, to conclude, faith, that her fervant-maid, faqueta, can fay

Jaqueta examined, faith, That the night before her Master's departure for Durency, he was at mid-night in Fosselma's Chamber, together with one La Verdure a Lacquey, and that fince, fosfeling was neither feen nor heard of: and being farther demanded, if the knew whose Lacquey La Verdure was; the answered, he was Monfieur Montaign's Lacquey, who was Son to Monfieur de Coney. The Procurer Fifcal, considering their several depositions, doth shrewdly suspect there was more in the wind than is yet discovered: he leaves Ifabella, and goes to her Husband in Prison; and after he had sharply checked him for beating his Wife, he enquires and chargeth him with these two points : first, why he and La Verdure were in Fosselina's Chamber at midnight: and fecondly, what was become of her, lith, fince that time, the hath neither been feen nor heard of.

La Palma is terrified and amazed with these demands, (and far the more, because he least expected them) the which apparently appeared in the alteration of his colour and complexion, which commonly bewrayes an inward perturbation of the mind and heart. He answereth not punctually to those points demanded of him; but runs on with many bitter invectives against the rage and jealouse of his Wise, and then being by the Procurer bid and swer to those two points he formerly demanded of him; he, after many frivolous and extravagant speeches, denyes that either he or La Verdure were in Josselina's Chamber; and that he neither saw her departure, nor knew what was become of her; and withal, prays the Procurer, Fiscal, to free and release him of his imprisonment. But he shall not escape at so cheap a rate.

For the Procurer, being very familiar with Monsieur de Vassye his Colleague and sellow-Judg of La Palisse, remembred that he had formerly heard him speak of this Monsieur Mortaign, who lately sought his Daughter Li Varina in Marriage; as also of his entertaining and rejecting this fosselina, a Farmer's Daughter of Dureney, by whom he had a base Son: and now considering, that at such an unseasonable hour his Lacquey La Verdure should be in her Chamber in La Palma's House, and La Palma himself in his Company, and she never since seen or heard of; he thinks there is some fire hid and covered in these embers, and there

is some deeper Mystery in this business, which as yet was not revealed.

Wherefore, like a wife Magistrate, he holds it fit, the same night to send La Palma privately to La Palisse, as also his Wife Isabella, and Faquita, for Witnesses; and rides this ther himself, to sit upon his Processe; with whom the Lieutenant of that Jurisdiction joyned: but for Monsieur de Vasse, the Seneschal, he (for the regard he bore to Mortaign, because he vehemently suspected he had a deep and chief hand in this business) would not be present, but purposely absented himself at a House of his in the Countrey: the next morning La Palma is examined, as also the two Witnesses, and Faqueta is constronted with him, who stands firm to her former deposition: but he statly denies all. The Procu er and the Lieutenant adjudged him to the Rack. He endureth the first torment; but at the second, he consesses, and had buried her in his Garden; and that they were set a work and hired to do it, by Monsieur Mortaign, who gave them two hundred Franks to effect it.

Lo here, by the Mercy and Providence of God, La Palma's malice to his Wife Isabella, and her jealousie to him, hath discovered and brought to light this cruel and bloody Murther, which was so secretly contrived, and so cunningly and devillishly acted upon the body of Josselina. But hers being discovered, let us likewise see how that of her harmless and innocent Babe is likewise brought to light. The two Judges themselves ride all night to Villeponts they search the Garden, and find the dead body of Josselina, having no other Winding-sheet, but her own Smock. They send away the Provost to apprehend Mortaign and his Lacquy for

this Murther; who meets La Verdure by the way, and seizes Mortaign in his Bed.

They are severally brought to La Palisse; and first, La Verdure is confronted with La Palma, who denies all: but they present his feet to the fire, and then he confesseth not only the Murther of fosselina, but likewise that of her Infant-Son; whom he first strangled, and then threw into the River Lignon: and this, he said, he did at the request of his Master Morraign; of whom,

for his part and labour, he received one hundred Franks.

We have here found two of these Murtherers, and now what resteth there, but that the third, who is the Author, and, as it were, the capital great Wheel of these bloody Tragedies, be produced and brought to his Arraignment? The Procurer and Lieutenant repair again to the Prison, and charge Mortaign with these two bloody Murthers: he knows it is in vain to deny it, sith he is sure his two execrable Agents have already revealed it: therefore he, assumed at the remembrance of his cruel and unnatural crimes, doth with many tears very sorrowfully and penitently confess all.

It is a happiness for him to repent these Murthers; but it had been a far greater, if he had never contrived and committed them: yea, the Judges are amazed to hear the cruelty hereof, and the people to know it; and both send their praises and thankfulness to God, that he hath

thus detected and brought them to light on earth.

And now comes the Catastrophe of their own Tragedies, wherein every one of these Ma-

lefactors receives condign punishment for their feveral offences.

La Palma is condemned to be hanged and burnt; La Verdure to be broken on the Wheel, and his body to be thrown into the River Lignon; and Mortaign, though the last in rank, yet first in offence, to be broken on the Wheel, his body burnt, and his ashes thrown into the air; which Sentence, in the fight of a great multitude of Spectators, was on a Market-day accordingly executed and performed in La Paliss.

And

And this was the bloody end of Mortaign, and his two Hellish Instruments, for murthering innocent Josephina, and her filly and tender Infant. May all Maidens learn by her example, to preserve their Chastities; and Men, by La Verdure's, and La Palma's, not to be drawn to shed innocent blood for the lucre of wealth and money; and by Mortaign's, to be less lafcivious, inhuman, and bloody; thereby to prevent so execrable a life, and so infamous a death.

One thing I may not omit: La Palma, on the Ladder, extreamly curfed the malice of his Wife Isabella, who (he said) was the Author of his death : and no less did La Verdure, on the Wheel, by his Master Mortaign: but both of them were so desperately irreligious, as neither of them considered that it was their former fins, and the malice of the Devil, to whom they

gave too much ear, that was the cause thereof.

And for Mortaign, after he had informed the World, that he was extreamly grieved that his Judges had not given him the Death of a Gentleman, which was, to have been Beheaded; he, with many tears, bewailed his infinite ingratitude, cruelty, and unnaturalness, both towards Josephina, as also his and her young Son: yet he prayed the World in general to pray that God would forgive it him; and likewise requested the Executioner to dispatch him quickly out of this life, because he confessed he was unworthy to live longer.

Now let us glorifie our Creator and Redeemer, who continually makes a strict inquisition for Blood, and a curious and miraculous enquiry for Murther: yea, let us both fear him with love, and love him with fear; fith he is as impartial in his Justice, as in distributing his

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The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther

more reit and and all I S T O R Y Will to one length

Beatrice-Joana, to marry Allemero, causeth De Flores to muether Alsonso Piracquo, who was a Suter to her. Alsemero marries her, and finding De Flores and her in adultery, kills them both. Thomaso Piracquo challengeth Alsemero for his Brothers death. Alsemero kills him treacherously in the field, and is beheaded for the same, and his body thrown into the Sea. At his Execution he consessed that, his Wife and De Flores murthered Alsonso Piracquo: their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their ashes thrown into the air.

Sith in the day of Judgment we shall answer at God's great Tribunal, for every lewd thought our hearts conceive, and idle word our tongues utter, how then shall we dare to appear (much less think to escape) when we defile our bodies with the pollution of Adultery, and taint our souls with the innocent blood of our Christian Brethren? when, I say, with beastly lust and adultery, we unfanctifie our fanctified bodies, which are the receptals and Temples of the Holy Ghost, and with high and presumptuous hands, stab at the Majesty of God, by murthering Man, who is his Image? This is not the Ladder to scale Heaven, but the shortest way to ride post to Hell: for, how can we give our selves to God, when in the heat of lust and sume of revenge, we sell our hearts to the Devil? But did we either love God for his mercy, or fear him for his Justice, we would then not only hate these sins in our selves, but detent them in others; for these are crying and capital offences, seen in Heaven, and, by the Sword of his Magistrates, brought forth and punished here on Earth. A lamentable and mournful example whereof, I here produce to your view, but not to your incitation: may we all read it to the reformation of our lives, to the comifort of our souls, and to the eternal glory of that most Sacred and Individual Tribity,

In Valentia (an ancient and famous City of Spain) there dwelt one Don Redrode Alfemero, a noble young Cavalier, whose Father (Don Juan Alfemero) being slain by the Hollander's in the Sea-fight at Gibralter, he resolved to addict himself to Navaland Sea actions, whereby to make

himself capable to revenge his Father's death: a brave resolution, worthy the affection of a Son,

and the Generofity of a Gentleman!

To which end, he makes two voyages to the West-Indies, from whence he returns sourishing and rich, which so spread the fails of his ambition, and hoysted his same from top to top-gallant, that his courage growing with his years, he thought no attempt dangerous enough, if honourable mor no honour enough glorious, except atchieved and purchased by danger. In the Actions of Alarache and Mamora, he shewed many noble proofs and testimonies of his valour and prowess, the which he confirmed and made good by the receit of eleven several wounds, which as Marks and Trophees of Honour made him famous in Castile. Boyling thus in the heat of his youthful blo od, and contemplating often on the death of his father, he resolves to go to Validolya, and to imploy fome Grandee either to the King, or the Duke of Lerma, his great favourit, to procure him a Captains place, and a Company under the Arch-Duke Albertus, who at that time made bloody Wars against the Netberlands, thereby to draw them to obedience: But as he began this fute, a general truce of both fides laid afide Arms, which (by the mediation of England and France) was shortly followed by a peace, as a Mother by the Daughter; which was concluded at the Hage; by his Excellency of Nasjam, and Marques Spinola, being chief Commissioners of either party. Alfemero seeing his hopes frustrated, that the Keys of Peace had now shut up the Temple of War, and that Muskets, Pikes, and Corflets, that were wont to grace the Fields, were now rufting by the walls; he is irrefolute what course to take, resembling those fishes who delight to live in cataracts and troubled waters, but dye in those that are still and quiet; For he fpurns at the pleafures of the Court, and refuseth to haunt and Irequent the companies of Ladies: And so not affecting, but rather distaining the pomp, bravery and vanity of Courtiers, he withdraws himself from Validolyd to Valentia, with a noble and generous intent to seek Wars abroad, sith he could find none at home: where being arrived, although he were often invited into the companies of the most noble and honourable Ladies both of the City and Country; yet his thoughts ran still on the Wars, in which Heroick and Illustrious protestion, he conceived his chiefest delight and selicity: and so taking order for his Lands and affairs, he resolves to see Malta, that inexpugnable Rampier of Mars, the glory of Christendome, and the terrour of Turkey, to fee if he could gain any place of command and honour either in that Island, or in their Gallies; or if not, he would from thence into Transilvania, Hungary, and Germany, to inrich his judgment and experience, by remarking the strength of their Castles and Cities their Orders, & Discipline in War, the potency of their Princes, the Nature of their Laws and Custom s, and all other matters worthy the observation both of a Traveller and a Souldier; and so building many Castles in the air, he comes to Alicant, hoping to find passage there for Naples, and from thence to ship himself upon the Neapolitan Gallies for Malta.

There is nothing so vain as our thoughts, nor so uncertain as our hopes: for commonly they deceive us, or rather we our selves in relying on them; not that God is any way unjust (for to think so were impiety) but that our hopes take salle objects, and have no true soundation; and to imagine the contrary, were folly: the which Alsemero finds true: for here the wind doth oppose him, his thoughts fight and vanquish themselves; year the Providence of God, doth cross

himin his intended purposes, and gives way to that he least intendeth.

For coming one morning to our Lady's Church at Mass, and being on his knees, in his Devotion, he espies a young Gentlewoman likewise on hers, next to him; who being young, tender, and fair, he thorow her thin Veil discovered all the perfections of a delicate and sweet Beauty; she espies him feasting on the dainties of her pure and fresh checks, and tilting with the invisible Lances of his eyes, to hers the is instantly ravished and vanquished with the pleasing object of this Angelical countenance, and now he can no more resist either the power or passion of Love.

This Gentlewoman (whose name as yet we know not) is young and fair, and cannot refrain from blushing, admiring to see him admire and blush at her: Alsemero dyes in conceit with impatiency, that he cannot injoy the happiness and means to speak with her; but he sees it is in young to attempt it; because she is ingaged in the company of many badies, and he of many Cavaliers: But Mass being ended, he inquires of a good sellow Priest, who walked by, what she was, and whether she trequented that Church, and at what hour. The Priest informs him, that she is Don Diego de Vermandero's Daughter; he being Captain of the Cassle of that City, that her name was Dona Beatrice-Joana, and that she is every morning in that Church and Place, and near about the same hour.

Allemero hath the sweetness of her beauty so deeply ingraven in his thoughts, and imprinted in his heart, that he vows Beatrice-Joana is his Mistress, and he her servant: yea, here his war-like resolutions have end, and strike sail. And now he leaves Bellona, to adore Venus; and for-sakes Mars, to follow Cupid: yea, so servent is his stame, and so violent is his passion, as he can

neither give; nor take truce of his thoughts, till he be again made happy with her fight, and

bleffed with her presence.

The next morn (as Lovers love not much rest) Alsemero is stirring very timely, and hoping to find his Mistris, no other Church would please him, but our Ladies; nor place, but where he first and last saw her; but the is more zealous than himself; for she is first in the Church, and on her knees at her Devotion, whom Alsemero gladly espying, he kneels next to her, and having hardly the patience to let pass one poor quarter of an hour (he resolving, as yet, to conceal his name) like a fond Lover, whose greatest glory is in complements, and courting his Mistress, he boards her thus:

Fair Lady, it feems, that these two mornings, my devotions have been more powerful and acceptable than heretofore, sith I have had the felicity, to be placed next so fair, and so sweet a Nymph as your self, whose excellent beauty, hath so suddenly captivated mine eyes, and so secretly ravished my heart, that he which heretofore rejected, cannot now resist the power of Love, and therefore, having ended my devotion, I beseech you excuse me, If I begin to pray you to take pity of me, sith my slame is so tervent, and my affection is so passionate, as either I

must live yours, or not dye my own.

Beatrice-Joana could not refrain from blushing under her Veil, to see an unkown Cavalier board her in these terms in the Church; and as she gave attentive ear to his speech, so she could not for a while refrain from glancing her eye upon the spruceness of his person, and the sumptuousness of his Apparel: but at last, accusing her own silence, because she would give him no cause to condemn it, she with a modest Grace, and a graceful Modesty, returns him this

Sir, as your devotions can neither be pleasing to God, nor profitable to your soul, if in this place you account it a selicity to injoy the sight of so mean a Gentle-woman as my self; so I cannot impute it to affection, but flattery, that this poor beauty of mine (which you unjustly paint forth in rich praises) should have power either to captivate the eyes, or, which is more, to ravish the heart of so noble a Cavalier as your self. Such victories are reserved for those Ladies who are as much your equal, as I your inferiour: and therefore directing your zeal to them, if they find your affection such as you profess to me, no doubt, regarding your many vertues and merits, they will in honour grant you that favour, which I in modesty am constrained to deny you.

Alfemero (though a Novice in the Art of Love) was not fo ignorant, and cowardly to be put off with her first repulse and resulad; but rather seeing that the perfections of her mind corresponded with those of her beauty, he resolves now to make a trial of his wit and tongue, as here-

to fore he had done of his courage and sword; and so joins with her thus:

It is a pretty ambition in you, tweet Lady, to disparage your beauty, that thereby it may seem the fairer; as the Sun, who appears brighter by reason of the Night's obscurity; and all things are best, and more perfectly discerned by their contraries: But I cannot commend, and therefore not excuse your policy, or rather your dis-respect, to slight and post me over from your self whom I love, to those Ladies I neither know nor desire; which in effect is to give me a Cloud for Juno. No, no, it is only to you, and to no other, that I present and dedicate my service; and therefore it will be an ingratitude as unworthy my receiving, as your giving, that I should be the object of your discourtese, sith you are that of my affection.

To these speeches of Asemero, Beatrice-Joana returns this reply i

It is not for poor Gentlewomen of my rank and complexion, either to be ambitious, or politick, except it be to keep themselves from the snares of such Cavaliers as your self, who (for the most part) under the colour of affection, aim to erect the trophees of your defires upon the tombs of our dishonours; only I so much hate ingratitude, as you being to me a stranger, charity and common courtesse commands me to thank you for the prosser of your service, the which I can no way either deserve or requite, except in my devotions and prayers to God for your glory and prosperity on earth.

As the had ended this her speech, the Priest ends his Mass; when Alsemero arising, advanced to lift her up from kneeling, and so with his Hat in his hand (sequestring her from the crowd of

people, who now began to depart the Church) he speaks to her to this effect:

Fair Lady, as I know you to be the Lady Beatrice-Joana, Daughter to the noble Knight Don Diego de Vermanderos, Captain of the Castle of this City; so I being a stranger to you, I admire that you offer so voluntarily an injury to your judgment, and my intents, as to pervert my affection and speeches to a contrary sense: but my innocency hath this consolation, that my heart is pledg for my tongue, and my deeds shall make my words real. In the mean time, sith you will give me no place in your heart, I beseech you lend me one in your Coach; and be at least so curteous, as to honour me, in accepting my company to conduct you home to your Father's Castle.

F 2

Beatrice-Joana

Beatrice-Joana, calling to mind the freeness of her speeches, and the sharpness of his answer, not blushing for joy, but now looking pale for sorrow, repents her self of her error, the

which she salves up the best she could in this Reply.

Noble Sir, when I am acquainted as well with your heart as with your speeches, I shall then not only repent, but recant mine errour, in judging your self by others; in the mean time, If I have any way wronged your merits and vertues, to give you some part of satisfaction, if you please to grace me with your company to the Castle (although it be not the custom of Alicant) I do most kindly, and thankfully accept thereof: then Alsenero, giving her many thanks, and kissing her hand, he takes her by the arm, and so conducts her from the Church to her Coach.

It is both a grief and a scandal to any true Christian's heart, that the Church, ordained for thanksgiving and prayer unto God, should be made a Stews, or, at least, a place for men to meet and Court Ladies; but in all parts of the Christian World, where the Rom an Religion reigneth, this sinful custom is frequently practised, especially in Italy and Spain, where, for the most part, men love their Courtizans better than their God; and it were a happiness for France, if her Popish Churches were freed of this abomination, and her people of this impiety. But again

to our History.

We will purposely omit the conference which Alsemero and Beatrix-Joana had in the Coach, and allow them by this time arrived to the Castle; where first her self, then the Captain her Father, thank him for this honour and courtesse; in requital whereof, he shewed him the rarities and strength of his Castle; and after some speeches and complements between them, he was so happy as to kiss Beatrix-Joana, but had not the felicity to entertain her; and so he departs, his Lackey attending him with his Gennet, to the Counter-scarse. So home he rides to his lodging, where, while the wind holds contrary, we will a little leave him to his thoughts, and they to resolve in what fort he might courtive his suit, for the obtaining of his new and fair Mistris Beatrice-Joana; and likewise her self, to muse upon the speeches and extraordinary courtesses, which this unknown Cavalier afforded her, and begin to speak of Don Alsonso Piracquo, a rich Cavalier of the Ciry, who, unknown to Alsemero, was his rival and competitor, in likewise seeking and courting Beatrice-Joana for his Mistress and Wise.

This Piracquo being rich both in Lands and Money, and descended of one of the chiefest and noblest Families of Alicant, by Profession a Courtier, and indeed (to give him his due) a Cavalier indued with many rare qualities and persections, was so highly beloved, respected, and effection, professed him in Marriage by their Parents; but there was none either so precious or pleasing to his eye, as was our Beatrice-Joana, whom he observed for beauty to excel others, and for Majessy and Grace to surpass her self: and indeed he could not restain from loving her, nor be perswaded or drawn to affect any other; so as he settled his resolution either to have her to his Wife, or not to be the Husband of any. Yea, he is so carness in his suit, as scarce any one

day passeth, but he is at the Castle.

Vermandero thinks himself much honoured of him, in seeking his Daughter; yea, he receives him lovingly, and entertains him courteously; as knowing it greatly for her preferment, and advancement; and so gives Piracquo many testimonies of his savour, and many hopes that he shall prevail and obtain his Mistris. But Beatrice-Joana stands not so affected to him, rather she receives him coldly; and when he begins his suit to her, she turns her deaf ear, and never answereth him; but in general terms; only, not peremptorily to disobey her Parents, she seems to

be pleased with him, and yet secretly in her heart wisheth him farther from her.

But Piracquo flattering himself in his hope, and as much doting on Beatrice-Joana's Beauty, as he relies on her Father's constant affection to him, he is so far from giving over his suit to her, as he continueth it with more earnestness and importunity, and vows that he will sorsake his like ere his Mistris: But sometimes we speak true, when we think we jest: yet he findes her one and the same; for although she were not yet acquainted with Alsemero, yet she made it the thirteenth Article in her Creed, that the supream power had ordained her another Husband, and not Piracquo; yea, at that very instant the remembrance of Alsemero quite desaced that of Piracquo, so that she wholly resused her heart to the last, of purpose to reserve and give it to the first; as the sequel will shew.

Now by this time Vermandero had notice, and was secretly informed of Alsemero's affection to his daughter, and withall that she liked him far better than Piracquo; which news was indeed very distassful, and displeasing to him, because he perfectly knew that Piracquo's means far exceeded that of Alsemero. Whereupon, considering that he had given his consent, and in a manner ingaged his promise to Piracquo: he, to prevent the hopes, and to frustrate the attempts of Alsemero, leaves his Castle to the command of Don Hugo de Valmarino, his Son, and taking his Daughter Beatrice-Joana with him, he in his Coach very suddenly and secretly goes to Briamata,

a tair house of his, ten leagues from Alicant, where he means to sojourn, untill he had concluded and solemnized the Match betwixt them: But he shall never be so happy, as to see it effected.

At the news of Beatrice-Joana's departure, Aljemero is extreamly perplexed and for rowfull knowing not whether it proceeded from her felf, her father, or both; yea, this his grief is augmented, when he thinks on the suddenness thereof, which he fears may be performed for his respect and consideration: the small acquaintance and familiarity he hath had with her, makes him that he cannot condemn her of unkindness; yet, sith he was not thought worthy to have notice of her departure, he again hath no reason to hope, much less to assure himself of her affection towards him. He knows not how to resolve these doubts, nor what to think or do in a matter of this nature and importance; for thus he reasoneth with himself, If he ride to Briamata, he may perchance offend the Father; if he stay at Alicant, displease the Daughter; and although he be rather willing to run the hazard of his envy, than of her affection; yet he holds it safer to be authorized by her pleasure, and to steer his course by the compass of her commands: He therefore be-thinks himself of a means to avoid these extreams, and so finds out a Channel to pass free be-twixt that Scylla and this Carybdis; which is, to visit her by Letters: he sees more reason to embrace, than to reject this invention: and so providing himself of a consident Messenger, his heart commands his pen to signific her these sew lines.

ALSEMERO to BEATRICE-JOANA

A S long as you were in Alicant, I decreed it a heaven upon earth, and being bound for Malta, a thour fand times blessed that contrary wind which kept me from embarquing and sailing from you; yea, so sweetly did I affect, and so dearly honour your beauty, as I entred into a resolution with my self, to end my voyage ere I beganit, and to begin another, which I fear will end me. If you demand or desire to know what this second voyage is, know, sair Mistris, that my thoughts are so honourable, and my affection so religious, that it is the seeking of your favour, and the obtaining your self to my Wise, whereone not only my fortune, but my life depends. But how shall I hope for this honour, or flatter my self with the obtaining of so great a felicity, when I see you have not only left me, but, which is morse, as I understand, the City for my sake? Fair Beatrice-Joana, if your cruelty mill make me thus miserable, I have no other consolation left me, to sweeteen the bitterness of my grief and missortunes, but a consident hope, that death will as speedily deprive me of my dayes, as you have of my joyes.

ALSE MERO.

I know not whether it more grieved Bestrice-Josna to leave Alicant, without taking her leave of Alfamero, than the doth now rejoiceto receive this his Letter; for as that plunged her thoughts in the hell of discontent, so this raiseth them to the heaven of joy; and, as then she had cause to doubt of his affection, so now she hath not only reason to flatter, but to assure her self thereof: & therefore, though she will not seem at first to grant him his desire, yet she is resolved to return him an answer, that may give as well life to his hopes, as praise to her modesty. Her letter is thus:

BEATRICE-JOANA to ALSEMERO.

As I have many reasons to be incredulous, and not one to induce me to believe, that so poor a beauty as mine should have power to stop so brave a Cavalier (as your self) from ending so honourable a Voyage, as your first; or to perswade you to one so simple as your second: so I cannot but admire, that you in your Letter seek me for your Wise, when, in your heart, I presume, you least desire it: and where as you alledge your life and fortunes depend on my savour, I think you write it purposely, either to make tryal of your own with or of my indiscretion, by endeavouring to see whether I believe that which exceeds all belief. Now as it is true, that I have left Alicant, so it is as true, that I left it not any may to afflict you, but rather to obey my Father: for this I pray believe, that although I cannot be kind, yet I will never be cruel to you. Live therefore your own friend, and I will never dye your enemy.

BEATRICE-JOANA.

This Letter of Beatrice-Joana gives Alfemero much despair, and little hope; yet though he have reason to candemn her unkindness, he cannot but approve her modesty and discretion, which doth as much comfort as that afflict him: so his thoughts are irresolute, and with all so variable, as he knows not whether he should advance his hand, or withdraw his pen again, to write to his Mistris. But at last, knowing that the excellency of her Beauty, and the dignity of her Vertues, deserves a second Letter; he hoping it may obtain and effect that which his first

could not, calls for Paper, and thereon traceth these few lines.

ALSEMERO to BEATRICE-JOANA.

YOU have as much reason to assure your self of my affection, as I to doubt of yours: and if Words and Letter, Tears and Vows, are not capable to make you believe the sincerity of my zeal, and the honour of my affection; what resteth, but that I wish you could dive as deeply into my heart, as my heart bath into your beauty, to the end you might be both Witness and Judg, if under Heaven I desire any thing so much on Earth, as to be crowned with the felicity to see Beatrice-Joana my Wife, and Alsemero her Husband? But why should I strive to personade that, which you resolve not to believe, or statter my self.

with any hope, fith I see I must be so unfortunate to despair? I will therefore hencesorth cease to write, but never to love: and sith it is impossible for me to live, I will prepare my self to dye, that the World may know, I have lost a most fair Mytress, in you; and you a most faithful and constant Servant, in me. ALSEMERO.

Beatrice-Joana feeing Alfemero's constant affection, holds it now rather diferetion, than immodefly to accept both his service and self, yea, her heart so delights in the greableness of his perion, and triumphs in the contemplation of his vertues, that the either wisheth her felf in Alicant with him, or he in Briansta with her: but confidering her affection to Alfamero by her Father's hatred, and her hatred to Piracqua, by his affection; the thinks it high time to inform Allemero with what impatiency, they both endeavour to obtain her favour and confent, hoping that his discretion will interpose, and find means to stop the progress of these their importunities, and to with draw her Father's inclination from Piracquo, to bestow it on himself: But all this while the thinks her filence is an injury to Alfemero, and therefore no longer to be uncourteous to him, who is so kind to her; the very secretly conveighs him this Letter.

BEATRICE-JOANA to ALSEMERO.

As it is not for Earth to resist Heaven, nor for our wills to contradict God's providence, so I cannot deny, but now acknowledg, that if ever I effected any man, it is your self; for your Letters, protestations, and vows, but chiefly your merits, and the hope, or rather the affurance of your fidelity, hath won my heart, from my self, to give it you: but there are some important considerations and reasons, that inforce me to crave your secresse herein, and to request you, as soon as conveniently you may, to come privately bither to me, for I shall never give content to my thoughts, nor satisfaction to my mind, till I am made joyful with your fight, and happy with your presence. In the mean time, manage this affection of mine with care and discretion; and, whiles you refolve to make Alicant your Malta, I will expect and attend your coming with much longing and impatiency to Briamata.

BEATRICE-JOANA. It is for no others but Lovers to judg how welcome this Leetter was to Allemero, who a thoufand times kiffed it, and as often bleft the hand that wrote it. He had as we have formerly understood, been twice in the Indies; but now, in his conceit, he hath found a far richer treasure in Spain, I mean his Beatrice-Joana, whom he effects the joy of his life, and the life of his joy; but the will not prove fo. He is fo inamoured of her beauty, and fo defirous to have the felicity of her presence, as the Wind coming good, the Ship sets sail for Malta, and he (to give a colour for his flay) feigns himself sick, setcheth back his Trunks, and remaineth in Alicant; and so burning with delire to see his sweetly dear, and dearly sweet Mistress, he dispatcheth away his confident Messenger to Briamata in the morning, to advertise her, that he will not fail to be with

her that night at eleven of the clock.

Beatrice-Joana is ravished with the joy of this news, and so provides for his coming. Alfemero takes the benefit of the night, and the gives him the advantage of a Postern-door, which answers to a Garden, where Diaphanta her Waiting-Gentlewoman attends his arrival. He comes, the conducts him fecretly thorow a private Gallery, into Beatrice-foana's Chamber, where (richly apparelled) the very curteoutly and respectfully receives him. At the beginning of their meeting they want no kiffes; which they fecond with complements, and many loving conferences, wherein the relates to himPiracquo's importunate fuit to her, and her Father's earnefiness, yea, in a minner, his constraint, to see the Match concluded betwixt them; he being for that purpose there, in her Father's house. Again, after she had alledged, and shewn him the intireness of her affection to himfelf, with whom the is resolved to live and dye, the lets fall some dark and ambiguous speeches, tending to this effect, That before Piracquo be in another world, there is no hope for Alsemero to injoy her for his Wife in this. Lo here the first plot and design of a lamentable and execrable Murther, which we shall shortly see acted and committed.

There needs but half a word to a sharp and quick understanding. Alsemero knows it is the violence of her affection to him, that leads her to this dif-respect and hatred to Piracquo, and because her content is his, yea, rather it is for his sake, that she will forsake Piracquo, to live and dye with him. Passion and affection blinding his judgment, and beauty triumphing and giving a law to his Conscience, he freely profereth himself to his Mistress, vowing, that he will shortly fend him a Challenge, and fight with him; yea, had he a thousand lives, as he hath but one, he is ready, if the pleate, to expote and facrifice them all at her command and fervice. Beatrice-Joana thanks hun kindly for his affection and zeal, the which she faith, she holds redoubled by thee freness of his profer; but being loath that he should hazard his own life, in seeking that of another, the conjures him by all the love he bears her, neither directly, nor indirectly to intermeddle with Piracque, but that he repose and build upon her affection and constancy; not doubting but she will so prevail with her Father, that he shall shortly change his opinion, and no more periwade her to affect Piracque, whom the resolutely affirms, neither life nor death shall enforce her to marry. And to conclude, although the affirm, that his presence is dearer to her, than her life, yet the better, aid some to compass their defires, she prayes him to leave Alicant, and for a while to return to Walentia, not doubting but time may work that, which perchance halle, or importunity maynever. Thus passing over their kisses, and the rest of their amorous conference, he assured of her love, and she of his assections, he returns for Alicant, packs up his baggagen which he sends before, and within less than four daies takes his journey for Valentia; where we will leave him a while, to relate other accidents and occurrencies; which like Rivers into the Ocean) fall within the compass of this History.

This meeting, and part of Alfanira's and Beatrice-Joana's conference at her Father's house of Brianata, was not so secretly carried and concealed; but some curious, or treacherous person neer him, or her, over-hear and reveal it: which makes her Father Virmandero sume, and bite the lip; but he conceals it from Piracquo: and they still continue their intelligence and samiliarity; Vermandero telling him plainly, that a little more time shall work and sinish his desire; and that sith his request cannot prevail with his Daughter his commands shall. But he shall miss of his aim.

There is not so great distance from Briamata to Alicant, but some of the noblest of the City are advertised hereof; and one among the rest, in great zeal and affection to Piracquo, secretly acquaints Don Thomaso Piracquo his younger Brother therewith, being then in the City of Alicant; who hearing of this news, whereof he imagined his Brother was ignorant, loath that he should any longer persevere in his present errour, and to prevent his suture disgrace, he like a faithful and honest Brother, takes occasion from Alicant to write him this insuing letter to Briamata.

Being more zealous of your prosperity, than my own; and knowing, it many times falls out, that Lovers lose the clearness and solidity of their judgment, in gazing and contemplating on the Roses and Lallies of their Mistresses beauties; I, desirous to prevent your disgrace, thought my self bound to signific to you, that I here understand by the report of those, whose speeches bear their personasions with them, that your Suit to Beatrice Joana is in vain, and she univorthy of your affection, because she hath already contracted her self to Assembly your Rival: I am as sorry to be the Herald of this news, as glid, and consident, that as she hath matched your inseriour, so you are reserved for her better. Wherefore, Sir, recal your thoughts, tempt not impossibilities, but consider, that the shortest errours are best; and though you love her well, yet think that at your pleasure you may find variety of Beauties, whereun o hers deserves not the honour to do homage. Icould give no truce to my thought, till I had advertised you hereof, of I hope either the name of a Brother, or your own generosity, will easily procure pardon for my presumption.

THOMASO PIRACQUO.

Piracquo, notwithstanding this his Brother's Letter of counsel and advice, is so far from retiring in his suit, as he rather advanceth with more violence and zeal; and, as many mens judgments are dazled and obscured a little before their danger and missfortune, when indeed they have most need to have them sound and clear; so he is not capable to be dissipated from researching his Mistris; but rather resembleth those Sailors, who are resolute to endure a storm; in hope of fair weather; but he had sound more security, and less danger, if he had imbraced and sollowed the counsel that his Brother gave him; For, Beatrice-Joana seeing she could not obtain her desire in marrying Alsenero e're Piracquo were removed, doth now confirm that which formerly she had resolved on, to make him away, in what manner, or at what rate soever. And now, after she had ruminated, and run over many bloody designs, the Devil, who never slies from those who sollow him, proffers her an invention as execrable as damnable. There is a gallant young Glentleman, of the Garison of the Castle, who sollows her Father, that to her knowledg doth deeply honour, and dearly affect her; yea, she knows, that at her request, he will not slick to murther Piracquo: his name is Signiour Antonio de Flores: she is resolute in her rage, and approves him to be a fit instrument to execute her will.

Now as soon as Vermandero understands of Alsemero's departure to Valentia he with his daughter and Piracquo, returns from Briamata to Alicant; where, within three dayes of their arrival, Beatrice-Joana, boyling still in her revenge to Piracquo, which neither the air of the Country, nor City could quench or wipe off, she sends for de Flores, and with many flattering smiles, and suggest speeches, acquaints her purpose and desire, making him many promises of kind-

De Flores having a long time loved Beatrice-Joana is exceeding glad of this news; yea, feeding his hopes with the air of her promifes, he is so caught and intangled in the snares of her beauty, that he freely promifes to dispatch Piracquo; and so they first consult, and then agree upon the manner how, which forthwith we shall see performed: to which end, de Flores infinuates himself fairly into Piracquo's company and familiarity, as he comes to the Castle; where watching his hellish opportunity, he one day hearing Piracquo commend the thickness and strength of the Walls, told him, that the strength of that Castle consisted not in the Walls, but in the Casemares

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that

Briamata

that were stored with good Ordnance to scour the ditches. Piracquo very curteously prayes De Flores to be a means that he may go down and fee the Cosemates. De Flores like a bloody Faulkner, seeing Piracquo already come to his lure, tells him it is now dinner time, and the Bell upon ringing; but, if he please, he himself will after dinner accompany him, and shew him all the thrength and rarities of the Castle. He thanks De Florer for this courtesse; accepts hereof, with promise to go. So he hies in to dinner, and De Flores, pretending some business, walks in the

Whiles Piracquo is at dinner with Vermandero, De Flores is providing of a bloody banquet in the East Casemate; where, of purpose he goes, and hides a naked Sword and Ponyard behind the door. Now dinner being ended, Piracquo ands out De Florer, and furnmons him of his promife; who tells him he is ready to wait on him: to, away they goe from the Walls to the Ravelins, Sconces, and Bulwarks, and from thence by a Pottern to the Ditches; and fo, in again to the Calemates, whereof they have already viewed three, and are now going to the last, which is the Theater, whereon, we shall presently see acted, a mournful and bloody Tragedy. At the descent hereof De Flores, puts off his Rapier, and leaves it behind him; treacherously informing Piracquo, that the descent is narrow and craggy. See here the Policy and Villany of this devillish and treacherous Misereant.

Piracquo, not doubting, nor dreaming of any Treason, follows his example, and so casts off his Rapier: De Flores leads the way, and he follows him; but alas! poor Gentle-man, he shall never return with his life. They enter the Vault of the Casemate; De Flores opens the door, and throws it back, thereby to hide his Sword and Ponyard: He stoops and looks thorow a Port-hole, and tells him, that, that Peece doth thorowly feoure the Ditch. Piracquo stoops likewise down to view it, when (O grief to think thereon) De Flores steps for his Weapons, and with his Ponyard stabs him thorow the back, and swiftly redoubling blow upon blow, kills him dead at his feet, and without going farther, buries him there, right under the ruins of an old wall, whereof that Casemate was built. Lo here the first part of this mournful and bloody Tragedy.

De Flores (like a graceless villain) having dispatched this forrowful butiness, speedily acquaints Beatrice-Feana herewith, who (miserable wretch) doth hereat infinitely rejoyce, and thanks him with many kiffes; and the better to conceal this their vild and bloody Murther, as also to cast a mist before peoples conceits and judgments, the bids him, by some secret means to cause reports to be spread, first, that Piracquo was seen gone forth the Castle-gate; then, that in the City he was feen take Boat, and went (as it was thought) to take the air of the Sea. But this wit of theirs shall prove folly: for though men, as yet, see not this Murther, yet God in his due

time will both detect and punish it.

By this time Piracquo is found wanting, both in the City and Castle: so these aforesaid reports run for current, all tongues prattle hereof. Vermandero knows not what to fay, nor Piracquo's Brother and Friends what to do herein; they every hour and minute expect news of him, but their hopes bring them no comfort, and amongst the rest, our devillish Beatrice-Joana seems exceedingly to grieve and mourn hereat. Don Thomaso Piracquo, with the rest of his friends, search every corner of the City, and fend footts both by Land and Sea, to have news of him. Vermandero the Captain of the Castle doth the like, and vows, that next his own Son, he loved Piracquo before any man in the world; yea, not only his friends, but generally all those who knew him, exceedingly weep and bewail the absence and loss of this Cavalier; for they think he is drowned in the Sea.

Now in the midst of this forrow, and of these tears, Beatrice-Joana doth secretly advertise her Lover Alfemero hereof, but in fuch palliating terms, that thereby she may delude and carry away his judgment from imagining that the had the least thadow or tinger herein; and withall prayes him to make no longer stay in Valentia, but to come away to her to Alicant. Alsemero wonders at this news, and to please his fair Mistris, believes part thereof, but will never believe all: but he is so inflamed with her beauty, as her remembrance wipes away that of Piracquo: when letting pals a little time, he makes his preparation for Alicant; but first he sends the chiefest of his Kindred to Vermandero, to demand his Daughter Beatrice-Joana in Marriage for him, and then comes himself in person, and in discreet and honourable manner courts her Parents privately, and makes shew to seek her publickly.

In fine, After many conferences, meetings, and complements, as Alfemero hath heretofore won the affection of Beatrice-Joana, so now at last he obtains like wife the favour and consent of Vermandero her Father. And here our two Lovers, to their exceeding great content, and infinite joy, are united, and by the bond of Marriage, of two persons made one; their Nuptials being solemnized in the Castle of Alicant, with much Pomp, State, and Bravery.

Having heretofore heard the conference that past betwixt Aljemero and Beatrice-Joana in the Church; having likewise seen the amorous Letters that past betwire them, from Alicant to Briamata, and from Briamata to Alicant; and now confidering the Pomp and Glory of their Nuptials, who would imagine that any averse accident could alter the sweetness and tranquillity of their affections; or that the Sun-shine of their joyes, should so soon be eclipsed, and overtaken with a storm? But God is as just as secret in his decrees?

For this married couple had fearce lived three months in the pleafures of wedlock (which if virtuoully observed, is the chiefest earthly joy) but Alfemero, like a fond Husband, becomes jealous of his Wife; so as he curbs and restrains her of her liberty, and would hardly permit her to confer or converse with, yea, far less, to see any man: But this is not the way to teach a woman chastity; for, if fair words, good examples, and sweet admonitions, cannot prevail, threatning, and imprisoning in a chamber will never. Yea, the experience thereof is daily seen, both in England, France, and Germany, where generally the women use (but not abuse) their liberty and free-

dome granted them by their Husbands, with much civility, affection, and respect.

Beatrice-Joana bites the lip at this her Husband's discourtesse; the vows she is as much deceived in his love, as he in his jealousie; and that she is as unworthy of his suspicion, as he of her affection is he watchesth her every where, and sets spies over her in every corner; yea, his jealousie is become so violent, as he deems her unchast with many, yet knows not with whom: But this Tree of jealousie never brings forth good fruit. She complains hereof to her Father, and prayes him to be a means to appeade and calm this tempest, which threatens the Snipwrack, not only of her content, but (it may be) of her life. Vermandero bears himself discreetly herein; but he may as soon place another Sun in the Firmament, as root out this fearful frenzy out of Alsemero's head; for this his paternal admonition is so far from drawing him to hearken to reason, as it produceth contrary effects; for now Alsemero, to prevent his stame, and secure his sear, suddenly provides a Coach, and so carries home his wife from Alicant to Valentia. This sudden departure grieves Vermandero, and galls Beatrice-Joana to the heart, who now looks no longer on her Husband with affection, but with disdain and envy. Many daies are not past, but her Father resolves to send to Valentia, to know how matters stand betwixt his Daughter and her Husband: He makes choice of De Flores to ride thither, and sends letters to them both.

De Flires is extreamly joyful of this occasion, to see his old Mistress, Beatrice-Jouna, whom he loves dearer than his life: he comes to Valentia, and finding Alfemero abroad, and she at home delivers her her Father's Letter, and falutes and kisseth her, with many amorous embracings and dalliances (which inodesty holds unworthy of relation) she acquaints him with her Husband's ingratitude: he rather rejoyces, than grieves hereat, and now revives his old sute, and redoubleth his new kisses: she considering what he hath done for her service, and joyning therewith her husband's jealousie, not only ingageth her self to him for the time present, but for the suture, and bids him visit her often. But they both shall pay dear for their familiarity and pleasure.

Allemero comes home, receives his Father's Letter, fets a pleafing face on his discontented heart, and bids him welcome. And so the next day writes back to his Father Vermandero, and dispatcheth De Flores; who for that time takes his leave of both, and returns for Alicant.

He is no fooner departed, but Alfemero is by one of his spies, a waiting Gentlewoman of his Wives, whom he had corrupted with money, advertised that there past many amorous kisses, and dalliances between her Mistress and De Flores; yea, she reveals all that ever she saw or heard; for she past not to be salle to her Lady, so she were true to her Lord and Master. And indeed this waiting gentlewoman was that Diaphanta, of whom we have formerly made mention, for conducting of Alsemero to her Ladic's Chamber at Briamata. Alsemero is all fire at this news, he consults not with judgment, but with passion; and so, rather like a devil than a man, slies to his Wive's chamber, wherein surjously rushing, he with his Sword drawn in his hand, to her great turrour and amazement, delivers her these words.

Minion (quoth he) upon thy life tell me what familiarity there hath now past betwixt de Flores and thy self? whereat she, setching many sights, so shedding many tears, answers him, that by her part of heaven, her thoughts, speeches, and actions have no way exceeded the bounds of honour and chastity towards him; and that De Flores never attempted any courtesse, but such as a Brother may shew to his own natural sister. Then, quoth he, whence proceeds this your familiarity? Whereat she grows pale, and withall filent. Which her husband espying, dispatch quoth he, and tell me the truth, or else, this sword of mine shall instantly sind a passage to thy heart. When lo, the providence of God solondained it, that she is reduced to this exigent and extremity, as the must be a witness against her self; and in seeking to conceal her whoredom, must discover her murther; the which she doth in these words: Know Alsenero, that sith thou wilt inforce me to shew thee the true cause of my chast familiarity with de Florer, that I am much bound to him, and thy self more; for he it was, that, at my request, dispatched Piracquo, without which (as thou well knowest) I could never have injoyed thee for my Husband, nor thou me for thy Wise: And so she reveales him the whole circumstance of that cruel Murther, as we have formerly understood

understood; the which she conjures, and prayes him to conceal, sith no less than De Flores and her own life depended thereon, and that the will dye a thousand deaths, before consent to defile

his bed, or to violate her oath and promife given him in Marriage.

Alfemero both wondring and grieving at this lamentable news, fayes little, but thinks the more and though he had reason and apparance to believe, that she who commits Murther, will not flick to commit Adultery; yet upon his Wive's folemn oaths and protestations, he forgets what is past; only he strictly chargeth her, no more to see, or admit De Flores into her company; or if the contrary, he vows he will so sharply be revenged of her, as he will make her an example

to all posterity,

But Beatrice-foana, not with standing her Husband's speeches, continueth her intelligence with De Flores; yea, her Husband no sooner rides abroad, but he is at Valentia with her; and they are become so impudent, as, what they did before secretly, they now in a manner do publickly, or at least, with Chamber-doors open. Diaphanta knowing this to be a great scandal, as well to her Master's hor our, as house, again informs him thereof; who vows to take a sharp revenge of this their infamy and indignity; as indeed he doth: for he bethinks himself (thereby to effect it) of an invention, as worthy of his jealousie, as of their crime of Murther, and of their second Adultery: He enjoineth Diaphanta to lay wait for the very hour that De Floris arrives from Alicant to Valentia, which she doth; when instantly pretending to his Wife a journey in the Country, he very secretly and filently, having his Rapier and Ponyard, and a Case of Pistols ready charged in his pocket (feeming to take horse) husheth himself up privately in his study, which was next

adjoyning and within his Bed-chamber.

Beatrice-Joana, thinking her Husband two or three Leagues off, fends away for De Flores, who comes infantly to her: they fall to their killings and imbracings; the rejoycing extreamly for his arrival, and he for her husband Alfemero's departure: she relates him the cruelty and indignity her husband hath shewed and offered her, the which De Flores understands with much contempt & choler, as also with many threats. Alfemero hears all, but doth neither speak, cough, sneeze, nor spit. So from words they fall to their beastly pleasures, when Alsemero no longer able to contain himself, much less to be accessary to his shame, and their villany, throws off the door, and violently rusheth forth; when finding them on his Bed, in the midst of their Adultery, he first difchargeth his Pistols on them, and then with his Sword and Ponyard runs them thorow, and stabs them with so many deep and wide wounds, that they have not so much power or time to speak a word, but there lye weltring and wallowing in their blood, whiles their fouls fly to another world, to relate what horrible and beaftly crimes their bodies have committed in this. Thus by the providence of God, in the fecond Tragedy of our History, we fee our two Murtherers Murthered, and Piracquo's innocent blood revenged in the guiltness of theirs.

Alsemero having finishing this bloody business, leaves his Pistols on the Table, as also his Sword and Ponyard all bloody as they were; and without covering or removing the breathless bodies of these two wretched miscreants, he shuts his Chamber-door, and is so far from flying for the fact, as he takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Criminal Judg himfelf, andreveals what he had done; but conceals the Murther of Piracquo. The Judg is affomshed and amazed at the report of this mournful and pittiful accident; he takes Alfemero with him, returns to his house, and finds those two dead bodies fresh smoaking, and reaking in their blood. The news hereof is spread in all the City. The whole people of Valentia flock thither to be eye-witnesses of these two murthered Persons; where some behold them with pitty, others with joy, but all with a stonishment and admiration; and no less do those of Alicant, where this news is speedily posted; but all their griefs is nothing to those of Don Diego de Vermandero's (Beatrice-Joana's father) who infinitely and extreamly grieves, partly for the Death, but especially for the Crime of his

The Judg presently commits Alsemers prisoner in another of his own Chambers, and so exas mining Diaphanta, upon her oath, concerning the familiarity betwixt de Flores and Beatrice-foans; the affirms constantly, that now, and many times before, the faw them commit Adultery, and that, she it was, that first advertised Alfemero her Master hereof. Whereupon, after a second examination of Alfemero, they, upon mature deliberation, acquit him of this fact; so he is freed,

and the dead bodies earried away and buried.

But although this earthly Judg have acquitted Alfemero of this fact, yet the Judg of Judges, the great God of Heaven, who feeth not only our heart, but our thoughts, not only our actions, but our intents, hath this, & fomething else to lay to his charge; for he(in his facred providence, and divine Justice) doth both remember and observe : first, how ready and willing Alsemera was to engage himself to Beatrice-Joana to kill Piracque; then, though he consented not to the Murther, yet how he concealed it, and brought it not to publick arraignment and punishment, whereby the dead body of Piraequo might receive a more honourable, and Christian-like Sepulchre: and if these crimes of his be not capable to deserve revenge and chastistement. Lo, he is entring into a new, wilful, and premeditated Murther, and doth so dishonourably and treacherously perform it, as we shall shortly see him lose his life upon an infamous Scassold, where he

shall find no heart to pitty him, nor eye to bewail him.

If we would be so ignorant, we cannot be so malicious, to forget that loving and courteous Letter, which Don Thomaso Piracquo wrote his Brother Alfonso Piracquo from Alicant to Briamata, to withdraw himself trom his suit to Beatrice-Joana; and although his affection and jealousie to prevent his Brother's disgrace, was then the chief occasion of that his Letter, yet sith he was since disastrously and missortunately bereaved of him, of that dear and sweet Brother of his, whom he ever held & esteemed far dearer than his life, his thoughts, like so many lines, concur in this Center, from whence he cannot be otherwise conceited or drawn, but that Beatrice Joana & Alsemero had a hand, and were at least accessaries, if not authors of his loss upon the foundation of which belief he raiseth this resolution, that he is not worthy to be a Gentleman, nor of the degree and title of a Brother, if he crave not satisfaction for that irreparable loss which he sustained his Brother; and the sooner is he drawn thereunto, because he believes, that as Alsemero was ordained of old to chastise Beatrice-Joana, so he was by the same Power reserved to be revenged of Alsemero. Whereupon, although it be not the custom of Spain to fight Duels (as desiring rather the death of their enemies than of their friends) he resolves to fight with him; and to that end, understanding Alsemero to be then in Alicant, sends him this Challenge.

IT is with too much assurance, that I fear Beatrice-Joana's vanity, and your rashness, hath bereaved me of a Brother, whom I ever esteemed and prized far dearer than my self: I were unworthy to converse with the World, much less to bear the honour and degree of a Gentleman, if I should not seek satisfaction for his death, with the hazard of my own life: for if a friend be bound to perform the like courteste and duty to his friend, how much more a Brother to his Brother? Your Sword hath chastised Beatrice-Joana's error, and I must see whether mine be reserved to correct yours. As you are your self, meet me at the foot of Glisseran hill to morrow, at five in the morning, without Seconds; and it shall be at your choice, either

to use your Sword on borse-back, or your Rapier on foot.

THOMASO PIRACQUO.

Alsenero accepts this Challenge, and promiseth, that he and his Rapier will not fail to meet him: yet as he one way wondereth at Piracquo's valour and resolution, so another way he considereth the great loss he hath received in that of his Brother, and the justness of his quarrel against him; who although he were not accessary to his murther, yet he is, in conceasing the cruelty thereof; and indeed this villany makes him lose his accustomed courage, and think of a most base cowardize, and treacherous stratagem: But this dishonourable resolution and design of his, shall receive an infamous recompence, and a reward and punishment as bitter as just.

They meet at the hour and place appointed; Piracquo is first in the field, and Alfemero stayes not long after; but he hath two small Pistols charged in his pockets, which in killing his Enemy shall ruine himself. They draw, and as they approach, Alfemero throws away this Rapier, and with his Hat in his hand, prayes Piracquo to hear him in his just defence, and that he is ready to joyn with him to revenge his Brother's Murtherers. Piracquo being as courteous, as couragious, and as honourable as valiant, likewise throws away his Rapier, and with his hat in his hand comes to meet him; but it is a folly to unarm our selves in our Enemy's presence; for it is better and fitter that he stand to our courtesie, than we to his: When Piracquo seared nothing less than Treachery, Alsemero draws out his Pistols, and dischargeth them; the first thorow head, the second thorow his breast; of which two wounds, he, speaking only thus, OVillain! O Traitor! falls down dead at his seet. Lo here the third bloody part of this History.

It is a lamentable part for any one to commit Murther; but for a Gentleman to deltroy another in this base and cruel manuer, this exceeds all baseness and cruelty it self; yea, it makes

him as unworthy of his honour, as worthy of a halter.

The news of this bloody fact rattles in the streets of Alicant, as Thunder in the Firmament: Piracquo's Chirurgion being an eye-witness hereof, reports the death of his Master, and the treachery of Allemero; All Alicant is amazed hereat, they extol Thomaso Piracquo's valour, and his singular affection to his dead brother, and both detell and curse the treachery and memory of Allemero. The criminal Judges are advertised hereof, who speedily send post after him: but he is mounted on a swift Gennet, and, like Bellerophon on his winged Pegasus, doth rather sly than gallop: but his haste is in vain; for the justice of the Lord will both stop his Horse, and arrest Him. He is not recovered half way from Alicant to Valentia, but his Horse stumbles, and breaks his fore-leg, and Alsemero his right arm; he is amazed, pereplexed, and inraged hereat, and knows not what to do, or whither to sly for safety; for he sees no bush nor hedge to hide him, nor lane to save him; and now he repents himself of his fact, but it is too late. His

Horse failing him, he trusteth to his legs, and so throwing off his Cloak, runs as speedily as he may: but the soulness of his sact doth still to affright him, and terrise his conscience, as he is affraid of his own shadow; looks still back, imagining that every stone he sees is a S-regame come to arrest him; yea, his thoughts, like so many blood-hounds, pursue and sollow him, sweating exceedingly partly through his labour, but especially through the assistant and perturbation or his mindsyea, every point of a minute, he expecteth and sears his apprehension.

Neither is his fear or expectation vain: for lo, at last he perceives tour come galloping after him, as fast as their Horses can drive. So they finding first his poor horse, and now espying his insterable self, he sees he is invironed of all sides, and thinks the earth hath brought forth Cadmean men to apprehend him, yet remembring himself a Gentleman, and withall a Soldier, he resolves rather to sell his life dearly in that place, than to be made a spectacle upon an infamous

Scaffold: but this courage and resolution shall neither prevail or rescue him.

He to this effect draws his Rapier, the which the four Sergeants will him to yield, and render up to the Kings Laws and Justice; but he is resolute to desend himself. They threaten him with their Pistols; but their fight do as little amaze him, as their report, and bullets: so they alight from their Horses, and environ him with their Swords, and having hurt two of them, and performed the part of a desperate Gladiator, the third joyning with him, they break his Rapier within a foot of the Hilt, whereat he yields himself. Alsenero thus taken, is the same night brought back to Alicant, in whose Gates and Streets a wonderful concourse of people assembled

to fee him pals, who as much pity his person, as execrate and condemn his fact.

The Senate is assembled, and Alsemero brought to appear, who considering the hamousness of his treacherous and bloody sact, which the Devil had caused him to commit, he stays for no Witnesses, but accuse the himself of this murther, the which from point to point he consesses, and so they adjudg him to lose his head but this is too honourable a death for a Gentleman who hath so treacherously and basely dishonoured and blemished his Gentility. As he is on the Seas-fold, preparing himself to die, and seeing no farther hope of life, but the image of death before his eyes, knowing it no time now either to dissemble with God, or to fear the Law, he to the amazement of all the world, tells the people, that though he killed Don Thomaso Piracquo, yet he had no hand in the Murther of his Brother Don Alsonso, whom (he said) De Flores at the instigation of his wicked and wretched Wise Beatrice-Joana, had murthered, and buried in the east Casemate of the Castle: and withal affirmed, that if he were guilty in any thing concerning that murther, it was only in concealing it, which he had done till then, and whereof (he said) he now most heartily repented himself, as being unwilling any longer to charge his soul with it, sith he was ready to leave this world, and to go to another; and so besought them all to pray unto God to forgive him, whose facred Majesty he consessed he had highly and infinitely oftended; and wished them all to beware, and slie the temptations of the Devil, and to become better Christians by his example.

The Judges advertised hereof, cause his head to be stricken off for murthering of Don Thomaso Piracquo, and his body to be thrown into the sea, for concealing that of Don Alfonso; which was accordingly executed: and from the place of Execution they immediately go to the Cassle, and so to the East Casemate, where causing the stones to be removed, they find the mournful murthered body of Don Alfonso Piracquo, which they give to his kinsfolks, to receive a more honourable Burial, according to his rank and degree; and from thence they return to the Churches, where the bodies of De Flores, and Beatrice-Joana were interred (after they were brought back from Valentia) the which, for their horrid murther, they at the common place of Execution cause to be burned, and their ashes to be thrown into the Air, as unworthy to have any resting place on

earth, which they had so cruelly stained and polluted with innocent blood.

Lo here the just punishment of God against these devillish and bloody Murtherers! at the sight of whose Executions, all that infinite number of people that were Spectators, universally laud and praise the Majesty of God for purging the earth of such unnatural and bloody Mon-sters.



GOD'S Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY V.

Alibius murthered his Wife Merilla: he is discovered, first by Bernardo, then Emelia his own Daughter: so he is apprehended, and hanged for the fact.

OW far are they from having peace with God, and all his creatures, when they lay violent Hhands on their own Wives; yea, when they murther them in their beds, instead of reposing their fecrets and affections in their bosoms! These are hellish resolutions, and infernal stratagems. that Nature neither allows, nor Grace approves. For, befides the Union betwixt God and his Church, there is none so perfect and absolute on Earth, as is that of Man and Wife: For, as this world hath made them two persons, so God hath conjoyned, and made them one; and therefore, what madness, nay, what cruelty is it to be so cruel to those, who (if not our selves) are at least our fecond felves? Charity (the daughter of Heaven) teacheth us to love all the world, but efpecially those who are our Kinsfolks or Friends. Religion (the Mother of Charity) steps a degree farther, and enjoineth us to love those who hate us; yea, these likewise are not only the rules of Nature, but the Precepts of Grace: therefore, to kill those who love us, and to deprive those of life, who (did occasion present) are ready to facrifice theirs for the preservation of ours, it must needs proceed rather from a monster than a man, or rather from a devil than a monster; but fuch devils, and fuch monsters are but too rife and common in these our finful times. And amongst others, I here produce one for example: who for that cruel and inhumane fact of his, by the justice of God, was justly rewarded with a Halter. And may all those, who perpetrate the like crime, participate of the same, or of a worse punishment.

In the Parish of Sprear, some fifteen miles distant from the beautiful and noble City of Breseia, (in the Territories of the Venetians) there dwelt a poor Country-man, termed Alibius, who could vaunt of no other wealth left him by his deceased parents, but that he was a man of a comely

comely stature and proportion, and withall, that they were of an honest same and reputation: if so his virtues had answered theirs, his poverty had never proved so pernitions, & fatal an enemy to him, as to ruine his fortunes with his life, and his life with his fortunes; or, had the vices of his foul not contamined or stained the perfections of his body, my Pen had slept in silence, and his History lain raked up in the dust of his grave; but, sith his actions have exceeded the bounds both of Nature and Grace; yea, but he hath learned of the Devil to imbathe his hands in poylon, and to imbrue them in innocent blood, I (incouraged by the considering and silence of others) not out of any want of charity to the memory of dead Alibius, but in detestation of his bloody resolution and actions, and chiefly, and especially to the comfort and instruction of the living, who may abhor his crime by the sight of his punishment, I have adventured and resolved to give this a place amongst the rest of my Tragical Histories, that Italy, as well as Brescia and Sprear (and peradventure the whole Christian world with Italy) may understand thereof.

This Alibius, as foon as he had attained the age of five and twenty years, married an honest maiden, termed Merilla, being a Farmer's daughter of the Parish of Sprear, with whom he had but small means, and she (to speak truth) but little wit, and less beauty; yet, she was neither so poor, but that she deserved a good husband, nor so hard-favoured but she might content an honest one. And indeed had Alibius his care and industry, answered Merilla's providence and frugality; or his lustful eye, not strayed either beyond his vow given her in marriage, or her indifferent beauty: this match might have proved as fortunate, as it hath since succeeded miserable

and ruinous.

For Alibius, whose thoughts flew a pitch above his birth, rank, and means; had not lived many years in wedlock, till his prodigality and vanity had wasted and dissipated the greatest part of that small estate he had; so as necessity now looking on him, because formerly he disdained to look on it, knowing better how to play than work, or rather, not how to work, but play; and feeing that his prefent means could not maintain him, nor his future hopes promife it, he as a truant, and a perfect Prodigal, disdaining to want when he hath it, and when he hath it not, sets up this lewd and unthrifty resolution with himself, to set all at fix and seven. But this prodigal humor of his, doth as much grieve his wife, as delight him: for, now the fees, that her lpinning at home could neither ferve, nor fatisfie his expences abroad, and that all her care and labour was by far too little to maintain his vanity; which she (poor good woman) perceiving, yea, more than so, contrary to her hopes, now feeling, she with fair words, and secret and sweet perfwafions, endeavoureth to reclaim him from it: but this course of hers works, a contrary effect; for if before he played the prodigal in her absence, now he playes the Tyrant in her presence; for he not onely rejoyceth, and stops his ears against her counsel, but rates and reviles her with vile and contemptuous speeches, such as indeed are infinitely unfit either for a husband to give. or a wife to receive. And this, as I have been informed, was the first distate betwixt Alibius and

But we need not go far for a fecond. There is no peftilent Infection, nor infectious Peftilence to that of haunting and frequenting bad company; for it is a rock whereon many have fuffered Shipwrack; it is a tountain that fends forth many poyloned streams to those that take or drink thereof; yea, it is a Tree, whose fruit is by so much bitterer to the stomack as it seems pleasing to the palate, like Pills of poylon candyed in Sugar: and as that which most delights, most confounds the sense, so use breeding an habit, and habit a second nature, vicious company, whom we take to be our dearest friends, do in fine prove our most dangerous enemies, and so much the more dangerous, sith when we would for sake them, we cannot; which our Alibius, will at last find true in himself; yea, we shall see him inforced to acknowledg it, as having bought and purchased it with a woeful and lamentable experience, for now he begins to love swearing, whoredom, and drunkenness, that before he hated; and to hate the Gospel of Christ, and the professors thereof, that before he loved; a most wretched exchange, where we take from our souls to give our senses; and a woful bargain, where we fell God to buy the Devil.

Poor Merilla, grieving to see that she could not un-see, these ungodly courses, as also that it not onely consumed the small remainder of his means, but likewise lost his friends, and darkned and eclipsed his reputation, thinks it, not only a part of her duty, but of her affection to him, to request some virtuous striend, or godly neighbour of theirs to deal with him herein, thereby, to endeavour to perswade him from these his irregular and prophane courses: But, as those who are sick, are so deprived of their taste, as they cannot discern between sweet and bitter. So Alibius sick of the Lethargie of these his enormous and dissolute vices, was so far from rellishing this wholesome comsel, as he not only rejected it, but scoffed and reviled the party who gave it him: and it being not so secretly or peradventure not so wisely mannaged, but he coming to understand, it proceeded from his wise Merilla, he took it so passionately and outragiously, to see his follies revealed by her who was bound to conceal them, as most uncivilly and

unhumanely checking her; he in the heat of his displeature and revenge, some months for fakes her company, and many her bed; whereat, such was her tender affection to him, and his dis-

respect to her, as I know not whether e more grieved, or he rejoyced.

The motives of his third distaste to his wife, were grounded upon her barrenness and sterility; as if it were in her power to give him a Child, when Gods pleasure and providence was to give none to her, without considering that the barrenness and fruitfulness of a woman comes all from the Lord: Or without remembring that some Children are born for a curse, as others for a blessing to their Parents: Or as if his earthly vanity could teach Gods secret Divinity, what were sittest for him. And yet these reasons cannot prevail against his unreasonable self, and therefore this, amongst the rest of his distastes, he, or rather the Devil for him, throws in against his Wise: That if he bad a Child, heshould be a good Huband, and not before: As if he desired and sought some pretext and colour, though never so unjustly and ungodly, to cover his vices and prodigality, or in the eyes of the World to bolster out and apologize his jarring and squaring with his Wise yea, his impudency was grown to the height of this impiety, that he often assumed, his Wise was the cause of his poverty; for it she would give him no Child, God would give him no prosperity.

Now, as all women by nature generally defire Children; so it is a great affliction (I will not fay a curie) to them, it they have none. But these unjust speeches of Alibius, do justly and infinitely afflict his wite Merilla, who (that no farther discord might trouble the harmony of their Wedlock) sends her tears to earth, and her Prayers to Heaven, that her blessed Saviour would be pleased to bless her with a Child; when God, seeing his prophane hypocrify, which he will revenge, and understanding her Religious Zeal, which he will reward, out of the inestimable treasure of his mercy and Providence, grants her her request, and him his desire; so as in short time she sees her self the Mother, and him the Father of a young Daughter, termed Emelia.

The fourth reason of his distaste at his Wife, was, that seeing time run on in his swift cariere, and his prodigality still remaining, as also that his mask of his Wive's sterility was taken away; he that was heretofore so desirous of a Child, now thinks this one to be one too many, because (saith he) he can no way indure the crying and trouble thereof. But, is there any thing to unnatural or Ridicalous as this? Now, if he murmure at this his Child, during her Infancy, he will much more storm at her, when she comes to riper years: And observing that her Mother doth subtract from his prodigality, to add to her maintenance, this doth again extremely vex and afflict him; so that his Child, whom he pretended should be the cause of his joy and prosperity, is now that of his grief; and as he thinks, of his farther poverty and misery: The which poor Merilla his Wife, to her unspeakable and inestable grief, pulpably perceiveth, as well in his uncharitable and malicious speeches, banded to her for her Daughter Emelia's sake, as to Emelia for her sake: But what know we, whether God hath purposely sent this Daughter, to revenge the injuries and wrongs that her Father intended to her Mother?

His fifth, and (as yet) his last distaste against his Wise, proceeds from his observing that her beauty is withered and decayed; not that heretofore he knew her fair; but that she is not so fair now, as when he first married her; as if time and age had not power to wither the blossoms of our youth, as the Sun hath to daver the freshest Roles and Lillies. But as all his former distastes towards his Wise, bewray his inclination to prodigality and prophaneness: so this last of his, doth manifestly discover his addiction to lust, and his affection to whoredome: for it is impossible for our Wives to seem foul in our eyes, except there be some others seem fairer; as blackness feems blacker when it is compared and paralleld with whiteness; and this indeed, is the Vilture and Viper that sticks so close to his breast, and so near to his heart; yea, this is his darling and bosome sin that will strangle him, when it makes greatest shew to kis and imbrace

him.

Alibius, powerfully follicited by these sive several distastes conceived against his Wise Merilla, who poor Woman rides at an Anchor in the tranquillity of her innocency, whiles he (in the heat and height of his youth) floated in the Ocean of his voluptuousness and sensuality, but especially provoked by his own poverty and penury; who now begin to appear to him in a lean and miserable shape: he leaves his Wise and Family, and betakes himself to the service of Gentlemen, thinking thereby to stop the current of his prodigality, and to find out the invention and means, suturely to get that which formerly he had expended: which resolution of his had been indeed commendable, if the integrity of his heart had been answerable to the sweetness of his tongue: but we shall see the contrary, and find, by his example, that Snakes alwaies lurk under the fairest and greenest leaves.

During which time, he serves some Gentleman of worth and quality, but one of especial account and Reputation, not distant above three small miles from the City of Breseia, who being an excellent House-keeper, and a good Member of the Common-Weal, there Alibius

had

(had he had as much Grace as Vanity, or as much Religion as Impiety) might have forgotten his old Vices, and have learned new Vertues: But if he delighted to become excellent in any thing, it was, first to bee a perfect Carver and Waiter, then to be decent in his Apparel; and last of all, to be smooth in his speeches, and affable and pleasing in his Complements, without any regard at all, either to reform the vanity of his thoughts, or to controul his dissolute and dangerous acti-

Having thus past away many years abroad in service, and very seldome or never either seen Sprear, or visited his Merilla and Emelia, he at last seeing of the one side, that age began to snow on his head; and that the greatest wealth of a Serving-man, was, to have only a new Livery, and a sull belly; to have many verbal, but no real Friends, resolved to leave his service, as also his wife and Daughter in Sprear, and so to travel to Venice, hoping there in some honest place, and imployment, to serve the Seigniorie, or at least some one of the Magnificous or Claristimoes: But then considering the charge of the Journey, the weakness of his purse, and the uncertainty of his advancement and preserment, he resolves for a time to sojourn in Brescia; and to watch if any occasion or accident presented, whereby he might repair and Raise his Fortunes.

He had not long lived in this City (which for antiquity, beauty, fituation, wealth and fidelity (after Venice it self) gives not the hand to any of her Sister-Cities of that State;) but his eyes (as the luttful Sentinels of his heart) espy so many beauties, as he began to loathe his own Wise Merilla, and to wish her in another world, that he might have another Wise, in this. Lo, here the

Devil begins with him anew to perswade him to hate his Wife.

Abiding thus in Brescia, it fell out that he, who bore the silver rod in token of Honour and Justice (or rather of Honour to Justice) before the Podestate or chief Magistrate of this City, dyed; and to this office Albins (because he knew himself a grave and personal man) aspired, and what through the respect of his gravity, through his smooth tongue, and fair speeches, but especially by making many friends to the Podestate and Senators, he at last obtained it: A place indeed, more honourable than profitable, and yet worth at least one hundred Zechines, per annum, besides his diet. This preferment makes Alibins look alost, and so he scorns his poor Wise Merilla, as if there were no parity and sympathy betwixt her rags and his robes: Yea, he would not see Sprear, nor suffer her to see Brescia; and the Devil was so busy with him, or he with the Devil, that in hope of a richer and fairer Wise, he resolves to poyson her, according as he heretofore had many times thought and premeditated; and that which egged and threw him on, with more violence and precipitation, was a proud conceit of himself, and of his much dignity and preferment. But as poverty many times befalls us for our good; so sometimes, wealth and prosperity brings us missortune and misery.

Not long after, another accident falls out, which dothlikewise rejoyce him: An honest Citizen of Brescia, of his own name, though no way his Kinsman dyes (and fince it hath been shrewdly imagined, not without vehement suspition of poyson) leaving a rich Widdow, named Philasea: And for the samiliarity and good conceit he had of our Alibius, as also induced thereunto through his hypocritical show of honesty and piety, makes him sole Over-seer of his Will; so neatly, and smoothly did our Alibius work and infinuate himself in his savour: But the mask of this his

hypocrify shall be foon pulled off.

Alibius feeing Philatea young, rich and fair, he looks on her more often than on her husbands Testament; and so wishing his Wife Merilla in his adopted Kinsmans Grave, and himself in Philatea's Bed, he bends his purposes and intents that way, as so many lines that run to their Centers yea, so strongly hath the Devil possessed him with these hellish designs and bloody resolutions, as his love to Philatea, desacing his respect to Merilla, he sees her a block in his way, and a stop to his preferment, and so concludes that she must be removed and dispatched: To which effect, to draw his sinful contemplation, into bloody action, he rides over to Sprear to her, and under colour of tender love and affection, he in Milk, Wine, and roasted Apples, gives her poyson; when seeing it would not work his desired effect, he after takes an occasion, purposely to quarrel with her, and so very lamentably (in presence of their Daughter Emelia) reviles and beats her, and returns to Brescia, still hoping that the poyson yet might operate, and disperse it self in her veins, and that shortly he should hear news of her death. Lo here Alibius his sirst attempt in seeking to murther his Wise.

In this mean time he layes close siege to Philatea's Chastity; who not so honest as fair, is soon drawn to sin, and prostitutes her self unto his beastly pleasure, and having no regard to her reputation, conscience, or soul, consents to this butter-sweet sin of Adultery; the which lascivious samiliarity is so long continued betwixt them, till at last Philatea's straight Bodies become too small, and her Apron too short for her; when seeing it high time to provide for her same, she acquaints Alibius herewith, and asks his advice, Whether she shall marry with one of her

Servants, Alibius meaning to keep the Farm for himself, whereof he had already taken posselfion, bids her not to care for a Husband, but to be of good comfort, and that far within her time, he would provide a place for her to lay down her great belly, yea, so secret, as her own heart could either wish or delire.

But if our milerable Alibius were before refolved to murther his poor harmless Wife Merilla, this news, and these speeches of Philatea, set him all in fire, and so (having consulted with that Devil) he vows she shall not live to which end, he provides himself of stronger posson, and in a dark night (when as he statters himself with hope, that the Heavens were so unjust and inhuman, to conspire with him in the Murther of his Wife, he takes horse in the East-Suburb of

Brescia, and sorides towards Sprear.

But see the Justice, and withall the Providence and Mercy, of our induspent God! who vouchfased, and yet resolved, to restrain and divert him from his bloody enterprise, by an accident as strange as true; for, a mile out of Brescia, as Alibius rides by the common place of Execution, his Horse stumbles, and falls under him, right against it, with which fall, his shoulder is out of joynt. Oh what a Caveat was this for Alibius, if he had had the least spark of grace to have made good use hereof! But the Devil had bewitched his understanding and

judgment; for he could fee by no other eyes, but by those of revenge and blood.

Arriving at his House at Sprear, he, contrary to his hopes, finds his Daughter Emella, with her Mother (who by this time was married likewise to a poor Country-man of Sprear) whose fight and presence was, for that time, a stop to the execution of her Father's poysoning-design on her Mother; for he seared that she had formerly discovered and suspected this his purpose and resolution, as indeed she had: wherefore he forbore to administer it, only because he would not lose all his labour, he again quarrels with his Wise, and after he had revised her with many scandalous and contumelious speeches, he in the presence of his (mournful) Daughter, doth exceedingly beat her; who (weeping to see her Mother weep) infinitely grieved to be an eyewitness of this inhuman and barbarous cruelty of her Father: and so, for that time, Alibin again permitted his Wise to live; but this will prove no pardon, but only a short reprival for her.

Returning again to Brescia, it is not long before Philatea doth again importune him to provide for the concealing and salving of her shame, alledging that her time drew on, and that it was more than time to provide her a Husband. Alibius, at these her second assummons, begins to ook about, and resolves, at what rate, or in what manner soever, now to fend his Wise into another World; yet (as I think, or ever understood) conceals his purpose from Philatea. Miserable Wretch! had he not participated more of the nature of a Tygar, than a man, or of a Devil, than a Tyger, he would never have laid violent hands on his own Wise, whom Earth and Heaven had made slesh of his slesh, and of two bodies one; yea, or had he had so much grace to have considered, that the silver Wand, he bore before the Podestate, was for the scourgeing and punishing of sin. Methinks it should have made him more charitable, and not so bloody to attempt it. But what will not lust enterprize, and revenge execute, if we neither sear Go d with our hearts, nor love him with our souls?

Perseverance in Grace and Vertue is excellent, but in sin lamentable. Alibins hath had years and time enough to wipe away his cruelty towards his Wise: but the longer he lives, the deeper root it takes in him, yea, he will neither give the flower of his youth, nor the bran of his age to God, but that to pleasure, this to revenge and murther, and both to the Devil: for now he is resolute to finish this mournful and bloody Tragedy, that he hath so long desired, and so often attempted: and now indeed the satal time approacheth, wherein innocent Merilla, by the Mur-

therous hand of her Husband, must be sent out of this world to see a better.

Alibius having waited on the Podestate to Supper, takes Horse, a little before the Gates of the City were shut; and having his former poyson in his pocket, away he rides to Sprear: but to act his villany with the greater secrecy, he masketh and disguiseth himself; approaching his house, he in the next Meddow tyes up his Horse to a tree, and so knocks at the door. Poor Merilla his Wise was in bed and a sleep with (a little Girl) her Grand-child, named Pomeria, the Daughter of her Daughter Emelia, whom without a Candle, she sends down to open the door, affuring her self (as indeed it proved too true for her) that it was her Husband Alibius. Pomerea opening the door, lets one in, but whom she knows not; and then for fear retires to the Kitchin, which she shuts saft on her. So Alibius mounts to his Wive's Chamber, and after some words gives her a potion (some say of milk) bitterly sugred with poyson, and forethit down her; who poor soul is amazed hereat, and with her weak strength cries out for help, but in vain. He being devillishly resolved, now to make sure work, takes a Billet out of the Chimney, and so dispatcheth and kills her in her bed (without giving her any time to commend her soul unto God) and so very hastily rusheth forth the door.

Pomerea, fearing that which was happened, lights a Candle, and afcends up the Chamber, where the fees the lamentable spectacle of her murthered Grand-Mother, hot, recking and smoaking in her bed; whereat the is amazed; and makes most woful cries and mournful lamentations: when wringing her hands, and bitterly fighing and weeping, the knows not what to do, or what not to do, in this her bitter and wretched perplexity : in which mean time Alibius going for his Horse, finds only the Halter, for his Horse is grazing in the Meddow; he diligently seeks him but cannot a long time let fight of him; which indeed doth much aftonish and amaze him; but at last he finds him, and so gallops away to Breseia; where the better to delude the world, and to call a mill before their eyes, he is again by fix of the clock in the morning waiting upon the Podestate, and conducting him to the Domo, or Cathedral Church of that City. But this policy of his shall not prevent his detection and punishment.

In this mean time, Pomerea runs to the nearest neighbours, and divulgeth the murther of her Grand-Mother. Many of the neighbours flock thicher, to fee this bloody and woful spectacle: the Corrigadors of Sprear are acquainted herewith; they fend for Chirurgeons, who vifit the dead body, and report the is both poyfoned and beaten to Death; they examine poor Pomeliea, who relates what the fees and knows; they fend every where to fearch for the Murtherer. By this time the news hereof comes to Brefeia. Alibius (like a counterfeit miscreant) is all in tears, yea, he theweth fuch living affection, to the memory of his dead Wife, as he fends every where to find out the murtherer; But God will not have him escape, for in due time we shall

fee him brought forth, and appear to the world in his colours.

Alibius, notwithstanding his tears in his eyes, having still a hell in his conscience, is afraid, lest Emelia his Daughter (measuring the subsequent by the antecedent) hold him to be her mothers murth rer; and because the Corrigadors of Sprear (suspecting her) have taken sureties for her appearance, he, the better to infimuate with her, ufeth her with more than wonted courtesse and affability, imagining, that if her mouth were stopped, he need not fear any others

tongue: But this politick fleight of his shall not prevail.

Now by little and little, Time, (the confumer of all things) begins to wear away the crying rumour of this murther; and so Alibius thinking himself secure, ere three months be fully expired, forgetting Merilla, takes Philatea to his fecond Wife; which being known in Brescia, many curious heads of that City (though not upon any fustantial ground, but only out of prefumptive circumstances) vehemently suspect that Alibius had a deep hand in the murther of his late Wite Merilla: but they dare not speak it aloud, because he was well beloved both of the Podeflate himself (for that year being) and generally of all the Senators.

But as murther pierceth the Clouds, and cryes for revenge from Heaven, to we shall fee this of Alibius, miraculously discovered, and ere long severely punished: for when he thought the fform past, and saw the Skyes clear; when, I say, he imagined that all rumours and tongues were hushed up in filence, and that he thought on nothing else, but to pass his time sweetly and volaptuously with his new and fair Wife Philatea. Then, when all other means and instruments wanted, to bring this his obscure and bloody fact to light; Lo, by the Divine Providence of

God, we shall see Alibius himself be the cause, and instrument of his own discovery.

For after he had married Philatea (which I take to be the first light of suspecting him of his wife Merilla's murther) (if my information be true, as I confidently believe it is) this is the second: Alibius under the pretext of other business, sends for one Bernardo, of the Parish of Sprear, to come to him to Brescia. Now, for our better light and information herein, as also for the more orderly contriving of this History, we must understand, that this Bernardo was an old affourte and dissolute companion of Alibius: whom (as it is well known by those who knew them) he had many times used and made his stickler and agent in many of his former lewd courses and enterprizes; not that I any way think he had any hand in the present murther of Merilla, for then (Iknow) fuch is the Candour and Wildom of the Corrigadors of Sprear, and fuch is the clear judgment and zeal of the Senators of Brescia to Justice, that he had never escaped but had been apprehended and brought to his tryal.

We must farther understand, that this Bernardo was likewise a companion of Emelia's Husband : yea, scarce any one day past, but they were known and seen together in Tippling-houses, and other fuch lewd and vicious places, whereas drink was still a most treacherous and unfe-

It may be that what Merilla told her husband privately, he discovered it publickly to Bernarda: who coming (as we have formerly heard) to Brescia, after his conference with Alibius, he fell to his old vain of tipling and carowing, and there without the North-gate of Brefeial which looks towards Bergamo) having more money than wit, and more wine than money, in the middest of his cups, told he was a Conradyne, or Country-man of Sprear : that he knew Alibins as great as now he bore himself, and that he murthered his poor Wife in the Countrey,

to have this fine one in the City. Which speeches of his he reiterated and repeated often; yea, so often, as they fell not to the ground, but some of his lewd companions took notice hereof; and one amongst the rest, being inwardly acquainted with Alibius went and secretly advised him hereof; who (under-hand) sends away tor Bernardo, where he was, and wrought so with him, as since that time he was never seen in Brescia: But this report of his, remained behind him.

A fecond light which Alibius gave to the discovery of this his Murther, was, that thinking the way clear, and all fuspitions vanished, he converted his affection into contempt, and his courtefie to disrespect and unkindness towards his Daughter Emelia, by taking away the greatest part of that small means he gave her towards her maintenance; which uncharitable and unnatural part of his, threw this poor woman into fo bitter a perplexity, as knowing in her conscience, that her Father was her Mother's Murtherer, she exceedingly apprehended and seared, lest he would attempt to dispatch her likewise: the which she far the more doubted, because her Father had bailed her, but not as yet freed her from her appearance before the Corrigador's of Sprear. But here, as simple as she was, she enters into many considerations with her felf; that, to accuse her Father, would be as great a disobedience in her, as it was a cruelty in him to murther her Mother. She is a long time irresolute, either to advance or retire in this her purpose and enterprize: and here she consults betwixt Nature and Grace, betwixt the Laws of Earth and Heaven, what she should do, or how she should bear her self in a matter of so unnatural a nature; it grieves her to be the means of her Father's death, of whom the had received her being; and yet she forroweth not to reveal the murther of her Mother, of whom she injoyed her life. But though sense and nature cannot, yet reason and religion will reconcile, and clear these doubts: yea, evaporate those mists, and disperse these clouds from our eyes, and make us see clear, that Earth may not conceal Murthers, fith God receives glory both in the detection and punishment thereof.

Some will say, this Daughter did ill to accuse her Father. But who will not assire that he did far worse, to murther her Mother; neither was it a delight, but a torment to her, to effect it, for she enters into this resolution with tears, and persevereth therein with sighs and lamentations; but if she were at first resolute herein, this resolution of hers is exceedingly confirmed, when she sees her Father so suddenly married, and her Mother-in-Law ready to lay down her great belly, especially when she hears the reports of this suspition bruited in Bresea. So now she can no longer contain her self, but goes to the next Corrigador, and reveals to him, that her Father A-

libius was the Murtherer of her Mother Merilla.

The Corrigador being a wife and grave Gentleman, wondring at this lamentable news, detains Emelia in his house, and writes away to the Podestate of Brescia hereof; who receives this news on a Saturday at night. The Sunday morning he acquaints the Prefect and chief Senators thereof, who repair to his house. The probabilities and circumstances are strong against Alibius. So they all conclude to imprison him; he is at the door, ruffling in his garded Gown and velvet Cap, with his Silver Wand in his hand (as if he were fitter to check others, than to be controuled himself) waiting to conduct the Podestate to the Domo. Alibius little dreams how near he is to danger, or danger to him: he is by an Isbier or Serjeant called in to speak with the Podefrate; and although his conscience inwardly torment him, yet he puts a good (or at least a brazen) countenance on all, and so very chearfully comes before him. At his first arrival, his velvet Cap, and Silver Wand (those dignified marks of Honour and Justice) are taken from him, and confequently his Office: (because these are rewards only proper to Vertue, and not to Vice) he is examined by those worthy Magistrates, who bear gravity in their looks, wisdom in their speeches, and justice in their actions. Alibius hath many smooth words, for the defence of his Crime, which with the aid and varnish of his graceful gestures, he strives to extenuate and palliate, but in vain; for he hath to do with those Magistrates, who cannot be deluded, or carried away, either with the fugar of a lye, or the charm of an envalion. So they commit him close Prisoner, where he hath both time and leisure to think on the foulness of his fact, and the unnaturalness and barbarism of his cruelty.

The Monday following, the Corrigadors of Sprear fend Emelia to Brefeia, where, the next day the Podestate, Presect and Senators, examined her; they sirst exhort her to consider, that she speaks before God; and although Alibius be her earthly Father, yet he is her heavenly: they conjure and swear her to speak the truth, and no more: and because they see her a simple illiterate Woman, they inform her what the vertue and nature of an Oath is. When Emelia salling on her knees, wringing her hands, and stedsastly looking up towards Heaven, she (bitterly weeping and sighing) for a pretty while, had not the power to utter a word, the Presect with mild exhortations and speeches incourageth her to speak; when with many tears and interappted sighs, she at last uttereth these words: My Father hath often beaten my Mother, and

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even lain her for dead; and at other times, he hath given her poyfon, and he it is and no other, that hath now murthered her. One of the Senators, (some fay it was the Podestate, who as much favoured Alibius, as hated his Crime) bad Emelia look to her Conscience, and her Conscience to God, and withall to consider, that as Merilla was her Mother, so Alibins was her Father. Whereat she bitterly weeping, again said, that what she had already spoken was true, as the hoped to injoy any part of Heaven. So they binding her to give Evidence at the great Court of the Province, which some four months after was to be held in the Castle of their City, they dismiss her.

In which mean time Alibins is visited in Prison by divers of his acquaintance; yea, some of the chiefest Senators themselves afforded him that Honour and Charity: they deal with him about his Crime, but in vain, for he takes Heaven and Earth to witness, that he is innocent; yea, he feems to be so religious and conscionable in his speeches, as he drew many of inferiour rank and understanding, to believe that his accusation was not true, and his imprisonment unjust and salle. But God will shortly unmask his hypocrisie, and, to his shame and consustion, lay open and

discover to the whole World, his unnatural and bloody cruelty.

And now the time is come, that the Dukes and Seigniory of Venice are used to depute and send forth Criminal Judges, to descend and pass thorow the Provinces of their Territories and Dominions, to fit upon all capital Malefactors, and to punish them according to their deferts. A Custom indeed held famous, not only in the Christian, but in the whole Universal, World: and whereby the Venetian State doth undoubtedly receive both Glory, Vigour, and Life, fith it not only preserveth their Peace, and propagateth their tranquillity; but also rooteth out and exterminateth all those that (by their lewd and dissolute actions) feek to impugn and infringe

Thus these high and honourable Judges (being in number two for every Division) having dispatcht their business (or rather that of the Seigniories) in Padna, Vincensa, Verona, and Bergamo, are now arrived in Brescia, in the Castle whereof (which is both beautiful and conspicuous to the eye) they keep their Forum and Tribunal. And because this City is exempted from the Province, as being particularly indowed with a peculiar Jurisdiction, and honoured with many honourable Priviledges and Prerogatives, therefore (Merilla being murthered in the Province) Alibins is fetched out of his first Prison, and, by one of the chiefest and gravest Senators deputed for that purpose by the Podestate and Senate, conducted and conveyed to the Cattle, there to be arraigned by those two great Judges: and although this aforesaid Senator was so wife and religious, as he seemed to have the art of perswasion in his speeches; yet, by the way, using his best oratory and charity to draw Alibius from denial to confession, and from that to contrition, and repentance, his heart was still so perverse and obdurate, as he notwithstanding persevered in his wilful obstinacy, and peremptorily continued and stood upon the points of his innocency, and justification. So strong was the Devil yet with him.

But while an infinite number of Spectators gaze on Alibius, as he is in the Castle, and he chearfully and carelessy conversed with some of his acquaintance, as if the innocency of his conscience were fuch, as his heart felt no grief nor perturbation; Lo, he is called to his Arraignment, where-

unto that world of people, who were then in the Castle, flock and concurr.

His thoughts are so vain, and vanity so ambitious, as he comes to the Bar in a black-beaten Satin suit, with a fair Gown, and a spruce set Ruff, having both the hair of his head, and his long gray beard nearly combed and cut; yea, with so pleasant a look, and so consident a demeanor, as if he were to receive, not the sentence of his guiltiness and death, but that of his innocency and inlargement. These Honourable Judges cause his Inditement to be read, wherein his poyloning and murthering of his Wife, is branched and depainted out in all its circumstances, whereat his courage and confidence is yet (notwithstanding) so great, as by his looks he feems no way moved. much less astonished or afflicted : the Witnesses are produced; first, his own Daughter Emelia, who with tears in her eyes, stands firm to her former deposition, that he had often beat her Mother almost to death, and now had killed and poysoned her; agreeing in every point with her deposition given to the Podestate and Presect of Brescia: which to resell, her Father Alibius with many plaulible and fugred speeches, tells his Judges, that his Daughter is incenfed or lunatick; or else that she purposely seeks his life, to injoy that small means he hath, after his death: and foruns on in a most extravagant and impertinent Apology for himself, with many invective and scandalous speeches against her, and concludes, that he was never owner of any

His Judges, out of their honourable inclination and zeal to facred Justice, permit him to speak without interruption; when having ended, they begin to shew him the foulness of his fact; yea, like Heavenly Orators, they paint him out the devillish nature and monstrous Crime of Murther, the which they tay he redoubleth by denying it, notwithstanding that they have

evidence as clear as the Sun to convince him thereof: and fo they call for two Apothecaries Boyes, who severally affirm, they fold him Rats-bane at two several times.

But the Devil is stilled ftrong with Alibins, as though his Conscience doth hereat afflict and torment him, yet, there is no change nor fign thereof, either seen in his countenance, or discerned in his speeches. but still he perseveres in his obstinacy, and in a bravery pretends to wipe off the Apothecaries Boyes evidence, with this poor Evasion, that he bought and used it only to poyfon Rats: And so again with many smooth words, humble crouches, and hypocritical complements, he useth the prime of his subtilty and invention to make it appear to his Judges, that he had no way imbrued his hands in the blood of his wise: but this will not avail him, for he is before Lynce-eyed Judges, whose integrity and wisdom, can pierce thorow the foggy miss of excuses, and the obscure Clouds of his far-fetched shifts, and cunningly-compacted evasions.

And now to close and wind up this History, after the Jury impannelled had amply heard as well the witnesses against Alibius as his defence for himself; and that all the world could testifie that his Judges gave him a fair Trial, they return and report him guilty of murthering his wife Merilla; whereat he is put off the Barr, and so for that time sent back to his Prison: and yet the heat of his obstinacy being hereat no way cooled, the edge of his denial any way rebated, nor the obdurateness of his heart, in the least thing mollistied: he, by the way as he passeth, beating his breast, and sometimes out-spreading his arms, saith, It is not his Crime, but the Malice of his devillish Daughter that hath cast him away; yea, although many of his compassionate and Christian Friends, do now again in prison, work and perswade him to confession, by alledging him, that God is as merciful to the repentant, as severe to the impenitent and obstinate, yet all this will not prevail.

The second morning after his conviction, he is brought again from his prison, to the Castle, and so to the Bar, to receive his Judgment, where one of the two most honourable Judges

hew him.

That it is his hearkning to the Devil, and his forfaking of God, that hath brought him to this mifery; paints and points him out his dissolute life; his frequenting of bad company, his prodigality, and adultery; but above all, his masked hypocrifie, which, he saith, in thinking to deceive God, hath now deceived himself: yea, in heavenly and religious speeches, informs him how merciful and indulgent God is to repentant sinners; that he must now cast off his thoughts from earth, and ascend and mount them to Heaven, and no longer to think of his body, but of his soul; and so after a learned and Christian-like speech, as well for the instruction of the living, as the consolation of Alibius, who was now to prepare himself to die, he pronounceth, that for his exectable murther committed on his own Wise Merika, he should hang till he were dead; and so besought the Lord to be merciful to his soul.

And now is Alibius again returned to his prison, but still remaineth obstinate and perverse, affirming to all the world, that, as he hath lived, so he will dye innocently: But God will not suffer him to die, without confessing and repenting this his bloody and unnatural murther.

These his grave and religious Judges, out of an honourable and Christian charity, send him Divines, to prepare his body to the death of this world, and his soul to the life of that to come a they deal most effectually, powerfully, and religiously with him in prison; and although they found, that the Devil had strongly ensured and charmed him, yea, and as it were, hardned his heart to his perdition; yet, God out of his infinite and inestable mercies, addeth both power and grace to their speeches, and exhortations, so as his eyes being opened, and heart pierced and mollisted, they at last so prevail with him, that being terristed with God's Justice, and incouraged and comforted with his mercies, he with tears, sighs, and groans, confesset this murther of his Wife, and not only bitterly repents it, but also doth thank these Godly Divines, for their charity, care, and zeal for the preservation and saving of his soul, and doth upon his knees besech them to pray unto the Lord to forgive him.

We have seen Alibins murther his Wise Merilla; we have seen his apprehension, imprisonment, trial, conviction, and condemnation, for this his execrable and bloody sact: wherein we may observe how the Justice of God still triumpheth o're the temptations and malice of the Devil; and how murther, though never so secretly acted, and concealed, will at last be detected and punished. What restet there now, but that after we have hereby made good use of this example, we see Alibins setched from his Prison, and conveyed to the place of Execution; (whereat, as we have heard, he formerly stumbled in jest, but now he must in earnest) where, (although it were timely in the morn, (as having the savour to dye alone, and at least three hours before the other condemned Malesactors) an infinite number of the Citizens of Brescia, (of all Ranks, and of both Sexes) assembled to see Alibins take his last farewel of this world.

At his ascending up the Ladder, his fair Gray Beard and comely presence, drew pitty from the

hearts, and tears from the eyes of the greatest part of the Spectators, to see that the Devil had so strongly inchanted and seduced him to lay violent hands on his Wife, and to see so grave

and so proper an aged man thus mistortunately and untimely cast away.

His speech at his end, was brief and short; only he freely confest his Crime, and with infinite sighs and tears besought the world to pray for his soul; he lamented the vanity of his youth, and the dissolutencs of his age; told them, that his neglect of Prayer to God, and his too much confidence in the Devil, had brought him to this shameful end; and therefore besought them again and again to beware by his example: and so having solemnly freed his second wife Philatea from being any way acquainted or accessary with the murther of his sirst wife Merilla, he recommending his soul into the hands of his Redeemer, dyed as penitently as he had lived dissolutely and prophanely.

And thus was the life and death of Alibius; the which I was the more willingly induced to publish, partly, because I was an eye-witness, both of his arraigment and death, (as I returned from my travels) but more especially, in hope that this example and History may prove to be

as great a consolation to the Godly, as a terrour to the unrighteous.

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EXPRESSED

In thirty several Tragical Histories, (digested into Six Books) which contain great variety of mournful and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Moral, and Divine.

BOOK II.

Written by JOHN RETNOLDS.



LONDON,

Printed by A. Maxwel for William Lee, and are to be fold at his shop in Fleet-Street, at the Sign of the Turks-Head, near the Miter-Tavern

TRIUMPHS

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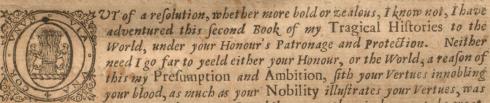
AND

TRULY NOBLE

Richard Lord Buckhurst

Earl of Dorset, Lord Lieutenant of his Majestie's County of Sussex.

Right Honourable,



the first motive which drew me hereunto: for whiles many others indeavour to be great, your Honour (resembling your self) not only endeavours, but strives to be good; as well knowing, that Goodness is the glory and essence, year, the life, and as I may sag, the soul of Greatness; and that betwixt Greatness and Goodness, there is this difference and disparity; that, makes us famous, this, immortal; that, beloved of Men, this, of God; that, accompaniethus only to our Graves, and this, to Heaven. My second prevailing Motive in this my Dedication proceeded from the respect of my particular duty, (as my first was solely derived from the consideration of your own general and generous Vertues) for having the Honour to retain to your Noble Brother, Sir Edward Sackvile Knight, to whom, for many singular respects, and immerited favours (whiles I am my self) Iow not only my service, but my self; Itherein hold me obliged and bound to proffer and impart this part of my labours to your honour, as the first publick testimony of my zeal and service, eternally devoted and consecrated to the Illustrious Name and Family of the Sackviles; whereof God's Divine Providence hath made your Honour chief Heir and Pillar. The drift and scope of these Histories are to inform the World how God's Revenge still fights and triumphs against the crying and execras ble sin of (Wilful and premeditated) Murther, which in these our (impure and. prophane) times, is so fatally and frequently co-incident to unregenerated Christians; which scarlet and bloody Crime, is, infallibly met with, and rewarded by God's

The Epistle Dedicatory.

sharp and severe funishments; kaving turposely published and divulged them to my dear countres of England, that they may serve (though not by the way of comparison, yet of application) as the sight of Julius Casar's bloody Role (shewed by Marcus Antonius to the Romans in Campo Martio, when he there pronounced his sumeral Oration) thereby to make his Murther and Murtherers in the greater horrour and execration with the people. The Histories of themselves are as different, as their effects and accidents: Their Scenes being willfully and sinfully laid in divers parts of Christendom beyond the Seas, and the Tragedies unfortunately perpetrated and personated by those, who more adhering to impiety, than Grace, and to Satan than God, made shipwrack, if not of their souls with their bodies, I am sure of their lives with their fortunes, and of their Fortunes with their Lives. They themselves (or rather their sins) sirst brought the Materials, I only the Collection, Illustration, and Polishing of these their deplorable Histories, which are pen'd in solow as sphere of speech, and so inclegant a phrase, as they can no may merit the Honour of your perusal, much less of your judgment, and least of all, of your noble Protection and Patronage.

How soever, my hopes (led and Marshalled by the tremises) do as it were flatter me, that your protections will wink at my imperfections, and your curiosity at my ignorance and presumption, in daigning to permit this my sude Pamphlet, to salute and pilgrimage the World, under the authentical passe-port of your Honour's favour; who of her self is composed of so poor metal (or rather drose) as, without the pure gold of your Honourable Name, it would run a hazard, not to passe currant with the curious wits, and censures of this our (too curious and too censorious) Age: whereof could I rest assured, I should then not only rejoyce, but triums b in this my happiness, as so richly exceeding the proportion of my poor Labours and Merits, that I could not assire to agreater honour, nor desire a sweeter felicity: And so recommending this my imperfect Pamphlet to your favour, my unworthy self to your pardon, and your Honour, your Noble Countess, and the sweet young Lady your Daughter, to Goas best fa-

vours and mercies; I will assume the confidence and constancy to remain,

Your Honour's in all humility and fervice,

JOHN REYNOLDS.



The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY VI.

Victorina causeth Sypontus to stab and murther her first Husband Souranza, and she her self poysoneth Fassino: so they both being miraculously detected and convicted of these their cruel Murthers, he is beheaded, and she hanged, and hurnt for the same.

WHere Lust takes up our desires, and Revenge and Murther seizeth on our resolutions; ic is the true way to make us wretched in this life, and our fouls milerable in that to come : for if chastity and charity (the two precious vertues and ornaments of a Christian) steer not our actions on earth, how shall, nay, how can he arrive to the harbour of Heaven? or if we abandon these celestial vertues, to follow and embrace those infernal vices, what do we but take our selves from selicity to misery, and consequently give our selves from God to Satan? But did we seriously (and not trivialy) consider that there is a Heaven to reward the Righteous, and a Hell to punish the ungodly, we would neither defile our hearts, nor pollute our souls with the thought, much less with the action of such beastly and inhumane crimes. But in this finful age of ours, the number is but too great of lascivious and impious Christians, who delight in the atfection and practife thereof: Among whom I here represent the Hittory of an execrable Gentlewoman, and her wretched and unfortunate Lover: who were both born to honour, and not to infamy; had they had as much grace to secure their lives, as vanity and impiety to ruine them. The History is bloody, and therefore monruful: but if we detest their crimes, we need not fear their punishments; for God is as gracious and propitious to protect the innocent, as just and fevere to chaffile the guilty.

In Italy, the beauty of Europe, and in the City of Venice (the glory of Italy, the Nymph of the Sea, and the pearl and diamond of the world) in the latter years of the reign of noble Leonardo Donata, (who as Duke, fate at the helm of that potent and powerful Estate) so famous for ba-

nishing the Jesuites, and for opposing himself against the intrusion and sulminations of Pope Paulus Quintus, in the just defence and maintenance of the prerogatives and priviledges of the Seigniory; there was at that time a gentleman, a younger brother, yet of well near fifty years old of the noble samily of the Beraldi, named Seignior Jacomo Beraldi, who dwelt above the Rialto-Bridge (that samous Master-piece of Architecture) apon the Canalla Granda, who in the April of his youth took to wife the Donz Lucia, daughter to Seignior Lorenza Bursso, a Gentleman of Padua, by whom he had seven Children, four Sons and three Daughters; so as his Wise and he esteeming themselves happy in their Issue, past away their time in much content and selicity: But God (for some secret and sacred reasons to his Divine Majesty best known) converting his smiles into frowns, within the space of seven years, takes away six of their Children; so as their eldest Daughter only remained living, being a young Gentle-woman of some eigh-

teen years old, named Dona Victorina.

This young Gentlewoman, being noble, rich, and fair, (three powerful and attractive Adamants to draw the affections of many Cavaliers) according to her defert, had divers Gallants who fought her in marriage: But the was of nature proud, cholerick, diffainful, and malicious; Vices enough to ruine both a beauty and a fortune : but of all her fuiters and fervante, be whom the best loved and affected, was one Seigniour Sypontus, a Gentleman of the City, who was more noble than rich, and yet more debaucht and vicious than noble; but otherwise a very proper young Gallant : but the perfections of the body, are nothing to be compared to the excellent qualities and indowments of the mind, for those are but the varnishes and shadows of a meer man, but these the perfections and excellencies of a wise man, and therein noble; sith indeed wisdom is one of the truest degrees, and most essential parts of nobility. Now if Victorina love Sypontus, with no less reciprocal flame and zeal doth Sypontus affect Victorina: for, as his eyes behold the delicacy of her personage, and the sweetness of her beauty, so his heart loves either, and adores both; yea, so deep an impression hath the ingraven in his thoughts and contemplations, that he is never merry till he fee her, nor pleased till he injoy the felicity of her company; which, Victorina rejoyceth to fee, and observes with infinite content and delectation. Sypontus thus intangled in the frares of Victorina's beauty, and she likewise in those of his perfections, he resolves to court her, and seek her in Marriage, which he performs with much affection, zeal, and constancy, leaving no industry, care, curiofity, or cost unattempted, to inrich and crown his defires with the precious and inestimable treasures of her love. I should make this short discourse swell into an ample History, to particularize, or punctually relatesthe letters, Sonnets, Prefents, Meetings, Dancings, Mulick, and Banquets, which past twixt their two Lovers, and wherewith Sypontus entertained his dear Mistress Victorina. I will therefore purposely omit it, and cover my felf with this excule, which may fatisfie my Reader, to confider that Sypontus (as before) was an Italian, whose custom and nature rather exceeds than comes short, in all amorous ceremonies and complements : And therefore, again to refume my History, I must briefly declare, that after the protraction and receis of a years time, Villorina consenteth to Sypontus, to be his Wife, fo far forth as he can obtain those of her Father and Mother: a tit and vertuous answer of a daughter, wherein I know not whether she bewray more Modelty and Difcretion in her felf, or respect and obedience to her Parents.

Sypontus infinitely pleased with this sweet news and delightful melody, is as it were ravished and wrapt up into heaven with joy, when flattering himfelf with this poor hope, that as Villovinz was courteous, so he should find her Parents kind to him; he, with much respect and honour, repairs to Beraldi and Lucia, and in fair and discreet terms acquaints them with his long affection to their daughter Victorina; whom (with as much earnestness as humility) he prayes to bestow her on him for his Wife: But this old Couple are as much displeased at Sypontus his motion, as their daughter Victorina rejoyceth thereat; and fo they return him their denial inflead of their confent, only in general tearms they thank him for his love and honour, and certifie him that they have otherwise disposed of their daughter. Sypontus bites the Lip, and Victorina hangs her head at this their bitter and distasteful answer: but he is too generous and amorous to be put off with this first repulse. Whereupon he imployes his Parents and Kinsfolks (whereof fome were of the chiefest rank of Senatours, and Magnifico's) to draw Beraldi and Lucia to confent to chis match; but in vain: for they are deaf to those requests, and resolute in their denial, grounding their refulal upon Sypontus his poverty; for they fee he is become poor; because in the last trans-marine Wars, the Turks took from his father and himself most of his Lands and Possesfions near Scutary in Dalmatia, and therefore they resolve to provide a richer Husband for their Daughter. The iniquity of our times is as strange, as lamentable: for in matters of marriage, Parents, without due regard either to the natures or affections of their Children, still prefer gold before grace, and many times riches before vertue, and Nobility, which concur and meet in one personage: but divers of these marriages in the end, find either shame, misery, or repentance; and fometimes all.

Sypontus storms as much as Victorina grievs at his refusal, but, to frustrate that, and provide for this, Beraldi deals with Seignier for an Baptifta Sonranza to marry his Daughter Victorina, who is a Geneleman of a good house, but far richer than Syponeus; but withal far different in age; for Syponeus is but twenty eight years old, and Souranza neer threefcore: So as Gold playing the chiefest part in this Contract, Souranza is sure of Victorina for his Wife, ere he know her, or hardly hath feen her. Beraldi advertizeth his Daughter of his will and pleasure herein : So Sonranza fees her with affection and joy, and the him with difgrace and grief; and thus this old Lover the first time entertains his young Mistriss with kisses, and the him with tears. He is no sooner departed, but Victorina very forrowfully and pensively throws her self at her Parents feet, and with showers of tears very earnestly and passionately beseeches them, that they will not inforce her to marry Souranza, whom (the affirms) the cannot love, much less obey; prays them to consider what a milery, nay, what a hell it will be to her thoughts and self, to have him in her bed, and Sypontus in her heart. When the could no further proceed, because her fighs cut her words in pieces, and so grief daunting her heart, and her fear to Souranza, and affection to Syponius, casting a milk-white veil over her vermillion cheeks, she sinks to the earth in a fainting cold swoon, when her hard-hearted and cruel Parents (more with astonishment than commisseration and pity) step to her assistance, and again bring her to her senses; who not forgetting where her speeches ended, shee remembers to begin and continue them thus: O my dear Parents! Name not Sour anza for my husband, but if you will needs give me one, then by all that blood of yours, which streameth in all the veins of my body, of two let me injoy one, either Sypontus, or my Grave; he the beginner of my joyes, or this the ender of all my miseries and forrows: Neither is it disobedience in me, but sear of cruelty in your selves, that throws me on the exigent of this nequest and resolution; wherein, I pray, considerme by the bonds of nature and not by the rules of avarice and inhumanity. But her Father and Mother (without any respect to her youth and tears, or regard to her affections and Prayers) love Souranza's wealth so well, as they will hate Sypontus his poverty, and in it himself: And therefore checking Victorina for her folly, and taxing her of indifcretion, their command and authority gives a law to her obedience and defires : And. to conclude, they are fo bitter, and withall fo cruel to her, that within few dayes they violently inforce her to marry Souranza. But this inforced Match will produce repentance and milery of

As it is a duty in Children to honour and obey their Parents, so it is no less in Parents carefully to regard, and tenderly to affect their Children; but in marches that are concluded with wealth without affection, their Parents ought to proceed with judgment, not with passion; with perfwasion, not with force: For can there be any hell upon earth comparable to that of a discontented bed? Or is it not a grief to Parents, through their cruelty, to see their Children live in despain instead of hope, in affliction, instead of joy; and to dye miserably, whereas they might have lived pleasantly and prosperously? Tistrue, that young solks affections are not still well grounded, but for want of advice and counsel, many times meet with misery for selicity; yet sith Marriage is a contract, not for a day, but for ever; not for an hour, but for the term and lease of our lives; therefore Parents, in matching their Children, should be rather charitable than greedy for the world, and rather compassionate than rigid: But enough of this, and again to our Histo-

We have feen Vistorina, with an unwilling willingness, inforced to marry Souranza; wee shall not go far, before wee see what sharp calamities and bitter assistance and miseries this Match produceth: The argument and cause briefly is thus; Victorina sies with her bushand Souranza, but cannot love him; from whence (as so many lines from their center) spring forth many mournful and dysastrous accidents; the little Ring of Matrimony incloseth many great and weighty considerations, and among others this is not one of the least; Disparity in years makes no true harmony in affections; for there is no affinity twixt fannary and May; and it is a matter, though not impossible, yet dissicult for youth and age to sympathize. Souranza's best performance of the rites and duties of Marriage, is but desire; yea, his age cannot sufficiently estimate, much less reward, the dainties of Victorina's youth; for hee is more superstitious than amorous, as delighting rather to kiss an Image in the Church, than his Wife in his Bed: and, not to betray the truth, I must crave leave of modesty, to aver, that she finds little difference 'twixt a Maid and a Wise, so that her lust out-braving her chastity, and sensualities trampling her vertue and honour under foor, whereas her assection should look from Sypontus to Souranza, both she and it contrariwise look from Souranza to Sypontus. Dissembling pleasures, which strangle when they seem to embrace and kiss us, bitter Pills candied in sugar, Cordials to the sense, but corrosives to the sou! Yea, Victorina in forgetting her modesty, will not remember her vow in Marriage; for had she been as vertuous as young or as chast as fair, it had not only been her vertue, but her duty, to have smothered the defects,

and concealed the imperfections and impotency of her old Husband; Chaftity would have per-

fwaded her to this, but incontinency and lust draw her to a contrary resolution.

Syponius likewise storms and grieves at this unwished and unequal Match of old Souranza with his young and sair Victorina; yea, he hates him so much, and loves her so tenderly and dearly, as he would, but cannot prevent it: for (as before) they are married; and he, instead of the Laures, is forced to wear the Willow; but his grief sinds this comfort, and her discontent this consolation, that sith Victorina is not his Wise, she is his Mistres; and sith Sypontus is not her Husband, he is her Servant, or (to use the Venetian phrase) she is Sourtizana, and he her Enamorata: but such Leagues and contracts, of vicious affections, seldom make happy ends; for as they begin in lust, so commonly they end in infamy and misery. Sypontus often samiliarizeth with Victorina; yea, their samiliarity is such, as I in modesty will not report, sith in charity I cannot; and although they bear their affections and pleasures secret, yet custom breeding a habit, and that a second Nature, Souranza is now no sooner abroad, but Sypontus is at home, so as in effect, Souranza is but the shadow, and Sypontus the substance of Victorina's Hasband: but these lascivious Lovers shall pay dear for their affections; Sypontus for entertaining and keeping another Man's Wise, and Victorina for breaking her vow in Wedlock to her Husband, in

denling his bed, and contaminating her body with the foul fin of Adultery.

It had been good and fate for them, if they had not begun thefe their beaffly pleasures, but to give no end to them, must needs prove dangerous and ruinous; to commit this fin of Adultery is odious, but to persevere therein, is most abominable before God: the reason hereof is as true as pregnant; for if the reward of a fingle be death, the redoubling thereof must needs be double damnation. But as it is the nature of Adultery to be accompanied and waited on by other fins, to Victorina is not only content to love Sypontus, but the makes a farther progression in impiety, and will needs hate her Husband Souranza; who, poor honest Gentleman, fick with the Gout, and a Cough of the Lungs, is now distasteful, and which is worse, odious to her: so that she which should be a cordial to his age, his age is now a corrolive to her youth, and she so far forgets both her felf and her duty, as the rather contemns than loves him, and as he rejoyceth in her light, so she delights in nothing to much as in his absence, and Sypontus presence; she makes her discontents and malice to her Husband known to Syponeus, who doth pitty, but will not remedy them; all her speeches tend to wish her self in another world, or her Husband not in this. Sypontus is not ignorant whereat the aims; but although he injoy the Wife, yet he cannot find in his heart but is too confeiencious to murther the Husband: Had he remained in the constancy of this resolution, he had been happy, and not so miserable and unfortunate to end his dayes with shame and infamy. But now behold, an unexpected accident draws and throws him on headlong to perpetrate this execrable Morther, for (as the Gentry and Nobility of Venice are for the most part Merchants) to Sypontus receives fudden and forrowful news of two great loffes befalm him in the Levant Seas, in two feveral Ships, the one coming from Alepo, taken by the Turkis, Pyrats of Rhodes; the other from Alexandria, taken as is supposed, by one of the Duke of Osunas Neapolitan Gallies, feouring the Islands of the Archipelagus, in which two Vessels he lost at least fev nty thousand Zeckines, it being the two third parts of his whole efface; and now to maintain his greatness, and bear up his Port and Reputation, knowing Souranza to be infinitely rich, and his Wife Victorina young, amorous, and tair, he agrees with the devil, and fo resolves to in un her him, and then to marry her, which he knows, the, above any earthly matter chiefly dedues. Lo here the foundation and project of a murther, as lamentable as execrable! Necessity in bate spirits may be a powerful, but in those more vertuous and noble, it should never be a perinclous and prodigious Councellor; for there is as much generofity and fortitude in supporting poverty with patience, as there is covetoufnels in being ambitious to purchase wealth with in-

At the next enterview and meeting of Sypontus and Victorina, the like a bad woman, a wicked wife, and a wretched creature, redoubleth him her complaints and discontents against her Husband; and because Sypontus knows it wisdom to strike whiles the Iron is hot, as also that time must be taken by the tore-lock, he like a wretched Politician layes hold of this occasion and opportunity, and so consentes to the murther of her Husband; when from this bloody resolution, they pass to the manner how to effect it: they consult on this lamentable business. Victorina (industrious malice) proposeth to poyson him, and so to bury him in her little Garden; but Sypontus dislikes this project, and prosters her to murther him in his Gondola, as he comes from Lucipzina; whereon they agree. So some ten dayes after, Victorina advertiseth him, that her Husband is to go to his house of pleasure in the Country neer Padua, on the bank of the River Brenta, where he is only to stay three dayes. Sypontus imbraceth this occasion, and continually wantonizing with his wife in his absence, promiteth her to meet her Husband at his return, and then to dispatch him; which news with a longing desire this miserable Curtezan Victorina

attends him, with as much impatience as impudency. Sypontus in the mean time (in favour of twice ten Zeckines) is prepared of two wicked Gondoliers or Watermen, who deeply vow and fwear to conceal this Murther. So the precise day of Souranza's departure from his Countrey-house being come, Sypontus, not to fail of his promise to Victorina, in the execution of his bloody and damnable attemot, takes his Gondola, and hovers in the direct passage betwixt Lucifizina and Venice, for Souranza his arrival, who, poor harmles Gentleman, loved his young Wife to tenderly and dearly, as he thought this thort time long that he had wandred from her; but he hath feen his last of her, and alas, alas ! he shall fee an end of himself; for about five of the cleck of the evening (it being Summer time) his utual hour of return, he takes Gondola at Lucifizina, for Venice, and neer midway twist both, Sypontus espies him, and the somer, because it being hot weather, and no wind flirring, Souranza had caused his curtains to be withdrawn. Sypontus (inflamed with boyling malice and revenge) with all possible celerity makes towards his Gondola, the which difguited and masked he enters, and there with his Poniard very devillifuly flabs him three feveral times at the heart, when falling down to his feet, he most barbarously cut off his Beard, and Nose (that he might not be known) and fo throws him into the Sea; as also his Waterman after him. that they might tell no tales: when having finished these execrable Murthers, he with his Gondola. with all possible speed hies first to Murano, and so lands by the Patriarchy, from thence by the Arfenal, and so to his own house behind Saint Servi's Church; thereby to call a fairer varnish on this villany, by landing and coming into the City another way. When being arrived at his house, he that night by a confident Servant of his, Tends Victorina this Letter.

SYPONTUS to VICTORINA.

Fair and dear Victorina, I have begin, and ended a business, which infinitely imports thy good and my content: the party bath arms his sitt if White and Claret, and is now gone to his eternal rest; so a little time, I hope, will wipe off the o'd tears, and a nsirm thy new joyes. Be but as affectionate, as I secret, and as secret, as till death I will be affectionate, and thou needst neither fear my fortunes, now doubt thine own: Judg what I would do to injoy thee, and for thy take, sith I have already undertaken and atted a business of this nature. We must for a time refraince he where company, that we may the sooner meet, and imbrace, with more content, and less danger.

SYPONTUS.

Victorina, infinitely rejoyceth at this news, and the better to cloak her malice, under the veil of fecrecy, the laments and complains to her Father of her Husbane's long ablence. Souranza's parents are by Beraldi acquainted herewith, they begin to find the time of his stay very long, and now resolve to send his Nephew, Seignior Andr w Souranza, up the River Erenia, to know the cause thereof: he passeth and repassent the Sluce of Lucifizina, and boings word that he departed thence for Venice, in a Gondola, four dayes fince. Victorina his Wife grieves, and weeps at his abfence; fo do his own Parents and Friends, who inquire of all fides, but find comfort or news from none what is become of him. And here, Reader, before thy curiofity carry thee farther, I conjure thee to fland affonished and wonder, at the inscrutable and wonderful judgment of God, in the detection of this Murther. For Fishermen some eight dayes after, cathing out their Nets betwirt the Mands of La Lazareto and Saint George Majore, bring up this dead body of murthered Sonranza, being well apporteded: but chiefly for their own discharge, they bring the dead corps to Venice, and land him at Saint Marks Stairs, where they extend and expose his body to be known of Passengers. Now behold further God's miraculous providence, in the discovery and finding out hereof: for, amongst the numberless number of spectators and walkers, who dayly and almost hourly frequent and adorn that famous Burse and incomparable Palace, it happened that Andrea Souranza: call his eye on this dead and Sea-withered Body; on whom he looks with as much stedrastness, as curiofity, as if nature had made his living body a part of that dead; or as if his hot blood had some sympathy and affinity with that of the dead personage, which long fince the coldness of the Sea had congealed and frozen : but at last espying a red foot in his Neck (under his right ear) that he brought into the World with him, and which all the Influence and Vertue of the Water of the Sea had not power to deface and walls away; as also observing a Wart over his left eye-lid, which Nature had given his birth, and his Youth his Age: he palfionately cries out before the World, that it is the Body of his Unkle, Seignior Jovan Baptista Souranza: so it is visited by his Parents and Friends, and known to be the same; so they carried him to an adjoyning house, and there divelting it naked, find that he hath three several Wounds in his Body, either of a Sword or Poniard, which gives matter of talk, and administresh cause of admiration in all the City. So they bury him honourably according according to his rank and degree, and all knowing him to be murthered, infinitely bewail his untimely, and lament his mournful death: But especially his wife Victorina, who having formerly plaid the Strumpet, then the Murtherress, now takes on the mask, and assumes the representation of an Hypocrite; outwardly seeming to dye for forrow, when God, and her soul ulcerated Conscience know, that inwardly her heart leapt for joy, thus to be depriv'd, and free'd of her old Husband. Yea, and the more to blear the eyes, and eclipse the judgment of the world, for casting the least shadow of suspition on her for this unnatural murther. The and her whole samily take on black and mourning Attire; and for her self in two months after, never goes forth of her house, except to the Church where her husband was buried: Where her hypocrise is so infinitely seigned, and dissembling, that she is often observed to bedew and wash his Tomb with tears; but these Crocodile-tears of hers, and these her salfe and treacherous forrows shall not avail her; for although Gods Divine and Sacred Majesty be merciful in his Justice, yet he is so just in Mercies, as neither the politick secrecy of Syponius, nor the Hypocritical sorrows of Victorina, for this cruel murther, shall go either unmasked or unpunished, but in their due appointed time, they shall be brought forth in their colours, and made publick examples, as well

of infamy, as dellruction for the fame : The manner is thus.

The deceased Seignior Jovan Souranza hath a younger brother, named Seignior Hieronymo Souranza; who having carefully and curiously observed, that his Sister-in-Law Victorina, never perfectly nor dearly loved his brother her husband, and that she was never so familiar, nor dutiful to him, as it behoov'd her, during the term of her marriage, which partly he attributed to the disparity of their years, in respect of the frozenness of his age, and the hear and freshness of her youth; he began vehemently to suspect her of this murther, which he often revolv'd and rum nated in his mind, as if the fuggestion and perswasion thereof, not only bore probability, but truth with it : To which end, as the affection of a true friend (much more of a brother) should pass beyond the grave, and not remain intomb'd, and buried in the dust thereof, he is resolv'd to put his best wits and invention upon the tenter-hooks, to discover and reveal the same : to which end, he breaks with Victorina's Gentlewoman, who waited on her in her Chamber, and who indeed was his own Necce, Felicia, to know what Gentlemen chiefly frequented her Lady. Felicia informs her Unkle, that Seignior Syponeus is many nights with her, that there is much affection and familiarity between them, and that he fends her many Letters. Her Unkle glad of this glimmering light, which he hopes will produce a greater and perfecter, conjures her to intercept some of his Letters, for the more effectual discovery of his brother's, and her Unkle's death. So Felicia promiseth her best care and sidelity herein, and shortly effecteth it: For in few daies after, being fent by her Lady Victorina to a Casket of hers to fetch her a new pair of Romish Gloves, she opening an Ivory Box, therein finds a Letter, which she reads, and seeing it figned by Syponems, the thinks it no fin to be false to her Lady, and true to her Unkle, and so very secretly and safely sends it to him; which indeed was the very Letter we have sormerly seen and read. Now is his jealouzy and suspition confirmed. So vowing and facrificing revenge to his dead and murthered brother, away he goes to three chief Judges of the fourty, who fit on criminal causes; and very passionately accuseth Sypontus and Victorina for the murther, committed on the person of his brother, Seignior Jovan Baptista Souranza, at Sea , whereupon they are both committed prisoners, but sequestred in several Chambers. Syponens is first examined, then Victorina; they both very constantly deny the murther, and with many fugred words, and fubril evafions, intimate and infinuate, their innocencies therein : So the next day the Judges produce Syponens his own Letter; the fight whereof extremely afflicteth and vexeth him, but he is constant in his denial, and resolute in that constancy, and so takes on a brazen face, and with many affeverations and imprecations, again and again denyes it, averring, It is not his hand, but a meer imposture and invention of his enemies, who have counterfeited it, purposely to procure his ruine and destruction; yet inwardly to himself he feareth all is discovered, and that there is no means left him to escape death, whose Image and form he now too apparently and fatally fees before his eyes. So he is fent back to his Prison, and his Judges in the interim consult on his Fact; where he is no sooner arrived, but bolting his Chamber privately to himself, he considering that either Victorina, or some for her, had betrayed him by his own Letter, he, in bitter fury of choler and passion, throws away his Hat, now crosseth his arms, and then beats his breast, and stamping with his feet, at last very low to himself bandeth forth these

And is it possible, that I must now lose my life through Victorina her folly, and treachery, into whose hands I reposed both my secrets and it? Have I done what I have done for her take, and is this the requital she gives me? And sith there is no other witness, must mine own Letter be produced in Justice against mee? What will I not do? What have I not done for her sake? Wo is mee, that I should live to be rewarded with this monstrous and inhumane ingratuade; when

tor torrow and indignation, not able to contain himself, he takes Pen and Paper, and writes Vidorina this ensuing Letter.

SYPONTUS to VICTORINA.

Is it possible that thy associated me hath been all this while seigned, and that thou, whom I trusted with all my secrets, are now become the only woman of the world to betray me? I have hazzarded my life for thy sake; and must I now be so unfortunate and wretched, to lose it through thy treachery? When I have matters with such care and secretic, that no witness what sever could be produced against me, must mine own Letter, which was safely delivered thee, be brought forth to convict me of my crime, and so to incur death, which otherwise I had avoided? Is ohis the reward of my love? Is this thy recompence of my assertion? O Victorina! Victorina! Such is my tender esteem of thy sweet youth and beauty, that had I enjoyed a thousand lives, I would have reputed my self happy to have lost them all for thy sake and service: and having but one, wilt thou he so cruel to deprive me thereof! But that my loyalty and my assertion may shine in thy malice, take this for thy comfort, That as I have ever lived, so I will now due thy true Servant and faithful Lover,

SYPONTUS.

But observe here the error of Syponim his judgment: for whiles he imputes it to Villorina's treachery, that his Letter will occasion his death, he is so irreligious and impious, as he looks not up to Heaven, to consider that the detection thereof proceeds from Gods immediate singer and providence. No, no. For the Devil yet holds his thoughts so fast captivated and intangled in the shares of Victorina's beauty, as he hath not yet the grace to look from his crime, to his repentance; nor consequently from Eatth to Heaven: but like a prophane Libertine, and unregenerated person, being within a small point of time near his end, he yet thinks not of his soul, nor of God, but only dallies away the remainder of his hours, in the miserable con-

templation of his fond affection, and beaftly fenfuality.

By this time Victorina hath receiv'd his Letter, at the news and reading whereof, such is the passion of her frenzy, which she (though unjustly) terms love, that she is all in tears, sighs, and lamentable exclamations; she knows it impossible for any other of the world to be the revealer of Sypontum his Letter, but only her Maid Felicia, whom in her uncharitable revenge she curfeth to the pit of hell: but that which adds a greater torment to her torments, and a more sensible degree of affliction to her miserable forrows, is, to see that her Sypontum (whom by many degrees she loves far dearer than her life) sinisterly suspected her sidelity towards him; yea, so tar, as he not only calls her affection, but her treachery, in question: and this indeed seems to drown her in her tears. But yet notwithstanding, so servent is her love towards him, as the tear of his death draws her to a resolution of her own: so if Sypontum dye, she vows she will be her own accuser, and so not live, but dye with him. Strange effects of love, or rather of folly, sith love being irregular, and taking salse objects, (in its true character) is not love, but folly: to which end, calling for Ink and Paper, she bitterly weeping, indites and sends him these sew lines, in answer of his.

VICTORINA to SYPONTUS.

I Were the most wretched and ingratesid Lady of the world; yea, a Lady who should not then deserve either to see or live in the world; if Victorina should any may prove treacherous to Sypontus, who wath still been so true and kind to her. But believe me, dear Sypontus, and I speak in the presence of God, upon peril of my soul, I am as innocent, as that Witch, that Devil, my Maid Felicia, is guilty of the producing of thy Letter, which I sear will prove thy death; and rejoyce, that in it, it shall likewise prove mine. For, to clear my self of ingratistide and treachery, as I have lived, so I will dry with thee; that as we mutually participated the joys of life, so we may the torments of death: for although thy Letter accuse me not of my Husband Souranza's Murther, yet that my affection may shine in my Loyalty, and that in my affection, I will not survive, but dre with thee, I will accuse my self to my Judges, not only as accessary, but as Anthor of that Murther: and this resolution of mine I write thee with tears, and will shortly sealit with my blood.

VICTORINA.

Syponeus in the midst of his perplexities and sorrows, receives this Letter from Victorina, the fweetness of whose affection and constancy, much revives his joy, and comforteth him: for now her innocency defaceth his suspicion of her ingratitude and treachery; and withal, he plainly sees, and truly believes, that it was Felicia, not Victorina, who brought this Letter to light.

But when he descends to the latter part of the Letter, and finds her resolution to dye with him, then he condemns his former error in taxing her, and in requital, loves her so tenderly and dearly, that he vows he will be so far from accusing her as accessary of her Husband's murther, as both the Rack, and his Death shall clear and proclaim her innocency. Had the ground of these servent and reciprocal affections of Victorina and Syponeus been laid in vertue, as they were in vice; or in chastity, and not in Lust and Adultery, they would have given cause to the whole world as justly to praise, as now to dispraise them, and then to have been as ambitious of their imitation, as now of their contempt and detestation.

So Sypontus (as before) having fully and definitively resolved, not to accuse but to clear Victorina of this Murther; as also, that he would dye alone, and leave her youth and beauty to the enjoying of many more earthly pleasures; he expecting hourly to be sent for before his Judges, to sit upon his torment or death, thinking himself bound both in affection and honour, to sigmise Victorina his pleasure herein, he craves his Jaylor's absence, and with much affection and

passion, writes her this his last Letter.

SYPONTUS to VICTORINA.

Sweet Victorina, thy Letter b.th given me so full satisfaction, as I repent me of my rash credulity conceived against thy affection and constancy, and now lay the fault of the discovery of my Letter, where it is, and ought to be, on Felicia, not on thy self. It is with a sorrowful, but true presage, that I fore-see my life hastens to her period: the Rack is already prepared for my terments, and I hourly experimben I shall be setched to receive them, which for thy sake I will embrace and suffer with as much constancy as patience. I will deny mine own guiltiness the first time, but not the second, but in my torments and death, I will acquit thee of thine, with as true a resolution, as earth expects to lose me, and I hope to find Heaven. Therefore by all the bonds of love and affection that ever have been between us, I first pray, then conjure thee to change thy resolution, and to stand on thine innocence. For if thou wilt, or desirest to gratise me with thy last affection and courtesse at my death, let me bear this one content and joy to my grave, That Victorina will live for Sypontus his sake, though Sypontus dye for hers.

SYPONTUS.

He had no fooner fent away this his Letter to Victorina, but he himself is sent for to appear before his Judges, who upon his fecond examination and denial, adjudged him to the Rack; which he endured with admirable patience and constancy; yea, he cannot be drawn to consels, but stands firm in his denial, and not only clears himself, but also acquits Victorina. Hieronymo Souranza doth, notwithstanding, earnestly sollow and solicite the Judges, and God, out of his immense Mercy, and profound Providence, so ordaineth, that their Consciences suggest and prompt them, that Syponem is the actor of this execrable Murther. Wherefore the next day they administer him double torment; when lo, his resolution and strength failing him, he acknowledgeth the Letter his, and confesseth it was himself that had murthered Seignior Jovan Baptiste Souranza; but withal, protesteth constantly, that Victorina is innocent, and no way accessary hereunto. The Judges rejoyce at Sypontus his confession, as much as they grieve at the foulness of his fact : and fo, although they were also desirous to hang him, yet considering he was a Venetian G ntleman (and confequently had a great voice in the great Councel of the Seigniry) they adjudg him the next day to lose his head betwixt the two Columns at Saint Marks place, and so for that night fend him back to his prison to prepare himself to die. Sypontus is no sooner departed from them, but they confult on Victorina, whether the were guilty or innocent of her Husband Souranza's Murther: but they differ in opinion, fome would likewise have her Racked; but others of them, more advised and modest, reply, that Sypontus his Letter intimated only his affection to Victorina, but no way her malice to her dead Husband Souranza, not that the was any way guilty or accessary to his Murther: so they resolve to sorbear her, and not to put her to the torment, except Sypontus accuse her at his Execution. Now the very night that he was to dye the next morn, he infinitely defires his Jaylor to permit him to confer with Victorina, and to take his last leave of her; which is denied him, as having received command from Authority to the contrary; whereat extreamly grieving, he is called away by fome Divines, whom the charity of that grave Senate fend him, to prepare and direct his foul in her passage and transmigration to Heaven. So palling the night in tears and prayers for the foulness of his crime, the morn being come, and nine of the clock strucken, he is brought to the Scaffold, where a world of people concur and flock from all parts of the City, to fee this wretched and unfortunate Gentleman act the last Scene and part of his life upon this infamous Theater HereSypontus freely confesseth his foul Murther of Souranza, but is yet so vain and wretched, as he takes it on his death, that Victorinais absolutely innocent hereof: he seems to be very repentant and sorrowfull for all his fins in general, and for this Murther in particular.

For expiation and reward hereof, his head is severed from his body; a just recompence and punishment for so vicious and bloody a Gentleman, who adhering to adultery more than chastity, to revenge than charity, and to the Devil than God; forgot himself so far, as to commit this execrable

Now, the order and Decorum of our History, leads us from dead Sypontus, to living Victorina; who, I know not whether more grieved at his death, or rejoyced that on the Rack and Scaffold he hath acquitted her of her Husband's Murther. In a word, it is remarkable to behold the vanity and inconftancy of this female Monster; for contrary to her vows, and repugnant to her Letters Tears, Sypontus is no sooner dead, but her affection towards him dyes with him: yea, his blood is scarce so soon cold, as her zeal and friendship; for she now holds it a pure folly to cast away her youth and life, if she may preserve the one, and save the other; and therefore resolves to try her best art and wit, to make her innocency pass currant with her Judges; yea, so desirous and ambitious is she to live, as her semale heart hath drawn on this masculine fortitude and generosity, that, if occasion present, she will constantly both out-dare and our-brave the Torments of the Rack, thereby to prevent her death.

Some three dayes after Syponius was executed, the Judges again fit and confult on Victorina, but finding no Evidence nor Witness to accuse her, they at first are of opinion to discharge and free her; only they deem it requisite to terrifie, but not to terment her with the Rack, before they give her her Liberty, whereunto they all agree. So they fend for her, and threaten her with the Rack: but she vows, that all the Formants of the World shall never inforce her to confess an untruth, and that she never had the least suspicion that Syponius was guilty of this execrable Murther of her Husband: her Judges will not yet believe her; so they cause her to be carried to the Rack, whereunto she very cheerfully and patiently permits her self to be fastned, bidding the Executioner do his worst; which constancy of hers, her Judges seeing and hearing, they, in pitty and commisseration, as well of her youth and beauty, as to her descent, and the tears and prayers of venerable old Beraldi her Father, cause her to be loosed, and so in open Court acquit and discharge her.

Here we see this wretched Courtezan Victorina acquitted of her Judges for her Husbands murther, so as triumphing more in her good fortune, than her innocency; she now thinks the storm of her punishment past and ore-blown, and that no suture can possible be reserved for her, or she for it: but her hopes will deceive her; for although she have made her Peace with Earth, yet she hath not with Heaven; and although she have deluded the eyes of her Judges, yet she shall not those of God; but when his appointed hour, and her due time is come, then her crimes and sins, her adultery and murther, shall draw down vengeance from Heaven, to her consustion. In the mean time we shall see this Monster, and disgrace of her Sex, make such bad use of her former danger; as she will again add blood to blood, and Murther to Murther: but God will reserve not only the rod of his wrath for her correction, but the full vials of his indignation for her consusion; as the sequel will shew

Six months are scarce past, since the Murther of her Husband Souranza, and the Execution of her Enamorata Sypontus, but she hath already quite forgotten these two mournful and tragical accidents; and which is more, the is to frolick and youthful, as the hath thrown off her mourning attire, and drawn on her rich apparel, and glittering Jewels, whereof the curiofity of the nobler fort of Gentlemen and Ladies of the City take exact observation; and though Beraldi and Lucia, her Father and Mother, herein tax her of her indifcretion and immodefly, yet the thinks her felf exempt of their commands and therefore will do it, out of the ambitious priviledg of her own uncontrollable authority and wilfulnefs. Befides, her thoughts are fo youthful, and her carriage to light, as notwithstanding she came (as it were) but now from burying of her first Husband, yet the is resolved without delay, to have a second; her Father and Mother check her of levity and uncivility in imbracing this resolution, but in vain; for her impudency returns them this immodeft answer, That she will not trifle away her time, but marry. They advise her to be cautious, and to do nothing rashly in this her second March; that the Misfortune and Scandal of her first may no more reflect on her. But she will make choice of her self by the eyes of her youth, and not by those of their age; by those of her own fancy, and not by these of their election. Her Husband Souranza diedrich, both in Lands and Monies, and his Widdow Villorina, without any opposition, injoyeth all: so she needs not look out for Suiters, for there are Gallants enough, who fue and feek her; but of them all, he whom she best and chiefly affecteth, is one Seigniour Londovicus Fassino, a very neat and proper young Gentleman of the City, rich, and well descended; his Parents and Kinsmen for the most part being Clarissimo's and Sena ors, and all of them Gentlemen of Venice; and him Victorina desires and resolves to make her Husband, grounding her chiefest reason and affection on this resolution and foundation, that as Souranza was too old for her, so Fassino was young enough, and therefore at to be her Husband, and she his Wife, measuring him wholly by his exteriour personage, and not so much as once prying either into his Vices or Vertues. Fassino, who carried a vicious and pernicious Heart, under a pleasing gesture and tongue, and loving Vistorina's Wealth more than her Beauty, observing her affection and respect to him, seeks, courts, and wins her. Her Parents understanding hereos, as also that Fassino is a vicious and debaucht Gentleman, with all their possible power and authority, they seek to divert their Daughter from him. But she is deaf to their requests, and resolved, that as she followed the stream of their commands in her first Match, so she will now the current of her own pleasures and affections in this her second: and so, to the wonder of Venice, and the gr ef of all her Parents and Friends, before she had above ten dayes conferred with Fassino, she marries him. But this Match shall not succeed according to their desires; for Vistorina shall shortly repent it, and Fassino affoon rue and smart for it; shi it is a Maxim, that sudden affections prove seldome prosperous; for if they have not time to settle and take root, they are incident asson to fade as shourish, especially if they are contracted and grounded more for such than love, and more for wealth than vertue.

The first month of this marriage, Fassino keeps good correspondence and observance with his Wife, but thenceforth he breaks pale, and rangeth; for the truth is, although he were but a young Gentleman, yet (which is lamentable) he was an old whose-masser, which lastivious profession of his, threatens the ruin, not only of his health, but of his fortune and reputation; so now, when he should be at home, he is abroad; yea, not only by day, but by night, that, upon the whole, Victorina is more a Widdow than a Wife: at which unlook't and unwish't for news, she not only bites the lip, but very often puts singer in her eye and weeps; for it gripes and grieves her at Heart, to see her self thus sleighted, neglected, and abused by Fassino, whom, of all the Gallants of the City, she had elected and chosen for her Husband; she is infinitely grieved hereat, and yet her jealousie infinitely exceeds her grief and forrow: and now as graceless as she is, she thinks God hath purposely sent her this lastivious Fassino for her second flusband, as a just plague and punishment, to revenge her adultery committed against Souranza her first; so, had she had more grace, and less vanity and impiety, she would have made better use of this conside ation,

and not so soon forgot it, and, in it, her self.

Now as it is the nature of Jealousie, to have more eyes than Argus, and so to pry and see every where ; Victorina her curiofity, or rather her malice herein, finds out that her Husband Faffino familiarly frequenteth and useth the company of many Courtezans, especially of the Lady Paleriana, one of the most famous and reputed Beauties of Venice: and this news indeed firikes her at the very gall with forrow and vexation; fain the would reform and remedy this vice of her Husband, but how, the knows not: for the fees little or no hope to reclaim him, fith he not only tenderly loves Paleriana, but, which is worfe, the apparently fees, that for her take, he contemns her felf and her company; for when he comes home, he hath no delight in her, but only in his Lute or Books, which is but to pass his melancholy, for his Lady Paleriana's absence, till he again revisit her; so as wholly neglected, and as I may truly fay, almost forsaken of her Husband, the knows not what to do, nor how to bear her self in those furious storms of her grief, and miserable tempest of her jealousie, but of two different courses to reclaim him from this his sin of whoredome, the takes the worft; for inftead of councelling and diffwading her Husband, the torments him with a thousand scandalcus and injurious speeches; but this instead of quenching, doth but only bring oyl to the flame of his lutt; for if he repaired home to her feldom before, now he scarce at all comes near her; fo as she is a Wife, yet no Wife; and hath a Husband, yet no husband; but this is not the way to reclaim him, for fair speeches and sweet exhortations may prevail, when cholser

And now it is, that this wretched and execrable Lady, again assumes bloody resolutions against her second Husband as she had formerly done against her first, vowing that he shall dye, ere she will live to be thus contemned and abused of him; yea, her hot love to him is soon grown cold, and her fervent affections, already so frozen, that now she thinks on nothing else but how to be revenged, and to be rid of him; and is so impious and graceless, as she cares not how, nor in what manner soever she send him from this World to another; for the Devil hath drawn a resolution from her, or rather she from the Devil, that here he shall not much longer live. Good God! what an impious and wretched Fury of hell will Vistorius prove her self here on earth? for the blood and life of one Husband cannot quench the thirst of her lust and revenge, but she must and will imbrue her hands in that of two; as if it were not enough for her to trot, but that she will needs gallop and ride post to hell. O what pity is it, to see a Lady so wretched and execrable! O what an Execrable Wretchedness is it, to see a Lady so inhuman, and so devoid of pity! But the Devil is strong with her, because her faith is weak with God; therefore she will advance, she will not retire in this her bloody design and resolution. Wherefore we

shall shortly see Fassino his Adultery punished with death, by his Wife Victorina's revenge; and this murther of hers juttly rewarded and revenged with the punishment of her own: the bloodier our

actions are, the severer God's Judgments, and the sharper his revenge will be.

Of all fort and degrees of Inhumane and Violent Deaths, this wretched Lady Victorina thinks poyson the surest, and yet the most secret to disparch her Husband. This invention came imme diately from the Devil, and is only practifed by his Members, of which number the will desperate ly and damnably make her felf one: her lust and revenge, like miserable advocates, and fatal Orators, perswade her to this execrable attempt, wherein by cutting off her Husband's life, she shall find, that the likewife casts away her own life. So neither grace nor nature prevailing, the fends for an Apothecary, named Augustino; and when the hath conjured, and he promised his secrecy, the acquaints him, that her new husband Fassino keeps Courtezans to her note, and daily and hourly offereth her many other insupportable abuses and disgraces; in requital and revenge whereof she is resolved to poylon him, and prayes him to undertake and perform it, and that she will reward him with three hundred Zeckines for his labour.

Of all Professions and Faculties, there are good and bad; Augustino loves God too well, herein to obey the Devil; he hath too much grace, to be so impious and graceless,; and vows that he will not buy gold at so dear a rate, as the price of blood; so as a good Christian, and a true Child of God, he not only refuseth Victorina's motion and proffer, but in religious terms, seeks to divert and perswade her from this her bloody attempt. But the is refolute in her malice, and wilful in her revenge, and therefore will perform it her self, sith Angustino will not: so (by a second hand) she procures poyfon from a strange Emperiek; whereof the City of Venice, more than others of Italy, aboundeth: to the only waits for an opportunity, which very thortly; though, alas, too too foon, prefents it felf;

the manner thus:

It is impossible that Fassino his dissolute life, and extream debauching can keep him long from fickness; for this punishment is alwayes incident and hereditary to that sin. He complains thereof to his Wife Victorina, who receives this news rather with gladness, than commiseration and pity; and so taking his bed, he prayes her to make him some comfortable hot broath for his stomack: which news The hears, and embraceth inwardly with joy, outwardly with disdain. For albeit the layer hold of this opportunity to poylon him, yet the diffembles her malice; and the better to colour her villany, because she knows it the smoother and shorter way to be revenged in poyloning him, she will not make the broath her felf, but commands her Maid Felicia to do it (of whom we have formerly spoken, in the discovery of Sypontus his Letter to her Unkle. Hieronymo Souranza) which treacherous office of hers, our malicious and devillish Villorina her Lady and Millress, hath now a plot in her head, to requite with an execrable and hellith recompence: for while Felicia is boyling of the broath, her Lady Victorina trips to her Chamber and Closet, and fetcheth out the poylon, inveloped in a Paper, whereof the takes two parts and brings down with her, and whiles the had purposely fent Felicies from the fire, the runs and throws it into the broath, which for the prefent no whit altered the colour thereof: fo Fassino calling for it, this poor innocent Gentlewoman Felicia, (not suspecting or dreaming of poylon) gives it him, which (as ignorant thereof) he sups up; and this was about nine or ten of the clock in the morning.

Now while Felicia is acting this mournful tragedy in Fassino in his Chamber, her Lady Victorina is acting another in hers; for the takes the other third part of the poylon, and fecretly opening Folicin's Trunk, putsit into a painted box which the found therein, and folocks it again, hoping (though indeed with a wretched and hellish hope) that her husband being dead, his body opened, and the poyfon found in her Trunk, the would give out that Felicis had poyfoned him with broath that Morn, and this, found in her Cheft, would make her guilty of the Murther; for which the knew the must needs dye. See, see, the devillish double malice of this wretched Lady Victorina, as well to her husband Fassino, as her maid Felicia! But as finely as the Devil hath taught her to spin the thread of this her malice and revenge, yet though her plot have taken effect and hold of her husband, nevertheless the shall in the end fail of hers to innocent Felicia: in the interim, though to the eyes of the world it seem at first to succeed according to her defires by the by, yet it shall not in the main: But that murther and this treason of Victorina shall not go long either undetected, or un-

This poylon working in Fassino his Stomack and Body, begins by degrees to cut off his vital Spirits, so as his strength fails him, his red Cheeks already look pale and earthy, and his body infinitely swells: he calls for his Wife Victorina, who with all haste and expedition, tells her secretly, that he fears Felicia hath poylored him with the broath five gave him in the Morning, and so requesteth her to send for his Parents and Friends to be present at his Death, for live he could not. Victorina, like a dissembling she-devil, tears her hair for anger, and for meer forrow seems to drown her felf in her tears at this news, kiffeth and fawns on her husband, and in all pof-

fible hafte fends away of all fides for his Kinsfolk and Friends, who hastily repair thither, and find Fassizo almost dead: so, they with tears, inquire his sickness, when with open voice his Wife Victorina cryes out, that her wretched Maid Felicis had with broath, that morn, porfonedhim; which Fassino his memory and tongue yet served him to confess and averr, word for word, as his Wife Victorina had related them: whereat they are all forrowfull and weep, and then, and there, cause Felicia to be apprehended and shut fast in a Chamber; who poor harm-less young Gentlewoman) is amazed at the terrour and strangeness of this news, and cries out and weeps so bitterly, as she seems to melt her felf into tears, only she knows her self innocent; and yet fears that this Malice and Revenge proceeds to her from her Lady Viltorina. Whiles Felicia is thus under fure keeping, her Master Fassino dyes: which news is foon dispersed and divulged abroad, to the grief and admiration of the whole City. The next morn the criminal Judges are advertized hereof, who repair to Fassi to his House, who by this time is dead, and there see his breathless Carcals, which they ordain to be opened: the poylon is apparently found on his stomack in its natural pristine colour; when examining first Felicia, then Victorina's Parents, they report Fassino his own words uttered a little before his death, that Felicia had that morn poyloned him with broath : which is averred by Vittorina, who faith, the faw her give it him. So they fend away poor Felicia to prison, but yet with a vehement suspition, that this poysoned arrow came out of Victorica her own quiver, which they the sconer beleeve, in respect of her former troubles, and suspicions for the murther of her first Husband Suranza. So the Judges return and be ake themselves, that very instant, to their Tribunal of Justice, in the Duke's Palace of Saint Mark, where they fend for Felicia, who is brought them unaccompanied of any; for, as misfortune would, both her Unkle Hieronymo, and her Coursa Andrea Souranza, were then at Corfu, imployed in some publick affairs for the Seigniory. The Judges examine Felicia, concerning the broath and poy-fon the gave her Maker. She bitterly fighing and weeping, confesseth the broath, but denies the poyson; vowing by her part and hope of Heaven, she neither touched nor knew what poyson was, and desired no Pavour of them, if it were found or proved against her; withall, she acquaints them, that the fears it is a trick of milice and revenge, clapt on her, by her Lady Victorina, for the discovery of Syponeus his Letter. And, to speak truth, the Judges in their Hearts partly adhere and concur with her in this opinion : they demand of her, whether her Lady Villerina touched this broath, either by the Fire, or the Bed? She according to the truth, answers, that to her knowledg or fight, the touched it not, nor no other but her felf. So they fend her again to prison, and return speedily to Fassino his house; where committing Victorina to a sure guard, they ascend her Chamber and Closet, search all her Trunks, Caskets and Boxes, for poyson, but find none: and the like they do to Felicia's Trunks, which they break open, the having the Key; and in a Box find a quantity of the same poyson, whereby it was apparent she absolutely poysoned her Master Fassino. The Judges having thus found out, and revealed, as they thought, the true Author of this Mutther, they descend again, examine Victorina, and so acquit her. Poor Felicia is advertised hereof; whereat she is amazed and astonished, and thinks that some Witch or Devil call it therefor her destruction. She is again sent for before her Judges, who produce the poyson found in her Trunk: she denies both the poylon and the Murther, with many fighs and tears: so they adjudg her to the Rack, which Torment the fuffereth with much Patience and Constancy; notwithstanding, her Judges considering that she made and gave Fassino the broath, that none touched it but her felf, that he dyed of it, and that they found the Remainder of the poylon in her Trunk, they think her the Murtherer; fo they pronounce fentence, that the next morn she shall be hanged at Saint Marks place. She poor foul is returned to her prison; the bewails her misfortune thus to dye, and be cast away innocently, taxing her Judges of injustice, as her soul is ready to answer

A'l Venice pratleth of this cruel murther committed by this young Gentlewoman; but for her Lady Victorina, The triump's and laughs like a Gypfey, to fee how with this one stone she hath given two strokes, and how one poor drug hath freed her this day of her Husband Fassins, and will to morrow of Felicia, of whom she rejoyceth in her self, that now she hath cryed quittance for the discovery of Sypontus his Letter, which procured his death: but her hopes may deceive her, or rather the Devil will deceive both her and her hopes too. How true or false, righteous or sinful our actions be, God in his due time will make them appear in their naked colours, and reward those with glory, and

The next morn, according to the laudable custom of Venice, the mourners of the Seigniory accompany our forrowful Felicia to the place of Execution, where she modestly ascended the Ladder, with much silence, pensiveness, and affliction: at the sight of whose youth and beauty, most of that great and infinite of Spectators cannot refrain from tears, and commisserating and pittying, that so sweet a young Gentlewoman should come to so infamous and untimely a Death.

When Felicia lifting up her hands, and erecting her eyes and heart towards Heaven, the briefly speaks to this effect. She takes Heaven and Earth to witness, that the is innocent of the poysoning of her Master Fassino, and ignorant how that poyson should be brought into her Trunk: that as her knowledg cannot accuse, so her Conscience will not acquit her Lady Vistorina of that fact, only she leaves the detection and judgment thereof to God, that being ready to for-sake the world, sith the world is resolved to fortake her, she as much triumphs in her innocency as grieves at her missortune: and that she may not only appear in Earth, but be found in Heaven a true Christian, she first forgives her Lady Vistorina, and her Judges, and then beseecheth God to torgive her all her sins, whereunto she humbly, and heartily prays all that are present, to add their prayers to hers: and so she begins to take off her band, and to prepare her self to die.

Now, Christian Reader, what human wisdom, or earthly capacity, would here conceive or think, that there were any fublunary means left for this comfortless Gentlewoman Felicia, either to hope for life, or to flatter her felf that the could avoid death? But lo, as the Children of God cannot fall because he is the defender of the innocent, and the protector of the righteous, therefore we shall see to our comforts, and find to Gods glory, that this innocent young Gentlewoman shall be miraculously freed of her dangers, and punishment, and her inveterate arch enemy Victorina brought in her flead, to receive this shameful death, in expiation of the horrible murthere of her two husbands, which God will now discover, and make apparent to the eyes of the world: for as the Friers and Nuns prepare Feliciasto take her last farewel of this world, and so to that up her life in the direful and mournful Catattrophe of her death, Behold, by the providence and mercy of God, the Apothecary Augustino (of whom this our History hath formerly made an honelt and religious mention) arrives from Cape Ifria, and having left his ship at Malmocco, lands in a Gondola at Saint Marks stairs; when knowing and seeing an execution towards, he thrusts himself in amough the croud of people : where beholding so young and so fair a Gentlewoman, ready to die, he demands or those next by him, what she was, and her crime: when being answered, that her name was Felicia, a waiting Gentlewoman to the Lady Victorina, who had poyfoned her Mafter Fassino; at the very first report of the names of Vietorina, and her husband Fassino, Augustino his blood flasheth up in his face, and his heart began to beat within him, when demanding if no other were accessary to this murther, he was informed, that her Lady Victorina was vehemently suspected thereof, but she was cleared, and only Felicia, this young Gentlewoman, found guilty thereof; vvhich vvords vvere no fooner delivered him, but God putting into his heart and remembrance, that this Lady Victorina would have formerly seduced him for three hundred Zeckines, to have poyfoned her husband Fassino, he confidently believing this young Gentlevvoman innocent hereof, with all possible speed, as fast as his legs could drive, he runs up to the Southeast part of the corner of the Gallery of the Dukes Palace, where the Officers fit to fee execution done; the which he requesteth for that time to stop, because he hath something to say concerning the murther of Signiour Fassino. Whereupon they call out to the Executioner to forbear: vvnich bred infinite admiration in all the spectators, as vvondring at the cause and reason hereof, when, in constant and discreet terms, Augustino informs the Judges, that he thinks Felicia innocent, and her Lady Victorina guilty of this murther, and fo relates them the manner, time, and place where Victorina her felt feduced him to poylon her husband Fassino, how she proffered him three hundred Zeckines to perform it, which he refused, and to the utmost of his power fought to distinate her from this bloody and excerable business. The Judges are aftonished at the strangeness of this news, which they begin considently to believe; and so bless the hour of Augustino's arrival, that hath with-held them from spilling the innocent blood of Felicia; when commanding her from the place of execution, to her prison, they in the nely give order for the Lady Victorina's apprehention, who already had built trophees and triumphs of joy in her heart, to fee that all her bloody defigns fo well fucceeded. But now is the Lord's appointed time come, wherein all her cruel Murthers, Whoredom, treachery, and Hypocrifie, shall be brought to light and punished: yea, now it shall no longer be in her power, or in that of the Devil, her Schoolmafter, and Seducer, either to diminish the least part of her punishment, or to add the least moment or point of time to her life. She is all in tears at her apprehension, but they rather ingender envy than pitty, in her Judges: And so from the delights and pleasures of her house, she is hastily conveyed to prison.

Her Judges, in honour to the facred dignity of Justice (the Queen of Earth and Daughter of Heaven) confront her with Augustino, who avers his former deposition as constantly in her face, as she denies it impudently in his. But this will not avail her for now God hath made the probabilities, or rather the fight of her crime too apparent. So without any regard to her praiers tears, or exclamations, they adjudg her to the Rack, where the tenderness of her limbs, the sharpness of her torments, but especially the griefs and pinches of her conscience make her ac-

quit

quit Felicia, acknowledge Augustino his evidence, and condemn her self to be the author both of her first Husband's stabbing, and also her second's poyloning: her Judges as much praise God for her confession, as they detest and are associated at the salteness of these her horrible crimes. So with much joy they first free innocent Felicia of her unjust imprisonment; and then, knowing it pity that so wretched a Lady as Victorina, should live any longer; they, for her abominable cruelties and inhumanities, condemn her (the next morn) to be hang'd and burnt on Saint Marks Place. At the knowledg and divulging of which news, as her Father, Mother, and Kinsfolks extreamly grieve, so all Venice bless and glorise God, sirst, that innocent Felicia is saved, and guilty Victorina detected and condemned to the shame and punishment of a deserved death.

The same night the Priests and Fryers deal with her about the state of her soul, and its pilgrimage and transmigration to heaven: they find that her youth, luft, and revenge, hath taken a strange possession of the devil, and he in them: for she still loves the memory of Syponens, and envies and deteffs that of her two Husbands, Souranza and Faffino: but they deal effectually with her, and in their speeches depainting her forth the joys of Heaven, and the torments of Hell, they at last happily prevail, and so make her forfake the vanity and impiety of these her passions, by relishing the sweet showers of Gods mercies. So the next morn she is brought to her execution; where the world expecting to hear much matter from her, she is very pensive, and contemplative, and fays little, only the prays Felicia to forgive her, as also all the Parents of her two Husbands, Souranza and Fassino, and likewise of Sypontus; but chiefly she invokes God her Saviour and Redeemer, to pardon these her horrible fins of Adultery and Murther, and beseecheth all that are present to pray for her soul; and so according to her sentence, she is first hang'd, and then burnt : whereat all that great affluence and concourse of people, praise the Providence and Justice of God, in cutting off this female Monster, and shame of her sex, Victorina; whose tragical and mournful History may we all read and remember with detestation, that the example hereof be our fore-warning and caveat, not to trust in the deceivable lusts of the flesh, and the treacherous tentations of the Devil, but to rely on the mereies and promises of God, which will never fail his elect, but will affuredly make them happy in their lives, bleffed in their deaths, and constantly glorious in their resurrections.

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GOD'S Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY VII.

Catalina canseth her maiting-Maid Ansilva two several times attempt to posson her own sister Berinthia; wherein failing, she afterwards makes an Emperick, termed Sarmiata, posson her said Maid-Ansilva. Catalina is killed with a Thunderbolt, and Sarmiata hanged, for possoning Ansilva. Antonio steals Berinthia away by her own consent; whereupon her brother Sebastiano sights with Antonio, and kills him in a Duel. Berinthia in revenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her own brother Sebastiano: She is adjudged to be immured betwixt two walls, and there languishesh and dyes.

We maliciously betray others? For we are as far from Grace as Wisdome, when we permit either irregular affection, or unlawful passion to hale us on to choller, choller to revenge, and revenge to murther. Nay, how exempt are we of Religion, and devoyd of all Christian piety and charity, when our thoughts are so eclipsed, and our judgments darkened, when our consciences are so defiled, and our fouls so polluted with revenge, that the eldest sister seeks to poyson her younger, and this younger afterwards murthereth her own and only Brother, because in a Duel he had formerly slain her Lover? Alass, alass, these are bloody accidents, which not only fight against Grace, but Nature, not only against Earth, but Heaven, and not only against our Souls, but against God. Neither are these the only I ragedies that our insuing History reporteth and relateth; for we shall therein farther see a wretched waiting. Gentlewoman poysoned by her more wretched Lady and Mistress, together with her exectable Agent, a bloody and graceless Emperick; and all justly revenged, and severely punished by the Sword of Gods wrath and indignation. Wherein the Christian Reader may observe, as well to Gods glory, as his own consolation, that never pretended or assual Murthers were either contrived more secretly, perpetrated more closely, detected more miraculcusty, or punished more

strangely and severely; so as if the Devil have not fully possest our hearts and Souls, or if our thoughts and resolutions do yet retain the least spark of Grace and Christianity, we shall slye their crimes by the sight and sear of their punishments, re-fetch our wandring and erroneous senses from Hell to Barth, purposely to raise them from Earth to Heaven; and so religiously to give, and confectate both them, and our selves, and souls from sin to righteousness, and con-

fequently (with as much felicity as glory) from Satan to God.

There dwelt in the City of Avero in Portugal, an ancient Nobleman, termed Don Jafpar de Vilarezo, rich either in quality of earthly greatness, as well of blood, as revenews; who was nearly allied to the Marquels of Denia (in Spain) as marrying a Neece of his, named Dona Alphanta, a Lady exquifitely indued with the ornaments of Nature, and the perfections of Grace; for shee was both fair and vertuous; that adding to lustre to these and these returning and reflecting embellishment to that, which made her infinitely beloved of her husband Vilarezo, and exceedingly honoured of all those who had the honour to know her; and, to crown the selicity of their affections and marriage, they had three hopeful children, one son, and two daughters: He, termed Don Sebastiano; and they, the Donas, Catalina and Berinthia: He having attained his fifteenth year, was by his father made Page to Count Manriques de Lopez, and continually sollowed him at Court; and they, from their tenth to their thirteenth years, lived sometimes at Coimbra, other-whiles at Lisbone, but commonly at Avero with their Parents, who so carefully trained them up in those qualities and perfections, requisite for Ladies of their rank, as they were no sooner seen, but admired of all who saw them.

But before we make a further progression in this History (thereby the better to unfold and anatomize it;) I hold it rather necessary than impertinent, that we take a coursory, though not a curious survey, of both these young Ladies perfections and imperfections, of their Vices and Virtues, their beauty and deformity: That as objects are best known by the opposition of their contraries, so by the way of comparison were may distinguish how to know, and know how to distinguish of the disparity of these two Sisters, in their inclinations, affections, and delinea-

tions.

Catalina was fomewhat short of stature, but corpulent of body: Berinthia tall, but siender: Catalina was of taint and complexion, more brown then fair: Berinthia not brown but sweetly fair, or fairly sweet: Catalina had a distainful, Berinthia a gracious eye: Catalina was proud, Berinthia humble. In a word, Catalina was of humour extremely imperious, ambitious, and revengesul, and Berinthia, modestly courteous, gracious, and religious. So these two young Ladies, growing now to be capable of marriage, many Cavasiers of Avero become Servants and Suiters to them, as well in respect of their rather's nobility and wealth, as for their own beauties and virtues: yea, their same is generally so spread, that from Lisbine, and most of the chiefest Cities of Portugal, divers Nobles and Knights resort to their Father Don Vilarezo's house, to proffer up their affections, to the dignity and merits of his daughters. But his age finding their youth too young to be acquainted with the secrets and mysteries of matching of his daughters of so eminent and important consideration, as he thinks it sit he should advisedly consult, and not rashly conclude them, which affection and care of Parents to their Children, is still as honourable as commendable.

Don Sebastiano their Brother, being often both at Madrid, Vallidolid, and Lisbon, becomes very intimately and fingularly acquainted with Don Antonio de Rivero, a noble and rich young Cavalier, by birth likewise a Portugal, of the City of Elvas, who was first and chief gentleman to the Duke of Braganza; and the better to unite and perpetuate their familiarity, he proffers him his eldest Sister in marriage, and prays him at his first conveniency, to ride over to Avera, to fee her; offering himself to accompany him in his journey, and to second him in that enterprize, as well towards his Father as Sifter. Don Antonio very kindly and thankfully lifteneth to Don Sebastiane's courteous and affectionate proffer; and knowing it fo far from the least disparagement, as it was a great happiness and honour for him to match himself in so noble a Family, they assign a day for that journey: against when, Don Antonio makes ready his preparatives and train, in all respects answerable to his rank and generosity. They arive at Avero, where Don fasper de Vilarezo, for his own worth, and his Son's report, teceives Don Antonio honourably; and entertains him courteoufly: He visiteth and saluteth, first the Mother, then the two young Ladies her Daughters: And although he cannot dislike Catalina, yet so precious and amiable is sweet Bevinthia in his eye, as he no sooner sees, but loves her: Yea, her piercing eye, her vermilion cheeks, and delicate stature, act such wonders in his heart, as he secretly proclaimes himself her Servant, and publickly the his Miftress: To which end he takes time and opportunity at advantage, and so reveals her so much in terms, that intimates the fervency of his zeal, and endears the zeal of his affection and constancy.

Berinthia entertains his motion and speeches with many blushes, which now and then casts a rossit vail o're the milk-white Lillies of her complexion: and, to speak truth, if Automo be inamored of Beristhia, no less is she of him: so as not only their eyes, but their contemplations and hearts feem already to sympathize and burn in the Flame of an equal affection. In a word, by stealth he courts her often. And not to detain my Reader in the intricate Labyrinth of the whole passages of their loves. Antonio for this time finds Berinthia in this resolution, that, as she hath not the will to grant, so she

hath not the power to deny his fuite: the rest time will produce:

But so powerfully do the Beauty and Vertues of sweet Berinthia work in Antonio his affections. that impatient of delayes, he finds out her Father and Mother, and in due terms (requifite for him to give, and they receive) demands their Daughter Berinthia in marriage. Vilarezo thanking Autonio for his honour, replies, that of his two Daughters, he thinks Berimbia his younger, as unworthy of him, as Catalina, his eldeft, worthily bestowed on him. Autonio answers, that as he cannot deny but Catalina is fair, yet he must confess that Berinthia is more beautiful to his eye, and more pleasing to his thoughts. Vilarezo lastly replies, that he will first match Catalina e're Beriathia, and that he is as content to give him the first, as not as yet resolved to dispose of the second: and so at this time, they on these terms depart, Vilarezo taking Antonio and his Son Sobastiano with him to hunt a Stag, whereof his adjacent Forcest hath plenty. But whiles Antonio his body persues the Stag, his thoughts are flying after the beauty of his dear and fair Berinthia; who as paragon of beauty and nature, fits Empress, and Queen-Regentin the court of his contemplations and affections. He is wounded at the heart with Vilarezo his answer, and Berinthia to the gall, when he certified her of her Father's resolution, only modesty (that sweet companion, and precious or nament of Virgins) to the extremity of her power, endeavoured to keep Antonio from perceiving, or suspecting so much. Antonio prayes his dear friend Seb stiano, to perswade his Father to give him his Sister Berinthia to Wife: he performs the true part of a true friend, and a Gentleman, but in vain; for his Father Vilarezo is resolute, first to marry Catalina; when Antonio, not of power fo foon to leave the fight and presence of his sweet Berinthia, must invent some matter for his stay. And indeed, as Love is the whet-stone of Wit, to give an edge to invention; so Antonio, to injoy the presence of his fair Berinthia, is inforced to make hew, that he neglects her, and affecteth Catalina; and so converseth often with her, but still in general terms, whereat she builds many Castles of hope and content, in the Air of her thoughts. For, if Berinthia loved Antonio, no less doth Catalina: ftrange effects of affection, where two Sifters deeply and dearly love one Gentle-

man, and when but one, and peradventure neither of them, shall injoy him.

But as Catalina is the pretext, so Berinthia is both the sole object and cause of Antonio's stay, whom he courts and layeth close siege to, as often as opportunity makes him happy in the defired happiness and felicity of her company: She gives him blushes for his sighs, and sometimes (although a man) the fervency of his affection was fuch, as he cannot refrain from returning her tears for her blushes; when, albeit love perswades him to stay longer in Avero, yet discretion calls and commands him away to Lisbon; and all the fruit of his journey that he shall carry thither with him, is this, that, for injoying fair Berinthia to his Wife, he conceives far more reason to hope, than to dispair. Next death, there is no fecond affliction fo grievous, or bitter to Lovers, as separation and parting : this Berinthia feels, but will not acknowledg; and this Antonio acknowledgeth because he feels. After Supper, taking her to a window, he secretly prayes her to honour him with the acceptance of a poor Scarf, and plain pair of Gloves (which notwithstanding were infinitely rich, and wonderfully fair) in token of his affection; and the, the morn of his departure, by Diego his Page, fends him a Handkerchief curiously wrought with hearts and flames, of filk and gold, in fign of her thankfulness. He promiseth Berinthia to write, and see her shortly; and Catalina entreats him to be no stranger to Avere. To Catalina he gives many words, but few killes; to Berinthia, many killes, but more tears: His departure makes Berinthia fad, as grieving at his absence; and Catalina joyful as hoping of his return: Catalina triumphs for joy, hoping that Antonio shall be her husband; and Berinthia, now begins to look pale with forrow, fearing the shall not be so happy as to be his wife. By this time Breakfast is served in, when Sebastiano comes, takes Amonio and his two Sisters, and carries them to the Parlor, where Vilarezo and his Wife Alphanta attend Antonio's coming. They all fit down, and although their fare be curious yet Antonio's eyes feed upon more curious dainties; as the frankling eyes, flaxen hair, and vermilion cheeks of Berinthia's incomparable beauty, which is observed of all parts, except of Be inthia, who is so secret and cautious in her carriage, as although her affection yet her discretion, will not permit her modesty either to observe or see it. Breakfast ended, Antonio taking Vilarezo and his wife Alphanta apart, first gives infinite thanks for his honourable and courteous entertainment, and then very earneflly again prayes them not to reject his sute for their Daughter Berinthia.

Vilarezo and his wife pray Antonio to excuse his bad reception, which they know comes many wayes

short of his deserts, and also requests him to embrace their motion for their daughter Catalina. Thus, after many other complements, he takes his congee of Vilarezo, kisseth his Wise and two Daughters, first Catalina, then Berinthia, who though last in years, yet is the first Lady in his desires and thoughts, and the only Queen of his affection. So they are as it were inforced to make a virtue of necessity, and to take a short farewel, instead of a more folemn, which either of them wished, and both desired; but their eyes dictate to their hearts, what their tongues cannot express; and o Antonio and Sebastiano take Coach and away for Li bone; Antonio as much triumphing in the beauty of his sair Berinthia, as his friend Sebastiano grieves, that on his two Sisters, Antonio would not accept of Catalina, nor his Father consent to give him Berinthia for Wise: notwith standing they confirm their familiarity and friendship with many interchangeable and reciprocal protestations, that sith they cannot be Brothers, they will live and dye dear and intimate Friends: but I fear the

contrary.

Being arrived at Lisbon, Antonio feels firange alterations in his thoughts and passions: For now he is so intangled in the Petters of Berinthia's Beauty and Virtues, that he will see no other object but her Idea, nor (almost) speak of any Lady but of her self: and in these his amorous contemplations he both rejoyceth and triumpheth; but again, remembring the affurance of Vilarezo his refusal, and the incertainty of Berinthia's affection and consent, his hopes are nipt in their blofsoms, and his joyes assoon fade as sourish; he wishesh that Avero were Lisbon, and either himself in Avero with Berinthia, or the in Lighon with him. To attempt the one, he holds it as great a folly, as a vanity to wish the other: But he bethinks himself of a remedy for this his perplexity, and reputes himself obliged in the bonds, as well of respect, as love, to write to his fair Berinthia; and then again he fears that it will find a difficult passage and access to her, because of her Father's diffaste, and Sister's jealousie. But the Sun of his affection doth soon dispel and diffipate these doubts, or rather disperse them as Clouds before the Wind: And now to prevent those who might attempt to intercept his Letters, he bethinks himself of an invention, as worthy as commendable in a Lover; He writes Berinthia a Letter, and accompanying it with a rich Diamond, sends it her by Diego his own Page, to Avero: whom purposely, and feignedly he causeth to arm himself with this prefext and colour, that he is in love with Anfilva, the Lady Catalina's Waiting-Gentlewoman, and hath gotten leave of his Master to come to Avero to feek her in marriage; where, after some fifteen daies after, he arrives, and very tecretly delivers his Master's Ring and Letter to Berinthia, who (sweet Lady) was then tost with the wind of fear, and the waves of forrow, that in all this time the heard not from Antonio, doubting indeed left the change of air, places, and objects, might have power to change his affection; when now blushing for joy, as much as she before looked pale for forrow, the takes the Ring and Letter, and kiffing both, the fecretly flyes to her Chamber, when bolting the door, the with as much affection as impatience, breaking up the feals, therein findes thefe

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

Sweet Berinthia, wert thou as courteous as fair, thou wouldst rest as considered of my affiction as I do of thy beauty, and then as much rejoyce in that, as I triumph in this: but as my tongue lately manted power, so now doth my pen Art, to inform thee how dearly I love thy beauty, and honour thy virtues, so as could thy thoughts prie into mine, or my heart be so happy to distate to thine, those should know, and this see, that Antonio is ambitious of no other earthly felicity, than either to live thy busband, or die thy Martyr. Think with thy self, how far thou undervaluest, and un-requirest my Zeal, when I will dispair of loving Catalina, and yet cannot hope that Berinthia will affect me: Only therefore in thee (sweet Lady) it remains, either to crown my joyes by thy consent, or to immortalize my torments by thy resulal. Be pleased therefore, fair Berinthia, to signific me thy resolution that I may knowney doom, and prepare my self, either to wed thee or my grave.

ANTONIO

Berinhia, having again and again perused and o're-read this Letter, gives it a thousand kisses for his sake who wrote and sent it her; and so very secretly locks it up in her Casket, as also the Diamond, and now attends opportunity to confer privately with Diago, when he will resolve to return to his Master at Lishon that she may return him an answer, though not so sweet as he expects, yet not so bitter as he fears. In the mean time Diego delivereth her Father Vilarezo his Master's Letter, in favour of his (pretended) sute to Ansilva, as also in thankfulness of his entertainment, without naming either Catalina, or Berinthia, his Daughters, or once mentioning his return to Avero, whereat Vilarezo grieves, and Catalina bites the lip: But Berinthia cannot but smile to see Antonio his invention for the safe delivery of his Letters, nor yet refrain from

laughing in her self, to see how cunningly his Page Diego, courts Ansilva; for he makes such demonstration of love to her, and she is so enamoured of him, that Catalina thinks a short time will finish this match; but he and her Sister Eerinthia knows the contrary. Diego at the end of three dayes is desirous to depart, and Berinthia extreamly glad of his resolution to stay no longer: so she betakes her self to her Chamber, and writes this Letter to her Antonio, in answer of his.

BERINTHIA to ANTONIO.

HAD I not been more courteous to thee, that I am fair to my felf, thou hadft not tafted so much of my affection, nor I so many of my Father's frowns; and although thy tongue and pen have acquainted me with thy rich zeal intended and devoted to my poor merits, yet in ig with thy self, whether it be fit for me to requite thee with observance, or him that gave me my being with disobedience. As I desire not to have thee die my Martyr, so my Father will not permit thee to live my Husband; and yet, as it is out of my power to remedy the first, so it is not impossible for time to effect and compass the last inthat I resolve to give thee too much hope, rather that I aim to take away some of thy despair, to the end I may sind thee as constant in thy affection, as thou me sincere in my constancy. My Sister's jealouse of me, and my Father's distaste of thee zinvite thee to manage this favour of mine with as much secrecy as circums; ection.

BERINTHIA.

Having folded up, and sealed her letter, she finds out Diego, and beckens him to follow her to the Garden; where, in one of the Bowers, she delivers him this Letter, together with a rose of Opales, the which, in token of her love, she conjures him with safety and speed to deliver to his Master Don Antonio. Diego having his dispatch of Berinthia, soon gives Ansilva hers, promising to return some three weeks after; at which time he prayes her to expect him; when thanking Vilarezo for his kind entertainment, and he bidding him tell his matter, he would be glad to see him in Avero, he leaps to

horse, and so posts away for Lisbon.

I cannot relate with what incredible, and infinite joy, Antonio receives this Letter and Ring from Berimbia : and, to write the truth, I think the Letter foarce contained fo many fyllables as he often read it over and killed it. He sees Berinthia's modesty resplend and shine in her affection, and her affection in her modesty towards him, wherein he glories in that, rejoyceth in this, and triumphs in both : but although he be sure of her affection, yet he is not of her self; for he sees her Letter containeth many verbal complements, but all of them not one real promife; and therefore he cannot repute his tranquillity and felicity compleat, e're he be crowned with this happiness; besides, he sears that his absence and her Father's presence, may in tract of time, by degrees cool the fervency of Berinthia's affection; and yet then, he as foon checks his own timidity, in conceiving the least suspition of her constancy. Now he thinks to acquaint his intimate friend, and her dear Brother, Sebastiano, with their affections, but then he condemns that opinion, and revokes it as erronious and dangerous, and contrary to the rules of love, in failing without the compals of Berinthia advice and commands; by the which, he holds it both fafety and discretion to steer his course and actions. Again, he so infinitely and earnestly longs to re-see his dear and sweet Mistress, as he resolves to ride over again to Avero; but the obstinacy of Vilarezo, and the jealousie of Catalina, makes him end that journey e're he began it. In this perplexity, and contestation of reasons, he is irresolute what, or what not to do; but in fine, confidering that delayes are dangerous in matters of this nature, he packs up his baggage, and taking his farewell of Sebastiano, under pretext of his health, leaves Lisbon, and the Duke his Lord and Master, and retires to his own home at Elvas (where his Father dying some three years before, had left him sole heir to many rich Manors and Possessions) purposely hereby to be near to Avero, that he might give order for all things, and let slip no occasion in the process and prosecution of his affection. The second day after his arrival to Elvas, it being well-near a month since he sent his first, and till then his last Letter to Berinthia, he now again dispatcheth his Page Diego with a second Letter to her, by whom he sends a Chain of rich Pearl, and a Pair of Gold Bracelets, richly inameled. Diego's arrival is pleasing to Ansilva, but extreamly joyful to Berinthia; only it nipt Catalina's hopes, because she could not understand by him any certain resolution or assurance of his Masters coming thither. Diego hath no sooner saluted his Ansitva, but (as his more important business) he seeks means to speak with Berinthia, which she her self profereth him; he delivers her his Master Tokens and Letter, which she very joyfully receiveth, and so trips away to her Chamber, where opening the feals, the therein finds thefe words.

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

It is impossible for my pen to express the joyes my heart received at the reading of thy Letter: and as I dispraise not thy obedience to thy Father, so infinitely both praise and prize thy affection to me. A thousand times I kissed thy lines, and as often blest the hand that wrote them; and although they gave me hope for despair, yet, not to dissemble, these hopes have brought me doubt, and doubt star; not that thou lovest me; for that were to disparage my judiment, in seeking to prophane thy affection; but that thou with not please to accept of my pronuse, nor return me thine: wherein, if thou wigh the fervency of my love. I hope thou wilt not tax the incredulity of my fear; for till I am so happy, not only to hope, but to assure my solf that Berinthia will be Antonio's, as Antonio is already Berinthia's, I must need sear, and therefore cannot traly rejoyce. I have left Lisbon, to reside at Elvas; therefore fair and d ar Laty, I besetch thee destinate me, dispose my service, and command both. I long to injoy the selicity of thy presence; for I take beaven to witness, thy absence is my hell upon earth.

ANTONIO.

Berinthia having read this Letter, the approves of Antonio's fear, and attributes it to the fervency and fincerity of his affection; the esteems her self-infinitely happy in her good fortune, and choice of so brave a Cavalier for her servant, who she hopes a little time will make her husband; to which end she will no longer feed him with delayes, but now resolves, by his Page Diego, at his return, to signific him so much; and in a word, to send him her heart, as she hath already received

his. But the knows not what the Interim of this time will bring forth.

Pals we from Berinthia to her Sifter Catalina, whose affection is likewise such to Antonio, as by this time the hath perswaded and induced her Father Vilarezo to write him a Letter in her behalf by Diego, thereby to draw his resolution, whether he intend to seek her for his Wife or no, or at least to invite him to Avero. And although his affection to her Sister Berinthia be kept from her, yet the not only suspects, but fears it. Glad she is of the opportunity of Diego his being there, to convey her Fathers Letter to his Master; and yet that joy of hers is soon dissolved into grief, because all this time he never vouchsafed to write to her : her affection to him flattereth her still with hope, and yet her judgment in her felf still suggesteth her despair; for she hath alwayes the image of this conceit in her imagination, that Antonio loves her Sister Berinthia, and not her self: her suspition makes her subtil, and so she deals with Ansilva to draw the truth hereof from Diego, who having learned his lesson, acteth his part well; and I know not, whether with more fidelity or difcretion, flatly denies it; But lo, here betides an accident, which bewrayes the whole Mystery and History of their affections. On a Sunday-morning, when Berinthia was descended to the Garden to gather flowers, against her going to Church with her Father and Mother, her Silter Catalina rusheth into her chamber, to seek the History of Gervantez, which the day before she had lens her; and not finding it either on the Table or the Window, seeks in the pocket of her Gown, that she wore the day before; and there unwittingly, and unexpectedly finds the last Letter that Antonio had fent her; whereby she perceived, it was in vain to hope to injoy Antonio, fith she now apparently faw, that he was her Sifter Berinebia's, and she his. Catalina is hereat both so rowful and glad; forrowful, that the should lose Antonio, and glad, that the had found this Letter. And now to shew her affection to him, and her malice to her Sister, she will try her wits, to see whether she can frustrate Berinthia, and so obtain Antonio for her self. The passions of men may easily be found out and detected, but the secrets and malice of women difficultly. To which end Catalina shews this Letter to her Father, who exceedingly storms hereat, and with checks and frowns, curbs Berinthia of her Liberty, and and resolves in his first Letter to Antonio, to forbid him his house, and her company, except he will leave Berinthia, and take Catalina: and suspecting that his Page Diego's courting of Anfilva, was but only a policy and colour, thereby to conveigh Letters betwixt his Daughter Berinthia and his Master, he once thought to him his congee, and prohibit him his house, had not Calina prayed the contrary, who would no way displease her Waiting-Gentlewoman Ansilva, because the was to use her aid and afistance in a matter of great importance; the unlocking and dilating whereof is thus.

Catalina her affection to Antonio, and consequently her malice to her Sister Berinthia is so violent, that as her Father hath bereaved her of a great part of her liberty, so she is so bloody and gruel, as she vows to deprive her of her life. A hellish resolution in any woman, but a most unnatural and damnable attempt of one Sister to another: but wanting Faith, which is the foundation and bulwark; and Religion, which is the preservative and antidote of our souls, she runs so wilfully hood-wink'd from God to the Devil, as she will advance, and distains to retire, till her malicious and jealous thirst be quenched with her Sister's blood. To which end she per-

fwades

fwades and bribes Anfilva with a hundred Duckets to poyfon her Sifter Berinthia, and promifeth her so much more when the hath effected it : whereunto this wretched and execrable young Waiting Gentlewoman confenteth, and in brief promifeth to perform it: But God hath otherwife decreed and ordained. To which end the fends into the City for fome strong poyfon by an unknown Meffenger, which is instantly brought her in a small Gally-pot. But let us here both admire and wonder at God's miraculous discovery, and prevention thereof: For, that very night, when Anfilva had determinately resolved to have poysoned the Lady Berintbia, Diego feeks out his Mistris Ansilva and finds her solitarily alone in one of the closest over-shadowed Bowers of the Garden, whom he falutes and entertains with many amorous discourses, and more kiffes; in the midst whereof his nose fell suddenly on bleeding, whereat he admired, and the grieved, till at last having bloodied all his own handkerchief, Anfilva rusheth hastily to her pocket for hers for him, which fuddenly drawing forth, her affection to Diego having made her quite forget her poyfon, he with her handkerchief draws out the Galley-pot, which falling on the floor of the Bower (that was paved with square stones) it immediately burst in pieces, when Diego's Spaniel licking up the poylon, instantly swell'd, and died before them. Whereat Diego grew amazed, but far more Anfilva, who blufhing with shame, and then growing pale for fear, could not invent either what to fay or do, at the strangeness or suddenness of this accident. Diego presseth her to know for whom this poyson was provided, and of whom she had it. Her answers are variable, and are so far from agreeing, as they contradict each other, which breeds in her the more fear, and in him aftonishment. He conjures her by all the bonds of their affection, to different it, with many millions of protestations professeth it shall die with him; he adds vows to his requests, oaths to his vows, and kisses to his oaths; so as Maids can difficultly conceal any thing from their Lovers, but especially fearing that he might peradventure sufpect that this poyfon was meant and intended for him; she at last vanquished with his importunacy, and this confideration, discovereth (as we have formerly understood) that Caralina had won her, therewith to poylon her Sifter Berinthia, because she suspected she was better beloved of his Master Don Antonio than her felf. Diego is infinitely astonished at the strangeness of this news, and like a true and faithful Page to his Master, having drawn this worm from Anfilva's nose, and this news from her tongue, under a colour to seek a remedy to stop his blood, giving her may kiffes, and promising her his speedy return, he leaves her in the Garden, and so very speedily finds out Berinthia, to whom (with as much truth as curiosity) he from point to point reveals it: praying her to be careful not to receive any thing, either from Catalina or Anfilva, and withal to write, for the next morning he will hye to Elvas to reveal it to his Master. Berinthia trembles at the report of this strange and unexpected news: so having sirst thanked God for the discovery of this poylon, and her Sister's malice, she promised him a Letter to his Master, and heartily thanks him for his fidelity and affection towards her, the which she voweth to requite; and for a pledg and earnest thereof, draws off a Diamond from her singer, and gives it him for this good office.

No sooner hath Aurora leapt from the watery bed of Thetis, and Phabus discovered his golden beams in the azured Firmament of Heaven, but Diego causeth his horse to be made ready and tells Ansilva, that his Father had sent for him to meet him at La Secco, and that he will

not fail to be back with her within three days. Being ready to depart,

He, under colour of giving order for his horse, leaves her, and steals into Berinthia's Chamber; whom (poor Lady) sear would not permit to take any rest or sleep that night, the which she had partly worn out and imployed in writing her mind to her dear Antonio, and knowing her self not safe in Avero with her Father and Sister, she resolved to commit her honour, and her life into his protection; yea, she had no sooner sinished and sealed her Letter to that effect, but Diego comes and knocks softly at her Chamber-door. Berinthia in her Night-govvn and attire is ready for him: she admits him, and commends his care, gives him her Letter to his Master, and prays him to use all possible diligence in his return; and so having received all her commands, he secretly descends the stairs; and taking leave of Vilarezo, and sattly kissing his Mistris Ansilva, he leaps to horse, rides the sirst Stage, there leaves his Gennet, and takes Post.

Leave vve Diego posting tovvards Elvas, and come vve to Catalina, vvhose malice finding no rest, nor her revenge remedy, she that very morn, as soon as Ansilva came into her Chamber, demands whether she be prepared to perform her own promise, and her hopes? She answereth her Lady, that less than three days shall effect it, and give a period to all her Sister Berinthia's. Whereat she is exceeding glad, but all this while ignorant what Diego hath seen, and Berinthia knows to this effect; Ansilva presuming on Diego his sidelity, and building on his secrecy; and therefore less suspecting his journey to Elvas, remains still so graceles and impious in her bloody resolution, as she now not only presumes, but assures her self that Berinthia is near the ebbe of her days, and the setting of her life, and therefore like an execrable Agent of the Devil,

The

the hath now made ready and provided her felf of a fecond poyloned potion, which the no ways doubts but shall fend her to her last sleep. But this femal Monster, this bloody she-Empeperick may be deceived in her art.

In the interim of which time, Diego arrives at Elvan, and finds out his Matter, to whom he very hastily delivers Berinthia's Letter, the which Antonio having kissed, breaks off the seals, and there, contrary to his hopes, but not to his desires, read these lines,

BERINTHIA to ANTONIO.

MY Sifter Catalina's malice is so extream to me, sith my affection is such to thee, as the degenerates not only from Grace but Nature, and seeks to bereave me of my life. This Bearer, thy Page, whom, I pray, love for my sake, sith he, under God, hath now preserved me for thine, will more fully and particularly acquaint thee with the manner thereof. So sith there is no safety for me in my Father's house, into whose arms and protection shall throw my self, but only into thine, of whose true and sincere affection I am so constant and consident, as I rest assured thou wilt show thy self, thy self, in preserving my life with bonour, and mine bonour with my life? It is no point of disobedience in me to my Father, but of dear respect to mine own life, and therefore to thee, for, and by whom I live, that makes me so carnestly define both thy assistance and sight, sith the sirst will lead me from despair, the second to hope and joy, and both to content; till when sear and love, with much impatiency, make me think hours years, and minutes months.

BERINTHIA.

Antonio is amazed at this strange and unexpected news, and curiously gathers all the Circumstances thereof from his Page, when love, sear, hope, sorrow, and joy, act their several parts, as well in his heart as countenance; when prizing Berinthia's life and safety a thousand times before his own, he with great expedition dispatcheth away Diego the same night to Avero, with this ensuing Letter, which he commands him to deliver to his Mistris Berinthia, with all possible speed and secret.

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

that damnable malice of thy Sifter Catalina to thy felf for my sake, in such fort, as I know not whether I more rejoyce at the one, than detest the other. Having therefore signst thanked God for thy happy, and miraculous preservation, I next commend my Page, as the second canse of the discovery thereof, and this sidelity of his shall neither be forgotten or unrequited. Think how tedious time is to me, sith I blame, nour to see thee, and the selicity to a signst thee. I return it thee Post by Diego, who brought me thine, and my Coach-man tells me, I shall rather sy than run towards thee. Let the precise hour, I beseech thee, be stern of thy Father's Arbour; where, let the light of thy Candle be my signet, and the report of my Pistol be thine. I am throwing away my Pen, were it not to signife thee, that my Sword shall protect thy life, and mine honour preserve thine; as also that Autonio thinks himself the most unfortunate man of the world, till Berinthia be impaled in his arms, or he encloystered in hers.

ANTONIO.

Whiles Diego is posting to Avero, Antonio his Master is preparing to follow him, taking (the next morn) his Coach with six Horses, and three resolute Gentlemen his friends, to assist him, with each his Rapier and case of Pistols. Diego sirst arrives at Avero, yea, a day and two nights before him. Ansiba checks him for his long stay; and Berinthia a thousand times thanks him for his speedy return. He delivers her his Masters Letter, and prays her to prepare her self against the prefixed hour. She reads her Antonio's Letter with much joy and comtort, which her looks testific, and her heart proclaimeth to her thoughts: she will not be slack or backwards in a matter which so deeply imports her wel-sare and content; so with all possible secrecy packs up the chiefest of her Apparel & Jewels in a small trunk, or casket, wisheth the hour to come that she were either in Antonio's arms, or he in hers: & for Diego, he case the solution a mist and ny thing. But lo, a second treachery is provided to effect that which the inst could not; and indeed, which went near to have performed it, had not God miraculously and indulgently reached forth his hand to prevent it: for Catalina still perseveres in her inveterate and deadly malice towards her Sister Berinthia, as is God had not yet taught her, or rather, that she would

not learn the way from Satan; or Grace instructed and directed her from the impiety of so foul a fin, as the murthering of her own and only Sifter. For the very night that Antonio had promised and assigned to setch Berinthia, as she had betimes retired her telf to her chamber, under colour to go to bed, and ready to put on her night abiliments, in comes Anfilva, fent by her good and kind (or rather wicked and cruel) fifter, with a fweet Posset, (or rather a deadly poyton in her hand, in a filver covered cup) telling her, that her Lady had drunk one half, and ient her the other, it being (as the affirmed) very cold and refreshing for the liver against the hornefs of the weather. But Berinthia being torewarned, is armed by her former danger; yet she feems joyful thereof, and so accepts it, returning her fifter Catalina thanks, saying, she wil drink it e're the go to bed; only the prays Anfilva first to fetch her Prayer-book, and gloves which in the morn the had left in her Sitters Chamber. So whiles the is wanting, the privately pours it into a filver bason in her Study, and washing the cup three or four several times, the fills some Almond milk therein; and Anfilva being returned, takes the faid cup, and prays her to tell her Sifter, that the drinks it to her health, and withal gives her the good night: and so likewise doth Ansilva to her. But what a good night thought she in her heart and conscience, when she knew Berinibia should never see day more ? So away she trips to her Lady Catalina, who demands her it the butiness be dispatched, and her Sister gone to her rest? Who replys, she hath drunk her laft, and is gone to her eternal reft. But they are both deceived in their malicious Arithmetick. For, although Catalina extreamly rejoyce in the confident and affured death of her lifter, yet God ordaineth, that their bloody hopes shall deceive them: as mark the sequel,

and you shall see how.

About an hour after Anfilva's departure, by Berinthia's order and appointment, in wonderful fecret fort in comes Diego to her Chamber, to await the hour of his Matters arrival, and to affift her in her escape and departure. Berinthia acquaints him with the potion her Sifter Catalina had right now fent her by Anfilva: he is aftonished at this news, as being affured it was poylon, and humbly prays her to make proof hereof on Catalina's Parrot, which that afternoon she had brought with her into her Chamber: and so by her consent Diego takes the Parrot, and with a spoon forceth some down its throat: Who poor harmless bird, immediately swells and dies before them. They both wonder hereat, and Berintbia at one instant both grieves and rejoyceth, grieves at her Sifter Catalina's malice and cruelty, and rejoyceth for her happy deliverance : first praising God as the Author, then thanking Diego as the instrument thereof : and so they throw the remainder of the poyson out at the window, and lay the dead Parrot on the table. And now Berintbia attending and waiting the hour of her happiness, which is that of her Antonio's arrival, and of her own departure, with as much defire as impatiency; Diego often looking on the hour glass, and Berinibia a thousand times on her Watch. So at last with a longing, longing-defire, the joyful hour of twelve is come, wherein Antonio arrives: he fees the happy light of her candle, and the hears the fweet mulick of his Pittol, which reviveth and ravisheth these two Lovers, in the heaven of unexpressible joy and content; when all things being hush'd up in silence, and every person of the house soundly sleeping, Diego softly takes up the small trunk, and Berinthia as secretly sollows him: and so they wonderful privately slip into the first Court, & from thence to the postern-door of the Garden, where Antonio with a thoufand kiffes receives her in his arms, having no other light but the luftre of her eyes to light them : for the Moon, that bright Cynthia, had conspired and consented to Berinthia's escape, and therefore purposely withdrawn her brightness by hiding and inveloping her self in the darkness of an obscure cloud. Antonio locking this sweet prize, this his dear and sweet Berinthia in his arms, he with the three Gentlemen his friends conduct her to the end of the ffreet; and Diego following them with the Casket, where they all privately and filently take Coach, and having opened the City gate with a filver key, away they speed for Elvas with all possible celerity; but I write with grief, that as thele affections of Antonio and Berinthia begin in joy, fo (I fear) they will end in as much forrow and mifery.

Leave we them now in their journey for Elvas, and return we to Avero to bloody Catalina, and wretched Anfilva, who lying remote from Berinthia's Chamber, could not possible hear so much as the least step of her descent & departure, although their malice were so extream as to write the truth, they all that night could not sleep for joy that Berinthia was dispatched: so they prepare themselves against the morn, to hear some pitiful out-cries in the house for Berinthia's death: but seeing it near ten of the Clock, and no rumour nor stir heard, they both (as they were accussomed) went into her Chamber, thinking to feast their eyes upon the lamentable object of this breathless Gentlewoman: but contrary to their bloody hopes, they find the nest, I mean the bed, empty, and Berinthia not dead, but escaped and slown away: Only Catalina, instead of her Sister, sinds her own Parrot dead on the table. They are astonished at this news, and look fearfully and desperately each on other. Ansilva sor her part protests and vows, that

the law Berinthia drink the poyfon. But finding Berinthia's finall trunk wanting, and hearing Diego gone, then Catalina knows for certain, that she was escaped, and her poyloning plot detected and prevented. So they give the alarum in the house, and she goes directly and acquaints her Father, Mother, and Brother of her Sifter Berintbia's flight, but speaks not a word of the poy son, or of the Parrots death. Vilarezo grieves to see himselt robbed of his daughter, and Sebaftiano of his Sifter: but when they understand that Diego was gone with her, then they are confidently affured, that Antonio hath carried her away, which is confirmed them by the Porter of the City, who told them, that 'twixt twelve and one, a Coach with a Lady, and four Cavaliers, and a Page (drawn by tix horses) past the gate very speedily. Vilarezo and his ion & bastiano storm at this affront and disgrace, they consult what to do herein: so first, they resolve to fend one to Elvas, to know, yea or no, whether Berinthia be there with Antonia? The Melfenger fent, returns, and affures them thereof, as also, that Antonio is retired from Elvas, to a Cattle of his without the walls of the City, where it is reported he keeps the Lady Berinthia with much honour and respect. Had old Vilarezo had his health and strength, he would himself in perfon have undertaken this journey, but being fick of the Gout, he fends his fon Sebajfiano to Elvas, accompanied with fix resolute Gentlemen, his neer allies, and friends, to draw reason of Antrnio for this affront and difgrace; and so either by Law, Force, Policy, or Perswasion, to bring back Berimbia. Schaftiano knowing Berimbia to be his Sifter, and Antonio his former, ancient and intimate friend, with a kind of unwilling willingness accepts of this journey: he comes to Elvas, and finds his former intelligence true, he repairs to Antonio's Castle, accompanied with his fix Affociates. Antonio admits them all into the first Court, and only two more of them into the fecond, where he falutes them kindly, and bids them all welcome to his Castle. Sebaltiano lays before him the foulness of his fact, in stealing away his Sister in that clandestine and base manner, the scandal which he hath laid upon her, and consequently on all their family and blood, tells him that his Father and himfelt are resolved to have her again at what price foever; and therefore conjures him by the respect of his own honour, and by the consideration and remembrance of all their former friendship, to deliver him his Sister Berintbia. Antonio an-Iwereth Sebastiano, that it was an honourable affection, and no base respect which led him to assist his Sister Berinthia in her flight and escape: that he never was nor would be a just scandal either to her, her family, or blood, that his malicious Sister Catalina was the author and cause thereof, who by her waiting Gentlewoman Anfilva had twice lought to poylon her: and therefore, lith he could not deliver her with her own fafety, and his honour and conscience, he was refolved to protect her in his Caftle, against any who soever, that should seek either to enforce

Sebastiano is perplexed at this strange news, and wondreth at Antonio's resolution : so do the two Gentlemen with him. He defires Antonio that he may fee and speak with his Sister Berinthia; the which he freely and honourably grants: and to taking him by the hand, they enter the Hall, where Berinibia having notice hereof (accompanied with two of Antonio's Sifters) foon comes, and with chearful countenance advanceth towards her Brother: he falutes her, and the first him, then the other two Gentlemen her Cousins Sebastiano prays Antonio, that he may confer a part with his Sifter. Antonio replys, that his Sifter Berintbia's pleasure shall ever be his. She willingly confents hereunto, when he taking her by the hand, conducts her to the farthest window, and there shews her, her disobedience to her rather, her dishonour to her felf. and grief to her friends, for this her unadviled and rash flight, and so perswades her to return: and that if the intend to marry Antonio, this is not the way, but rather a course as irregular as shameful. His Sister Berinthia deliver him at full the cause of her departure, and very constantly affirms what Antonio had formerly told him of her Sister Catalina's two several attempts to poylon her by her waiting Geutlewoman Ansilva, though with more ample circumflance and dilation: and to tellifie the truth, Diego is produced, who vows and protests the same. Sebastiano checks her of folly and cruelty, shews her, that in seeking to wrong others, she only wrongs her felf; that in inventing and casting a seigned crime on her Sister Catalina, she makes her own conspicuous and true; that she hath no safety but in her return: whereunto with many reasons he seeks to perswade and induce her.

His Sister Berinthia again answereth him, that there is no safety for her in Avero, and that she cannot expect greater than she finds in Elvas: she prays him to think charitably and honourably of her departure, and if ever her Father will love her, she requests him not to hate, but to love Antonio, whose Castle she finds a Sanctuary, both for her honour and life; taking God and his Angels, her conscience and soul to witness, that her Sister Catalina's crime is true, and not seigned. Sebastiano seeing Antonio resolute, and his Sister wisful and obstinate, begins to take leave, telling her, that he will leave her to her folly, that to her shame, & her shame to her repentance, and so concludes to go into the City, to resolve on what he hath to do, for her good and his

own honour. Antonio prayes him toldine in his Castle with his Sister: but he resusse hit; faith he hath given the first breach to their friendship, and his own honour, which he shall repent, if not repair; and so departs. Being come into the City, he consults this business with the Gentlemen, his affociates, and both himself and they are of opinion to send one post to acquaint his Father herewith, and so to crave his pleasure and resolution how he shall bear himself herein. It is ever an excellent point both of Wisdom and Discretion, for a Son to steer his actions by the compass of his Father's commands. His Cousen Villandras undertakes this journey to Avero. Old Vilanezo is perplexed and grieved at this report, and instead of comfort, receives more afflictions: his care, curiosity, passion, and grief, severally examineth, first Catalina then Ansilva, who (like Theeves in a Fair, or Murtherers in a Forrest) he finds equally constant in their denial, being so devoid of grace, and repleat of impiety, as they consirm and maintain their innocencies with many bitter oaths and assertations: So, he returns Villandras to Eivas with this Letter to his Son Sebassiano

VILAREZO to SEBASTIANO.

Commend thy wisdom, as much as I dispraise Antonio's resolution, and grieve at thy Sister Berinthia's solly and disobedience. I have carefully and curiously examined the two parties, whom I find as innocent as constant in the true denial of their falsely objected crimes. I have consulted with Name and Honour, how herein I might be directed by them, and consequently, thou by me, so they suggest me this advice, and I advise thee this resolution, Either by the Law of the Kingdom, or by that of the Sword, with expedition to return me my Daughter, thy Sister Berinthia; and let not the Oratory either of Antonio's tongue, or her tears perswade thee to the contrary; for then as she is guilty of our dishonours, so we shall be accessary to hers. Let me understand thy proceeding kerein, and according as occasion shall present, if my sickness and wakness will not have me, I not with standing will leave Avero to see Elvas.

VILAREZO.

Whiles Sebastiano is consulting how to free his Sister Berinthia from the power of Antonio, speak we a little of Catalina, who (a skilful in subtilty as malice) seeing her treachery and bloody intents revealed, thinks it now high time to make away and poyson Ansilva; grounding her resolution on this maxim, both of policy and state, That dead folks do neither harm, nor tell tales. But behold here the Justice and Providence of God! she who laid snares for others, must now be taken in them her self: a punishment which the sin of this wretced Gentlewoman finds, because deserved. There is no vice nor malice, but have their pretexts and colours; Catalina finds fault with two or three red pimples that Ansilva hath in her face, which she will have taken away: She sends for an Emperick, one Pedro Sermiata, and profereth him one hundred Duckets to poyson her, which, like a limb of the devil he undertakes, and insusing poyson in some potions, he administreth it her: she the very next day dyes: a fit reward and punishment for so graceless and bloody a Gentlewoman, who (as we have formally seen) made no religion nor conscience, to attempt two several times to poyson the fair and virtuous Berinthia.

Whiles this Tragedy is acting at Avero, Sebastiano begins to act another in Elvas, but a thousand times less impious, and more honourable: For having received his Father's order by Villandras, he now fends him into the Castle, to take Antonio's and Berinthia's last resolution: he is admitted to them: Villandras directs his speech first to Berinthia, then to Antonio, to whom he relateth his message, and Sebastiano's pleasure. Berinthia returns him this answer; Couzen Villandras, recommend me courteoully to my Brother Schaftiano, and tell him my first arswer and resolution is, and shall be my last. And (quoth Antonio) I pray ye likewise inform him from me, that Berinthia's will is my law, and her resolution mine, and that I will be as careful as willing and ready to lose my life, in defence and preservation of hers. Villandras returns and acquaints Sebastiano with this their last resolutions, from which he alledgeth it is impossible for them to be disswaded or diverted. Schastians is beaten with two contrary and irrefolute winds, what to do in a business of this nature, either to recover his Sister by Law, or by Arms: by Law, he holds it a course both cowardly and prejudicial; by Arms he fees he must kill himself or his friend; to undertake the first, would be the laughter of Antonio; and not to attempt the lecond, the shame of all Portugal and Spain: he therefore prefers geerosity before reason, and passion above judgment, and so resolves to fight with Antonio; to which end he makes choice of his Couzen Villanaras for his Second, and the next morn fends him to the Castle with this Challenge.

SEBASTIANO to ANTONIO.

I Must either return mov Sister Besinthia to Avero, or lose my lif here at Elvas, for I had rather dye, than here to set her dishonour, sith here is mine: neither do I first infringe or violate the bonds of our L 2 sami-

familiarity, rather thy self, sith thou are both the author and cause hereof: wherefore of two things resolve in one, either history to morrow morning at six of the clock render me my differ Berinthia, or else at that hour meet me on soot, with thy Second, in the square green meadow under thine own Castle, where the choice of two single Rapiers shall await or attend thee. If thou are honourable, thou will grant my first; if generous, not deny the second request.

SEBASTIANO.

Intenio receives this Challenge, bears it privately from all the World, especially from his sweet Berinthia, who (poor Lady) little imagines or suspects her Brother and Lover are rushing forth for her fake: He returns this answer by Villandras, that he cannot grant Schaffiano his first request, nor will not deny him his second. So he chuseth a Couzen-germane of his, a valiant young Gentleman, termed Don Belasco, who willingly and freely engageth himself in this quarrel. So he and Villandras that night (with as much friendship as secrecy) meet in the City, and resolve on the Rapiers, and other ceremonies requisite in Duels. The morn appears, when our Combatants leap from their beds to the field; where, a little before fix (being the appointed hour) all parties appear: the Seconds perform their offices in vifiting the principals, who cast off their doublets and draw, and so traversing their ground, they, with judgment and generosity, fall to their business; at the first close, Antonio is wounded in the right arm, and Sebastiano in the left side, which glanced on a rib; at the second, Sebastiano wounds Antonio betwixt the breast and shoulder, a little above his right pap, and he him clean thorow the body, of a large and dangerous wound, whence issueth forth abundance of blood: fo they divide themselves and take breath: they again sall to it, and at this third close, Sebastiano repayes Antonio with a mournful and fatal interest; for he runs him thorow the body on the left side a little below the heart; whereof staggering, he falls, and so Sebastiano dispatcheth him, and nails him to the ground stark dead. Villandras congretulates with him for his victory, which Sebastiano with much modesty ascribes to the power and providence of God, and not to the weakness of his own arm. Belasco is no way daunted with the missortune and death of his Principal. but rather like a generous Gentleman, and a valiant Second, refolves to fell it dearly to Villandras. They are not long unsheathing of their Rapiers; for as soon as Belasco had covered up Antonio with his Cloak, they approach; at their first meeting, Belasto slightly hurts Villandras in the right shoulder, and Villandras him thorow the body and reins with a fatal wound, wherewith his sword tell from him, and he to the ground; who fearing and prefaging his death, he with a faint language begs his life of Villandras, who, at the fight and hearing hereof, throws away his own Rapier, and stoops to affist him. But in vain; for it is not in his power to give him his life; for by this time he is dead, and his foul departed to another world.

This tragical news is foon known and bruited in Eivas, whereof the Criminal Judges of that City remit Sebastiano with as much ease as Villandras with difficulty (in favour of money and friends) and obtain their pardons. And now the news hereof flyes to Antonio's Castle, where his dead body and that of Belafer are speedily conveyed and brought, to the grief and sorrow of all those of the Castle, who bitterly weep for the disaster of their Lord and Master. But all these tears are nothing to those of Antonio's two Sisters; not theirs any thing in comparison of these of our sweet Berinthia, who is no sooner advertised hereof, but she falls to the ground with sorrow, and there wrings her hands, beats her breaft, and tears off her hair in such mournful and pittiful fort, that cruelty her felt could not refrain from tears, to fee the numberless infinity of hers: Counsel, advice, persuation, cannot persuade her to give a moderation to her mourning, or limits to her forrows: for they are so violent, as their extremity exceeds all excess. She will see the dead body of her dear Autonio; all those of the Castle are not capable to divert her ey's from this woful and pitiful objest; at the fight whereof the falls to the ground on her knees, and gives to his breathless body a thousand kisses: yea, she washeth his sweet Cheeks with a whole deluge and inundation of her falt tears : The cannot speak for fighing, nor utter a word for weeping ; only wringing her hands, the at last breathed forth these mournful and passionate speeches: O my dear Antonio, my sweet and dear Antonio, Autonio, would God my death had ransomed and prevented thine, O my Antonio, my

Autonio.

Leave we Berimbia to her passionate sorrows, and sorrowful passions, from which her Brother Sebassiano will soon awake her; who by this time as victor and conquerour, is come to the Castle-gate and demands her, where he sees himself resuled, and the draw-bridges and approaches drawn up and rampiered with Barricadoes: he craves aid of the Criminal Judges, who send the Provost with an armed company of souldiers; so they force the Castle-Gate with a Pettard, where sorrowful Berimbia is delivered into the hands of her joyful and rejoycing Brother Sebastiano, who with sweet perswassos, and advice, seeks to exhale and dry up her tears: but her affection is so great, as she is not capable of consolation. In a word, she cannot look on her brother with the eye of affection, but of revenge and indignation; yez, she wisheth her self

metamor=

metamorphosed from a Virgin to a Man, that she might be reverged of her Brother for the death of her deat Lover Antonio. Setastiano leaving the dead bodies of Antonio and Belasco to their Graves takes Coach with his incensed and sorrowful Sister Brinthia; and soleaves Elvas and returns towards Aviro; where his Father Vilarezo, and his Mother Alphania welcome him him e with praise, and their Daughter Brinthia with checks and froms, who (the best she may) smoothers her discontents; but yet vows to be revenged of her Brother, for killing the life of her joy, and joy of her life, Antonio. But all vows of this nature and quality are better broken than kept; which is Berinthia had had the grace to have considered, and made good use of, doubtless her end had proved more joyful, and not so stall and miserable.

Come we now to Catalina, who seeing the object of her affection, Antonio, dead, and her fister Berinthia returned, who, for his sake, was that of her living malice; the secretly confesseth her fault to her Sister, in seeking formerly twice to have poyloned her by Antilva, craves parden of her, vowing henceforth to convert her malice into affection, and so reconciles her self to her; whereunto her Sister Berinthia willingly condescendeth. Catalina hat made her peace with her Sister, but she hath not contracted and concluded it with God for Antilva's death. Earth may forget this Murther, but Heaven will not. God's judgments are as just as secret, and as true as wonderful; for he hath a thousand means to punish us, when we think our selves safest and surface from punishment: which our wretched Catalina, and her execrable Emperick Sarmiata shall see verified in themselves. For the smoak of this their bloody crime of Murther, hath pierced the Vaults and Windows of Heaven, and is ascended to the Nostrils of the Lord, who hath now bent his Bow, and made ready

his A trows to revenge and punish them. The manner is thus :

A Sifter of Anfilva's named Isabella, is to be married in Avero, who invites the Ladies Catalina and Berinthia to her Wedding. Berinthia is too forrowful to be so merry, as desirous rather to go to her own Grave, than to any others Nuptials: so she stayes at home, only her Sister Catalina takes Coach, with an intent to accompany the Bride-woman to Church: but fee the Providence and justice of God, how it surprize th and overtakes this wretched Gentlewoman Catalina! for as she was in her way, the Sun is instantly eclipsed, and the Skies overcast, and so a terrible and fearful Thunder-bolt pierceth her thorow the breast, and layes her near dead in her Coach; her Waitingmaids and Coach-man having no hurt, are yet amazed at this strange and dismal accident; so they they think it fit to return. Catalina is for a time speechless, her Parents are as it were dead with grief and forrow hereat, she is committed to her bed, and searched, and all her Body above her Waste, is found coal-black: the best Physicians and Chirurgians are sent for, they see her death-strucken with that Planet, and therefore adjudg their skill but vain: her strength and senses fall from her, which Catalina having the happiness to perceive, and grace to feel, will no lorger be sedneed with the Devil's temptations. The Divines prepare her foul for Heaven, and now the will no longer diffemble with man or God; the will not charge her conscience with so foul a crime as Murther, the which the knows will prove a flop to the fruition of her felicity. She confesseth, the twice procured her Waiting-Gentlewoman Ansilva to poylon her Sister Berinthia; and since that, the hath given Sarmiata one hundred Duckets to poylon the faid Anfilva, which he performed; and whereof, the humbly begs pardon of all the world, and religiously of God, whom the befeecheth to be merciful to her foul: and so, though the lived prophanely and impior fly, yet the died repentantly and religiously. Vilarezo and Alphanta, her old Parents, grieve and storm at her death, but more extreamly at the manner thereof, and especially at the confession of her bloody crimes, as well tomards living Berinthia, as dead Anhlva, onely their Daughter Berinthia is filent hereat; glad that the is freed of an enemy; forrowful, to have lost a Sister: they are infinitely vexed to publish their Daughter Catalina's crimes, yet they are inforced to it, that thereby, this Sarmiata this Agent of Hell, may receive condigne Punishment for his bloody offence here on Earth. So they acquaint the Criminal Judges hereof, who decree, Order, and Prepare for his apprehenfion. Sarmiera is Revelling and Feasting at Isabella's Wedding, to which he is appointed and requested to surnish the Sweet-meats for the Banquets; but he little thinks what source sauce there is providing for him. We are never nearer Danger, than, when we think our selves sutthets from it: and although his sinful security was such, as the Devil had made him forget his Murther of Ansilva, yet God will, and doth remember it; and lo, here comes his storm, here his apprehension, and presently his punishment. By this time the news of Catalina's sudden Death (but not of her secret confession) is published in Avera, and arrived at the Bride-house which gives both assonishment and grief to all the World, but especially to Sarmiata, whose Heart and Conscience now rings him many thundring Peals of Fear, Terrour, and Despair : his Bloody Thoughts purfue him like so many Blood-Hounds, and because he hath forfaken God, therefore the Devil will not for sake him; he counselleth him to flye, and to provide for his safeey: but what fafety to unfecute, to dangerous, or miferable for a Christian, as to throw himfelf

into the Devils protection? Sarmiata hereon fearing that Catalina had revealed his poyloning of Anhloa, very secretly steals away his Cloak, and so flips down to a Postern-door of the little Court, hoping to escape, but he is deceived of his hopes; for the eye of God's providence finds him out. The house is beleagured for him by Officers, who apprehend him as he issueth forth, and so commit him close Prisoner. In the afternoon the Judges examine him upon the poyloning of Anfilva, and the receit of one hundred Duckets to effect it, from Catalina, which the at her Death confessed. He adds fin to fin and denies with many impious Oaths, and fearful Imprecations; but they avail him nothing : his Judges centure him to the Rack, where, upon the first torment he confesseth it, but with so graceless an impudency, as he rather rejoyceth, than grievs hereat; where we may observe, how strongly the Devil sticks to him, and how closely he is bewitched to the Devil. So for reparation of this foul crime of his, he is condemned to be Hanged, which the next morn is performed right against Vilarezo his House, at the Gallows purposely erected; and, which is worse than all the rest, as this lewd Villain Sarmiata lived prophanely, so he died as desperately, without repenting his bloody fact, or imploring pardon or mercy of God for the fame. O milerable example! Ofearful end! O bloody and damnable miscreant! We have seen the Theater of this History gored with great variety of blood, the mournful and lamentable spectacle whereof is capable to make any Christian heart relent into pitty, compassion, and tears. But this is not all, we shall yet see more, not that it any way increaseth our terrours, but rather our consolation, fith thereby we may obferve that Murther comes from Satan, and its punishment from God.

Catalina's confession and death is not capable to deface and wash away Berinthia's malice and revenge to her brother Schaftians, for killing of her dear and weet Love Antonio. Other Tragedies are past, but this as yet not acted, but to come: Lo, now at last (though indeed too too foon) it comes

on the Stage.

The remembrance of Anionio and his affections is still fresh in her youthful thou his and contemplations; yea, his dead Idea is alwayes present and living in heart and breast : "tis true, Sebastians is her Brother; "tis as true, the faith, that if he had not killed Antonio, Antonio had been her Husband. Again, the confidereth, that as Antonio's life preferved hers from death, to her life hath been the cause of his; and as he lost his life for her sake, why should not she likewise leave hers for his? or rather, why should she perm t him to live, who hath bereaved her of him? But her living Affection to her dead Friend is so violent, and withail so prejudicate and revengeful, as the neither can, nor will fee her Brother, who killed him, but with milice and indignation. Inflead of consulting with Nature and Grace, she only converfeth with choller and passion; yea, she is so miserably transported in her rage, and withall so outragiously wilful in her resolution, that she thuts the door of her heart to the two former virtues, to whom the should open it, and openeth it to the two litter vices, against whom she should that it. A milery equally ominous and fatal, where Reason is not the chief Mistress of our Passions, and Religion the Queen of our Reason. She fees this bloody attempt of hers, whereinto she is upon entring, is both sinful and impious; and yet her Faith is so weak towards GOD, and the Devil is so strong with her, as she is constant to advance, and resolute not to retire therein. Oh that Berinthia's former Virtues should be diferaced with so foul a Vice! and Oh that a face so sweetly fair, should be accompanied and linked with a heart to cruelly barbarous, to bloodily inhuman! for, what can the hope from this attempt in killing her Brother, but likewise to tuin her self? nay, had she had any spark of Wit and Grace left her, the should consider, that for this foul offence her body shall receive punishment in this World, and her foul, without repentance, in that to come; but the cannot erect her eves to Heaven; the is all fet on revenge; so the Devil hath plotted the Murther of her Brother Schaffians. ard the, like a most wretched and inhuman Sifter, will speedily act it. The manner is thus, (the which I cannot remember without grief, not pen without teats) She provide her felf of a long and sharpnif, K the which, some ten daves after the death of her Sifter Catalina, betwixt four and five of the Clock in the morning, the hides in one of her fleeves, and the better to cover and overveil her villany, the in the fame hand takes her Lute, and fo enters her Brother's Chamber, and finds him fleeping, being a pretty way diffant from hers, and his Page Philippo in a lower Chamber under him, resolving that if she had found him waking, she would play on her Luce, and shim, she came to give him the good morrow. But Sebastians his fortune, or rather his misfortune was such that he was then foundly sleeping, without dreaming, or once thinking what should befall him, when this wretched and execrable Sifter Berinthia, stalkes close to him, and laying her Lute fostly on the Window, draws out her Devillish Knif forth her sleeve, and as a She-Dev I incarnate, cuts his Throat, to the end he might neither cry, nor speak; and so, that with a Female Hand, yet with a Masculine Courage, the (with as much Malice as Haste) gives him seven several wounds thorough the body, and as near the heart as the could; whereof he twice turning himfelf in his bed, never sprawled more; and then toking up her Lute, and leaving him reaking in his own blood. The after this her most hellish fact, hies her self to her Chamber.

This cruel murther is not so closely perpetrated and acted, but Philippo, Sebastiano's Page, hears' some extraordinary stirring and struggling in his Master's Chamber, and so leaps out of his Bed, and taking his Cloak on his Shoulders, and his Rapier in his hand, he ascends the stairs; where Berinthia hath not made so great speed, but he sees her entring her Chamber and throwing her door after her; whence running to his Masters Chamber, he finds the door open, and his Master most cruelly murthered in his Bed, of eight feveral wounds, at which bloody and lamentable spectacles he makes many bitter and pitiful out-cryes, whereat all the House is in Allarum, and the folks and fervants repair thither of all fides. By this time Berinthia hath shifted her outward Taffita Gown, sprinkled all with blood, and wrapi her bloody Knife close in it, and for the more secresse throws it into her Close-stool, and so waits the coming up of her Father and Mother, whom the mournful echo, and forrowful news of their Son Sebastiano's cruel Mitther, had with an Ocean of tears wasted to his Chamber, with whom Ber nthia likewise, all blubber'd with Tears, enters. They are all amazed at the fight of this bloody and breathless Corps, and wringing their hands, Father, Mother, Daughter, and Servants look one on another in this calamity, and at this forrowful difaster. They search every Chamber, Vault, and Door of the House, and find no body, nor print of drops of blood whatfoever; then Philippo the Page cryes out, that he fears it is the Lady Berinthia, who hath murthered her Brother, and his Master Sebastiano, for that he saw her slying to her Chamber as he ascended the Stairs. Vilarezo and Alphania his Wife are doubly amazed at this report, but graceless Berinthia is no way daunted or altonished hereat, but affirms the likewise heard some stirring in her Brother's Chamber, which made her arise and come to the Stair-head, where seeing Philippo, she being in her Night-Attire, Modesty made her retire to her Chamber. They all beleeve the Sugar of her words, and the circumstance of her excuse; yet they will not proclaim her innocency till they have fearched her Chamber and all her Trunks, where they find no Knife, Stilletto, Dagger, or any offensive Weapon; and so her Father and Mother acquit her; but God will not. Notwithstanding they must advertise the Criminal Judges of this lamentable and bloody Murther of their Son, which they do. So they arrive, visit the dead body, and cause all the house to be searched; but as soon as they heard Philip o's Speeches, and suspition of Berimbia, then considering her affection to Antonio, and her Brother Schastiano's killing of him at Elvas, they attribute this to be her fact, as proceeding from passionate revenge; when the sequel and circumstances thereof being apparent in themselves, they not regarding her Father's prayers, her Mother's requests, and her own tears, seize on her, and so fend and commit her close Prisoner: where, wretched Gentlewoman, the hath a whole night left and given her, to see and consider the foulness of the fact, and to prepare her felf to her answer: which whether it will breed in her confession or denyal, obstinacy or repentance, as yet I know not. So from her imprisonment come we to her answer.

Avere rings with the news of this foul and bloody Murther. All bewails, all lament the death of Sebastiano, as a Gentleman who was truly noble, truly generous: but his Father V.larezo, and Mother Alphanta seem to drown themselves in their Tears, at these mournful accidents, strange crosses, and unheard-of afflictions of theirs. For though they will not believe, yet they deeply fear, that their Daughter Berinthia was the Murtherer of her Brother Sebastiano: And as affection seems to divert them from this opinion, so reason endeavoureth to perswade and confirm them in the contrary. The next morning the Judges sit, and fend for Berinthia, who comes accompanied with her Parents, and many of her Kinefolks; they again examine her, and confront her with Philippo; the is firm in her denial, and her Judges find circumstances, but no probability nor witness against her, sufficient to convict her of this crime; yet directed by the finger of God, they condemn her to the Rack. One of her Judges pitying her descent, youth, and beauty, as much as he detests this bloody Murther, intreats that her Chamber may be first curiously searched, e're The wore exposed to the Rack. This advice and request is heard and followed with approbation. He and two other Officers, accompanied with some of her Friends, repair to Vilarezo his House, and Berinthia her Chamber; they leave no place, Trunk, Chest, or Box unsearched: yea, their curioficy, or to say truer, their zeal and fidelity to Justice descends so low, as to visit her Close-stool; which, for want of the Key, they break open; and behold the Providence and Justice of God! here they find Berinthia's bloody Gown, and therein very closely wrapt up that hellish Knif, wherewith the perpetrated this inhumane Murther on her only Brother. They praife and glorifie God for the discovery hereof, and so return to their Tribunal of Justice, bringing these bloody Evidences with them, which Berintbia might all this while have removed, if God, to his glory, and her shame, had not all this time purposely blinded the eyes of her Judgment to the contrary. At the fight hereof, the without any Torment, confesseth the Murther, and with many Tears repents her felf of it, adding withall, that her affection to Antonio led her to this revenge on her Brother : and therefore beseecheth her Judges to have compassion on her youth.

But the foulness of her fact, in thosegrave and just personages, wipes off the fairness of her request: So they consult, and proncunce sensence against her. That for expiation of this her cruel murther on the person of her Brother, she the next morn shall be hanged in the publick Market-

So, all praised God for the detection of this lamentable murther, and for the condemnation of this execrable Murtheress; and those who before looked on her Youth and Beauty with pity, now behold her foul crime with hatred and detestation; and as they applauded the fincerity of her former affection to Antonio, so they far more detelt and condemn this her inhumane cruelty to her own Brother Sebastiano. But what grief is there comparable to that of her Father and Mother? Whose age, content, and patience, is not only battered, but razed down with the feveral affults of affliction; fo as they wish themselves buried, or that their Children had been unborn; for it is rather a torment than a grief to them, that they, whom they hoped would have been props and comforts to their age, should now prove instruments and subjects to shorten their dayes, and consequently to draw their age to the miseries of an untimely and forrowful Grave. But although they have tasted a world of grief and anxie y, first for the death of their Daughter Catalina, and then of their only Son Sebastiano; yet it pierceth them to the heart and gall, that this their last Daughter and Child Berinthia should pass by the passage of a Halter, and end her dayes upon so ignominious and shameful a Stage as the Gallows, which would add a blemith to the luttre of their blood and posterity, that time could never have power either to wipe off, or wash away; which to prevent, Vilareze and his Wife Alphanta use all their friends and mortal powers, towards the Judges, to convert their Daughter's Sentence into a less shameful, and more honourable death. So although the Gallows be erected, Berinthia prepared to dye, and a world of people, yea, in a manner, the whole people of Avero concur'd and feated to fee her now take her last farewel of the world; yet the importuna cy and milery of her Parents, her own descent, youth, and beauty, as also her endeared affection and fervent love to her Lover Antonio, at last obtain compassion and favour of her Judges. So they revoke and change their former decree, and sweeten the rigour thereof with one more honourable and mild, and less tharp, bitter, and thameful, and definitively adjudg her to be immured up betwixt two Walls, and there with a flender Dyet, to end the remainder of her dayes. And this Sentence is speedily put in execution; whereat her Parents, Friends, and Acquaintance, yea, all that knew her, very bitterly grieve and lament; and far the more, in respect they cannot be permitted to see or visit her, or she them; only the Physicians and Divines have admittance and access to her, those to provide earthly Phyfick for her body, and these spiritual for her soul. And in this lamentable estate the is very penitent and repentant for all her fins in general, and for this her vile Murther of her Brother in particular: yea, a little imprisonment, or rather the Spirit of GOD, hath opened the eyes of her Faith, who now defying the Devil, who had seduced and drawn her hereunto; she makes also her peace with GOD, and affures her self, that her true sepentance hath made hers with him. So unaccustomed to be pentup in so straight and dark a Mew, the yellow Jaundies, and a burning Feaver surprize her: and so she ends her miserable dayes.

Lo, these are the bitter fruits of Revenge and Murther, which the undertakers (by the just judgment of God) are inforced to taste and swallow down, when in the heat of their youth, and height of their impiety, they least dream or think thereof; by the sight of which great Essusion of blood, yea, by all these varieties of mournful and fatal accidents, if we will divorce our thoughts from Hell to Earth, and wed our contemplations and affections from Earth to Heaven; we shall then, as true Christians, and sons of the eternal God, run the race of our mortality in peace in this World, and consequently be rewarded with a glorious Crown of Immortal Felicity in that to

come.



The Triumphs of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY VIII.

Belluile treacherously murthereth Poligny in the street. Laurieta Poligny's Mistress, betrayeth Belluile to her Chamber, and there in revenge shoots him thorow the body with a Pistol; when assisted by her waiting-maid Lucilla, they likewise give him many wounds with a Ponyard, and so murther him. Lucilla slying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake: and Laurieta is taken, hanged, and burnt for the same.

T is an infallible Maxim, That if we open our hearts to Sin, we shut them to Godliness: for as foon as we follow Satan, God flies from us, because we first fled from him; but that his mercy may shine in our ingratitude, he by his Servants, his holy Spirit, and himself, seeks all means to reclaim us, as well from the vanity of our thoughts, as from the prophaneness, and impurity of our actions: But if we become obstinate and obdurate in our transgressions, and so like Heathens fall from Vice to Vice; whereas we should as Christians, grow up from Virtue to Virtue; then it is not he, but our felves that make both shipwrack of our felves and fouls; of our felves in this life, of our fouls in that to come; than which no mifery can be fo great, none so unfortunate and miserable. It is true, the best of God's Children are subject to sin, but to delight and persevere therein, is the true way as well to hell as death. All have not the gift of pure & chafte thoughts, neither can we so conserve or sanctifie our bodies, but that concupilcence may & will fometimes affail us (or rather the devil in it); but to pollute them with fornication, and to transform them from the Temples of the Holy Ghost, to the members of a Harlot; this, though corrupt Nature feem to allow or tolerate, yet Grace doth not only deny, but detest. But as one sin is seldom without another, either at its heels or elbow, so too too often it falls out, that Murther accompanieth Fornication and Adultery; as if one of these toul crimes were not enough to make us miserable, but that instead of going, we will needs ride post to hell. A woful Precedent, and lamentable and mournful Example whereof, I here produce to the view of the world, in three unfortunate personages, in a laseivious Lady, and two leud and debaucht young Gentlemen, who all very lamentably cast themselves away upon the Seylla of Fornication, and the Chrybdia of Murther; for they tound the truits and end of their beastly pleasures far more bitter than their beginning was sweet; yea, and because at first they would not look on repentance, at last shame looks on them, and they, when it is too late, both on a miserable shame, and a shameful misery. May we all read it to God's glory, and consequently to the reformation of our lives, and the consolation and salvation of our own souls

In the beautiful City of Avignion (feated in the Kingdom of France, and in the Province of Provence) being the Capital of the Dutchy of Venissa, belonging to the Pope, and wherein for the term of well near eighty years, they held their Pontifical See, there dwelt a young Gentlewoman of some twenty years of age, termed Madamyselle Laurieta, whose Father and Mother being dead, was left alone to her felf, their only Child and Heir; being richer in Beauty than Lands, and endued with many excellent qualities and perfections, which gave grace and lustre to her beauty, as her beauty did to them: For, she spake the Latin and Italian Tongues perfect, was very expert and excellent in finging, dancing, mulick, painting, and the like, which made her famous in that City. But as there needs but one Vice to eclipfe and drown many Virtues; fo this fair Laurieta was more beautiful than chaste, and not half so modelt as lascivious. It is as great happinels for Children to injoy their Parents, as a misery to want them: For Laurieta's Father and Mother had been infinitely careful and curious to train her up in the School of Virtue and Piety, wherein her youth had (during the term of their lives) made a happy entrance, and as I may fay, a fortunate and glorious progression. But when God, the great Moderator, and soveraign Judg of the World, had in his eternal Decree and sacred Providence, taken them out of this world, then Laurieta was left to the wide world, and to the vanity thereof, without guide or governour; exposed to the variety of the Fortunes, or rather the misfortunes of the times, as a Ship without a Pilot or Helm, subject to the mercy of every merciless wind, and wave of the Sea: yea, and then it was, that she forgot her former modesty and chaftity, and now began to adore the Shrines of Venus and Cupid, by polluting and proffituting her body to the beattly pleasures of Lust and Fornication, wherein (it grievs me to relate) the took a great delight and felicity. But the shall pay dear for this bitter-sweet vice of hers; yea, and though it feem to begin in content and pleasure, yet we shall affuredly see it end in shame, repentance, and misery: For, this sin of Whoredom betrays when it seems to delight us, and strangleth, when it maketh greatest shew to imbrace us: so sweet and pure Virtues are Modesty and Chastity; so foul and fatal Vices, are Concupiscence and Lust. But he with whom she was most familiar, and to whom she imparted the greatest part of her favours, was to one Mounsieur de Belluile, a proper young Gentleman, dwelling near the City of Arles, by birth and extraction, Noble, but otherwise more rich than wise; who coming to Avignion, no sooner taw Laurieta, but he both gloried in the fight of her fingular, and triumphed in the contemplation of her exquisite and incomparable beauty, making that his best content, and this his sweetest felicity; that, his soveraign good; and this, his heaven upon earth: fo as lofing himfelf in the Labyrinth of her beauty, and as it were drowning his thoughts in the Sea of his Concupilcence and Senfuality, he spends not only his whole time, but a great part of his wealth in wantonizing and entertaining her: a vicious and foul fault, not only peculiar to Belluile, but incident and fatal to too many Gallants as well of most parts of Christendom in general, as of France in particular; it being indeed a disasterous and dangerous Rock, whereon many inconfiderate and wretched Gentlemen have suffered Shipwrack, not only of their reputations, healths, and estates, but many times of their

In the mean time Laurieta (more Jealous of her fame, than careful to preserve her chassity) is advertised, that Belluile is not content to cull the dainties of her beauty and youth, but he forgets himself and his discretion so far, as to vaunt thereof, by letting sall some speeches tending to the blemish and disparagement of her honour: so, as vain and lascivious as she is, yet the touching of this string, affords her harsh and distasteful melody. For, she will seek to cover her shame by her hypocrisie, and so resolves to make him know the foulness of his offence, in that of his baseness and ingratitude. To which end, at her first interview and meeting of him, she not only checks him for it, but torbids, and banisheth him her company: which indeed had been a just cause and opportunity for him to have converted his lust into chassity, and his folly into repentance. But he is too dissolute and vicious, to be so happily reclaimed from Lauricta, and therefore he is resolved, not onely to justishe his innocency, but thereby also to persevere in his sin: He is acquainted with many Gentlemen, who forgetting themselves, conceive a felicity and glory, to erect the Trophecs of their vanities upon the disparagement of Ladies honours:

honours: yea, he seems so far from being guilty of this errour, as he taxeth and condemns others in being guilty or accessary thereunto. So, although his Mistress Laurieta remain still coy, strange, and haggard to him, yet he persevereth in his affection to her: who at last, adjudging of his innocency by his constancy, and of that by his many Letters and presents which he still sent her; as also observing, that she had no firm grounds, nor could produce any pregnant or valuable witnesses of this report, she again exchangeth her frowns into smiles, and so receives and entertains him into her savour, only with this premonition and caution, That if ever after she heard of his folly and ingratitude in this kind, she would never look him in the sace, except with contempt and detestation. So these their disjoyated affections, as well by oaths as protestations, are again confirmed and centented; but such lustful contracts, and lastivious samiliarities and sympathies, seldom or never make prosperous ends.

Now to give form and life to this History; Not long after, a brave young Gentleman of Mompellier, named Mounsieur de Poligny, having some occasion, comes to Avignion, who frequenting their publick Balls or Dancings, no sooner saw our fair and beautiful Lurieta, but he falls in love with her, and salutes, and courts her: and from thencetorth deems her so fair, as he useth all means to become her servant, but not in the way of Honour and Marriage, rather with a purpose to make her his Courtezan than his Wife. But he sees himself deceived in the irregular pussion of his affection: for, Laurieta is averse, and will not be either tractable, or flexible to his desires, so as his suit is vain, and she so deaf to his requests, as neither his prayers, sighs, letters, nor presents, are capable to purchase her favour. Poligny infinitely grieves hereat, which not with standing makes the slame of his Lust rather increase than diminish: so as after much pensiveness, he begins to beat his wits, and to awaken his invention, how he may Crown his desires by enjoying Laurieta, when loe, an occasion presented it self unto him unexpected.

Midamoyselle la Palsissiere, a rich young Gentlewoman near Pont Saint Esprit, living in Avignion, and seeing Poligny at the Dancing, doth exceedingly fall in love with him; yea, the so admires the sweetness of his favour, and the excellency of his personage, as she rejoyceth in nothing so much; and to write the truth, in nothing else but in his company: so as, had not modelty with-held her, she would have proved her own Advocate, and have informed him thereof her self. Poligny receives so many secret signes and testimonies of her affection by private glances, and the like, as he cannot be ignorant thereof but his love or rather his suit to Lucieta, hath so absolutely taken up his heart and thoughts, as it hath lest no place nor corner for la Palaissiere; so as here we may observe and remark a different commixture, and disparity of affections. Poligny loves Laurieta and not she him: la Palaissiere affects Poligny, and not he her:

what these passions and occurrences will produce, we shall shortly see.

La Palaisiere having her heart pierced thorow with the love of Poligny, knowing him to be Laurieta's lervant, and she the Mistrels of Belluile, either out of her affection, or jealousie, or both, refolves at next meeting to acquaint Poligny with it, thereby purposely to withdraw his affections from her to her felf. The oceasion is proffered, and opportunity seems to favour and fecond her desires. Some three days after, the Jesuites (who as the Mountebanks and Panders of Kingdoms and Estates, leave no Invention, nor Ceremony unattempted, to seduce and bewitch the affections of the world) cause their Scholars to Act a Comedy in their Colledg in this City, whereat all the Nobility and Gentry of the City and adjacent Country affemble and meet. Thither comes Poligny, hoping to fee Laurieta, and La Palaisiere to fee Poligny: but Laurieta that day was fick, and Belluile stays with her to comfort her. So first comes Poligny, and seeing he could not see his Laurieta, sits down pensively: then comes La Palaisticre, and seeing Poligny a far off; prays her Brother, who conducted her, to place her near him. Poligny can do no less than salute her, and she triumphing in her good Fortune, takes the advantage of this occasion, and in sweet and sugred terms, after many pauses, fighs, and blushes) gives him to understand, that she knew his affectiou to Laurieta, and withall that Belluile and no other was her fervant and favourite. This speech of hers strikes Poligny to the quick, so as thereat he not only bites the lip, but hangs his head: yea, this unexpected news, as also Selluile and Laurieta's absence, so nettle him, and frame such a Chymra of extravagant passions in his heart & thoughts, as he could not have the patience to sit out the Comedy, but feigning himself sick, departs to his chamber; where a thousand jealousies, engendred of his affection, perplexed and tormented him; when remembring la Palaifiere's ipeeches, and being infinitely defirous to know the truth of Belluile his affection to Laurieta, and hers to him, he fees no means, nor person so fit to reveal the same, as Lucilla, Laurieta's Waiting-maid. This Lucilla, Poligny wins with Gold: in confideration whereof, the reveals him all, how Belluile was her chief. It Minion and Favourite; and yet, for some words, he the other day, in ignorance

or Wine, let fall to the prejudice of her honour, the was like to cathier and discard him. Lucilla having thus forgotten her own fidelity, in bewraying the dishonour of her Mistress; Poligny understanding Belinile to be a coward of his hands, though not of his tongue; and in a word, not to be so compleat a Gallant as he supposed him, he of a subtil and malicious invention, resolves to work on him; and so contrives a plot, which we shall see presently put in execution and acted: he very politically puts on a good face on all his discontents and passions, and although Laurieta would not fee him, yet he fairly intrudes himfelf into Belluile's company, and of purpose becomes familiar with him. So they very often meet; for, they fence, dance, ride, vault, and hunt together: So as at last none are so great Conforts and Comerades as they. But Poligny thinking every hour a year, before he had plaid his prize, makes a party at Tennis with Belluile for a Collation, and beats him; and fo taking two Gentlemen, La Fontain and Borelles, his friends with them, away they go all four to a Tavern. Poligny as secret as malicious in this plot, in the midst of their mirth speaks thus to Belluile, Sir, quoth he, I am forry for your loss of this Collation, but if it please you to honour me with your company to Orenge, a City which I much defire to fee, I will pay you the dinner in requital thereof. Belluile verily readily and willingly confents hereunto, and La Fontain and Borelles vow they will likewife have their there, both of the Journey and Dinner: So the next morn they all take horfe for Orenge; but first Belinile gives his Mistress Laurieta the good morrow, and acquaints her with his Journey. They view this old City, the ancient Patrimony and Principality of the Illustrious Princes of Orenge, from whence they derive their name: where Poligny having given order for the Dinner, away they go, visit the Castle, and salute the deputed Governour thereof Mounsieur Vofberghe; they fee the part of the Amphitheater yet standing, the Cathedral Church, the double Wall of the City, and the old Roman Arch not far off, with all other remarkable objects and monuments; and by this time the Cook and their stomacks tax them of their long stay. So they return to their Inn, fall to their Viands, and like frolick Gentlemen, wash them down with store of Claret; and now Poligny, as malicious in heart, as pleasant in countenance and conversation, here casts forth his lure and snare to surprize and intangle Belluile. O quoth he, how happy the Gentlemen of Italy are to us of France, lith after dinner every one goes freely to his Courtizan without controulment! I know not, quoth La Fontain, what Orenge is; but I think Avignion is not dellitute of good-fellow-Wenches, who make Venus their queen, and Cupid their god. Surely no, replies Belluile, for I am confident, that for Jews and Courtizans, for the greatness of it, it may compare with the best City of Italy; for, from the Lady to the Kitchin-maid, I dare fay, they'l all prove tractable. Nay, quoth Berelles, except still our holy Silters the Nuns. Not I faith, quoth he, nor my Mistress neither. Indeed, replies Poligny, it I knew you had a Mistress of that complexion, I would adventure a Glass of Claret to her health. When Belluile (out of a Phantastick French humour) affirmed he had a Mistress, whose beauty was so excellent, as he knew he could not receive shame to name her; and if you please to honour her self and me with her health, I proclaim, that Madamoyselle Laurieta is my Mistress, and my self her servant.

Of wife and Christian Gentlemen what prophane speeches, and debaucht table-talk are these they use here, as if their glory consisted in their same, or their best vertues were to be discovered in the worst of vices? For, howsoever the Viands they did eat, may preserve the health of their bodies, yet this dissolute communication of theirs must need spoylon and destroy that of their souls: for, as they should praise God in the receipt of the one, so contrariwise they incense and displease his Sacred Majesty in giving him the other; yea, this is so far from Christianity and Heaven, as it is the high and true way to Atheism and Hellsfor, Whores and Healths, in the stead of Prayer and Thansgiving, are the prodigious and certain fore-runners of a seared conscience, and the dangerous and execrable symptoms of a leprous

Birds are taken by their feet, and Men by their tongues. Belluile having so basely and sottishly abused himself in the disparaging of his Mistress Laurieta, Poligny hath his errand for which he purposely came to Orenge. So Dinner ended, they very pleasantly return for Avignion. That night Poligny cannot sleep for joy, or rather for revenge: For, now he presumes to know how to work himself into Laurieta's favour, by unhorsing Belluile. It is a dishonest and base part to betray our friend, and under the cloak of friendship and familiarity to harbour and retain malice against them: but this irregular and violent passion of love in young and unstayed judgments, many times bears down all other respects and considerations. For if Religion and Conscience be contemned, what hope is there that either honesty be regarded, or friendship observed, sith it is the only coment and sinews thereof? But Poligny is as resolute, as malicious in his purpose; and therefore the next morn by his Lackey, sends the Lady Laurieta this Letter.

POLIGNY to LAURIETA.

It is out of sincere affection to thee, and not out of premeditated malice to Belluile, that I presume to signification, how lately in my presence at Orenge, his tongue let fall some words that tended to the prejudice and disparagement of thine honour: whereof I know it is not only the part, but the duty of a true Gertleman, to be rather curious in preserving, than any way ingrateful in revealing thereof. Neither do I attempt to send this this news, thereby to instrudte or draw the eto affect mee the more, or kim the less; only sith it is costs ry to my complexion and nature, to permit any Lady to be wronged in my presence; how much less thy felf, so whom I owe not my service, but my life? If thou will not approve my zeal, yet thou hast all the reason in the world to pardon my presumption: and, to make my Letter real, What my pen affirms to Laurieta, my sword is ready to consist to Belluile.

POLIGNY.

In the extremity and excels of those three different passions, grief, choler, and associations, Laurieta receives and reads this Letter, and like a dissolute Gentlewoman, being more careful of her reputation to the world, than of her soul towards God, she knows not whether she have more cause and reason either to approve Poligny's affection, or to condemn Belluile's folly: it grieves her to the heart, to have bestowed her savours on so base and ingrateful a Gentleman as Belluile; vows she will make him repent it, and is so resolute, that this vanity and folly of his, shall cost him dear; yea, she is so impatient in these her sumes of grief and revenge, that she thought once with all expedition to have sent for Belluile, to make him as well see the fruits of his own ingratitude, as to take the effects of her revenge and indignation: but she holds it requisite and fit, and her self in a manner bound first to thank Poligny for his courtesse, by returning him a Letter in answer of his, which she speedily dispatcheth him by his Lackey, To this effect;

LAURIETA to POLIGNY

I Kn w not whether thou hast shewed me a truer testimony of thy discretion and affection, than Belluile of his envy and folly. But as I rest infinitely obliged to thee for thy care of my reputation; so I resolve shortly to make him know what he deserves in attempting to eclipse and disparage it. Now as I grieve not, so I must consels I cannot refrain from sorrowing, at this his undeserved stander; for as mine innocency defends me from the sirst, so my sex cannot exempt me from the second; and look what disparity there is betwixt thy generosity and his baseness, so much there is betwixt the whiteness of my chastisy and the soulies of his aspersion. I rest so consident of the truth of thy Pen, as I desire no consimuation of thy Sword; and I stater not, rather assure thy self, that sith Belluile was so indiscret to wrong me, he will neithe have the wit or courage to right himself. I return thee many hearty thanks for this kind office and courtesse of thine; the which I cannot requite, yet I will not only endeavour, but strive to deserve.

LAURIETA.

Whiles Poligny receives Laurieta's Letter with much content, and many kisses, as triumphing to fee how he bath baffled Belluile by working him out, and confequently himfelf into her favour : we will for a while leave him, to confider whether the end of his treachery to Billuile will prove as fortunate as pleasing to him, as the beginning promiseth. And in the mean time we will a little speak of Laurieta, to see what course and resolution she means to hold and observe with Belluile, It is not enough that the hath written Poligny a Letter, but her envy and contempt towards Bolluile is to implacable, as the with much halte and fecrefie fends for him: her requests to him are commands; yea, he needs no other spurres but those of his Lust, and of her Beauty, to make him rather flye than post to her presence; when not so much as once dreaming of his former foolish speeches delivered against his Mistrels Lauriera, much less of Poligny's treason conspired and acted against him, he thinks to kis her, whom so often he hath formerly kissed; but his hopes and her disdain deceive him: for she peremptorily sleights him; when having fire in her looks, and thunder in her speeches, she chargeth him with this scandal delivered by him at Orenge, in presence of Poligny, against her honour and chastity. And is this (quoth she) the reward a Lady shall deserve and receive, by imparting her favours to a Gentleman ? and, is this the part of a Gentleman, to erect the Trophees of his glory upon his Mistrelles disgrace? are these the fruits of thy sighs and tears, or the effects of thy Requests, Oaths, and Letters? Yea, such was then her furious rage, and devill th revenge, as the was provided of a Stilletto, to have there stab'd him to the heart in her Chimber, had not her Waiting-Maid Lucilla, with her best oratory and perswasion, powerfully

fully diverted her to the contrary, by alleging to her the eminency of the danger, which the foulness and hainousness of that fact brought her into. Belluile is amazed at this news, when now proving as prophane to God, as before he was base and ingrateful to Laurieta, he, with many oaths and imprecations, denies these speeches, and this slander; and with much passion protesteth his innocency. But this will not satisfie Laurieta; for to make his shame the more notorious in his guiltiness, she produceth him Poligny's Letter; whereat Belluile hangs the head, and seems to let fall the plumes, not only of his pride, but of his courage and justification, yet he bitterly and vehemently perfevereth in his denial: but all this is not capable to appeale or content Lauriera, and which is worst of all, nothing can possibly do it, except he make good her honour, and his own innocency, by a Combate or Duel against Poligny. So Belluile fees himself driven to a narrow and shrewd push: He hath wronged Laurieta, and knows not how to right her; Poligny hath wronged him, and there is no way left for him to right himself, but by challenging and fighting with Poligny. But he loves Laurieta dearly, and therefore must resolve to fight, or lose her. As for his own part, to give him his true character and description, he is rather a City-Swaggerer, than a Field-Soldier, loves rather to have a fair Sword, than a good one, and to wear it only for shew, not for use; he is ambitious of nothing more, than to be reputed rather than found valiant; In a word, for a Tavern-quarrel, or a Stews-brawl, he is excellent; but to meet his enemy in the Field with a naked Sword, that doth not only daunt, but terrifie him. The greatest comfort and confolation he finds in this his perplexity, is, that he knows he hath many fellows and companions, who are as white-liver'd and as very Cowards as himself: of which numbers, he flattereth himself with this poor base hope, that it is not impossible for Poligny to be one. But what is this to give satisfaction to Lauricia, except it may shew himself to be Belluile, but not a Gentleman? But all these considerations notwithstanding, he loves Lauriera so tenderly and dearly, as not daring fee her, till he had met Poligny, he plucks up his spirits, and intusing more metal and courage into his refolutions than accustomed, refolves to fight with him: to which end, having at length fitted himself of an excellent Rapier, whose temper (with as much truth as laughter) I confess was far better than that of his heart, he by his Lackey, some three days after, fends Poligny this Challenge.

BELLUILE to POLIGNY.

Thy milice and treachery to me is as edious as remarkable; for whiles I fought to cherift thy friendflip, it hash purposely been thy delight and ambition to betray mine, in throwing the apple of disord
betwirt the Lady thou wotist of, and my self, upon the point of her honour; for whose defence and
preservation I owe not only my service, but my life: which error, or rather crime of thine, though thy
affection to her may seem to allow, yet my reputation to the world cannot, and my Rapier will not.
Therefore, sith I have been the undeserved object of thy malice, think it not strange, that I justly repute
and hold three the cause of my entry; which can receive no other satisfaction or reconcilement, but that to
morrow at five in the morn thou meet me without Seconds, on the Bridge by the Iron Stump (the limits
betwirt the King and the Pope) with thy single Rapier, where I will attend thee with another; of which
two take thou the choice, and give me the refusal. Sleep not too much this night, for in the morn I doubt
not but to send thee to thine eternal rest.

BELLUILE.

Po'igny receives this Challenge, and admires to fee Belluile's refolution, from which all former reports could never draw affurance. It is not fear that casts his head into these doubts, or these doubts into his head, for he is too generous to be a Dastard, and too Eagle-bred to turn Craven; for rejoycing in having made Belluile swallow a Gudgin, and triumphing in presuming himself seated in the throne of Lauri ta's favour, makes him as resolute to receive this Challenge as willing and ready to perform it; only the remembrance that Belluile sent it him by a Lackey, and not by a Gentleman, throws him into as much disdain as choller: but he, resembling himself, passeth over this disrespect without respect, and so bids the Lackey tell his Masser, that he will not fail to meet him at the hour and place appointed.

The Night doth, or should, bring counsell: Belluile wisheth his Challenge unsent; but it being out of his hands, it is out of his power to revoke or recall. Poligny is of contrary temper, and, glad in his acceptance thereof, desires that his Sword were in action, as well as his courage in contemplation. So out-passing the Night, which Belluile passeth over with as much sear as Poligny with generality, the Curtains of the Night being with-drawn, and the Day appearing, e're five have strucken, Belluile notwithstanding is first on the Bridg, and Poligny immediately after him: they are without Seconds, and therefore they briefly unbrace, but not uncase

their Doublets. Belluile will be valorous in words; and so according to his challenge, and the right of Duels, offereth Poligny the fight and choice of his Rapier. Poligny is too brave to dye in his debt, upon the point of honour and magnanimity, and therefore gives him his, as contented with the refusal. So (courtefie for a while contending with valour) they both affame and accept of their own Rapiers, when dividing themselves, they joyn with resolution and At first coming up, Polisty gives B I is le the first wound in his right shoulder, without receiving any, whereat he is more affrighted than Poligny rejoyced; at the second, he receives another wound in the left fide, but is not yet so happy to see, or assure h mself, that his Rapier bath once touched Polign's Body, or which is less, his Cloathes: whereupon, confidering Poligny's generofity, and comparing the bad grounds of his quarrel with the faintnels and balenels of his courage, he throws away his Sword, prayes Poligny to defift; for he holds himself satisfyed. When Polig y, disdaining to taint his honour with the least shadow of dishonour, in receiving Bellu le's thime, gives him the happiness and fruition of his life: and so they part. Lo, here the first fruits of their foolish and lascivious affections to L wrieta: but I fear the second will prove more bitter and bloody. Belluile going home with his Shame and repentance, and Poligny with his Honour and Glory, they hush themselves up in filence, Poligny at his Chamber, and Belluile at his Chirurgions house, to dress his wounds, hoping, that as they in their fight faw no body, so that none had seen them; but they are deceived: for two Souldiers from the Caltle-valls not only espy them fighting, but know them. So they divulge it in the City, whereof Laurie a being advertised, she sends a consident Gentleman, a Couzen-Germane of hers, to find out Belluile and to know the truth and issue of his Combate, but indeed his Cowardise hath purchased him so much shame, as he will not be seen, much less spoken withall: which Lauriera understanding, begins to conceive that the two souldiers report was true, and that undoubtedly he and Poligny had met and fought in her behalf: whereupon gheffing at the truth, that Poligny had given Belluile the Foyl: fhe was once of opinion to have written to Polizny, to be informed of the particulars and success of their Combate, which so much imported as well her Honour as her Content. But Poligny's affection prevents her curiofity: for as the was calling for pen and paper, he in person ascends the stairs to her Chamber; where, after a complemental and curteous Salute, he informs her (as we have formerly understood) that he hath given Belluile two wounds for her lake, and his life for his own. She demands if he himself were not hurt; he answers, No. At both which good news the infinitely rejoyceth, and in token of her thankfulness permits him to gather many kiffes, as well from the Roses of her Cheeks, as the Cherries of her Lips: and so from thenceforth he vows to be her professed servant; and she promiseth him to be, though not his Mistress, yet at least his Friend. And here they unite and combine their affections: but that contract, and this familiarity, written only in vice, and sealed in lust, we shall shortly see cancelled and annihilated, with as much pitty, as infamy and misery, as the sequel of this History will shew and demonstrate.

While thus Laurieta and Poligny are triumphing in Belluile's foyl, and their own familiarity and affection, how is it possible but he mult infinitely grieve for his tols of Luriera, and La Palaifiere as much forrow to see her felf deprived and out of hope of her Poligny? But they brook their afflictions and paffions with variable refolutions: for whiles La Palaifiere is imbathing her self in her tears and discontents, Bellnile is resolute to quench his revenge in Poligny's blood. For, forgetting as well his God as Soul, his honour as himself, he intends to do it by the By, and not by the main, by exectable Treachery, not by magnanimous generolity; yea, the Devil is so strong with his Faith, because that is so weak with his Saviour and Redeemer, as shutting the Doors of his Humanity and Charity, he opens them to Choller, Revenge, and Murther; yea, and henceforth he is so inraged, and his looks are so gastly and distracted, as if his Thoughts were conducting and incouraging his Hands to perperrate some bloody Stratagem and Design: which is observed and doubted by his chiefest Familiars and intimate Friends, as also by La Palaisiere, whose company he sometimes frequents, not so much out of affection to her, as for consolation from her to himself, fith we are subject both to hope and beleeve, that our afflictions are partly eased and diminished by the fight and relation of that of others, as symphathizing and participating with them; first in their Flames of Love, then of Grief and Sorrow, in being disdained of those we love. Neither could Bel-Inite so cunningly or closely rake up the fiery sparks of his malice and revenge, under the Embers of filence and secrecy, but her affection to Poligny, and jealousie of his good, made her so tender-ear'd, and tharp fighted, as the over-heard some words that either in jest or in earnest fell from Belluile's Tongue, whereby it was apparent to her, that he intended no good but pretended a fecret fatal Malice to him, which a little time might too too foon and unexpectedly difcover: whereupon her Love to Poligny was so dear and honourable, although he were so firmly intangled in the Beauty of Laurieta, as he would not youchfafe, rather disdained to love her felf, that the thought the discovery of Belluile's malice to Poligny, so much imported Poligny's good as the held her self bound, as well in duty as affection, to reveal and relate it him; which the doth in this Letter.

LA PALAISIERE to POLIGNY.

To testisse thee now the constancy of my affection with Ink, as I have formerly done the fervency thereof with tears, know, Thou hast some cause to sear, and I to doubt, that Belluile kath some dangerous project, or bloody design to sut in execution, against be shonour, and thy life; and as I reveal it shee out of care, so look the usrevent it out of shy own discretion, less he bereave thee of thy life, as thou hast developed the Laurieta. If thou sleight this my advise, as thou hast already my affection, yet as I remain mitness of the purity of the last so will these lines bear testimony to the world of the candour and succept of the first. Neither do I presume to send them thee out of any irregular ambition, to surchast the honour of hy favour, but only to let thee know that my affect on is both so reful and capable to shine thereom the Clouds of thy disain; and that the obscurity of that, neither has he desay at the lust e, nor can excipt the respectancy of this. Regard therefore thine own safety, albeit thou will not re pett my content, and although thou ple sence to give mee the honour to be thy Mistress, yet I will take the ambition and resolution to live and dye thine kand-mad.

LA PALAISIERE.

Poligny breaking up the seals of this Letter, laughs to see La Palaisiere's affection, and to understand Billuile's malice; and being besotted with Lauriera, he lost both his wit and judgment in the sight and contemplation of her Beauty; yea, he is grown so fond in his affection, and respect towards her, as he is arrived to the Meridian of this simplicity, to deem it a kind of treason to conceal any secret from her: to which end, he shews her La Palaisiere's Letter, which he makes his passime, and she her May-game; yea, so vain is her folly, and so foolish her vanity, to see the passages and events of these their passions, as she not only exceeds the decorum of discretion, but of modesty in her laughter: and which is more, when she again considereth how Belluile loves her self, and not she him; La Palaisiere Peligny, and not he her; it makes her redouble her mirth and exhibitation in such fort, as she seems to burst with the violence and excess thereof: but this mirth of hers shall be shortly waited and attended on with misery and mourning. But P. ligny notwithstanding sees hunself doubly obliged to La Palaisiere, as well for her affection to him, as her care of him, and so holds himself obliged in either of these respects and considerations, to requite her with a Letter: the which now, un known to Laurieta, he writes, and sends her to this effect:

POLIGNY to LA PALAISIERE.

It is not the least of my joyes, that Belluile cannot lear me so much malice, as thou destruction. Tis true, I have not deserved thy love; tis more true, I have not me ited his hat ed: sor that preceds from Heaven, as a divine influence, this from Hell, as an infernal frenzy. I mill not feed thee with hope, neither can be give me despair: for (not odistinable) it is as likely I may love thee, as impossible I shall fear him: he may have the will to do me hurt, I wish it were in my power to do there good; neither can be he more malicious to perform me that, than I will be ambitious to consider thee this his malice I entertain with much contempt, thy kind advice and sincere affection with infinite thanks: for when I consider thy Letter, I cannot rightly express or desine, whether he begin to have me, or I to love thee more. I doubt not but to make his deeds prove words to me, and I beseech thee fear not but my words shall prove deeds to thee: for I am as consident shortly to salute fair la Palasiere, as careless when I meet soolish Belluile.

POLIGNY.

Having thus dispeeded her his Letter, the vanity of his thoughts and the beastlines of his concupiscence and sensuality, not only surprize hhis reason, but captivates his judgment; so as Laurieta's fight desicing Beluile's memory, he thinks so much on her affection, as he respects not his malice: but this Vice and that Error shall cost him dear. For whiles he is feasting his eyes on the dainties and rarities of Laurieta's beauty, Beluile's heart hath agreed with the Devil to prepare him a bloody Banquet: Grace cannot contain him within her limits; therefore Impiety dallies so long with him, and he with Impiety, that at last this bloody sentence is past in the Court of his heilish resolutions, that Paliany must die. The Devils assistance is never wanting in such infernal stratagems: for this is an infallible Maxim, as remarkable as ruinous, That he always makes us sertile, not barren to do evil, never to do good. At first, Belluile

thinks on Poylon or Pithol to dispatch Poligay: but he finds the first, too difficult to attempt; the second, too publick to perform. Some times he is of opinion to ascend his Chamber, and murther him in his Bed; then to shoot him out at a Window as he passet the Street: but, to conclude, understanding that he often comes very late in the night from Laurieta, he thinks it best to run him thorow with his Rapier, as he issueth forth her House. And to make short, hereon he resolves.

Now to put the better colour on his villany, he retires himself from Avianion, and lives privately some fix days in Orenze, giving it out, that he was gone to the City of Aix, in Povence; where, at that famous Court of Parliament, he had a Processe for a Title of Land, short-By to be adjudged; and so in a Dark Night, taking none but his Lackey with him, he being difguiled, by favour of Money, passeth the Gate of Avignion, and giving his Hotse to his Lackey, being secretly informed that Poligny was with Laurieta, he goes directly to her door, and there at the Corner of a little Street flands with his Rapier drawn under his Cloak, with a revenging and greedy defire of Blood to await Poligny's coming forth. The Clock striking one, the Door is opened, and Poligny fecretly iffueth forth, without Candle, having purposely fent away his Lackey, who had then unwittingly carried away his Mafter's Rapier with him. He is no fooner in the Street, but Belluile, as a murtherous Villain, rusheth forth, and so like a Limb of the Devil, sheaths his Rapier in his Breast; when Poligny more hurt than amazed, and wanting his Sword, but not courage, indeavoureth by flrugling to close with his affaffinate; and fo cryes out for affiftance : but the Dead of the Night favoureth his butcherly attempt, when, withdrawing his Sword, he redoubleth his Cruelty, and so again runs him in at the small of the Belly, thorow the Reins, whereat he prefently falls down dead at his Feet, having the power to Groan and Cry but not to utter a Word. Which Belluile espying and knowing him dispatcht, runs to his Horse, which his Lackey held ready at the corner of the next Street, and so rives to the same Gate he entred, which was kept ready for him; which passing, he with all expedition drives away for Ogence: from whence, the next morn before day, he takes post for Aix, the better to conceal and o're-vail this damnable Murther of his. But this policy of his shall deceive his hopes, and return him a fatal reward and interest. For although he can blear the eyes of men, yet he neither can, por shall, those of God, who in his due time, will out of his sacred justice repay and punish him with confusion.

By this time the Street and Neighbours have taken the allarum of this Tragical accident: fo Candles and Torches come from every where, only Lauriera having played the Whore before, will feem now (though falfely) to play the Honest Woman; for she, to cover her shame, will not discover that her self, or any of her House are stirring: and so, although she understood this News, and privately and bitterly wept thereat, yet she keeps fast her Doors, and like an ungrateful Strumpet, will permit none of her Servants for a long time to descend. The Criminal Judg and President of the City is advertised of this Murther. The dead Gentleman is known to be Monsteur Poligny, and, being beloved, he is exceedingly bewailed of all who knew him, and inquiry and search is made of all sides, and the Lieutenant Criminal shews h mself wise, because honest and curious, because wise in the perquisition of this bloody Murther: but as yet time will not, or rather God, who is the Creator and Giver of time, is not as yet pleased to bring it to light; only Laurieta knew, and La Palissere suspected, and all those who were the councel of the one, or the acquaintance of the other, do likewise both fear and suspect that only Belluile was the bloody and execrable Author thereof; but to report or divulge so much, although they dare,

As for La Palaissere, her thoughts are taken up and pre-occupated with two several Passions; for as she grievs at Poligny's Death, so she rejoyceth that she hath no hand, nor was any way accessary to his murther; rather, that if he had sailed by the Compass of her Advice, he had undoubtedly avoided the ship-wrack of his life, and prevented the Missfortune of his Death; what to think of B linite she knows not, but if he were her Friend before, he hath now made and proclaimed himself her Enemy, by killing her dear and only Friend Poligny; and therefore is resolved, that as she could never perfectly brook his company, so now this bloody fact shall make her detest both it and him. But let us a little leave her, and descend to speak of Laurieta, to see how she brooks the murther of her intimate Friend Poligny; for, sith she assuredly knows and beseeves that this cruel murther was performed by no other, but by her professed Enemy Belluile, or by some of his Bloody Agents; Love and Revenge conspire to act two different Scenes upon the Theater of her Heart; for in memory and deep affection to her Poligny, her pearled tears and mournful sighs infinitely deplore and bewail his disasterous end, so, as sorrow withering the Roses of her Cheeks, and Grief making her cast off her Glittering, to take on mournful attyre, she could not refrain from giving all Avignion notice how pleasing Poligny's life was to her, by the excess of her lamentations and afflictions demonstrated for his Death; or if her sighs

found any confolation, or her tears recess or truce, it was administred her by her revenge, which the conceived and intended towards Belluile, for this his bloody fact. So as confulting with Choller not with Reason, with Nature not with Grace, with Satan not with God, she vows to be tharply revenged of him, and to make him pay dear for this his base & treacherous murther; yea, the fumes and fury of her revenge are so implacable, and transport her resolutions to so bloody an impetuosity, that resembling her sex and self, she inhumanely, and sacrilegioully darts forth an oath, which her heart fends to her foul, and her foul from Earth to Hell, that if the means find not her, she will infallibly find out the means to quench and dry up her tears for Poligny's death in the blood of Belluile: which, fith the is so devoid of Reason, Religion, and Grace, I fear we shall shortly see her attempt and perform. But leaving her in Avignion, let us find out Belluile in Aix, who is a Gentleman so prophane in his life, and debaucht in his actions and convertations, as instead of repenting, he triumphs at this his Murther: yea, he is become so impious and impudent, as he grieves not thereat, but only that he had no sooner dispatched his Rival Poligny:but the better to delude the world, that neither his hand or sword were guilty in fending Poligny from this world in a bloody winding-sheet, his thoughts like fo many hounds pursuing his conscience, and his conscience his foul, he thinks himself not fafe in Aix, where the tharp-tighted Prelidents, & Counfellors of that illustrious Senate of Parliament might at last accuse & find him out for the author of this bloody murther; & therefore leaves both it and Provence, and so rides to the City of Lyons, accompanied with none but his two Lackeys, who, to write the truth, acted no part in Poligny's mournful Tragedy:neither doth he yet think himfelf fafe there; but within a month after the murther, thinking directly and securely to flye from the eyes and hands of Justice, thereby to avoid the storm of his punishment, he again takes horse for that great City and Forrest, Paris, where he hoped the infinite number of People, Streets, Coaches, and Horfes, would not only secure his fear, but prevent his danger, and that here, as in a secure sanctuary and safe harbour he might quietly ride at Anchor in all peace and tranquillity:but (as before) the time is not yet come of his punishment; for it may be, God, out of his inscrutable will and divine Providence, will, when he best pleaseth, return him from whence he came, and by some extraordinary accident make him there feel the foulness of his fact in the sharpness and suddenness of his punishment; which as a fierce gust and bitter storm, shall then surprize him, when he least suspects or dreams thereof. But in this interim of his residence, he forgets his new fact of Murther, to remember his old sins of Concupiscence and Whoredom; and so, rather like a lascivious Courtier, than a civil moral Christian, he cannot see the Church for the Stews, nor the Preachers or Priests for Panders and Strumpets. But this vanity of his shall cost him dear, and he shall be fo miserable to feel the punishment, fith he will not be so happy to seek the means to avoid it: for now fix months having exhausted and dislipated the greatest part of his gold, and his credit coming short of his hopes, it seems the air of Paris is displeasing to him, sith he cannot be agreeable toit, and therefore (necessity giving a law to the vanity of his desires) he begins to loath the Isle of France, to love the Province of Provence, and to leave Paris to fee Avignion. And now it is, the devil, that fubtil and facal feducer, steps in, and at one time bewitching both his reason and judgment, presents him afresh with the freshness and delicacy of Laurieta's beauty, which fo revives the sparks of his affection, that lay raked up in the ashes of silence, as he vows there is no beauty to hers; and if he chance eipy any fair Ladies, either at Court, or in the City, he presently affirmeth, and infinitely protesteth, they come far short of his Lauriera's delicacy, perfection, and grace; fo, as his purse tyranizing o're his ambition, and his concupiscence o're his judgment, he not so much as once dreaming of the implacable hatred she formerly bore him, and thinking it impossible for her to conceive, much less to know that he murthered Policy, he is constant and resolute to re-seek the felicity to live in her favour and affection, or to die in the pursuit thereof: but that will prove as impossible, as this apparent and feasible. So as absence adding fire to his lust, and excellency to her beauty, he is resolute to send one of his Lackeys to Avignion; partly to return with money, and so to meet him at Lyons, Moulins, or Nevers; but more especially in great secrecy to deliver a Letter to his fair and sweet Laurieta, and to bring him back her Answer, as if he were still at Paris, and not in his Journey downwards. When meaning as yet to conceal his murther of Poligny, he calling for pen and paper, traceth her thereon these lines.

BELLUILE to LAURIETA.

IF. Poligny had but the thousandth part as truly respected me, as I dearly loved thee, thou hads not so soon cast me out of thy favour, nor God so suddenly him out of this world: but I know not whether more to bewail my unfortunacy occasioned by thy cruelty, or his misery ingendered through his

own treachery. And indeed, as I grieve at that, so I sorrow at this; for, although he died mine enemy, yet in despight of his malice and death, I will live his friend, and if thou loved him, as I think thou dids, I wish I might fight with his Murtherer for his own sake, and kill him for thine. I may say, thy affection and beauty deserveth his better, though dare not affirm, I am reserved to be made happy in enjoying of either, much less of both, and least of all of thy self; and yet I must consess, that if our births and qualities were known, I should go as near to be thy equal, as he infinitely came short of being mine. What, or what not, I have performed for thy sake, is best known to my self, sith thou disdainest to know it: but if thou wilt please to abandon thy disdain, then my affection and the truth will inform thee, that I have ever constantly resolved to die thy servant, though thou have sworn never to live my Mistress. So that could I but as happily regain thy affection and favour, as I have unjustly and unfortunately lost it, Belluile would quickly forsake Paris to see Avignion, and abandon all the beauties of the World, to continue his homage and service to that of his only fair and sweet Laurieta.

BELLUILE.

With this his Letter he fends a Diamond-Ring from his finger, and so dispattheth his Lackey, who is not long before he arrive at Avignion, where very secretly he delivers Laurieta his Masters Token and Letter, and (treacherous Fury as the is) she kisseth both, and breaking off the Seals, reads the contents, whereat the infinitely feems to rejoyce, and fo questioneth with the Lackey about his Mafters return; who being taught his leffon, told her, that that depended on her pleasure, fith hers was his; and withal prays her for an answer; for, that two days hence he was again to return to his Master for Paris: the which she promiseth, The Lackey gone, she cannot retrain from laughing, yea, she leaps for joy, to see how Belluile is again so besotted, to throw himself into her favour and mercy, and to observe how willing and forward he was to run hood-wink'd to his untimely death and destruction : for the Devil hath fortified her in her former bloody resolution; so that, hap what will, she vows she will not fail to kill Belluile, because he had flain her Poligny, and already she wishesh him in Avignion that the might fee an end of this her wished and defired Tragedy. In the mean time she prepares her hypocritical and treacherous Letter, and a rich watchet Scarf embroydered with flames of filver. So his Lackey repaireth to her, to whom the delivereth both, with remembrance of her best love to his Master, and that she hoped shortly to see him in Avignion. The Lackey being provided of his Master's Gold, and this Scarf and Letter, trips away speedily for Lions, where he finds his Master privately husht up in a friends house, expecting his return : he is glad of his own Gold, but more of Laurieta's Letter, when thinking every minute a year before he had read it, he hastily breaking off the seals, finds these lines therein contained.

LAURIETA to BELLUILE,

A S I acknowledg I loved Poligny, so I confess I never bated thee; and if his treacherous infinuation were too prevalent with my credulity, I befeech thee attribute it to my indiscretion, as being a Woman, and not to my ineonstancy, as being thy friend; for, if he died thine enemy, let it suffice that I live thine hand-maid; and that as he was not reserved for me, so I hope I am wholly for thy self. How far he was my inseriour, I will not inquire, only it is both my content and honour, that thou please to vouch safe to repute me thy equal. I am so far from dissaining, as I infinitely desire to know what thou hast done for my sake, that I may requite thy love with kises, and make my thanks wipe off the conceit of my ingratitude. As for my affection, it was never lost to thee, nor shall ever be found but of thee. To conclude, I wish that our little Avigniou were thy great Paris; and if thy love he as unseigned as mine is sirm, let my Belluile make haste to see his Lauricta, who hath vowed to rejoyce a thousand times more at his return, than ever she grieved at Poligny's death.

LAURIETA.

At the reading of this her Letter he is beyond himself, yea, beyond the Moon for joy, so as he wisheth nothing so much, as himself in her arms, or she in his. So he fits himself with a couple of good horses, puts his Lackeys into new suits, and knowing that time and his absence had washed away the remembrance of Poligny's Murther, he speeds away for Avignion; where the first night of his arrival there, he privately visiteth Laurieta, twixt whom there is nothing but kisses and embracings; yea, she fo treacherously and sweetly sulls him assep with the Syren melody of her deceitful speeches, as she prays him to visit her often, and that a little time shall crown him with the fruits of his desire: so, for that night they part. The next day he repairs to her again, when amidst the confluence of many millions of kisses, she prays and conjures him to discover her what he hath done for her sake; when he tying her by oath to secre-

cie, and the swearing it, he relates her that it was himself, that in affection to her had flain Poligny, as he issued forth of her lodging; when having wrested and extorted this mystery from him, it confirms her malice, and hatteneth on her resolution of his death, which his lascivious thoughts have neither the grace to foresee, nor the reason to prevent. She espies he hath still a Piftol with him, and defires to know why he bears it? who answereth her, it is to defend himfelf from his enemies, and that he will never go without it. So again they fall to their kiffes, and he to his requests of a further and sweeter favour of her; which she for that time again denies him; adding withal, that if he will come to her after Dinner to morrow, the will fo dispose of matters, as his pleasure shall be hers; and she will not be her own, but his. So being furprised and ravished with the extalie of a thousand sweet approaching pleasures, he returns to his Chamber, and the to her malice: where whiles he gluts himfelf with his hope of delight, the doth no less with her defire of revenge. And now ruminating on the manner of his death, the thinks nothing to fit or easie to dispatch him, as his own Pistol, and to thinking the should need her Waiting-maid Lucilla's affiltance (of whom this our history hath formerly made mention) the acquaints her with her purpose, the next day to murther Belluile in her Chamber; and fo with the lure of Gold, and many fair promiles, draws her to confent hereunto, and injoyns her to be provided of a good Ponyard under her Gown for the same purpose, if need should require; which Lucilla promiseth. Now this night, as Bellvile could not fleep for joy, fo could not Laurieta for revenge, who is so weighed down to malice and murther, as the witheth the hour come for her to reduce her devillish contemplation into bloody action. But this hour shall come too soon for them both; for as Lovers are impatient of delays, so Belluile hath no sooner dined, but taking his Horse and two Lackeys, he says he will take the air of the fields that afternoon, but will first call in and see his Mittress Laurieta. So he alights at her door, and without the least fear of danger, or apprehension of death, very joyfully afcends Laurieta's Chamber; who, diffembling wretch as the is, very kindly meets and receives him, and the better to smother and dissemble her murtherous intent, is not only prodigal in taking, but in giving him kiffes. Belluile, like a dissolute and lascivious Gentleman, whispers Laurieta in her ear, that he is come to receive the fruits of his hopes, and of her promife and courtefie: when confidering that his Horfe and two Lackeys were at door, the returns him this in his ear, that the is wholly his, and that it is out of her power to deny or refuse him any thing, only she prays him to fend away his Lackeys, because their familiarity needed no witnesses. Thus whiles he calls them up, to bid them carryawayhis Horse to the Gate that leads to Marfeilles, and there to wait his coming, Laurieta steps to her Waiting-maid Lucilla, and bids her make ready her Ponyard, and fland close to her: for now (quoth she) the hour is come that I will be revenged of Bekinle for my Poligny's death : the which she had no sooner spoken, but Belluile returns to her; when redoubling his kisses, he little, or rather not at all fearing he was so near death, or death him, being ready to retire himself to a withdrawing Chamber, which Laurieta treacheroully informed him she had purposely provided for him, he takes his Pistol, and lays it on the Table of the outer Chamber, wherein they then were; which she efpying, as the instrument she infinitely defired to singer, takes it in her hand, and prays him to thew her how to shoot it off: to taking it from her, he told her, if the pleased, he would discharge it before her, for her sake. Why (quoth she) is it charged? Yea, replies Belluile, with a fingle Bullet. Nay then (quoth Laurieta) put in one Ballet more, and if you can efpy any Crow out of the Window, either on the house or Church-top, if it pleafe you, I will play the man, and shoot at it for your fake: When poor Belluile, defirous to please her in any thing, looks out at the Window, and espyes two Crows on the Croffe of the Augustines Fryers Church, which he very joyfully relates to Lauriets, and so at her request claps in a second Bullet more; for, (quoth she) if I strike not both, I will be fure to pay one; and fo prays him to lean out at Window, to see how near she could feather them; wnich (miserable Gentleman) he performing, the Pistol being bent she behind him dischargeth it directly in his own Reins; whereat he amazedly staggering, Lucilla feconding her bloody Mistress, steps to him, and with her Ponyard gives him five or fix wounds thorow the body; fo as without speaking or groaning, he falls dead at their feet. Whereat Lauriera Tryumphing and leaping for joy, uttereth these bloody and prophane speeches; O Poligny, whiles thou art in Heaven, this have I done in Earth for thy fake, and in revenge of thy cruel death! Which having performed, they more cruelly than Cruelty her felt, drag his breathless carkass, recking in his blood, down the stairs, into a low obscure Cellar, where making a shallow Grave, they there buryhim in his Clothes, and so pile up a great quantity of Billets on him, as if that wooden monument had power to conceal their Murther, and his body from the eyes and suspition of all the world. Good God! What Devils incarnate, and internal Furies are thefe, thus to imbrue their hands in the blood of this Gentleman?

But as close as they act and contrive this their bloody and inhuman murther on earth, yet Heaven will both detect and revenge it; for when they leaft dream thereof, God's wrath and vengeance will furprize them, to their utter confusion and destruction, and it may be sooner than they are aware of.

For the two Lackeys having stayed at the City Gate with their Masters horse till night, they return and feek him at Lauriera's Houle, where they left him; Lauriera informs them he flaved not an hour after them, and fince the faw him not; which news doth infinitely afflict and vex them. But they return to his Lodging, and like dutiful and faithful Servants, betwixt hope and fear, awair his return that Night, and all the next Day, but in vain. And now they begin to be amazed at his long and unaccultomed absence, and so consult this important business to some Gentlemen, their Master's confident and intimate Friends; who together with them repair to Laurieta's House, and again and again demand her for Mansieur de Belluile : but they find her constant in her first answer; and yet, guided by the Finger and Providence of God, they bewray a kind of perturbation in her looks, and discover some distraction and extravagancy in her speeches: whersupon calling to their minds her former discourtese to him for Poligny's sake, and his fighting with him on the Bridg for hers, as also this sudden and violent suspected murther of him, they suspect and fear, there is more in the Wind than as yet they know; and to acquaint the Criminal Judges herewith, who, as wife Senators, having severally examined both her and her Maid Luci la. and Belluile's Lackeys, they conclude to imprison Laurieta, which is instantly performed: whereat the is extreamly amazed and terrified; but howfoever, the is resolute to deny all, and constant to stand upon her Justification and Innocency. So her Judges adjudg her to the Torments of the Rack, which (with a Masculine, yea, with a Hellish Fortitude) she indureth, without revealing the least shadow, either of Fear or Guiltness; but they detain her still Prisoner, And hope that GOD will make time discover the Murther of Belluile, For eight days being now past, they are become confident that he is not in this world, but in another. In the mean time, her bloody Waiting-maid Lucilla hath continual recourse to her Lady Laurieta in Prison, where like impious and prophane wretches, they enterchangeably fwear fecrefie each to other, fith on eithers discovery depends no less than both their deaths.

Whiles this news is generally divulged in Avignion, Daulphine, Provenes, and Languedock, and no news at all to be had or gathered of Belluile; La Palaifiere, who shined with as many Virtues as Laurieta was obscured with Vices, out of compassion and Christian charity, some three weeks after, visiteth Laurieta in Prison, although she partly believed and knew, that she never affected or loved her; when aiming to add confolation to her afflictions, as God would have it, Laurieta out of her ignorance or folly, returns La Palaisiere this unlooked for answer: That her felf was as innocent of Belluile's death, as the was of Poligny's. Which words being overheard by some curious head of the Company, were instantly carried and reported to the Criminal Judges, who instantly cause la Palaisiere to be apprehended and brought before them, whom they examine upon Poligny's death, which doth no way affright or afflict her, because her conscience was untainted, and her self as innocent as innocency her self thereof. They deal further with her, to understand the passages of former businesses betwixt her felf, Poligny, and Belluile. She gives them a true and faithful account thereof, yea, and relates them as much and no more than this History hath formerly related; and to verifie and confirm her speeches, like a discreet young Gentlewoman, the gives them the Keyes of a Trunk of hers, wherein the faith is her copy of a Letter she wrote to Poligny, and his answer again to her, which she prays them to fend for, for her better clearing and discharge. The Judges send speedily away for these Letters, which are found, produced, and read, directly concurring with the true circumfrance of her former deposition: whereupon with much applause and commendation they acquit and discharge her. But if La Palaisiere's Vertues have cleared her ; Laurieta's Vices (which the Judges begin to smell out by Poligny's Letter) do the more narrowly and straightly imprifon her; and yet knowing that la Palaifiere neither had, nor could anyway accuse her, for either of thefe two Murthers; the fets a good face on her bad heart, and so very bravely frollicks it in prilon, and to speak truth, with far more joy, and less fear than heretofore: but to check and overthrow these vain triumphs of hers in their birth, and to nip them in their buds, news is brought her that her Waiting-maid Lucilla is fecretly fled: which her Judges understanding, they now more vehemently than ever heretofore suspect, that (without doubt) Laurieta was the author, and her Maid Lucilla the acceffary of Belluile's Murther; and so they set all the City and Country for her apprehension. And this news indeed makes Laurieta sear that she will infallibly be taken, which doth amaze and afflict her, and indeed hereat the cannot refrain from biting of her lip, and hanging down her head: but fee the miraculous and just judgment of

the Lord upon this wretched and bloody Lucilla! for the, for fear flying, as it is supposed, that night from Avignion to Orenge, to her Parents, was there drowned, and the next morn found and taken up dead in one of the Fenny Lakes betwixt the two Cities. Which news, being reported to Laurieta, she again converts her fear into hope, and forrows into joyes, as knowing well that dead bodies can tell no tales. But the Wildom and Integrity of the Judges, by the apparency of Lanriera's crime in that of her Waiting-Maids flight, again command her to be racked: but the devil is yet fo strong with her, and she with the devil, that she again indures the cruelty of these torments with a wonderful patience, with an admirable constancy and resolution, and so couragiously and stoutly denying her crime, peremptorily maintaining her innocency and justification, her Judges, led by the confideration of the sharpness and bitterness of her torments, as also that they could find no direct proof or substantial evidence against her, begin to conceive and imagine that it might be the Waiting-Maid, and not the Mistress, that had sent Billuile into another World; and so resolve, the Week following, if they heard nothing in the mean time to accuse Lauriera, to release and acquit her : which L uriera understanding, the torments which her limbs and body feel are nothing in respect of those contentments and joyes her heart and thoughts conceive; and already building Castles and Triumphs in her heart and contemplations, for the hope and joy of her speedy inlargement; she, in her apparel and behaviour, slaunts it out far braver than before. But she hath not yet made her peace with her Judges, neither have they pronounced her Quieta est. And alas, how foolishly and ignorantly doth the vanity of her hopes deceive and betray her, when as the foulness of her foul, and contamination of her conscience, every hour and minute prompt her, that God, the Judg of Judges, who hath feen, will in his good time and pleafure both detect and punish as well her Whoredom as her Murther, in her Death! And lo, here comes both the cause and the manner thereof, wherein God's providence and justice do miraculously resplend and

For Laurieta being indebted to her Land-Lord Mounsieur de Richcourt, as well for a whole years rent, as for three hundred Livers in money, which he had lent her, being impatient of her delayes, but more of her difgrace, lets out that part of his House, which she held of him, to the Dean of Carpentras, who for his health fake came to fojourn that Winter in Avignion; and dispairing of her inlargement, and to fatisfie himfelf, begins to fell away her Household-fluff, yea, to the very Billets which she had in her Cellar, which he retains for himself; whereof when his servants came to clear the Cellar, they removing the last Billets, find the earth newsly removed and opened in the length and proportion of a Grave: whereat wondring, they prefently inform their Master, who viewing the fame, as God would have it, he instantly apprehended and beleeved, that Laurieta had undoubtedly killed Bellvile, and there buried him: when not permitting his fervants to remove the least jot of earth, he as a discreet and honest Citizen, with all possible celerity trips away to the Criminal Judges, and acquaints them herewith; who concurring with Richeourt in his opinion and belief, they dispeed themselves to the Houseand Cellir, where causing the new opened earth to be removed, behold, they find the miferable dead body of Belluile there inhumanely thrown in, and buried in his Cloathes, which cauting to be taken off, thereby to fearch his body; they find him that into the reins with two Piftol-Bullets, and his body flab'd and pierced with fix feveral wounds of a Rapier or Ponyard: they are amazed at this pitiful and lamentable spectacle; and so resting confident, it could be no other but Laurieta and her Maid Lucilla, that had committed this cruel Murther, they very privately and fecretly cause Belluil's dead body to be conveyed to the Prison. and there, when Lauriera least dreamt thereof, expose it to her fight, and in rough terms charge and crye out upon her for this murther; but this monster of nature, and she-devil of her sex, hath yet herheart obdurated with revenge, and her foul so o're-clouded and benumm'd with impiety, as the is nothing daunted or terrified with the fight hereof; but with many fearful imprecations and affeverations stands peremptorily in her innocency, and out of the heat of her malice and choller, terms them Devils or Witches, that are her accusers. But her Judges who can no longer be deluded with her Vows, nor will no more give ear to her perfidious Oaths, command to have her Paps seared off with hot burning Pincers, thereby to vindicate the truth of her cruel murther, from the fallehood of her impious and impudent denyal thereof. Whereat amazed and aftonished, and seeing this cruel torment ready to be inflicted and presented her, God was so indulgent to her sins, and so mer-ciful to her soul, as, the Devil flying from her, and she from his temptations, she raining down many rivolets and showers of tears from her eyes, and evaporating many volleyes of fighs from her heart, throwing her felf down on her knees to the earth, and lifting up her eyes and hands to Heaven, with much bewailing and bitterness, she at last confesseth to her Judges, that she and her Waiting-Maid Lucilla were the Murtherers of Belluite, and for the which she said, that through her humble contrition and hearty repentance, she hoped that God would pardon her foul in the life to come, though she knew they would not her body in this. Whereupon the Judges, in horror and execration of her inhuman and bloody Crime, pronounce sentence of death upon her, and condemn her, the

mext day after dinner, first to be hanged, then burnt in the same street; right against her lodgings Monsteur de Richones's house; and likewise, sith Lucilla was both an accessary and actor in this bloody Tragedy, that her body should be taken up of the Grave, and likewise burnt with hers in the same fire: which accordingly was executed in the presence of an infinite number of people both of the Citizens, and adjacent neighbours of Avignin; Lauriera uttering upon the Ladder a short, but a most Christian and penitent speech to the people, tending first to disswade them all by her example from those foul and crying sins of Whoredom, Revenge; and Murther; and then to request and perswade them, that they would assist her with their religious and devout prayers in her soul's passage and slight towards Heaven: yet adding withal, that as her Crime, so her Grief was redoubled because, as she had killed Belluise for Poligny's sake; so she was sure that Belluise had killed Poligny, for hers.

And thus, Christian Reader, were the dissolute lives and mournful deaths of these two unfortunate Gentlemen, Poligny and Belluile; and of this lascivious and bloody Curtizan Lauriera, and her Waiting-Maid Lucilla. A Tragical History, worthy both of our observation and detestation; and indeed, these are the bitter fruits of Lust, Whoredom, and Revenge, and the inseparable companions which infallably await and attend them; the very sight and consideration whereof are capable, not only to administer consolation to the righteous, but to strike terrour to the ungodly. O therefore, that we may beware by these their satal and dangerous sins: for this is the only perfect and

true way to repent and avoid their punishments.

GOD'S



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY IX.

Jacamo de Castelnovo lust fully falls in love with his Daughter in Law Perina, his own Sou Francisco de Castelnovo's Wife; whom to injoy, he causeth Jerantha sirst to poyson his own Lady Fidelia, and then his said S in Francisco de Castelnovo: in revenge whereof, Perina treacherously murthereth him in his bed. Jerantha ready to dye in Travel of Child confesseth her two murthers, for the whice she is hanged and burnt. Perina hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perfectual imprisonment, where she sorrowfully dyes.

We need not send our curiosity (or our curiosity us) to seek Tygers and Monsters in imbrue, but to imbathe themselves in the innocent blood of their Christian Brethren. And as Religion prohibits ut to kill, and commands us to love our enemies; with what audacious and prophane impiety dare we then murther our Friends, nay those of our own blood, and who are the greatest part of our selves? And although Italy hath lately afforded many Tragical Presidents, and fearful examples of this nature (whereof I have given some to my former, and reserved others to my suture Books) yet, in my Conceit, it hath produced none more bloody and inhumane than this, whether we respect the Mutthers or the Persons. For here we shall see a wretched and exectable Old Man so besotted in Lust, and Flaming in Malice and Revenge, as, being both a Husband and Father, he by a Hellish young Gentlewoman (his strumpet) paysone h both his own Wise and his own Son: It was his Vanity which first inkindled the fire of his Lust; it is then his Impiety which gives way to the Devil to blow the Coals thereto, and so to convert it into Murther. O that Sin should so triumph o're Grace, and not Grace o're Sin! O that Age and Nature should not teach us to be less

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bloody, and more compassionate and charitable! And alas, alas, by poyson, that drug of the devil, who first brought the damnable invention thereof from Hell, to be practifed here on earth only by his Agents and Members, we shall likewise see him killed by his Daughter-in-Law, for formerly poysoning of her Husband: Lust seduced him to perpetrate those; Affection, or rather bloody Revenge, drew her on to perform this, and consequently to her punishment due for the same. Had they had more Grace and Religion, they would not have been so inhuman, but falling from that, no marvel if they fell to be so wretched and miserable: for if we dye well, we seldome live ill; if we live ill, we usually never dye well; for it is the end that crowns the beginning, not the beginning the end. Therefore if we will be happy in our lives, and blessed in our deaths, we must follow Vertue, and slye from Vice, love Chastity and Charity, and hate Lust and Envy, prefer Heaven before Earth, our Souls before our Bedies, and defie Satan with a holy resolution both to fear and love God.

Savoy is the Country, and Nice the City (seated upon the Mediterranean Sea, being the ftrongest Bulwark against France, and the best Fortress and Key of Italy) where the Scene of this infuing Tragical History is laid, the which to refetch from the Head-spring, and Fountain of its original, it must carry our curiosity and understanding over those samous Mountains, the Alpes, and from thence to the City of Saint John de Mauriene, where of late and fresh memory dwelt amaged Gentleman, of rich revenues and great wealth, named Seignior Antonio de Arconeto, who had newly by his deceased Wife, the Lady Eleanora de Bibanti, two Children, to wit, a Son and a Daughter; that, named Seignior Alexandro; and this, the Lady Perina; a little different in years, for he was eighteen, and she but fifteen; but more in qualities and conditions, for he was by Nature perverse and cholerick, but she, mild, courteous, and gracious. Again, they differed much in the lineaments and proportion of their bodies; for Alexandro, like his Father, was short, crook back'd, and hard-favour'd: and Perina, resembling her Mother, tall, fliaight-wasted, and fair: fo as it being a Principle and Maxim in Nature, that Parents (for the most part) love those Children beit, who best resemble them; as the Mother Eleanora preferr'd Perina in her affection before Alexandro; so contrariwise their Father Arconero did Alexandro before Perina. But as God had called Eleanora out of this life, and left her Husband Arconeto to survive her; so Alexandro's joy prov'd his Sister Perina's misery and affliction: for he was so happy to see himself tenderly cherished and affected, and she so unfortunate to perceive her felf flighted and dif-respected of her Father; wherein, as I praise Arconeto's intimate love to his Son, so I cannot but discommend, and withall, pity his immerited and unnatural neg-lect to his Daughter; wherein, as Alexandro triumphing in the one, judg judicious Reader, if Perina had not cause enough to grieve and lament at the other. But as the drift and scope of this History looks another way, fo for my part, who have undertaken to pen it, it is the least of my intent or purpose to give instruction and direction, how Parents should bear themselves in their affections towards their Children: for loving one, and having another, the joy of the one proves oftentimes the others forrow; and in giving that too much hope, we many times administer this too much cause of despair, or if the inclinations and affections of Parents be more narrowly tyed, and firstly linked to prefer and love one Child above the other, yet fith they are the equal iffue of our loyns, and we the only Parents of their youth, we should be as well cautious in the diffribution of our favours, as in the demonstration of our dif-respects towards them. But enough of this digression; and now again to our History.

As Alexandro grows up in years, so he doth in ambition and oftentation: for if he play the Bravasho abroad among Gentlemen and Ladies, so authorized by his fathers harred to his Sister, he at home becomes a pretty Tyrant to her; yea, his carriage is so stern and imperious towards her, as if she were rather his Slave than his Sister, or his laundress and his hand-maid than any part of himself, which notwithstanding it was both a daily grief to her heart, and a continual torment to her thoughts; yet Perina's sweet perfections, and gracious vertues and behaviour, make her digest and brook all with wonderful constancy, and an admirable patience, for well she knows, that if she should complain to her Father, of her Brother's unkindness towards her, she should thereby reap no other remedy and redress but this, That the one would laugh, and the other triumph thereat; and that the issue thereof would prove her complaints to be the Maygame of the one, and mocking-stock of the other. But God hath ordained briefly to ease her of a great part of her undeserved discontents and afflictions: for lo, her Brother Alexandro, debauching and surfeiting at a Banquet at Susa, returns home, surprised of a hot pestilent Fevet,

which notwithstanding the care of his Father, or the Art of his expertest Physicians, he, in three dayes, is taken out of this life.

And now guided by the light of nature, and the instinct of common sense and reason, who would not surmise or think, but that Arconeto, having buried his Son Alexandro, should now love his only Daughter and Child Perina far dearer and tenderer than before? But alas, nothing less; for he is not so kind, and therefore she cannot be so happy; yea, which is worse, although his words be her commands, and his pleasure her law, yet he contemns both her and her obedience, and never looks on her with love and affection, but still with disdain and envy : yea, in a word, his distaste is so extream and bitter against her, as he is never better pleased, than when she is furthest from him, so as her absence may delight and content him, but her presence cannot. Which unratural dif-respect, and unjust cruelty of her Father towards her, doth so nip the joys of her youth, and the bloffoms of her health and beauty, as, poor young Gentlewoman, the becomes infinite melancholy, and extream weak and fickly; which being observed and pitied of all her kinsfolks and friends, as being her Father's only Child, and Heir to all his Lands and Riches, an Aunt of hers, being her Mother's Sifter, and likewise her God-mother, termed the Lady Dominica, a Widow-woman of the same City, works so with her Brother-in-Law Arconeta, that he is content to permit his Daughter Perina to refide and dwell with her: whereat as the Aunt is not a little glad, fo the Neece beyond measure infinitely rejoyceth, and triumphs thereat, both hoping that her absence may, and will procure her Father's assection, which her presence could not; and that having more liberty and less bondage, she might again in a short time recover her former health and content; or else that God, out of his divine providence; and pleafure in Heaven, might call and allot her out some gallant Husband here on earth, with whom, in the contents and pleasures of Marriage, she might end her suture dayes in as much tranquillity and felicity, as the had formerly lived in discontent and affliction : and indeed the event, though not in the first, yet in the two last points, answereth their expectati-

The Lady Dominica hath formerly contracted a Daughter of hers, named Dona Bertha, to a Cavalier of the City of Nice, termed Seignior Bartholomeo Spelassi, by descent noble, and of good revenews and wealth. And now the appointed time is come for their marriage: to which end, up comes Spelassi from Nice to Saint John de Mauriene, assisted and followed by many Gallant young Gentlemen of his Kinsfolks and Friends; and, in a Word, with a Train well befitting his rank and quality, where these Nuprials are solemnized with great variety of pomp and pleasure; as Feasting, Dancing, Masks, Running at the Ring, and the like; for in these amorous and Court-like Revels, the Savojards (as participating both of the French and Italian humours) take a fingular delight and felicity: But, as many times one Wedding occasioneth and produceth another, fo Fortune, or, to speak more properly and truly, God ordained, that the Lady Dominica appointed her Neece Perina, to conduct the Bride-groom her Son-in-Law Spelass, to the Church; and he had allotted one of the noblest and eminent Cavaliers that came with him, named Signior Francisco de Castelnovo, to perform the same Ceremony to his Bride the Dona Bertha, being a Knight of Malea, native of the City of Nice, and Son and Heir to Seignior Jacomo de Castelnovo, a very ancient and rich Baron of Savoy. Now as Perina was a most beautiful and fair young Lady, so was our young Castelnovo a very proper Gallant Cavalier; and fith the occasion of this Marriage, and the fortunacy and opportunity of their united office, by a kind of destinated and happy priviledg, authorized each to be familiar in the others company and presence: so, as Lovers begin to court first in jest, then in earnest, the hearts and breasts of this young couple are in the end equally surprized with the slame of affection, yea, his personage and dancing, and her beauty and singing, mutually inkindle this fi e of love in their thoughts and contemplations; which either imagineth, and both perceive and underfland, by the dumb Oratory and filent Rhetorick of their eyes: Which Castelnovo knowing her descent and quality answerable to his, he intends to seek her in Marriage. When, not any longer to suppress or conceal their affections, they after dinner, dancing in company of divers others in the Garden, he fingleth out the Lady Perina, his new Mistress apart in a Bower, closely over-veil'd with Vines, Sycamores, and Cyprus trees, and there 'twixt fighs and words, reveals his deep affection to her. But to avoid the prolixious relation of this their Garded interview and conference, although at first Perina's modesty (the sweetest ornament and vertue of a Lady) was such, as she not only kept her felf, but likewise her affection to her felf, yet her courteous and thankful answers, waited and seconded by many deficious blushes, and amorous fighs, although not publickly, yet privately inform'd her Lover Castelnovo, that she likewise loved him : so as during the term of fifteen dayes, which Spelass and he remained in Saint John de Mauriene, he never lest courting her, tili he had obtained

her affection, and consent to be his Wise; drawn thereunto by these two attractive and seducing reasons: First, that Castelnovo was a gallant and proper Cavalier, as also her equal in descent and means; and then, that the should live in Nies with a Husband who dearly loved her, and no longer in Saint John de Mariene, with a Father who extreamly hated her: Neither can these our young Lovers bear their affections so secret, but the whole company, especially the Lady Dominic is her Aunt perceives it, and deeming it a fit match for her Necce, rejoyceth therear. Castelnovo secretly acquaints her therewith, and intreats her best assistance therein, towards her Brother Arconto, which she promiseth, and sorthwith attempted: when Castelnovo, taking time at advantage, seconds her in his suit for the Daughter, to her old Father.

Now her Father Acconeto (degenerating from the natural affection of a Father towards his Daughter) is so willing to part with her to any Husband, that he may no more see her, nor be frombled with her presence; as thinking a far worse Match good enough, he thinks this infinitely too good for her; and so at the least shadow of the very first motion consents thereunto; which not only banisheth Perina's old Grief, but consistent Castelnico's new joyes; yet they, like two sweet and vertuous Lovers, so extreamly rejoyce and triumph thereat, as he riding holne Post to Nice, to acquaint his own Father S gnior Jacomo de Castelnico; therewith; and swiftly returning again to Saint John de Mauriene, with his consent and approbation; this marriage of Castelnico we and Perina, is almost as soon solemnized, as that of Spelassi and Bertha, though indeed more obscure, and with far less Pomp and Bravery, in respect of the perversees and distaste, of her

froward old Father Arconeto. So, fifteen dayes being expited fince Spelass and Castelnono that first departure from Nice, they leave Saint John de Mauriene, to return and conduct their Brides home to Nice, robbing that, to inrich this City with two such Beautiful and Gallant Ladies, as were Bertha and Perina.

Now the better to add Life and Form to this History, or rather to approach the more material and effential parts thereof, we must here leave to speak of Spelass and Briba, and wholly the our thoughts and curiosity to Castelnovo and Perina, two principal and unfortunate Personators, who both have mournful parts to accupon the Stage and Theater of Nice; for this Marriage of theirs, is not begun with the tenth part of so many joyes, as we shall shortly see it waited and attended on, year, disloved and finished both with tears and blood.

Castelnovo having brought Home his fair and dear Perina to Nice, she is very honourably welcomed, and courteously received and entertained, of his old Father, Seignor Jacomo de Castelnovo, and of the Lady Fidelia his Mother, and so are all her Kinsfolks and Friends, who accompany her; yea, there wants no feasting nor revelling in Nice, to testifie how much they congratulate and rejoyce at their Son's good Fortune and Happiness. And sor Castelnovo and Perina themselves, why they are so ravished in the content, and drowned in the joyes and delights of Marriage, as though they have two Bodies, yet but one Hearts Desire, and affection; yea, they are so extreamly in Love each with other, as they believe there is no Heaven upon Earth, to that of each others Presence. But they shall be deceived herein; for there are Tragical Scorms arising, to trouble the Serenity of this Marriage, and the felicity and tranquillity of these affections.

For it is both with Grief and Shame, that I must be so immodest, and therefore unf remare to relate, that the old Biron Jacomo de Castelnovo, aged of some threescore and eight veirs, hath so far forgotten his God and himself, his conscience and his sout, grace and mature and hismanity, as gazing on the fresh and delicious Beauty of our sweet Lady Perina, his own Son's Wife, he gives the Reins both of his obscene desires, and inordinate affections, to Lust after her. O how my heart trembles to think how he who is white with the Snow of a venerable Age, should now lasciviously idolatrize to Beauty! how he that hath (as it were) one foot in his Grave, should luffully defice to have the other in his Son's Bed! how he that he that hish his Veins dryed up and withered, and nothing living in him but defire, should yet of all the Beauties of the world, defire only to jujoy that of his Son's Wife! how he, that hath scarce any time left him to be repensant and forrowful for his old Sins, will now anew make himfelf guilty of thefe foul Sins of Adultery, and I may in a minner lay of Incest! how he that buth not given the Flower of his Youth, will yet still lasciviously and wilfully refuse to bestow the Bran of his Age on his God! Alas miserable Castelmovo, wretched old man, or rather lubricious and beaftly Letcher, thus to drown thy Thoughts in the Hell of Concupitence and Adultery, when it were far fitter thou shouldft lift them up to Heaven, in the facrifice of Prayer, and other pious and religious contemplations! But all this will not prevail to stop the current of his voluptuoulness, and the progression of his sensuality; for without respect of his God, or regard of his soul, he is resolute in his delives, to make a Strumpet of his Daughter in Law, and to make his Son's Wife his Whore: but God will deceive his hopes, and prevent his Villany.

Now the better and fooner to draw her to his lascivious Defires, he is wonderful courteous and affable to her, still walking and talking with her, yea, and many times kuling her; whereof, both her Husband and felf are infinitely joy ul, but especially Perina, because the finds a great alteration in her fortune, in that her Father in Law Castelnoon proves as courtecus to her, as her own Father Arconero is cruel. But poor innocent foul, and sweet and chatte Lady, little dest thou either dream, or think on his lascivious intent against thine Honour and Chastity. Old Cast Inous wallowing in the filthiness, and burning in the fire of his new Lutt, and losing himself and his thoughts in the Labyrinth of his Daughter in Law Pe i.a's Beauty, he thinks on nothing formuch, may, or nothing elle, but how to obtain her to his lascivious Will: but not daring, or rather fearing to acquaint her with his inordinate and beaftly purpose, whiles his Son, her Husband, is at home present with her, he forgeth and frames a plot, both unnatural and treacherous, to make him imbrace and follow the Wars in waiting on the Duke Charles Emanuel, or the Prince Anadee Victor his Son and Heir, who with their Warlike Troops were resolute to expell the Duke of Firia Vice roy of Millain, with his Spanish Regiments, out of Vercele, Cassall, and the other Towns of Piedmont: to which end his luftful affection to Perina, made him eloquent in perswading, and powerful in drawing her Husband to this Martial action, to full of Honour and Glory; adding, that his Honour, and the fervice of his Prince and Countrey, called him to the Field, and that he should not wholly drown himself in the Beauty of his young Wife, and the pleasures of Marriage. His Son Castelnovo not at all suspecting, or dreaming what a dangerous Snake lay lucking under the green Leavs of his Father's Sugred Speeches and Perfivations, like a noble and generous Knight as he was, needs no other advocate but his own Honour and Martial Disposition to imbark him in these Wars; and although the Beauty, Requests, and Tears of his young Lady were vehement solicitours to divert him, yet he is resolute to leave her for three or four months. And so making ready his arms, Train, Horles and preparatives, he giving her many kiffes, and the returning him a world of fights and tears, leaves Nice, and to finds out the Duke and his Army in Piermont; where for a little time we will leave him.

It is a question very disputable, and which by my weak capacity and judgment cannot well be decided, Whether this departute of young Castelnevo to the Wars, made his Father more glad, or his Wise forcowful: for, as she was all in tears, so was he in mirth and jollity, being so vain in Lust and so lusted in his Vanity, as he trims up his Beard, and goes neater and withall more youthful in his Apparel than accustomed; yea, his Lust had so metamorphosed him, as if it had a prophane influence, and secret power to renew old age in him. But alas, alas, what perfection of Chastity can we expect or hope for in youth, when we see no better signs and fruits in one of threescore and eight years? But I will follow the stream of our History, though indeed the Relation of this old lascivious Letcher's Lust and Vanity to his Daughter in Law Perina, equally afflict me with grief and pity to publish it.

I am then constrained to write and averr, that although meer shame and unnaturalness do as yet with-hold this wretched Father's tongue, from vomiting forth his adulterated Lust to his fair and chast Daughter in Law Perica, yet his Lust is so immodestly lascivious, as he cannot keep himself out of her company, not, being in it, refrain from kissing her; but to see the innocency, and observe the purity of her Thoughts, she nevertheless not so much as any way suspects or dreams of his lascivious intent, although indeed she thinks this courtesse of his somewhat exceeds the priviledge of a Father, and the Duty of a Daughter; but measuring this by the cruelty of her own Father, she, poor silly soul, thinks her self in this respect now as happy, as heretofore she was miserable. Only the absence of her dear Husband Castelnovo, doth both torture and torment her; and the more, for that he is in the field at Wars; when, God knoweth, she desireth and wisheth he should be at home with her in peace.

But whiles Perina looks from Savoy to Piedmont, from Nice to V reelli, and from her self to her Lord and Husband, her other self, we must not forget, because our History will remember, her Mother in Law Fidelia, which now we must admit and re-conduct to act her part upon the Theater hereof; Who, observing her Husbands immodest and unwise Familiarity demonstrated to the young Lady Perina, her Son's Wise, as also his alteration in Humours and Apparel, but chiefly in his accustomed Distractions and Sighs in his rest and repose; she more out of Vertuous Wisdom, than Foolish Jealousie, aims at his vain Lust towards this young Lady her Daughter in Law; whereat she both admires with Grief, and wonders with anxiety of Assistant and Sorrow, to see her old Husband, in the Winter of his Age, so sottish and beastly to Lust after his own Son's young Wise; to see that no respect of Heaven, no regard of Conscience, nor apprehension of Damnation and Hell, had the Grace or Power, either to kill these lascivious Thoughts in their Conception, or to strangle them in their Birth, to see that

he who was ready to go to his Bed of Death, should now (like the Salamander in the fire) be burning with delire, to go to that of Lutt and Adultery; and to fee him fo devoid of Pity, as he must needs joyn Incest with Adultery, as if one of these beatily Sins alone, were not enough enormous and prodigious to make his life miserable, and his death wretched. And although the hath cause enough of sorrow in her self, yet when she thinks of her Husband's Age, and Daughter's Youth, of his lust and her chastity, and, which is more, of the most degenera e and unnatural part of a Father to feek to pollute and defile his own Son's Bed. and confequently his own honour; This indeed goes near her, and this, and only this, makes her look on him, both with envy and pity; but her age having taught her to love Discretion, and to hate and disdain Jealousie, she bears this as patiently as she may, till at last seeking and firding out a fit opportunity, she, both with tears in her eyes, and grief in her speeches, very secretly checks him for these his inordinate and lascivious desires towards the young Lady Perina, their Daughter in

But as it is the nature of Sin fo to betray and inveigle our Judgments, that we flatter our felves with a falle conceit, none can perceive it inus; so this old Letcher, her Husband, thinking that he had danced in a Net, from the jealousse and suspition of all the World, in thus affecting his Son's Wife, he, like a level and wretched old Varlet, is so far from rellishing these his old Wive's Speeches and Exhortations, or from being reclaimed thereby, as he disdaineth both them, and her; and from henceforth is so imperious, and withall bitter to her, as he never looks on her with Affection, but Envy; which nevertheless she (as a Modest Wife, and Grave Matron) holds it a part not only of her Love, but of her Duty, by sweet Speeches, and fost means of Perswasion, to divert him from this Fond and Lascivious Humour of his. But observe the Vanity of his Lasciviousness, and the Impiety of his Thoughts and Resolutions; for all her Prayers and Perswasions serve only rather to fet, than rebate the Edge of his Lust, and rather bring Oyl to increase, than Water to quench the Flame of his Immodest and Irregular Affection, so as seeing that she stood in the way of obtaining his Beastly Pleasures; he, like a prophane and barbarous Husband, terms her no more his Wife, but his Medea; and, which is worse, he, out of the heat both of his Lust and Choler, vows he will soon remove her from this World to another.

And here the Devil, ambitious and defirous of nothing so much, as to fill up the empty rooms of his vast and infernal Kingdom, by miserable and execrable degrees takes possession first of his thoughts, then of his heart, and lastly of his foul; so as being constant in his indignation and choler, and resolute in this his impious and bloody revenge, he means to dispatch and murther her, who, for the term of forty two years had been his most loving Wife, and faithful Bed-fellow; but withall he will act it so privately, as not having as yet discovered his affection to his Daughter Perina, he will therefore conceal both from her and all the World the Murther of this his Wife Fidelia, except only to those graceless and execrable Agents he meant to imploy in this mournful and bloody

To which end, (with a hellish Ratiocination) ruminating and revolving on the manner thereof, he having run over the Circumstances of many Violent and Tragical Deaths, at lest resolves to poyfon her; and deems none fo fit to undertake it, as her own Waiting-Gentlewoman Jerantha; the which authorized by his former lascivious dalliance with her, as also in favour of five hundred Duckets that he will give her, he is confident she will undertake and finish; neither doth he fail in his bloody hopes; for what with the Honey of his flattering Speeches, and the Sugar of his Gold, the, like an infernal Furv, and a very Monster of her Sex, most ingratefully and inhumanly confents thereunto; fo as putting poylon into white-broath, which fome mornings the was accustomed to make and give her Lady, it spreading into her Veins, and exhaling the radical Humour of her Life and Strength, within eight dayes carries this Aged and Vertuous Matron to her Grave, and her Soul to Heaven. But her Murtherers shall pay dear for this her untimely

The Lady Perina, and all the Lady Fidelia's Kinsfolks and Friends infinitely lament and bewail her Death; and indeed to doth the whole City of Nice, where for her Descent and Vertues the is infinitely beloved and affected; but all these tears of theirs are nothing in comparison of those of her wicked and execrable Husband Castelnovo, who, although he inwardly rejoyce, yet he outwardly feems to be exceedingly afflicted and dejected. But as he hath heretofore acted the part of a Murtherer, and now of an Hypocrite yet, have we but a little patience, and we shall see that detected,

this unmasked; and both punished.

Whiles this mournful Tragedy is acted in Nice, the Mediation of the French King and Pope reconcile the differences, give end to the Wars, and conclude Peace betwixt Sp in and

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So home returns the Duke of Feria, to Millain; the noble Duke of Savoy, and the generous Princes his Sons, to Turin; the Marthal De Desdignieres, and the Baron of Termes, into Frances; and confequently home comes our Knight Castelnovo to Nice: where thinking to rejoyce with his young Wife, he is so unfor un te to mourn for the Death of his old Mother; but GOD knows, that neither of them know the least spack or shadow of her cruel and untimely Murther, and less, the cause thereof. Now for his lascivious and bloody. Father, albeit, to call a vail before his thoughts, and his intents and actions, he publickly mourns for his Wive's Death, and rejoyceth for his Son's Return; yet contrariwise he privately mourns for this, and rejoyceth for that. But to leave the remembrince of Fidelia, to assume that of our Perina; I know not whether the grieved more at her Husband's absence, or rejoyce at his presence, fith ner affections to him was so render and fer-vent, as in her heart and soul she esteemed that as much her Hell, as this her Heaven upon Earth: but these joyes of hers are but fires of straw, or flattering Sun-shine, which are juddenly washed either away with a showre, or eclipsed and banished by a tempest; for whiles her hopes flatter her belief of her Husbands continual thay and refidence with her, her Father-in-Law's Luft to her, fore-seeing and confidering that it was impossible to think to obtain her at home, e're her Husband his Son, were again imployed and fent abroad, makes all his thoughts, aim, care, and induling tend that way as if time had no power to make him repent the former Murther of his Wife, or Grace influence to renounce the future defiling and dishonouring of his Daughter-in-Law.

But he is as conflant in his Lust to her, as resolute in his dispatching and fending away of him only he mult find out fome pregnant, vertuous, and honourable pretext and colour for the effects ing of his defign and resolution, because he well knows his Son Castelnovo is as wife and generous in him'elf, as amorcus of his beautiful young Lady Perina: but his Luft, which is the cause of his Refolution, or rather his vanity, which is the Author of his Luft, at one time fuggefts him these two several imployments for his Son; either to send him into France with the Prince Major, who was lately contracted, and shortly to espouse Madama Ciristiene the King's second Sister: or else under the infinuation of some great Pensions and Offices that were shortly to be disposed of in Malta, again to fend him back thither: and his harping on these two strings, was the only mufick and melody which he now gave his Son; who after he had, a month or two at most, recreated himfelf in the sweet company of his dear and sweet Wife Perina, he least of all aiming whereat his father aimed, by his absence again gives way, and consents to his defire of his departure: only the choice of these two different imployments is yet quellionable and unresolved of between the Father and his Son : For as the Son's curiofity defireth for to fee the Court of France, which as yet he hath not feen ; To his Father's Lust and Malice is to have him return honourably to Males, from whence he hash formerly received his honour of Knight hood, and there to obtain a Pention during the term of his

The Son imbraceth the pleasures of the Journey of France, before the Profit and Honout of the Voyage of Malta. But the Father aiming at other ends, preferrs this of Malta before that of France, so as time working an impression in his thoughts, and his Father's define a kind of natural Command in his Will, and of filial Obedience in his Resolution, he at last resolves on Malta.

But as neither of these two enterprizes of young Castelnovo is pleasing but distasted to his young and fair Lady Perina; so if her affiction and misery besuch, as of the two her liusband must needs attempt and prosecute one, then lith he may go into France by Land, and cannot to Malta, but by Sea; she at last, with an inforced willingness (sympathizing with his first inclination) likewise defires that the Object of his Journey, and the Period of his Voyage be France, not Multa; as relying rather in hearing from him to stand at the speed and sidelity of a Post, than at the unconstancy of the Winds, and the mercy of the Seas.

So all things prepared and ready for his Voyage, Perina importunately begging, and her Husband Castelnovo confidently promising his speedy return, the conducting him over the Hill to Villastanca, in her Coach: they there, with many reciprocal kisses, sighs and tears, take leave each of other; he imbarking himself upon a French Galley bound from Marseilles to Malea, (which stopt there accidentally) and she committing him to the auspicious favour of the Wind and Sea, very sorrowfully returns for Nice.

Thus leaving the Son floating and wasting on the Seas, let us again return to his unnatural and beastly Father, who seeing his Wife gone to Heaven, and his Son to Malia, and all things hitherto to succeed according to his lascivious Desires, doth now assure himself, that either by fair or foul Means he will reap his Pleasure of his Beautiful Daughter-in-Law Perina.

To which end he gives her the fole government and superintendence of his house, with intent and hope the sooner to govern, and surer to command her : and so forgetting modely, and his lust giving a Law to his conscience, fifteen dayes are scarce past, till finding her in her Chamber playing on her Lute, he after some pauses, coughs, and kisses, bewrays and vomiteth her forth his fervent affection and defire.

But for mine own part, I highly disdain to pollute and vilifie this History with the obscene and lascivious speeches, wherewith this old Letcher Castelnovo courts this young Lady Perina his Daughter-in-Law, as holding them as unworthy of my relation, as of my Reader's knowledg; of my modelt pen, as of their chait ears, only judging of their nature and quality by their effects. The beaftliness and unexpectedness thereof, first made Perina extreamly blush for shame and choler, and then immediately again look pale with grief and dildain, when not able to brook, or hearken to his lewd speeches, much less his hateful presence, she, in the desence and preservation of her chaltity, which she preserved before her life, giving him a sharp answer, and a bitter denyal; and grieving to fee a Father fo graceless and impious, to feek to defile his own Son's bed in her dishonour, she throws away her Lute, and so very hastily and cholerickly abandoneth his presence, and her own Chamber. At which he bites his lip for rage, and hangs down his head for indignation. But at last, fin and the devil raigning in him, makes him that he will not take this first repulse for his last answer and denial : but, resolute to persevere in his lubricity, he in every walk, garden, and room, frequents and haunts her as her Ghost, as thinking to obtain that from her through his importunity, which he could not by his perswasion; but

this his impudency shall not prevail.

Now as his finful motion infinitely grieved her, to his perfeverance and importunacy therein doth doubly affict and torment her : how to appeale this ftorm, to quench the fire of his Luft, and deface the remembrance and feeling of her grief, she knows not. For alas, alas, she is fo unbappy, as her own Father Arconeto, and her Aunt Dominica are at St. John de Mauriene, her sweet and dear Husband in Malta, and her Mother-in-Law, the Lady Fidelia in Heaven; so as the bath no intimate nor fecret familiars, nor any bosome-friend to reveal these her forrows and afflictions. Once the thought to fteal away from Nice, fo to pass the Mountains, and to fly back to Saint John de Mauriene: but again confidering the dishonour, and withall, the danger to undertake this journey, as also the cold reception and entertainment she should there find of her own hard-hearted Father, who would rather deride than pity her afflictions : she altereth this her resolution, and so resolves a little longer to stay in Nice, hoping and praying, that God would rectifie her Father-in-Law Castelnovo's judgment, and reform the errours of his lascivious thoughts and desires. And so for her part, hating the Father as much as she loved the Son her Husband; he could not be more Prodigal of his lewd speeches and tentations to her, than she was of her fighs and tears to understand and repel them. A thousand times she wisheth her felf in Malta, with the Knight her Husband, or he in Nice with her : and could her body fo foon have flown or failed thither as her thoughts, he had long fince injoyed the happiness of her prefence, and the the felicity of his Father's absence. But, fith she is too miserable to be so fortunate, the hath yet this consolation left her to sweeten the bitterness of her afflictions, and this hope to revive and comfort her against her dispair, that her Letter may procure his speedy return from Malta to Nice. Whereon refolving, although the occision and grounds thereof were as strange as shameful, she secretly steals to her Chamber, and locking her door to her, takes her pen and paper, and rather with tears than Ink, writes him thefe few lines:

PERINA to CASTELNOVO.

Lithough mine eyes and heart can better weep and figh for mine afflictions, than my pen depaint A them; get I should infinitely mrong thee in my self, and my self in thee, if I inform thee not, by this my Letter (the secret Ambassador of my heart) that my affection deserves, and mine honoun requires thy speedy return to me; I would unlock thee this mystery, and make it more obvious and apparent to the eye of thine understanding, but that mine own modesty, and anothers shame commands my Ren to silence herein. And again, my tears so confusedly and mournfully interrupt my sighs, they my tears, and both my pen, as although I have the will, yet I want the power to enlarge thee. Only my dear Castelnovo, if ever thy Perina were dear to thee, make her happy with thy fight, who deems her self not only miserable, but accursed in thy absence. For till Nice be thy Malta, Heaven may Earth cannot rejoyce me.

Having written this her Letter, she finds a confident and intimate friend of her Husbands, a Gentleman named Seignior Benedetto Sabia, who undertakes the safe conveyance, and secret delivery thereof into Malta to Castelnovo: so, giving it him with store of Gold, to defray the charge of his journey, as also a pair of Gold Bracelets for a token to her Knight and Husband, he imbarks for Genoua, so to Naples, and from thence in a Neapolitan Galley, arrives in short time, to the renovned and samous ssle of Malta, the inexpugnable Bulwark of Christendom, and the curb and bridle of audacious insulting Turky, where sinding out the Knight Seignior Froncisco de Castelnovo, he effectually and fairly delivers him his Ladies Letter, Bracelets, and Message, who withdrawing himself to a Window, hath no sooner broken up the seals and read the Letter, but he is at first much perplexed at the unexpected news thereof; he reads it o're again and again, and finds it so obscure, as he cannot gather or conceive her meaning therein, but at last construing it only to be a wile and fetch of her affection, to re-fetch and call him home to Nice to her: he loth as yet to lose and abandon his hopes of peferment in that Island, which now the great Master hath promised him, dispatcheth Sabia back for Nice, and plucking off a rich Emerald from his singer, delivers it him for his Lady Perina, as a token of his dear and fervent affection, and with it a Letter in answer of hers.

In the interim of Sabia his absence to Malta, our old lascivious Baron Castelnovo is not idle in Nice, in still feeking to draw our Lady Perina to his Adulterous desire, and will; yea, he is become so obscene in his requests and speeches, as they not only exceed chastity, but civility, so as she (poor Lady) can find no truce, nor obtain any intermission from these his beastly solicitations; but resolving still to preserve her honour with her life; her pure chastity shines clearer in the midst of these his impure temptations, than the Sun doth, being invironed and incompassed with many obscure clouds: but she thinks every hour a year, before she see her Knight Castelnovo, safely returned from Malta; when lo, Sabia, arriving at Villastranca, trips over to Nice, and understanding Perina privately bolted up in her Chamber, he repairs to her, and there delivers her, her Roight Castelnovo's Ring and Letter, although not himself; when tearing off the

Seals, the therein finds these words:

CASTELNOVO to PERINA.

IN T Fair and Dear Perina, the knowledg of thy fighs and tears the more afflict and grieve me, in respect I amignorant whence they proceed, or what occasioned them: "tis true, thy affection deserves my return; and the preservation of thine honour, not only to request, but to require and command it: but I am so assured of that, and so consider to this, as I know thou wilt carry the sirst to thy grave, and the second to Heaven. So, if any one since my departure have fain in Love with thy beauty, thou must not find it strange, much less grieve thereat, sith the excellency thereof hath power, not only to captivate one but many; yea, the consideration thereof should rather rejoyce, than afflict thee, sith what soever he be, the shame in the end will remain his, and the glory thine. But dear and sweet Lady, I think thine bonour is only the pretext, and thy affection the cause, so earnestly to desire my return: whereunto I would willingly consent, but that the daily expectance of my preferment, must a little longer detain me here: only this is my resolution, and I pray, let it be thy assurance. I will dispatch my affairs here with all possible expedition, and shall never think my self happy, till I re-imbark from Malta, and land at Nice.

CASTELNOVO.

Having o're-read her Letter, she, the better to dissemble her secret passions and griefs, very courteously confers with Sabia: of whom having for that time thankfully taken her leave; she for meer sorrow and affliction throws her self on her bed, from thence on the sloor, to see her hopes deceived of her husbands return; and now she knows neither what to say or do in this her misery and perplexity; for she sees that her Father-in-Law's obstinacy, and consequently her forrow grows from bad to worse, that he is so far from reclaiming, as he is resolute in his lascivious and beastly solicitations: So that seeing his fair speeches and entreaties cannot prevail with her, he exchanges his resolution and former language, and so adds threats to his requests, and frowns to his smiles, as if force should extort and obtain that, which fair means could not; yea, and sometimes he intermingleth and administreth her such heart-killing menaces as she hath now reason not only to doubt of his suft, but also to fear his revenge: which considering, she, as well to preserve her honour, as to provide for the safety of her life, will once again prove

the kindness of her own unkind Father Arconeto, and so determine the leave Nice, and to she unto Saint John de Mauriene: now to assist and accompany her in this her secret escape, she thinks none so sit as Sabia; who for her Husband's affection, and her own vertues, willingly consented to her: so she preparing her apparel, and he her train, they in a dark night (when pale-sac'd Cynthia inveloped her self in a multitude of black and obscure clouds, purposely to assist and favour her in this her laudable and honourable slight stake horse, and so with great expedition pass the Mountains, and recover Saint John de Mauriene, where, though she be not truly welcome to her own Father Arconeto, yet her honour and ter life are truly sectured from the lust and revenge of her lascivious Father-in-law Cassehovo: nevertheless, the cause and manner of her escape, but chiefly the consideration of her Husband's absence in the passage of this business, doth still so bitterly afflict her, as she is become pale and sickly; whereupon she is resolute, once again, to send back Sabia to Malta, to her Knight and Husband, with a second Letter, in hope it may effect and procure his return, which her first could not: and so calling for Pen and Paper, the traceth thereon these sewings.

PERINA to CASTELNOVO

Sith thou wilt not leave Malta, to see Nice for my sake; I have left Nice to live, or rather to dye; in Saint John de Mauriene for thiné: 'the true, my affection hath desired thy return, which thou hast not granted me: 'the as true, that one, to whom Nature hath given a prime and singular interest in thee, and thee in him, bath sought the desiration of mine Honour, which my heart and duty have denied him. Thou art consident of my affection to thee, if thine had been so faithful and servent to my self, neither Sea nor Land had had power to separate m. If any Preserment he dearer to thee, than my Life, stay in Malta: or if my Life he dearer than it, then return to Saint John de Mauriene, where thou mayest find me; for in Nice I will not be found of thee. Hadt thou not purposely mistaken the Cause for the Presext, in my importunity of thy return, I would have digited it with far more content, and less affliction: but sith neither my Affection or Honour bath power to effect it, at least let the regard of my life; sith that will not accompany me, if thou any longer absent thy self from me: make therefore haste to see thy Perina, if ever thou think to see her again; and let her bear this one content to her grave, That she may disclose thee a secret; which, but to thy self, she will conceal from all the world:

PERINA:

Whiles Sabia is again speeding towards Malta, with Perina's second Letter to her Husband Castelnovo, we will a little speak of old Castelnovo the Father; who seeing his Daughter-in-law Porina fled, and confequently his hopes with her, he is extreamly perplexed and afflicted hereat. All the House and City is fought for her, and he himself breaks off the locks of her chamberdoor, where he finds the Nest, but the Bird flown away; her Bed, but not her self: so as his thoughts doubly terment and affenish him, first to be frustrated of his hopes and defires to enjoy her; then, because she will bewray his lascivious suit and affection, to her Husband, his Son; which of all fides will procure him not only shame, but inlamy : yea, now it is, although before he would not, that he fees his error and vanity in attempting to make shipwrack of her Honour and Chaffity, which is the glory, and should be the Paladium of Ladies: but it is too late to recover her again: and therefore, although he know how to repent, yet he is ignorant how to reme dy or redeem it, fith his attempt and enterprise was not only odious to God, but infamous to men, opposite to Grace, and repugnant and contradictory to Nature. Besides, this his luftful folly proceeding from himfelf, looks two ways, and hath a double reflexion, first on Perina the Wife, then on Cafelnovo her Husband, and his own Son; who, he is affured, will be all fire hereat: yea, this crime of his is of fo high and fo beaftly a nature, as he knows not what to fay to him, or how to look him in the face, when he shall arrive from Malta, which his guilty Conscience tells him will be shortly: neither doth the Calculation or Arithmetick of his fear, deceive him, for by this time is Sabia again arrived at Malia, where he delivers Castelnovo his Wife's second Letter, the which doth so nettle and sting his heart to the quick, at the bitter and unexpected news it relates, as he efteems himself no longer himself, because he is not with his dear Wife, who is the one half, yea the greatest part of himself. Wherefore, admiring who in Nice, yea in his Father's house, should be so impudently laseivious, to seek to blemish his Honour, in that of his Lady's, he making her fighs and tears, his, with all expedition and hafte

provides for his departure from Malta; and yet his love, his fear, or both, conducing and concurring in one, makes him instantly resolve to dispatch and return Sabia, as the Harbinger, to proclaim his coming; the which he doth, and chargeth him with this Letter to his fair Wise and dear Lady Perina.

CASTELNOVO to PERINA.

THY sudden departure from Nice to Saint John de Mauriene, doth equally affici and amaze me: I burn with desire, to know as well the Author, as the Cause thereof, that I may likewise know how to right thee, in revenging my self of him. I have thought it sit to return Seignior Sabia again to thee, as soon as he arrived to me, being ready within two days to imbark as timely as himself; so that if Wind and Sea hate me not too much, in more loving and favouring him, I am consident to bring and deliver thee my self, as soon as he shall thee this my Letter; and judg whether I speak it from my heart and soul, sith the estimation of thy love, and the preservation of thy honour, make me already deem minutes, months; and hours, years; till my presence be made happy with thine. I come, fair Perina, sweet Wise, and dear Lady, I come; and if Heaven prove propitious to my most religious prayers and desires here on earth, our meeting shall be shortly as sweet and happy, as our parting was bitter and sorrowful.

CASTELNOVO.

So, according to this his Letter, as first Sabia embarks from Malta to Nice, before him; so he like wife arrives at Genoua, the day after he did at Nice; from whence posting over the Mountains, he arrives at Saint John de Mauriene; where, at his Father-in-law Arconeto's House, he finds his dear and sweet Lady Perina, who every minute of time, with much impatient longing and defire, expected his arrival; (as having the night before received his fecond and last Letter by Sabia, which advertised her thereof) so like true and faithful Turtle-Doves, esteeming each other's presence their most soveraign felicity, they fall to their billing and kisses, to inform themselves how sweet this their happy meeting was each to other. And here our Knight, Castelnovo, cannot be so curious or hasty to enquire, as his Lady Perina was to relate the cause of her sudden departure from Nice, to Saint John de Mauriene, occasioned by the unnatural lust and lasciviousness of his Father, (as we have formerly understood); the which, with many fighs and tears, the depaints forth to him in all its circumstances and colours. He is amazed at this strange and unexpected news; and far the more, to think that his own Father should (in the Winter of his age) attempt or feek to defile his honour and bed, in the person of this his fair and chaft Lady Perina: he wondereth to see so little grace in so many years, and that if Nature had not, yet Religion should have had power to banish these lascivious thoughts from his heart and memory: so with out-spread arms he tenderly embraceth and kisseth her, highly extolling her challity, and applauding the discreet carriage of her escape; being himself resolute to stay in Saint John de Mauriene, with her Father Arconeto, and not to return to Nice to his own Father Castelnovo. But he shall as soon infringe as make this his resolution; for by this time his Father understanding of his Son's return from Malta to Saint John de Mauriene, and knowing that his Lady Perina hath not fail'd to bewray him his lascivious suit and defire, attempted against her honour; as also grieving at the remembrance of his former folly, and suture shame, in knowing what a foul scandal both it and his Son's absence would procure and ingender him, he resolves to confess his crime, and so by the mediation of a perswasive and fatisfying Letter, to endeavour to reclaim them again from Saint John de Mauriene, to Nice, when calling for pen and paper, he writes these few ensuing Lines, and sends them his Son by a Gentlewoman of his.

CASTELNOVO to his Son CASTELNOVO.

I Am as glad of thy arrival from Malta, as forrowful for thy absence from Nice; and sith to deny, is to redouble our errors and imperfections, I will not go further than my self to find the cause there-of, sith I know that my lascivious and graceless attempt against the bonour of thy chast Lady, hath drawn thee to this resolution: but now I write it to my future comfort, as much as I conceived it to my former shame, That Grace bath vanquished Nature; and Religion, Lust, in me; so as I am at present not only sorrowful, but repentant for that crime of mine, which I no more remember, but with borrors nor think of, but with detestation. My soul hath made my peace with God, and my heart desires to recontract it both with my self and her: and as I hope He will forget it, so I besech you both to forgive

it me, being ready to confirm this my reconciliation, as well with my tongue as pen. Wherefore fith thou art the sole prop of my age, and comfort of my life, make me not so unfortunate or miserable, to be taxed with the scandal of my shame, and thy absence; but bring back thy Lady with thee: for here I profess before Heaven and Earth, That I will benceforth as much bonour her for her Chastity, as beretofore I lasciviously sought to betray and violate it.

CASTELNOVO.

This vertuous and religious Letter of the Father, prevails with the Son, and his fair and chast Lady; so as their secrecies and discretions, hush up this business in silence; and within eight days they both return from Saint John de Mauriene, to Nice; where they are courteoully welcomed, and respectively received and entertained of their Father, whose contrition for his former folly, is outwardly to great, as he hath tears in his eyes at the remembrance thereof: 10 as making good the promise of his Letter, he very patiently and forrowfully implores their pardon and remission; which they instantly grant him, with as much willingness as alacrity. So the report and thought hereof is obscured and vanished, as if it had never been, and all things and parties fo reconciled, as, to common fense, nothing in the world is capable to trouble the tranquillity of this reconciliation and atonement. But alas! alas! we shall very briefly see the contrary: For old Castelnovo, the Father, notwithstanding all these Religious promises, and fincere shews of repentance and tears, is so far from being the man he seems to be as although he have made his peace with his Son and Daughter, yet, ay me, (I write it with grief!) he hath not with his Conscience, nor his Conscience with God: for, although he have a chast and religious tongue, yet he still retaineth a lascivious and adulterate heart : yea, he is so far from conversion and reformation, as the new fight and review of the Lady Perina's fresh and delicate beauty, doth revive those sparks, and refresh those slames of his lust, which seemed to be raked up in the embers of her absence. And what is this, but to be a Christian in shew, and a Miscreant in effect? To hide a foul foul under a fair face? and to make Religion and Hypocrisie, a fatal and miserable cloak for his villany? But though he dissemble with God, yet we shall see, and he find, that God will not diffemble with him; and in thinking to betray God; Satan in the end will betray him. The manner is thus:

As he refumes his old suit, and newly burns in love and lustful desire, to erect the Trophies of his lascivious and incestuous pleasures upon the ruins of his Daughter-in-law's chassity and honour; so he likewise sees it impossible to think to perform, or hope to accomplish it, as long as his Son, her Husband, lives; and therefore, losing his judgment either in the Labyrinth of her beauty, or in the turbulent Ocean of his own concupiteence and lust; he, contrary to the rules of Grace, and the laws and principles of Nature, swaps a bargain with the Devil to poys son him. To which end, to shew himself the Monster of men, and the bloodiest Precedent of a most degenerate Father, which this, or many precedent Ages ever produced or afforded she hath again recourse to his Hellish Agent Jerantha, in favour of five hundred Ducats, to send the Son into Heaven after the Mother, and to make him equal with her, as in nature, so in (the dissolution thereof) death. A bloody design, and mournful project, which we shall

presently be inforced to see acted upon the Theater of this History.

But ferantha is at first so repentant for the death of the Mother, as she will not consent to that of the Son. And had she continued in this Religious resolution, she had lived more fortunately, and not dyed so miserably and shamefully, as we shall briefly see. For our old Letcher Castelnovo, her Master, seeing his Gold could not this second time prevail with Ferantha; being equally enslamed as well with lust to Perina, as with malice and revenge to his Son Castelnovo her Husband, he is so implacable therein, as he promisent to marry her, if she will attempt and perform it. So, although his sirst battery failed, yet his second doth not: for the Devil hath made her so ambitious of greatness and honour, that of a simple Waiting-Gentlewoman, to become a great Lady, she consents thereunto: and, which is a thousand pities to report, within less than six days performs it; when (God knows) the innocency of this harmless young Gentleman, his Son, never dreamt or suspected it.

At the fight of this his sudden death, his Lady Perina is ready to dye for grief, yea to drown her self in the Ocean and Deluge of her tears; tearing her hair, and striving to desace the excellency of her beauty, with a kind of careless neglect, as if she were resolute not to survive him. And if the Lady Perina bewrayed many deplorable demonstrations of sorrow for the death of her Husband; no less doth his Father Castelnovo for that of his Son; only their griefs (conformable to their passions) are diametrically different and opposite: for hers were tervent and true, as proceeding from the sincerity of her assection; and his hypocritical and seigned, as derived from the profundity of his Malice and Revenge towards

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him.

him. And not to transgress from the Decorum and truth of our History, old Castelnovo could not so artificially bear and over-vail his sorrows for his Sons death, but (the premises considered) our young afflicted Widow and Lady, vehemently suspecteth he hath a hand therein; and likewise partly believes, that Ferantha is likewise accessary and engaged therein, in respect she looks more aloft, and is grown more familiar with her Lord and Master, than before. And indeed, as her forrows encrease her jealousie, so her jealousie throws her into a passionate and violent resolution of Revenge, both against him and her, if she can be futurely assured that

they had murthered and poyloned the Knight her Husband.

Now to be affured hereof, the thus reasoneth with her felf; That if her Father-in-Law were the Murtherer of his Son her Husband, his malice and hatred to him, proceeded from his heaftly lust to her self; and that he now dispatched, he would again shortly revive and renew his old lascivious suit to her: which if he did, she vows to take a sharp and cruel Revenge of him, which she will limit with no less than his death. And indeed we shall not go far to see the event and truth answer her suspition. For within a month or two after her Husband was laid in his untimely grave, his old luftful and lascivious Father doth again burst and vomit forth his beastly folicitations against her Chastity and Honour: which observing, she somewhat disdainfully and coyly puts him off, but yet not so passionately nor cholerickly as before, only of purpote to make him the more eager in his pursuit, thereby the better to draw him to her lure, that she might perpetrate her malice, and act her revenge on him, and so make his death the object of her rage and indignation, as his lust and malice were the cause of the forrows of her life. But unfortunate and miserable Lady, What a bloody and hellish Enterprise dost thou engage thy felf in? And why hath thy Affection so blinded thy Conscience and Soul, to make thy self the Author and Actor of so mournful and bloody a Tragedy? For alas! alas! sweet Perina! I know not whether more to commend thy affection to thy Husband, or condemn thy cruel malice intended to his Father. For, O grief! O pity! where are thy Vertues, where is thy Religion, where thy Conscience, thy Soul, thy God, thus to give thy self over to the hellish rentations of Satan? Thou, which heretofore fled'st from Adultery, wilt thou now follow Murther? or because thy heart would not be accessary to that, shall thy Soul be now so irreligious and impious, to be guilty of this? But as her Father-in-law is resolute in his Lust towards her, so is she likewise in her Revenge towards him; and far the more, in that she perceives Ferantba's great belly sufficiently proclaims that she hath plaid the Strumpet: and which is worse, she sears, with her execrable and wretched Father-in-law: as now no longer able to stop the surious and impetuous current of her revenge, she is so graceless and bloody, as she vows first to dispatch the Lord and Master, then the Waiting-Gentlewoman, as her thoughts and Soul suggest her they had done first the Mother, then the Son: so impious are her thoughts, so inhuman and bloody her resolutions.

Now in the interim of this time, the old Letcher her Father is again become impudent and importunate in his Suit. So our wretched Lady Perina degenerating from her former Vertues, and indeed from her self, she, after many requests and solicitations, very seignedly seems to yield and strike sail to his desire; but indeed with a bloody intent to dispatch him out of this world. So having concluded this finful fatal Match, there wants nothing but the finishing and accomplifhing thereof; only they differ in the manner and circumstances: the Father is defirous to go to the Daughter-in-law's bed, the Daughter to the Father-in-law's; but both conclude that the night, and not the day, shall give end to this lascivious and beastly business; his reason is, to avoid the Jealousie and Rage of Ferantha, whom now, although she be near her time of deliverance, he refuseth to marry her: but the Lady Perina's, if that she may polute and thain his own bed with his blood, and not hers; but especially, because she may have the fitter means to ftab and murther him: and hereon they conclude. To which end, not only the night, but the hour is appointed betwixt them: which being come, and Castelnovo in bed, burning with impatience and defire for her arrival, he thinking on nothing but his beaftly pleasures, nor she, but on her cruel malice and revenge: she softly enters his Chamber, but not in her night, but her day-attire, having a Pifa Pony and close in her sleeve; when having bolted his chamberdoor, because none should divert her from this her bloody design; she approaching his bed, and he lifting himself up purposely to welcome and kiss her, she seeing his breast open and naked, like an incensed Fury, draws out her Ponyard, and uttering these words, Thou wretched Whore-master and Murtherer of this life of mine own Honour, and the death of my dear Knight and Husband, thy Son. And so stabbing him at the heart with many blows, she kills him stark dead, and leaves him reeking in his hot blood, without giving him time to speak a word; only he fetcht a screek and a groan or two, as his foul took her last farewel of his body. Which being over-heard by the fervants of the house, they ascend his Chamber, and find our inhuman Perina issuing forth, all gored with the effusion of his blood, having the bloody Ponyard, which was the fatal inftrument of this cruel Murther, in her hand. They are amazed at this bloody and mournful spectacle: fo they seize on her, and the report hereof flying thorow the City, the Criminal Judges that night cause her to be imprisoned for the fact, which she is resolved no way to deny, but to acknowledg, as rather glorying than grieving thereat.

Ferantha, at the very first understanding hereof, vehemently suspects that her two poysoning Murthers will now come to light: and fo as great as her belly is, the, to provide for her fafety, very fecretly steals away to a dear friend's house of hers in the City, which now from all parts ratleth and resoundeth of this cruel and unnatural Murther : yea, it likewise passeth the Alpes, and is speedily bruited and known in Saint John de Mauriene; where although her Father Arconeto would never heretofore affect her, yet he now exceedingly grieves at this her bloody attempt, and imminent danger: but her irregular affection, and inhuman revenge, will not as yet permit her Conscience to inform and shew her the hainousness of her cruel and bloody

Fact. ButGod will be more mercifuller to her and her foul.

Some two days after, the is arraigned for the same, where the freely confesseth it, having nothing to alledg for her excuse, but that she perfectly knew, that her Father-in-law Castelnovo, and his Strumpet Jerantha, had at least poyloned the Knight her Husband, if not likewise the Lady Fidelia his Mother: the which, although they had some reason and ground to suspect, because of Ferantha's sudden flight; yet sith this could no way diminish, or extenuate her Murther of her Father-in-law, they condemn our unfortunate Lady Perina to be hanged, and so refend her to Prison to prepare her sell to dye. But the advice of some, and the friendship and compassion of others, as pitying her youth and beauty, and commending her chastity and affection to her Knight and Husband; counsel and perswade her to appeal from the sentence of the Court of Nice, to the Senate of Chambery, (which is the Soveraign and Capital of Savoy)

whither we shall shortly see her conducted and brought.

In which mean time, let us observe the wonderful Justice and Providence of God shewed likewise upon this execrable Waiting-Gentlewoman Ferantha, for so cruelly poysoning the Lady Fidelia, and the Knight Castelnovo her Son: who, although search were every where made for her; yet the having husht her felf up privately, albeit her bloody thoughts and guilty conscience, for the same continually torture and torment her; yet she is so impious and graceless, as the no way fears the danger of the Law, and much less the fevere tempest of Gods indignation and revenge, which now not with standing in the midst of her security, will, according to her bloody deferts and crimes, suddenly surprize and overtake her: for now this accident of her Lord Caftlenovo's Murther, and of the Lady Perina's Imprisonment; or to speak more properly and truly, of God's facred Decree, and divine Judgment, throws her into the sharp and bitter pains of travel for child; with whose heart-killing gripes and convulsions, she is so miferably tortured and tormented, as she her self, her Mid-wife, and all the Women near her, judg and think it impossible for her to escape death: when seeing no hope of life, and that already her pangs and torments had made her but as it were the very Image and Anatomy of death, she begins to look from Sin to Repentance, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God; and so taking on and assuming a Christian resolution, she will not charge her soul with concealing of this fingle Adultery, much less of her double Murthers; but very penitently confesseth all, as well it, as them, and so commits her self to the unparallel'd and merciless mercies of her pains and torments, hoping they will speedily send her from this World, to a better. But her Adultery and Murthers are such odious and execrable crimes in Gods fight, as he will free her from these dangers of Child-birth; and because worthy, will reserve her for a shameful and infamous death. So she is safely delivered of a young Son, who is more fair than happy, as being the off-spring of lascivious Parents, and the issue of an adulterous beds and by Gods providence, and her own confession, she, for these her beastly and bloody crimes, is the second day committed to prison, and the third hang'd and burnt in Nice, and her ashes thrown into the air. A just reward and punishment for so hellish and inhuman a Gentlewoman; who though otherwise she shewed many Testimonies and Signs of Repentance at her end, yet her crimes were fo foul and odious to the World, as at her death she was so miserable, as the found not one Spectator, either to weep for her, or to lament or condole with her.

And now, to shut up this History, let us carry our curiofities and expectations from Nice to Chambery, and from dead Ferantha to our living Perina, where that grave and illustrious Senate, in consideration of her famous chastity, and singular affection to the Knight her Hus-

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band, as also her noble Parentage and tender years, they moderate the sentence of Nice, for murthering her Father-in-law Castelnovo; and so instead of hanging, adjudg her there to have her right hand cut off, and her self to perpetual imprisonment in Nice; where God's sacred Justice for this her bloody Murther, and the remembrance of her dead Husband, and living sorrows, so sharply torment and afflict her, as she lived not long in Prison, but exceedingly pined away of a languishing Consumption, and so very forrowfully and repentantly ended her days, being exceedingly lamented of her Kinssolks, and pitied of all her acquaintance; and, had not her affection been blinded, and her rage and revenge, too much triumphed o're her thoughts and resolutions, she had lived as happy, as she dyed miserable; and have served for as great a grace and ornament to her Countrey, as Jerantha and old Castelnovo her Father-in-law, were a scandal and shame.

Thus we see how God's revenging-Justice still meets with Murther. O that we may read this History with sear, and profit thereby in reformation; that dying to sin, and living to righteousness, we may peaceably dye in this World, and gloriously live and reign in that to

come.

GOD'S



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY X.

Bertolini seeks Paulina in marriage; but she loves Sturio, and not bimself: be prays ber Brother Brellati, bis dear Friend, to solicite her for him; which he doth, but cannot prevail: whereupon Bertolini lets fall some disgraceful speeches, both against her Honour, and he Reputation: for which, Brellati challingeth the Field of him; where Bertolini kills him, and her slices for the same: Sturio seeks to marry her, but his Father will not consent thereunto, and so conveighs him away secretly: for which two disasters, Paulina dyes for sorrow. Sturio sinds out Bertolini, and sends bim a Challenge; and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his request: he afterwards very treacherously kills Sturio with a Petronel, in the Street, from a Window: he is taken for this second Murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body thrown into the River.

A Lbeit that Valour be requisite in a Gentleman, (and one of his most effential Virtues, and proper Ornaments) yet fith Charity is the true mark and character of a Christian, we should not rashly resolve to hazzard the loss of our Lives for the preservation of the meer title and vain point of our Honour; but rather religiously endeavour to save our souls in that of our own lives, as also those of our Christian brethren: for in Duels and Single-Combats, (which though the heat of youth and revenge seem to allow, yet Reason will not, and Religion cannot) did we only hazzard our bodies, and not our souls, then our warrant to fight, were in earth as just, as now the hazzarding of our souls and bodies, is odious and distassful to Heaven, fith in seeking to desace Man, the creature, we assuredly attempt to strike & stab at the Majesty of God the Creator: but if there be any colour or shadow of honour to kill our adversary for the preservation of the vain point of our honour; what an ignoble ingratitude, & damnable impiety is it, for a Gentleman likewise treacherously to kill another, of whom he hath former-

ly received his life; yea, as Grace fights against this tormer fort of fighting, so both Grace and Nature impugn and detest this second fort of Murther. A woful and mournful precedent whereof, I here present in the person of a base and wretched Gentleman, whose irregular affection to a Lady, first slew her brother in the field, and exceptable revenge to her Lover, next drew him treacherously so murther him in the street; and consequently, to his own condigue punishment, and shameful death for the same. May all such bloody Murtherers still meet with such ends; and may his miscrable and infamous death, pre-month all other Gentlemen to live and become more charitable and less bloody by his example.

The friendship and familiarity betwixt Seignior John Battista Bertolini, and Seignior Leonardo Brellati, two noble young Gentlemen, native and refident of the City of Rome, was (without intermission) so intire and intimate, for the space of fix whole years, which led them from their years of fourteen, to twenty, as it feemed they had but one heart in two bodies, and that it was impullible or either of them to be truly merry, if the other were absent; and furely, many were the reasons which hid the foundation of this friendship : for as they were equal in years, to their flatures and complexions refembled, and their humours and inclinations fymparhized : like wife they were ancient School-fellows, and near neighbotirs; for their Parents both dwelt betweet the Palaces of the two Cardinals, Farness and Caponius: if there were any disparity in their dignities and worths, it confuted only in this, Bertolini's Parents were richer than brellati's; but Brellati was more nobly descended than Bertolini; which not withflanding could no way impeach or hinder the progress of their friendship, but rather it flourithed with the time; so as they encreating in years, they likewise did in affection, as if they were ambitious of nothing to much in this world, as not only to imitate, but to furpals the friendship of Orestes and Filades, and of Damon and Pithias, whereof, all who knew them and their Parents, yea all that part and division of Rome, took deep and singular notice: but to thew that they were Men, and not Angels, and confequently subject to frailty, not inherent to perfection; that Earth was not Heaven, nor Rome the shadow thereof: have we but a little patience, we shall shortly see the thred of this friendship cut off, the props and fortifications thereof razed, battered, and laid level with the ground; yea, we shall see time change with time, friendship turned into enmity, fellows to foes, love to loathing, courtefie to cruelty, and in a word, life to death; as observe the sequel of this History, and it will briefly inform you

Bertolini sees that Brellati hath a fair and delicate Sister; named Doma Paulina, somewhat younger than himself; and yet not so young, but that the Clock of her age had strucken eighteen; and therefore proclaimed her at least capable, if not desirons of marriage: and although he be a Novice in the Art of Love, yet Nature hath made him so good a Scholar in the Principles and Rudiments thereof, as he sees her fair, and therefore must love her; rich in the excellency and delicacy of beauty, and therefore is resolute to love her, and only her: for gazing on the influence and splendor of her piercing eyes, he cannot behold them without wonder; and then prying and contemplating on the Roscat and Lilly uncture of her checks, he cannot see these without admiration, nor refrain from admiring them without affection; but again, remarking the stenderness of her body, and the sweetness of her vertues, and seeing her as gracious as fair, and that her inward perfections added as much luster to her exterior beauty, as this resected or unament and decoration to those; he, as young as he was, vows himself her servant, and withal swore, That either she, or his grave, must be his Wise and Mistress.

Bertolini thus surprised and netled with the beauty of his dearly Sweet, and sweetly Fair Paulina, he is enforced to neglect a great part of his accompanying the Brother, thereby to court the Siter: so he many times purposely for sakes Brellati, to follow Paulina; and delights in nothing so much as in her presence, and in that regard) in his absence: not that it was possible, in his conceit and imagination, for him any way to hatchim, in loving her; rather, that in general terms he must love Brellati for Paulina's sake: and in particular, only affect her for his own. And as his wealth and ambition made him confident he should obtain her for his wife: so he in fair, amorous, and honourable terms, as well by his own solicitations, letters, promises, and presents, as by those of his Parents, seeks her in Marriage; yea, and when these could not suffice, he, to she whimself as true as fervent a Lover, he addes sighs, for it Bertolini were extreamly desirous to marry Paulina, she is also resolute not to match him: which discords in affection, seldom or never make any true harmony in minds.

His wealth deceiving him, he hath recourse to her only Brother, and his best and dearoff Friend Brellati, to whom he relates the profundity and fervency of his affection to his Sister Paulina, acquaints him with his fuit, and her denial; his attempt, and her repulse therein; and by the power and bonds of all their former friendship and familiarity, entreats and conjures him to become his Orator and Advocate towards her, in his behalf: whose smiles, he alledgeth, are his life; and frowns, his death. Brellati having his generosity and judgment blinded with the respect of Bertolini his Wealth, as also of the affection he bore him, all other confiderations laid apart, like a better Friend to him, than a Brother to his Sister Paulina, promiseth him his best furtherance and assistance in the process of this his affection: and so with his truest Oratory, best Eloquence, and sweetest Perswasion, begins to deal effectually with her herein : but, as our hopes are subject and incident to deceive us; so Bertolini and Brellati come far too short of theirs: for Paulina, in absolute and down-right terms, prayes her Brother to inform and resolve Bertolini, That she hath otherways fetled and engaged her affection: and therefore prayes him to feek another Mistress, fith the hath found another Lover and Servant, with whom the means to live and dye. Her Brother (for his Friend's fake) is extreamly forrowful hereat, and prayes his Sifter to name to him her Servant. She binds him by Oath to fecrelie. So he Iwearing, the informs him, it is Seignior Paulus Sturio, a very ancient Noble-man of the City. He tells her, he is a Gentleman more noble than rich; and the replies, That Bertolini is more rich than noble, and therefore the will refuse him, and marry Sturio. He is obstinate in his requests, as the resolute in her denial. So having performed the part of a Friend for his Friend, and commending the Nobility and virtues of Sturio, as much as he pitied the weakness of his estate and wealth, he leaves his Sister to her affection and deligns, and so with an unwilling willingness (without any extenuation) delivers his friend Bertolini her definitive answer: yet performs his promise to

his Sister, in concealing Sturio his name.

Bertolini is all in fire and choler at this news, and begins no longer to look on his Friend Brellati, with the eyes of affection, but of contempt and indignation; and so consulting with his Passion, not with his Judgment; with Rage, and not with Reason; as immoderate anger seldom looks right, commonly squint-eyed; he in the heat of his wrath, and height of his revenge, very much neglects and flights him; yea, and most uncivilly and abruptly departs from him, as if he were no longer worthy of the bare complement of Farwel. Which Brellati well observes; and in observing, remembers; and in remembring, grieves at, fith Bertolini was his most infimate and dearest triend; and in whose behalf, did occasion present, he was ready, not only to lacrifice his best service, but his best life. Lo here the first breach and violation, which Berwlini gives to their friendship: but the second is not far behind: For, in the next company he meets, which was some two days after, walking in Cardinal Farness his Galleries, in presence of some four or five Gentlemen, both of his and of Brellati's acquaintance; he forgot himself so much, as some demanding for his Consort Brellati, he cholerickly replied, That he was a base and beggarly Gentleman, and therefore henceforth disdained his company, and that his Sister Paulina was a lascivious and dissembling Strumpet. But although the fire of his choler had foolishly banded forth these speeches in the air; yet they fell not to the ground : but some of the company then present, that very night report them to Brellati; It is impossible for my Pen to relate how passionately and tenderly he takes it; yea, his affliction and grief herein is far the more redoubled, in that (contrary to his defires and wishes) he is affured his Sifter Paulina is likewise acquainted with the vanity and injustice of these speeches, the conceit and remembrance whereof, make her enraged and forrowful eyes, pour fortful many Rivolets and Rivers of tears, upon the Rofes and Lillies of her beauty. But as the is too t impatient to rellish this scandalous affront and disparagement; so her Brother Brellati is root generous and noble to digeft it; whereof burning to know the truths and refolving, if he found it true, sharply to revenge it on Bertolini; he passeth away the night in restless and distracted flumbers. And fo the very next morn, taking his Sword and Lackey with him, he goes to Beres. tolini his Father's house, and meeting first with him, demands of him for his Son Seignior John Battifta Bertolini: His Father informs him , he is in the Garden very folitarily walking , and prays Brellati to go to him; who needing not many requests, entreth, and with his Hat in his hand approacheth him. Bertolini doth the like, and meets him half way; when he being pale for anger, and Bertolini bluthing for thame, he prayes him to exempt the Garden of his Servants, because he hath something to reveal and impart him in secret, which needeth no witnesses: when Bertolini commanding his Servants to depart, Brellati chargeth him with these diffgraceful speeches, vomited forth two dayes since, against his Honour; as also that of his only dear Sister Paulina, in Cardinal Farness his Palace, in presence of Seignior AleCandro Alessandro Fontani, Seignior Rhanutio Pluvinio, and Seignior Antonio Voltomari, (which words

we have formerly understood.

Bertolini is no way dismayed or daunted hereat, either in courage or complexion; and so lofing his honour in his indifcretion, or rather burying his differetion in his dishonour; he, with fire in his looks, and thunder in his speeches, tells Brellati, that he confesseth these speeches his: adding withal, That what his Tongue hath affirmed, his Sword shall be ready to make good and justifie : whereon they cover. When Bellati demanding of him , if this were his last refolution; he told him, yea. Then (quoth he) I pray expect mine shortly: and so without giving each other the Good-morrow, they part; Brellati still leaving Bertolini in his Father's Garden. His Sister Paulina having notice of her Brother's speaking with Bertolini, very curioully and carefully awaits his return; when rushing into his Chamber, she with tears and fighs demands of him the issue of his conference with Bertolini, and whether he were so impudent to deliver these dishonourable and base speeches both of her self and him. But her Brother, like a true noble Roman, is too generous and brave to acquaint her with his defign and refolution; and so, in general terms, prays her not to afflict her self at these speeches, and that this difference will be very fortly decided and ended, to her honour, and his own content. Brother (quoth she) if you will not right mine honour, and vindicate the unspotted purity of my reputation, I am fure that my true Lover, Seignior Paulus Sturio, will, though with the hazzard and loss of his own life, had he but the least notice thereof. He shall not need, Sister, quoth hes for a day or two will reconcile and finish this business: and so for that time he leaves his Sister Paulina, and shuts himself up in his Chamber; where, not long able to contain himself against the insolency and baseness of Bertolini, he calls for Pen and Paper, and more respecting his Honour than his Life, writes him this Challenge; the which, immediately after Dinner, he sends him by Seignior Valerio, a confident Gentleman, his Follower.

BRELLATI to BERTOLINI.

THY scandalous reports, like thy self, are so base, and I and my Sister so bonourably descended and bred, as I doubt now, but the disgrace and disparagement which thou hast unjustly offered us, will as justly retort and sall on thy self. And to the end thou mast find, that my Sword is purposely reserved to correct and chastize thy tongne; as thou art a Roman, and a Gentleman, meet me single, to morrow at five in the morn, without Port Populi, in the next field behind Cardinal Borromeo's Palace, and there I will give thee the choice of two good Rapiers and Ponyards, and gladly accept of the refusal, to draw reason of thee for those wrongs wherewith thou hast injuriously and maliciously traduced us: and to write the truth, as I desire; so I can receive no other satisfaction, but this, whereunto thy Malice invites, and my Honour obligeth me.

BRELLATI.

Valerio performs his part well and fairly; working and screwing himself into Bertolini's presence, very secretly delivers him his Master's Challenge. Bertolini not ignorant, but conjecturing what it means, breaks off the Seals, and at the perulal thereof, though his Caule be unjust and dishonourable, yet in his countenance and speeches, he shews much constancy, fortitude, and resolution; when considering they were to fight single, and that therefore Valerio could be no second, he deeming his Master had concealed this secret business from him, contents himself to give him only this Answer: Tell your Master, Seignior Brellati, from me, that I will not fail to meet him according to his defire and appointment. And fo Valerio takes his leave, and departs; when finding out his Master, he reports him Bertolim's Answer: whereat he is so far from being any way appal'd or daunted, as he infinitely rejoyceth thereat. In the mean time, he is curious in preparing two fingular good Rapiers, and Ponyards, of equal Length, Hilts, and Temper. And thus with much impatient patience, (as Revenge is an enemy to Sleep) they not out-sleep, but out-watch the night. So the morn and day stealing and breaking into their windows, they are no sooner out of their beds, but into the field; their Chirurgeons awaiting their arrivals by the Pyramids, in the place of Port Populi, by which of necessity they were to pass; when, tying up their Horses to the Hedges, like resolute Gentlemen, they throw off their Doublets, commanding their Chirurgeons not to stir from their stations; when disdaining words, they both draw, and fall

Brellati presenteth the first thrust, and Bertolini gives him the first wound in his left shoulder, whereat he is enslamed, and so returns Bertolini the interest of a most dangerous one on his

right-fide, but it touch'd neither his bowels, nor quayf. They try again: fo Brellati again wounds Bertolini in his left hand, when his Rapier running thorow his Sinnews and Arteries, he is no longer able to hold his Ponyard; but despight his resolution and courage, it falls out of his hand; which unlook'd for dilatter, doth much perplex and afflict him. But Brellati is too generous and noble, to blemish or taint his honour, by taking any advantage of this his adversaries misfortune: and so to clear his doubts and scruples, very valiantly and bravely throws away his own Ponyard to the hedg, that they might be as equal in Weapons, as Courage. But Bertolini will basely requite this courtese. They retire and take breath; and so traverting their grounds, thereby to take the benefit of the Sun, they again joyn; at the first close of this second meeting, Brellati runs Bertolini into the right flank; when withdrawing his Rapier, and leaping back to put himfelf upon his defensive-guard and posture, his foot slipping, he could not prevent falling to the ground; when Bertolini following him close, and being eager in his pursuit, and blood-thirsty in his revenge, he forgetting Brellati's former courtefie, and working upon the fortune of his misfortune, right then and there nailed him to the ground; and so redoubling his thrust, acted a perpetual divorce betwixt his body and soul; when Brellati's Chirurgeon shedding tears on his dead Master; and beginning to take order for his decent conveyance into the City, Bertolini takes up his Chirurgeon behind him; and for with all possible speed and celerity (the better to avoid the danger of the Law) posts o're the fields, and comes into Mount Cavallo-Gate, and husheth himself up privately in a friend's house of his, near his Fathers.

All Rome begins to eccho forth and refound this Murther; and far the more, because Bertolini and Brellati were so dear and intimate friends, but, as good news comes always lames and bad, rides post; so within one hour of Brellati's Murther, the news thereof is brought tell to his Father, then to his Sister Paulina; whereat he grieves, and she storms; he forroweth, and she weeps and laments; and, in a word, the Father would, but cannot; and the Daughter can but will not be comforted at this sad and mournful Tragedy. Neither must we forget, but a member Seignior Paulin Sturio; who loving Paulina a thousand times dearer than his own life, is no sooner acquainted, but afflicted with this news of Brellati his death, as being his dear friend, and, which is more, the only Brother of his dearest and only Mistris Paulina; so as Lovers and Friends being best known and discerned in calamities and afflictions, he repairs to her, condoles with her, and useth his chiefest art and zeal, not only to participate, but wholly to deprive her of her forrows; yea, to prove himself a constant friend, and a faithful lover to her, he prossert her not only his service, but his life; as well to right her honour, as to revenge her Brother's death on Bertolini: but this affection and perswasion of Sturio, is not cal-

pable to wipe off, or exhale his Lady Paulina's tears.

But again to Bertolini, who is to far from contrition and repentance of this his bloody fact; as like a prophane Miscreant, and debaucht and dissolute Gentleman, he triumphs and glories therein: yea, his impudency is become so ignorant, and his ignorance so sottish, as he began to enter into a resolution again to court and seek Paulina for his Wise, without respecting or regarding either the publick danger of the Law, or that of Paulina's private revenge: for sure her Brother's death had thrown her into such violent passions of grief, and extremities of forrow, as if his folly had made her so happy, doubtless her revenge would have made him more miserable: but God had taught her rage more reason, and her malice and cruelty not so much impiety; yea, it pleased his Divine Majesty not so soon to call him to an account, and punish him for this his bloody fact; but reserving him for a suture shame and punishment, being affrighted with a tumultuous rumor and alarm of a general search to be made that night for his apprehension, he very subtilly, in a Capuchin's habit, passent to be made that night for his apprehension, he very subtilly, in a Capuchin's habit, passent to be made that night for his apprehension, he very subtilly, in a Capuchin's habit, passent to be made that night for his apprehension, he very subtilly, in a Capuchin's habit, passent to be made that night for his apprehension, he very subtilly, in a Capuchin's habit, passent to be made that night for his apprehension, he very subtilly, and sa swift as the wind, gallops away for Naples, and embarking himself for Cicily, passent the Pharre of Missina, lands at that City, and so rides up to Palermo, where he thinks himself, safe.

But, having not made his peace with God, where ever he flye, God will in due time find him out, when he least dreams thereof. But although the power and influence of time be so predominate, to desace the Actions and Accidents of time; yet Paulina can give no truce to her tears; nor will she administer any consolation to her sorrows for her Brother's death; and if ever, now it is, that Sturio resembling himself, begins to make her forrows his: for, having deeply rooted and settled his affection on Paulina, and naturally engraves her Beauty and Picture, in the very center of his heart and thoughts, he begins to make his private affection to her, publick; and so, having already won her heart from her self, he now endeavoureth to win her from her Friends.

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and then to marry her. But old Seignior Sturio his Father, is no sooner advertised of Brellati his death, of Bertolini's flight, and of his Son's affection and intent to take Paulina to Wife; but disdaining he should match so low, and withall so poor, as also fearing that this might likewise engage his Son in some quarrel betwixt him and Bertolini, he resolves privately to convey him away out of Rome, into some retired or obscure place, from whence he should not return, till his absence had cooled and extenuated the heat of his affection to Psulina, and of his malice and revenge to Bertolini: to which end, three weeks are scarce past, but taking his Son with him in his Coach, under colour to take the air in the fields of Rome, beyond St. Paul's Church, he having given the Coach-man his lesson, commands him to drive away, and having two Braves or Ruffians with him, they dispose, or rather inforce the humour of his Son Sturio to patience, and despight himself, they carry him to Naples, where a Brigantine being purposely prepared, he shippeth over his Son for the Island of Capri, or Caprea, (where, long fince, Scjanus his ambition caused Tiberius to sojourn, whiles he played the petty King, and domineer'd as Emperor at Rome in his absence) and gives him to the keeping and guard of Seignior Alp banfus Driffa, Captain of that Island, with request and charge, not to permit him to return, for the main, for the term of one whole year, without his express order to the

It is for none but for Lovers to judg, how tenderly Sturio and his fweet Lady P. wiling grieve at the news of this their sudden and unexpected separation : yea, their sighs and tears are so infinite for this their disafter, as all the words of the world are not capable to express them. As for Paulina, the had so long and so bitterly wept for her brother's death, as it was a meer cruelty of forrow to enforce her to play any further part in forrow, for the departure and captivity of her Lover Sturio : but her afflictions falling in, each on the neck of other, (in imitation of the waves of the Sea, occasioned by the breath and blast of Boreas) threaten her not only with present sickness, but with approaching death. Again, she understands of Bertolini's safety and prosperity in Cicilia, where he triumphs in his victory, for killing her Brother Brellati, and, like a base Gentleman, continually erects his Trophees of detraction upon the ruins and tomb of her honour: and these considerations (like reserved afflictions) again newly afflict and torment her, so as having lost her Jewel and her Joy, her Brother and her Lover, Brellati and Sturio, the begins to be extream fick, weak, and faint; yea, the Rofes of her cheeks, are transformed to Lillies; the relucent luster of her eyes, to dimness and obscurity; and, to use but a word, not only her heart, but her tongue begins to fail, and to strike sail to immoderate sorrow and disconsolation. Her Parents and Friends grieve hereat, and far the more, in respect they know not how to remedy it: and for her felf, if she enjoy any comfort in this life, it is only in hope that the shall shortly leave it, to enjoy that of a better! Thus, while forrow, vexation, and fickness, make hafte to spin out the thred and web of her life, if her griefs are extream and insupportable in Rome, no less are those of her Lover, Sturio, in Caprea : for it frets him to the heart and gall, to fee how his Father hath bereaved and betrayed him of his Mistris Paulina's presence, the only content and selicity which this life or earth could afford him, a thousand times he wisheth himself with her, and as often kisseth her remembrance and Idea, and then, as their affections, so their malice concurring and fyurpathizing, he again wisheth that he may be so happy to fight with Bertolini for the disgrace of his Lady Paulina; and the, for the death of her Brother Brellati; and in that affection, and this revenge, he with much affliction, and no comfort, passeth away many bitter days and tor-ments in the misery of this his enforced exile and banishment; and although his curiofity, and affection, or subtilty, could never crown him with the happiness or felicity to free himfelf of his guards and captivity, and so to steal away from that Island in some Foist or Galley for the main; yet understanding that two days after, there was one bound for the Port of Civita Vercha, he, to testifie his affection, constancy, and torments, to his dear and fair Paulina, takes occasion to write her a Letter to Rome; the which, that it might come the safer to her own hands, he incloseth in another to an intimate and dear friend of his. The tenor of his Letter was thus:

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Know not whether I more grieve at my alfence from thee, than at the manner thereof; yet fure I am, that both conjoyn'd, make me, in this Island of Caprea, feel the torments, not of a feigned Purgatory, but of a true Hell. It was my purpose to condole with three for the untimely death of thy Brother;

Brother; it is now not only my resolution, but my practice, to mourn with my self for thy banishment, or rather with thee for mine; and when my forrows have most need of consolation, then again that consolation finds most cause of sorrow: for thinking of Bertolini, methinks I see thy false disparagement on his malicious tongue; and thy Brother Brellati bis true death on his bloody Sword; and yet have neither the bonour or happiness to revenge either; and, which is morse, not be permitted to know where he is. that I may revenge them. But I wish I were only incident and obliged to support this affliction, conditionally thou wert exempt thereof, or that I might know the limits and period of our absence, thereby to hope for an end and remedy thereof; which now I can find no motives to know, nor canfe to hope. O bom I have often envied Leander's happiness! And if Love could make any impossibilities possible, the Mediterranean Sea should long since have been my Hellespont, my Body my Bark, my Arms my Oars, to have wafted me from my Abidos, to thy Seftos; from my Caprea, to thy Rome, to thee freet Paulina, my only fair and dear Hero. And although the constancy and fervency of my love to thee, suggest me many inventions to escape the misery of my exile; yet the Argus-eyes of my Father's malice, in that of my Guardians jealousie, cannot be inchanted or lulled asleep with the melody of so unfortunate a Mercury, as my felf. But Time shall shortly act and finish, what impatience cannot: till when, dear and sweet Paulina, retain me in thy thoughts, as I do thee in heart and memory; and doubt not but a few weeks will make us as bappy, as we are now miferable.

STURIO.

Paulina, in the midst of her forrows and sickness, receives this Letter from her best and dearest friend, Sturio; and although the rejoyce to hear of his health and weltare in Caprea, yet the is more glad, that the extremity of her tickness and weakness inform her, the that! thortly dye in Rome: for vanquished with afflictions, and overcome with variety of grief and discontents, she in conceit already hath left this world, and is by this time half way in her progress and pilgrimage towards Heaven, yet in love to her dear Sturio, who wrote her this kind Letter, the will not be fo unkind, but will kiss it for his sake that fent it her : and peradventure if the had been to happy, that he might have been the bearer and deliverer thereof himself, or that he had born and delivered himself to her instead of his Letter, he might then have given some comfort to her forrows, and some consolation to her discontents and afflictions; whereas now feeing him exiled and mewed up in Caprea, without any appearance of return, the fees the hath more reason to flie to her old despair, than to any new hope, and so wisheth the defired hour were at last come, wherein she might give her last farewel to this world: but again perufing and over-reading his Letter, she finds it full fraught with love and affection towards her, and therefore disdaining to prove ingrateful to any, especially to Sturio, who is fo kind and courteous to her; calls for Pen and Paper, and by his own conveyance returns him this Answer.

PAULINA to STURIO.

I Cannot rightly define, whether the receit of thy Letter made me more glad; or the Contents, forromful: for as I infinitely rejoiced to understand thou wert living; so I extreamly grieved to hear there was no certainty of thy releasement and return. Whether or no Caprea be thy Purgatory, I know not; but fure I am, Rome is my Hell, fith I cannot be there with thee, nor thou here with me: and as I lamented with fighs, I could not dye with my Brother; so I grieve with tears, that I cannot live with thee. But why write I of living, when this mournful Tragedy, and thy disasterous Exile, bath made me more ready to dye, than live, or rather, not fit to live, but dye: For, de-Spairing of thy return, how can I hope for comfort, fith it only lived in thy prefence, as my heart and joy did in thee? As for Bertolini's folly to me, and crime to my Brother, if thy Sword punish bint not, God's just Revenge will; and wishing this as a Woman, as a Christian, I pardon and forgive bim, and fo (I pray) do thou for my fake, if thou wilt not that of my dead Brothers. Could prayers or wishes have effected thy return to me, my tears had long since been thy Hellespont and Mediterranean Sea, and my fighs hadfill'd the Sails of thy defires and resolutions, to have passed Oliia, floated up Tiber, and landed at Rippa to me. But alas, alas! here in remembring Hero's felicity and joy, I cannot forget my forrows and afflictions: for as Leander lived in ber arms, so I cannot be so fortunate, either to live or dye in my Sturio's: and if now, as a skilful Mercury, thou couldit inveagle the eyes both of thy Father's malice, and Guardians jelousie, yet that happiness would come too late, and out of season for mee; for before thou shalt have plotted thy slight and escape from Caprea to Rome, I shall have acted and sinished mine from Rome to Heaven. I would send thee more lines, but that my weak hand and feeble fingers have not the power, though the will, any

longer to retain my Pen. Heaven will make us happy, though Earth cannot; therefore my dear Sturio, het this be our last and best confolation, As these foys are temporary and transitory, so those will be permanent and eternal.

PAULINA.

This Letter of Paulina to Sturio, meets with a speedy passage from Rome to Caprea; who receiving it, and thinking to have found her in her true and pertect health, with much joy and affection breaks up the feals thereof, when, contrary to his hope and expectation, understanding of her fickness and approach to death, he tenderly and bitterly weeps at his own missortune, in her discontent and disaster; yea, he passionately and sorrowfully bewails his Father's cruelty, in thus banishing him from her fight and presence, from the contemplation of whose beauty, and from his innate affection to her, the Fates and Destinies cannot banish him. But alas, unfortunate Sturio! the news of thy Paulina's fickness, is but the Prologue to the ensuing forrows and afflictions that are ready to befall and surprize thee : for the news of her death, shall shortly follow her Letter; and if that drew tears from thine eyes, this shall drown thine eyes in the Ocean of thy Tears; neither shall he stay long to feel the milerable impetuolity of this mournful florm. For scarce twenty days are past; after the writing of her Letter to Sturio, but Paulina languishing with grief, despair, sorrow, and sickness, as a Female Love-Martyr, takes her last leave and farewel of this World, in Rome; it being not in the power or affection of her Parents, any longer to divert her from paying this her last due and tribute unto Nature, fith we all have our lives lent, not given us: and therefore as we receive, fo must we repay them to our Creator and Redeemer, of whom we have first received them.

Old Sturio is as glad in Rome for the death of Paulina, as her Parents grieve thereat; and now it is that he intends to be as happy and joyful in his Son's presence, as he hath formerly made himself sorrowful in occasioning his ablence: whereupon, with all expedition, he dispatcheth a Servant of his to Caprea, with a Letter, to fignifie his Son thereof, and confequently, to recall him. This news of Paulina's death, infinitely afflicts and torments our Sturio: for the being the Queen of his affections, and the foveraign Goddess of his delights and desires, he resembleth himself, and so like a true Lover, as he is, acteth a wonderful mournful part of sorrow for her unwished and unexpected death; he is no longer himself: nay, such was his living affection to Paulina, and such is his immoderate forrow for her death, as he will not be himself, because fhe is gone, who was the greatest and chiefest part of himself. But as wounds cannot be cured ere fearched; so passion transporting his thoughts beyond reason; and revenge, beyond passion; he, for the time present, for sakes the effect, to follow the cause; and so hath no other object before his eyes and thoughts, but that of Bertolini's killing of her Brother Brellati; and this of his Father's unkind banishing of him from Rome to Caprea: wherefore, that he may out-live his forrows, and apply a Lenitive to his Corrofive, he vows to revenge both. The manner is thus:

That, as his Father deceived his hopes in carrying him from Rome to Caprea: so he will deceive those of his said Father, in carrying himself from Caprea to Cicily, there to find out Bertolini, and to fight with him. It is not the point of Honour, much lefs, Judgment, and leaft of all, Religion, that precipitates and throws him on this bloody, and therefore uncharitable, refolintion: but it is the vanity of his thoughts, and his living-affection to his dead Mistress, Paulina, which gives life and birth to it: for he (trampling on all diffwafions and opposition) finding a Galley of Naples, bound from Caprea to Civily, very secretly embarks himself in her, and contemning the impetuofity of the Winds, and the merciless mercy of the Seas, lands at Palermo; where hushing himself up the first night privately in his Inn, and informing himself that Bertolini was in that City, he, the next morn, by his Lackey, fends him this Challenge.

STURIO to BERTOLINI.

Aving killed my dear Paulina, in the scandal of her honour, and the death of her Brother Brellati, my afflictions and forrows to survive her, make me contemn mine own life, to seek thine: to which purpose I have left Caprea to find Cicily, and in it, thy self. Wherefore, as thou art Bertolini, fail not to meet me this Evening-twixt five and fix of the Clock, in the next Meadow, behind the Carthusian's Monastery; where my self, assisted only with a Chirurgeon, and the choice of two single Ra-piers, will expect and attend thee. Thy Generosity invites thee, and my Affestion and Honour obligeth me to be the only Guests of this Bloody Banquet.

STURIO.

Bertolini receives and reads this Challenge, which, to write the truth, is not so pleasing to

him, as was that of Brellati: he fees himfelf and his honour engaged to fight, and knows not how to exempt and free himself thereof. For, first, he considereth that the ground of his Defence and Quarrel is not good, fith he knew in his foul and confcience, that Paulina was as chast as fair, and that he had wronged himself, in seeking to wrong and scandalize hersthen, that he perfectly understood, Sincio was valiant and generous; yea, and very expert and conflant in unconstancy: so that he began not only to doubt, but feat, that as he had killed Bretlati, so Sturio was reserved to kill him: but again, considering that his birth and blood was noble, it contrariwise so incited and animated his courage, and inflamed and set an edg on his Generofity, as with a kind of unwilling willingness, he accepts of Sturio's Challenge; and fo bade his Lackey tell his Mafter from him, That he would not fail to meet him, to give him his welcome to Palermo. The Clock strikes five, and long before six, our two young Gentlemen come riding into the field, where giving their Horses to their Chirurgeons, with command not to stir till their duty and office call them, they both draw, and so approach each other: but although this fury of theirs begin in blood, yet it shall not here end in death. At the first coming up, Sturio wards Bertolini's thrust, and runs him into the right flank, of a deep wound; at the second, he wounds him again in the neck, which draws much blood from him: neither is the third meeting more propitious, or less fatal, to him: for Sturio, without receiving any touch or scar, gives him a third wound betwixt his small ribs; whereat his courage feareth, and his strength fainteth; when, willing to save his life, though with the loss of his Honour, he throws away his Rapier, and, with his Hat in hand, begs his life of Sturio, and with as much truth as integrity, confesseth and voweth, that he is infinitely forrowful and repentant for the scandal delivered against the Honour of his most fair and chast Lady, Paulina; for the which he craves pardon and remission. Sturio is astonished at this unexpected and cowardly act of Bertolini, whereat he bites his lip, but I know not whether more with difdain than anger; only at first, the remembrance of Brellati and Paulina's deaths, for the present, make him inexorable to his request and sub nission; but at last, making Reason give a law to Choler, and Religion to Revenge, and confidering that he was more than a man, fith a Chriflian; as also, that the lufter of his Blood and Extraction, had distinguished him from the Vulgar, and so made him honourable and noble; he, not as a cruel Tyger, but as a generous Lyon, disdaineth to blemish his Reputation and Valour, in killing a disarmed man; and so his Honour out-braving his Valour and Revenge, he, as a truly noble Gentleman, gives Bertolini his life, as holding himself satisfied, by having righted the Honour of his dead Mistress, Paulina, in Bertolini's confession and contrition. So they sheathe up their swords, and, like loving friends, return together into the City, where Sturio prepareth for his departure, and Bertolini betakes himself to have his wounds dressed and cured.

This Combat, or Duel, is not so secretly carried betwixt them and their Chirurgeons, but all Palermo resounds and prattles thereof; and, which is more, this news speedily sails from Cicily to Naples, and from thence rides post to Rome, where Sturio and Bertolini likewise in short space arrive: but first comes Sturis, then Bertolini, whose Father by this time, hath obtained his pardon for killing of Brellati. The Nobility and Gentry of Rome speak diversly and differently of our two late returned Gallants: fome, out of reason, highly applaud Sturio's fighting with Berrolini, occasioned through his affection to his dead Mistris, Paulina; and then his humanity and courtefie shewed and extended him, in giving him his life: Others, out of the errors of youth and vanity, tax and condemn him for not dispatching and killing him. Again, many extol Bertolini's Valour in killing Brellati; but all taunt and tax him for his Cowardize, in not fighting it out with Sturio; and, which is worse, for disgracefully begging and

receiving his life of him.

Bertolini finds this feandal thrown and retorted on him, to be very distassful and dishonourable; infomuch as he cannot relish it, but with discontent; nor digestit, but with extream indignation and choler, which throws him fo violently on the execrable humour of revenge, as he vows to make Sturio pay dear for giving too much liberty to his tongue, to the preju-

dice of his honour and reputation.

Puft up thus with these three execrable humours and vices, disdain, envy, and revenge; whereof the least is great and capable enough to ruine both a fortune and a life; he, out of a wretched resolution (unworthy the generofity of a Gentleman) not only forgets Sturio his fingular courtesie in giving him his life, when it lay in his power and pleasure to take it from him, but also remembreth, and in remembrance, resolveth to repay him with the ungrateful requital, and mournful interest of depriving him of his. O extream ingratitude! O uncharitable and base resolution! Yea, he is so devoid of reason, and the purity of his soul and conscience so contaminated and vilified with the contemplation and object of blood, as he gives gives way thereto, and refolves thereon; yea, permits it to forfake God, of purpole wilfully to follow the Devil. Yea, his thoughts are fo furprifed and taken up with this execrable and hellish resolution of Murther, as he thinks of nothing else but of the means and manner how to dispatch Stutio, and so to send him in a bloody Winding-sheet, from this life to another. To fight with him again in the field, he dares not; to assassinate and murther him in his bed, he cannot, fith he must pass five or fix several Chambers, ere he can come at his; and to pistol him in the open freet, though it be less difficult, yet he finds it most dangerous; fith he sees Sturio fill went better followed and accompanied, than himfelf, as indeed being far more eminent of Birth, and more noble of Extraction, than himself. But he shall want no invention to accomplish and bring this his bloody resolution to pass; for if he fail thereof, the Devil is still at his elbow to prompt and instruct him therein; yea, his impiety is grown so strong with the Devil, and his Faith to weak with God, as now having turned over the Records of his Revenge, he at last resolves to shoot Sturio from a Window, with a Petronel, as he passeth the street; and upon the attempt and finishing of this his hellish stratagem, and bloody Tragedy, the Devil and he strike hands, and conclude it; the contriving and perpetrating whereof, shall in the end strangle him, because he was so prophane and graceless, as he would not strangle the first conceits thereof, in their births and conceptions.

But leave we here Bertolini, ruminating on his intended bloody crime of Murther, and come we a little to speak of poor unfortunate Sturio, who not dreaming of this malice, much less of his ungrateful and bloody revenge intended against him, like a mournful and disconsolate

constant Lover, is thinking on nothing so much, as on the living-beauty and Idea of his dead Paulina. And although he knew it as palpable folly to bewray his immoderate sorrows, as discretion to conceal them; yet their impetuosity and servency, gives such a predominating law to his resolutions, as he cannot refrain from often stealing into Sansia Maria de Rotunda's Church, where she was buried, and there secretly be-dews her Tomb, and washes her Sepulcher with his tears: an act and ceremony of Lovers, which though affection authorize, yet Religion doth neither justifie, nor can approve. All the care of his Father and Friends, is to seek how to purge his pensiveness, and to wipe off his melancholly forrows, and forrowful melancholiness: to which end, they prosser him great variety of noble and beautiful Ladies in marriage, hoping that the fight and presence of a new Beauty, would deface the memory and absence of an old: but their policy proves vain; for noble Sturio will be as constant in his sorrows for his sweet Paulina's death, as he was in his affection to her whilst that she lived: and therefore, although that their power enforce him for to see divers; yet his will can never by any means be drawn or enforced for to love any, as having inviolably contracted himself

to this definitive resolution, That sith he could not be Paulina's Husband, he will never wed himself to any other Wife than his Grave.

And here I begin to write rather with tears than ink, when I apprehend and confider how foon our poor and innocent Sturio shall be, by the bloody hand of Bertolini; laid in his unfor-nate and untimely Grave. Ah Sturio, Sturio! hadst thou been more vindictive, and Less generous and compassionate, thou hadst prevented thy death by killing Bertolini, when thy valour in Caprea formerly reduced and exposed him to the mercy of thy Sword; or if thou hadst believed this Maxim, That dead men can never offend or hurt, thou need'st not have relyed and trusted upon the falle promises of an incensed and irreconcilable enemy: but what shall I (ay? It was not thy honour, but Bertolini's infamy, which hasteneth and procureth thy death. O that thou shouldst be so true a Friend to thine Enemy, and he prove so deadly an Enemy to thee his true Friend! Sturio gave Bertolini his life; and Bertolini, in requital, will give Sturio his death : but such monstrous and bloody ingratitude, will never go unpunished of God : for as it is odious to Earth, so it is execrable to Heaven: but I must be so unfortunate, to bring this deplorable Tragedy upon the Theater of this History. A misery of miseries, that we are many times nearest our ends, when we think our selves farthest from them! and (not to rush into the facred and fecret Closet of God's inscrutable Providence) I can find no other pregnant reason thereof, either in Divinity or Nature, but that at all times, and in all places, we should be still prepared and ready for death, ere death for us; and not protracting or procrastinating the hour thereof, but that whentoever it shall please God for to call us to him, or himself to us, that (like good and pious Christians) death may still find us always armed for to meet, never unprovided for to encounterit.

But Bertolini is so obstinate in his malice, and so wretchedly implacable in his revenge, as understanding that Sturio is accustomed to go to his Morning's-Mais at the English Colledg, he provides both himself, and his Petronel charged with a brace of Bullets; or rather, the Devil provides both the Bullets, the Petronel, and himself; and so, watching the advantage of

his hour and time, on a Monday morning, a little after the Cardinals, Farness and Caponius, were ridden with their Trains to the Consistory, putting himself into an unknown house betwixt the said English Colledg, and the Palace of Farness, he having his cock bent, and seeing Sturio coming in the street, upon his prancing Barbary-horse, and Foot-cloth, like a gracelets and bloody Villain (having neither the sear of God, nor the salvation or damnation of his soul before his eyes, nor once imagining that he shoots at the Majesty of God the Creator, in killing and defacing Man, his Image and Creature) lets slie at him, and the Devil had made him so curious and expert a Marks-man, as both the Bullets pierce the trunk of his breast; with which mortal wounds, our innocent Sturio no longer able to sit his Horse, tumbles down dead to the ground, without having the power to utter a word, but only to breathe forth two or three lamentable and deadly groans. And this was the unfortunate and mournful end of this noble Gentleman, Sturio, which I cannot relate, without sighs; nor remember, without tears.

This bloody Tragedy, acted on so brave a Gallant, in the very bowels and heart of Rome, doth extreamly amaze and draw all the Spectators to lamentation and mourning; and his two Servants, who walked by his Horse-side, are so busie in lifting him up, and rubbing the temples of their dead Master, as they forget to re-search and enquire for his Murtherer: but the assistants and the standers by, hearing the report of the Piece, and not only seeing the smoak in the window and air, but this noble Gentleman dead in the street, they ascend the house, and find the Petronel on the Table, but the Shooter sled away upon a swift Spanish Gennet, by the back-door; they of the house affirming, with tears in their eyes, That they knew not the Gen-

tleman that did it, neither was it in their powers to stop or prevent his escape.

This fatal and mournful news, dispersed and spread o're the City of Rome; the Serjeants and Captains Guard are busie to find out the Murtherer, who by this time they know to be Seignior Bertolini; but being gallantly mounted, he speeds away thorow the streets amain; and is so far from despair, as he makes no doubt but to recover the Lateran Gate; and to escape this his second danger, as fortunately as he did his first, by slying into the Kingdom of Naples: but his hopes shall deceive him; for if he bought Brellati's Murther at an easie rate, God hath now ordained and decreed, That he shall pay deer for this his second, of Siurio: and lo here the impetuous storm of God's just revenge and indignation now befalls him, when he least fears or

thinks thereof. The manner thus:

As he was swiftly galloping thorow Campo de Fnogo (the publick place where the Pope (that Antichrist of Rome) burns the children of God for the profession of his glorious Gospel) and being at the farther end thereof, with an intent to draw towards the back-lide of the Capitol, behold, two Bricklayers, building of a House, upon a Scaffold two stories high in the street, as Bertolini passed, both the Scaffold and the two Brick-layers fell down upon him and his horse, and so beat them to the ground: but as yet the news of Sturio's Murther was not arrived thither; so as danger and fear making Bertolini forget the hurt of his fall, he again rifeth up, and calls for his horse, which was speedily brought him; so leaping into the Saddle, he spurs away with as much celerity as his Gennet could possibly drive under him. But if he have escaped this first Judgment of God, he shall not the second: for having past the Capitol, and the Amphitheater, his Gennet, 'twixt that and the Latteran, fell under him, which putting his shoulder out of joynt, the poor afflicted Beast could not rise with his Master, who by this time is more afflicted and grieved, than the harmless Gennet he rides upon. Whereupon being amazed, and fearing that the fearch would instantly follow and surprise him, he leaving his Horse, betakes himself to his own heels, and so with much terror both of mind and conscience, he knows not whither to go, or where to hide himself: but at last considering, that the greatest dangers have need of the least distraction, and most discretion, he thinks to flie on his right hand to Horto Farness, or the Gardens and Orchards which belong to that Illustrious Family: but then again, fearing to meet with a wooden face, instead of finding an open door, he leaves that resolution, and (as fast as his legs and feet can bear him) flies on his left hand up towards Nero's Tower (so famous for that Emperor's infamy, in standing thereon when he delighted to fee all Rome on fire) and here in the ruins and demolitions of an infinite number of Palaces, Churches, and other stupendious Buildings, our murtherous Bertolini hides and husheth up himfelf, hoping if the day were past, to escape, and recover some secret Friend's house, by night.

But God is too just to let this his cruel sact pass unrevenged, and this bloody Murtherer unpunished; for he hath scarce been there half an hour, but he is known there, found out, and hemm'd in of all sides by the Captain's Guard, arm'd with Partisans and Pistols. Here Bertolini considering himself a Roman Gentleman, would fain have made some resistance with his Rapier: but seeing their numbers to encrease, and himself alone; as also, that it would farther

augment his crime, and exasperate his Judges against him; he at their first assummons delivereth up his Rapier, and yields, and rendreth himself into their hands, who presently convey him to prison, where he shall have but little time to think of his hainous and bloody Murthers, ere we shall see him brought forth and arraigned before his Judges; but, in the interim, all Rome is possessed and informed hereof.

So the fecond morning of Bertolini his imprisonment, he is fetcht before his Judges, where at first the Devil is so strong with him, as he once thought to have denied this Murther of Sturio: but God proving more merciful to his soul, he, upon his Judges grave and Religious Remonstrances, with many sighs and tears freely confessethit, humbly beseeching them to take pity of his young years, and that it was only the heat of youth, and the vanity of his ambitious honour, which had thus betrayed and seduced his soul to perpetrate this cruel and im-

pious Murther; and for the which, he extreamly and bitterly repented himfelf.

But the arrow of God's wrath and revenge, is now fully bent against Bertolini, as his bullets were against Sturio: so as his Sacred Majesty, causing his Judges to resemble themselves, they are deaf to his requests, and tell him, It is not his youth, or his ambition, but the Devil that hath seduced and drawn him to perform this bloody Murther: and so, for expiation thereof, they, in consideration he is a Roman Gentleman, nobly descended, will not hang him, but adjudg his two hands to be cut off before the house where he shot at Sturio, and then afterwards to be beheaded at the common place of Execution, at the foot of St. Angelo's Bridg; his Head to be set upon a Pole over St. John de Lateran's Gate, and his body to be thrown into Tiber: which the next day was accordingly executed in presence of many thousand people of both Sexes, and of all Ranks, notwithstanding the importunate solicitations which his Father made to Cardinal Borgbese, (the Pope Paulinus Quintus Nephew) to the contrary; who was too

noble and generous to affilt him in so base and ignoble a Murther.

And these were the lives and deaths of these three unfortunate Roman Gentlemen, Brellati, Sturio, and Bertolini; and of that beautiful; chast, and sorrowful Lady, Paulina. And here to conclude and shut up this their mournful History, I have been informed, That the curious Wits of Rome made many exquisite Epitaphs upon the deaths of Sturio and Paulina; as also, that Bertolini made a Religious and most Christian Speech at his end, of which I must confess I was not so happy to recover the sight or copies of either; for if I had, I would not have failed to have inserted and placed them at the end of this their History, to have served as a grace and ornament thereunto, in interlacing my Prose with other Verses, for the better delight and recreation of my Reader. But I must (justly) crave excuse herein: for my curiosity sought them, though my unfortunacy sound them not. And because I wholly aim rather to prosit than to please my Reader, let us forget the shadows, to remember the substance; and so look from the Map to the Moral of this History; that the soul example of Bertolini's crime of Murther, and the justness of his punishment, may make us less bloody, and more compassionate and charitable to our Christian Brethren, and consequently more pious towards God, of whom we all bear the living Image, and true and lively Character.

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THE

TRIUMPHS

OF

GODS REVENGE

Against the

Crying and Execrable

SIN OF

MURTHER

EXPRESSEED

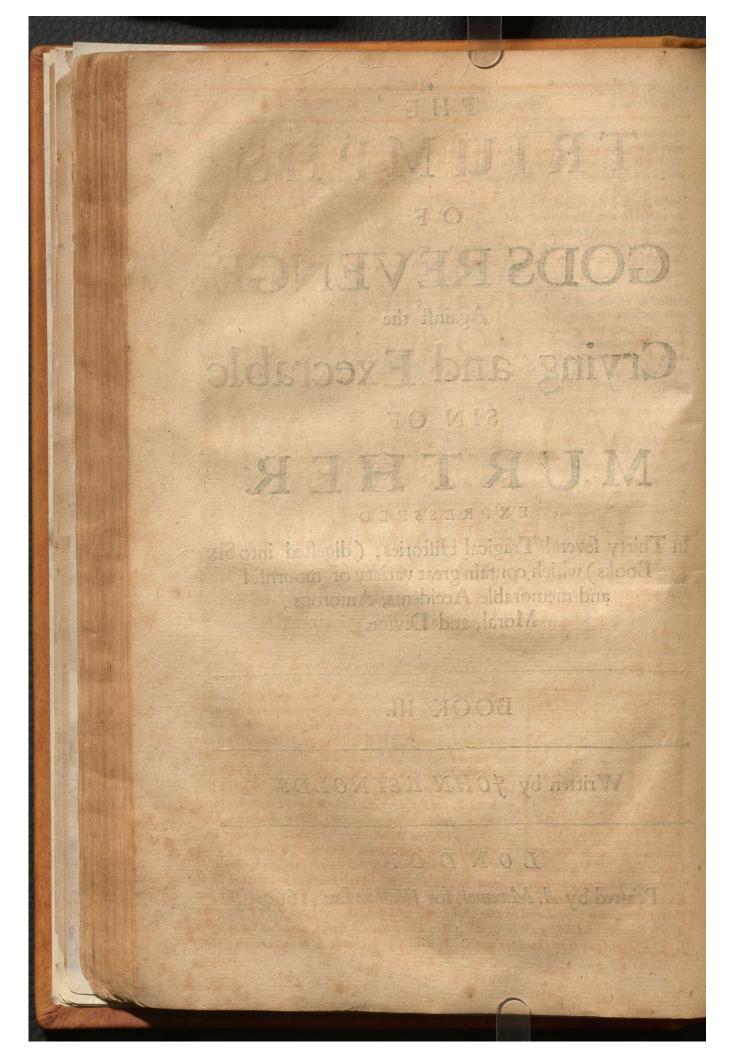
In Thirty several Tragical Histories, (digested into Six Books) which contain great variety of mournful and memorable Accidents; Amorous, Moral, and Divine.

BOOK III.

Written by JOHN REYNOLDS.

LONDON,

Printed by A. Maxwel, for William Lee, 1669.





TO THE

RIGHTHONOURABLE

And truly worthy of all Honour,

VVILLIAM

EARL OF

PEMBROKE,

Lord Chamberlain to His Majesty, Knight of the Thrice Noble Order of the Garter, and one of the Lords of His most Honourable Privy Council.

Right Honourable,



T is not your Dignity, but your Virtues; not your Greateness, but your Goodness, which first conjured my affection, then commanded my resolution to direct these (foreign) Tragical Histories to your Honour's Protection and Patronage: For whiles others (failing with the corrupt Tide and Current of the Times) not only admire, but adore the exterior parts of men, their Fortunes; I, for my part, both honour and reverence their interior qualities and ornaments, Piety, Fidelity, Generosity, (three Daughters of Heaven, embling and personating the three Heavenly Graces on Earth, Faith,

Hope, Charity) who transport and convey our Memories as far as the limits of Time, and a degree beyond it; and (on the wings of Truth) mount our Fames from Earth to Heaven, from Envy to Glory, and from Mortality to Eternity. Not but that I every way respect and honour that Blood which is Noble; but, that I yet more dearly bonour, and deeply affect those Virtues which have a secret, and (as I may justly say) a sacred power in them to enneble Nobility; both which transcendent Privi-

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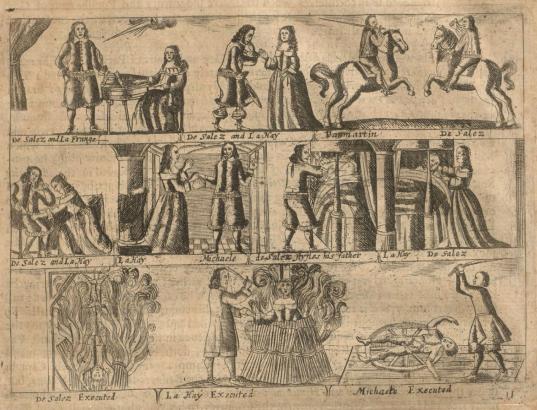
ledges.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ledges, finding hand in hand cheerfully to march, and really to sympathize in your Honour, (fith upon the resplendent luster of your actions, Envy is not capable to insinuate a blemish nor Detraction of power to introduce or inforce a disparagement) was the sole prevailing-motive of this my Zeal and Ambition. And when I consider that the Morality, Ends, and Punishments, of these foul and crying Sins of Murther, which my two former Books (of this nature) have already related and divulged to the world, have not only been approved, but applanded, of our most Excellent and Sacred King, (as only aiming at God's glory, and our own reformation and preservation); I rather hope, than despair, that this Third (wherein the just Revenge of God, the Great and Supreme King of Kings, is no less apparent and conspicuous) will be accepted of your Honour. Again, it fights against Munther, which not only seeks to flay Humanity but therein to murther Religion, which is the Life and Soul thereof. It denounce th War against Nature and Grace, against the Divine Ordinances of Heaven, and the Coactive and Penal Laws of Earth, whereby they are established and maintained, as being the Coment and Sinews, the Veins and Arteries of Monarchies and Commonweals; as also, against the Majesty of God, and the Crowns and Dignities of Soveraign Kings and Princes, his Royal Deputies and Vice-gerents here on Earth, fith thereby he loseth souls, and these subjects; yea, so general and prodigious a progression doth this scarlet Sin of premeditated and wilful Murther make in the universal World, and with so bloody a deluge and inundation, it not only washes, but (as it were) drowns the face of Christian, that we have now far truer cause to cry out, and juster reason to exclaim, than did Quintus Catulus, (so many Centuries of years since) O with whom, or where shall we live in safety, sith in Wars we kill those who are armed; and in Peace, who are unarmed? Tea, your Honour, who (with a happy constancy, and constant Happiness) is still a professed Champion for Charity against Envy, and a Tutelary Protestor for Virtue against Vice, (whiles divers Great Ones of the World, make it not only their practice, but their glory, to perform the contrary) will, I hope, run over these mournful Histories (and the several accidents they relate) with your eye of pity, and spirit of compassion; and therein with a religious joy, and pious insultation, not only admire the Providence, but applaud and magnifie the Justice of God, in so timely cutting off these Monsters of Nature, and bloody Butchers of Mankind, with these their condign punishments, and deserved deaths: In which Hope and Confidence, this Book is no more mine, but your Honours, and no less is he who collected and penned it: And that my Name may futurely oblige me to make this present Promise of my Penreal; Whiles many others (in a vertuous emulation) contend to deserve the Honour of your Favour, and strive to purchase the felicity of your Commands, none shall do it with more Integrity, and less Vanity

Your Honour's truly devoted

FOHN RETNOLDS.



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XI.

De Salez killeth Vaumartin in a Duel. La Hay causeth Michaelle to poyson La Frange. De Salez loves La Hay; and, because his Father Argentier will not consent that he marry her, stifleth him in his bed, and then takes her to his Wise: She turns Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying, he accuse the her of this bloody saet, and himself for murthering his Father Argentier: so his dead body is hanged to the Gallows, then hurnt: La Hay consessed this Murther, and likewise that she caused Michaelle to poyson La Frange: she hat her right hand cut off, and is then hurnt alive: Michaelle is broken on the Wheel, and his dead body thrown into the River.

Lthough our perverse Nature, and rebellious Thoughts may for a while make us esteem Envy to be no Vice, and Murther a Virtue, yet if we will erect the eyes of our Faith, and so look from our selves to our souls, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God, we shall then affuredly find, that hating our Christian Brother, we hate Christ who made us Brothers; and murdering him, that we maliciously and presumptuously attempt to crucise Christ; by whom we must, without whom we cannot be saved. But if we will turn Atheists, and believe there is a Heaven, but no God; or Devils, and say, there is a God, but no Heaven, then that uncharitable Tenent of Envy may be held lawful, and this bloody position of Murther practised, because priviledged; esse, not. Wherefore let us who are Christians, research this Devilish Doctrine, and Doctrine of Devils, to Hell from whence it came, and to the Devil himself who first broached and invented it; sith we cannot profess it, without making our selves Agents; nor perpetrate it, without becoming his very limbs and members, in regard they will infallibly prove wosul fore-runners of our misery, and the wretched Heralds of our perdition: as the bloody Actors of this ensuing mournful History will make good,

good, and instance to us in themselves, when the severe Judgments and Punishments of God besel them so suddenly, as it was too late for them either to revoke or bewail the enormity of these their soul and sufernal crimes.

Tholouse (as well for greatness as state, the third City and Court of Parliament of France) is the place wherein we shall understand, there was lately committed and perpetrated a Tragical History, which hath many mournful and bloody dependances; the which to branch forth, and depaint in their naked colours, we must understand, that therein lived a Councellor of that famous Court (being a rich Gentleman, well descended) termed Monsieur de Argentier, whose Wise, being deceated, lest him Father only to one hopeful Son, of the age of two and twenty years, termed Monsieur de Salez, who being wholly addicted to the Wars (from which Martial Profession it was impossible for his old Father to divert and withdraw him) he procured him an Enfign's place under Monfieur de Roquelaure, whom he ferved in the Adriatick Sea, under the Noble and generous Venetians, who then Hood rather jealous than fearful of the power and greatness of Spain: but the Chimera of that War (after the term of three or four years) being vanished and blown away, and consequently betwixt those two mighty Estates, a new Peace contracted and concluded (although the old had not been actually broken and decelerated) home returns Monsieur de Roquelaure, for Gascogny, and with him de De Salez for Languedoc and Tholoufe, where he is received of his Father with much content and joy, not that he is contented to fee his Son profess these military courses (which only affords the fmoak of Honour, and not the folidity of Profit) but rather that he exceedingly rejoyced him to see him return there-from; and from whence, if he cannot hope that his requests will folely divert him, yet he is resolved and affured, that his commands both will and shall. To which end (as any humour is soonest subject to be expelled and defaced by its contrary, so) the old Councellor, having as much Judgment and Providence in his head, as his Son hath Vanity in his thoughts, and Rashness in his resolutions, doth both request and command to I cave the War for Peace, Arms for Love, the Camp for the City, and his Captain for a Wife, and so no longer to march and fight under the Banners of Mars and Bellona, but under the Standards of Venus and Hymeneus: to which effect, he proffers him the choice of many rich and fair young Gentlewomen of the Countrey, to his Wife; but especially (and with far more earnestness than any other) to an exceeding rich Match in the City, which was a young Gentlewoman termed La Frange, being the only Child of Monsieur de Clugny, one of the most famous and richest Presidents of that Court, young of years, as being but sixteen or seventeen, but withall deformed both in favour and body: for she was of a brown and fowr Complexion; and not only a Dwarf in stature, but also exceeding crook-back'd; and yet beyond measure very amorous and desirous of a Husband: only the Endowments of her mind most richly recompenced, and made satisfaction for the defects of her body: for the had an active and nimble wit, a fweet and sugred tongue, a rich memory, and a powerful and happy judgment; and was indeed an excellent Dancer and Singer, and withala most perfect and exquisite Musician. But as yet De Salez Warlike and Generous resolution, could not be so soon made flexible, to embrace the motion of a Wife, and so returns his denial instead of his consent: but his wise old Father Argentier, being therefore the more curious of his Son De Salez his prosperity and welfare, because he apparently saw he no way regarded, but every way neglected it himself (his Son's exorbitant resolution notwithstanding) although he knew that Madamoifelle La Frange had many noble Suitors, who fought her in Marriage: yet relying upon his ancient acquaintance and familiarity with the President, De Clugny, and also that that Daughter of his, and this his Son, were of both parties their only children; He taking time at advantage, breaks with him about the Match: whereunto De Clugny hearkens rather with delight, than distaste: for if there were any disparity in the dignity of their Offices, he well knows that Argentier's Blood and Wealth did at least equalize, if not exceed his: or if he conceited any scruple in his thoughts which impugned or imposed it, it was only because De Salez was a Soldier, and not a Lawyer, and consequently delighted to use his Sword, before his Pen; and to wear and preser a Scarlet Cloak, beforea Black. But then again, these repugnant and averse reasons were as soon buried, as born; and defaced, as conceived and engraven in him; when he confidered that he himself in his adolescency, was of the same humour and inclination, and therefore that Experience had made him a President to himself, that Time was both the reformer and refiner of manners, and that (in all well-born and well-bred spirits) the Precepts of a Father, and the sweet conversation on and counsel of a Wife, had power to metamorphose the conditions of a young Husband: whereupon the old Fathers often meet and confult hereon, and so being fully agreed on all conditions

conditions, they likewife appoint a folemn meeting for their children; but the effect and iffue of this their interview, will not correspond and answer their delires.

La Frange (as we have formerly faid) being deformed and crook-back't, was no way agreeable, but displeasing to De Salez; but he being a tall and neat-timber'd Gentleman, of a fair and feminine complexion, the instantly most tenderly affected, and dearly loved him. In a word, I must request the curiosity of the Reader briefly to be informed and advertised, that as she beheld him with the eyes of love and defire, so did he her with those of contempt and disdain: she building Castles of content, in the air of her thoughts and hopes, that Heaven would make him her Husband; and he razing both her and her memory out of that of his contemplations, vowing that Earth should never make her his Wife. Thus, though the Parents have already thut up the Contract, yet their Children shall never live to celebrate the Nuptials; for we shall fee divertity of Tragical Accidents which are providing, and almost ready to oppose and inpugnit. Parents think to be the Causes, but God will still be the Author of Marriages: for if his Sacred and Divine Majesty make them not first in Heaven, they shall never see them solemnized nor consummated on Earth.

And here, to make an orderly progression in this History, the Reader must likewise understand, that of all other of La Frange's Suiters, none sought her with so much importunity and impatiency, as the Baron of Vaumartin, whose chiefest House and Lands, lay betwixt Aiguemortes and Narbone, (a Noble-man of some thirty years old) who (like many others of his stamp and rank) had spent the greatest part of his Youth and Means, in Paris, in lasciviously debauching and revelling with the Parisian Ladies and Dames: so that the vanity of his pleafures and expences, making his Lands flie away piece-meal, and the devasting and fall of his Trees and Woods, making the rest of his Mannors shake (an example and precedent for all other debauched Gallants to observe and beware of); he leaves Paris with curses, and his bitterfweet fins with repentance, and fo (to repair his errors, and to redeem his loft time and decayed Estate)he comes home to Languedoe, where hearing in Thobuse of the President De Clugmy's great Wealth, which he must solely leave to his only Child and Daughter, La Frange, who was now marriageable; he refolves to fet all his other butiness and defigns apart, and to to lay siege, and seek her of her Father, and Self, in Marrriage. Now to take the better direction and observation of this History, we must likewise understand, that this Baron of Vaumartin was of a fwart complexion, a Dwarf of stature, and every way as crook-back't as La Frange, which the more flattered him in his hopes, and egged him on in his pursuit, hoping indeed (though with as much vanity as ignorance) that this their corporal resemblance, would the sooner induce and draw her to affect him : but his Arithmetick, or rather his Judgment, will deceive him: for, it is conformity of Humours and Inclinations, and not of Faces and Bodies, which breeds and enflames a sympathy in affections. But he is resolute in his re-search, and so better loving the Father's Wealth, than the Daughter's Beauty; he well allisted and followed, (with a Train and Equipage worthy of his Birth, and her Merits) first seeks the Daughter of her Father, then her self of her felt. As for the old President De Clugny, he hath heard of his debauched pranks and riots in Paris, and therefore vows, that his Wealth gotten with wisdom, and purchased with providence, study, and care, in his Age, shall never pay for the obscene pleasures and vicious prodigalities of his Youth: and so with many verbal Complements, (resolving that he shall never triumph in the conquest of his Daughter) he in general terms puts him off.

As for La Frange her self, the sweetness of De Salez Complexion and Personage is so deeply imprinted in her heart and thoughts, that it is impossible for Vaumartin to find any admittance or entrance: for, the speaks of none but De Salez, thinks of none but De Salez, nor wisheth her self with any but with De Salez. Again, she wonders at Vaumartin's simplicity, in seeking her for his Wife; for if the hate deformity in her felf, how is it either likely or possible, that she can love it in her Husband? No, no; though De Salez will not love La Frange, yet La Frange must and will love De Salez, and none but him: and therefore fith De Salez his sweet feature is a Pearl in her eye, needs must Vaumartin be an eye-sore to her; yea, and if Modesty will permit me to speak or write an immodest truth, her heart doth so burn and flame in love to De Salez, that both day and night she many times with lights, sometimes with tears, wisheth her self either impaled in his arms, or he enclosivered

Now, by this time, Vaumarin hath full notice and advertisement of her dear affection devoted to none but to De Salez; as likewise, his slighting and disdaining her: whereupon, encouraged by this, and disheartned by that, he leaves no cost, care, or curiosity (erther in Gifts, Dancing, Mulick, or Banquets) unattempted, to crown his wants, rather than his defires and pleafures, with this, though deformed, yet rich Heir, La Frange: so leaving him to his vain fuit in courting her, speak we a little of De Salez, that fith he will not affect La Frange, we may yet observe and discover which way he intends to shape the course of his affe-

ctions and resolutions. For albeit he had formerly addicted himfelf and resolutions to be a professed Soldier; yet Place calling him home now to Pleasure, and that to Effaminacy, a fatal and dangerous Vice, which in the iniquity of these our times, and depraved manners, not only most insensibly creeps into common Soldiers and Commanders, but also into all Armies, and into many Estates and Kingdoms, still to the disparagement of their glory, and sometime to the price of their ruin, and peril of their subversion; he began to let his Colours hang dusty, and his Pike and Partizan rulty by the walls, and to frequent the company of Ladies; which the old Councellor, his Father, observes with joy; hoping that in the end he shall draw him to affect and marry La Frange: but these hopes of his will prove vain, and this his joy will soon be exchanged into forrow, and metamorphosed into affliction and misery; for that his Son is parely refolved to marry, 'tis true; but as true it is, that he is fully refolved never to love, much less to

marry La Frange.

Now we must understand, that in Tholouse there dwelt a Merchant of Silks, or as we in England fay, a Silk-man, termed Monfieur de Soulange; rather reputed rich of others, than known so of himself: and yet, being an old Widower, to the end the sooner to get him a new Wife, he puts a good face on his Estate, and maintains Himself, Family, and House, with great pomp and experices, having no Son, but three fair Daughters, all marriageable: and yet (out of ambition, and in emulation of the Gentry) severally known and siled by their titles, not by their names, as Misdamyselles de Marsy, La Preverte, and La Hay, all samous for their beauties, and indeed for their pureness and excellency thereof, justly reputed and held the prime Birds of the City, and yet the youngest of them, La Hay, was the Phanix of all the Three: for she was so sweetly fair, and fairly sweet of complexion, as she drew all eyes to do homage to hers, so as it was almost impossible for any man to look on her without loving her, or to gaze on her, without desiring her: for her Body was so straight and slender, and the Roses of her Cheeks so deliciously gracing the Lillies, and the Lillies the Roses, that the greatest Gallant either of the City or Countrey, held himself not only happy, but honoured with the felicity of her presence and company. But, in one word, to give these three Sisters their true Chara-Cters, De Marsy, and La Perverte, were far more virtuous than La Hay, though La Hay were far fairer than they: for as Religion and Piety was their chiefest delight and exercise, as more desirous to imbellish their souls, than their bodies; so wanton pleasure, and vain lascivious nefs, was hers, as rather delighting to please and adorn her body, than her soul; they being more virtuous than fair; she, more fair than virtuous; different inclinations and resolutions: these as happy and blessed, as hers wretched and impious: their actions might have been a Precedent, yea a Pilot to have conducted her Fame as well to the Temple of Honour, as to the Harbour of Immortal Glory, and of glorious Immortality; but the vows the will prove a Prelident to her felf, and her Pleasure shall be a Pilot to her Will, although she mils the Temple of Honour, to find out that of Beafrly Concupifcence; and the Harbour of Immortal Glory, to fuffer shipwrack upon the Shelves of inglorious Infamy, and the Rock of Infamous Perdition.

To this Monssieur de Saulange's House, the Beauties of his three Daughters, but ospecially that of La Flay, and withall her pleafing and tractable affability, invites many young Gentlemen, and the eminentest Citizens, who there pals their time in courting and converting, in dancing, linging, and the like, whereunto the Youth of France, more than any other people of the World, are most licentiously addicted : and as things are best discerned and distinguished by their contraries; so the Virtues of De Marsy, and La Preverte, were made more apparent by La Hay's Vices; and her Luft and Whoredoms, were more palpably notorious in their Chaftity. O that so sweet a Creature should be subject to so soul a sin! and that Beauty, the best gift (and, as I may say, the Gold) of Nature, should be thus villified and polluted with the beastly pleasures of carnal concupiscence, and obscenc sensuality! For, ay me! I write it with as much grief to my felf, as shame to her; She was too prodigal of her Favours: for she imparted them liberally unto some, for Love; but unto most, for Money; not earing to whom the profituted her Body, so they filled her Purse; thereby to support her Pride, and maintain the excess and vanity of her Bravery; and yet she was so subtill and cautious therein, that although she were a professed Courtesan, she would nevertheless publickly seem a pure and unspotted Virgin; and the better to fortishe her Fame and to make the reputation of her Chafity pass current with the world, she would swear all those to conceal her favours, on whomtoever the imparted and bestowed them: but if this lascivious subtilty of hers have power to blear the eyes of the world, how can this her beastly sin of Fornication be unseen of God, when the Windows, Walls, and Beams of her Chamber, yea, her very Bed whereon she hath acted her Whoredoms, shall one day give in evidence, and serve as witnesses against her; yea, and be Petitioners on earth, that God will requite and reward them with vengeance and confusion from Heaven?

Now, among the rest of those debauched Gentlemen, who devoted their lascivious fervice, and facrificed their fond affection to La Hay's beauty, in comes our De Salez to enrol himself one; who, feafting and surfeiting his eyes on the delicacies of her fresh and sweet complexion, leaves his own Father's house, to frequent her's; yea, his delires are so lustfully enflamed with her beauty, as with his best art and policy he lays close fiege to her Chastity, and with many gifts, requests, and oaths, seeks to endear her to his desires and pleasure. But see the subtilty of this lalcivious young Courtifan; for, knowing De Salez deeply in love with her, and to be the only Child of his Father, and he one of the richest Councellors of Tholouse, the conceives a plot in her head, to go a fishing to make him her Husband, and so bears her felf wonderful modest and coy, casting a cloak and veil of Chastity over her unchast defires and actions, as if the were now a Virgin, yea, a Saint to him, though heretofore the had many times played the Strumpet with others. But her denial doth rather enflame, than quench the fire of his luft; fo as making many affaults to raze down the defences of her refutal, that he may enter and take possession of her heart and favour, his best Art and Oratory proves vain: for the outwardly retires her affection, thereby the better inwardly to advance and finish her purposes: so this repulse of her's, makes him hang his head, and become pensive and melancholy; the true figns and symptoms of a foolish and fantastical Lover, as in effect we shall shortly see De Salez will prove himself. For the colder she is in affection to him, the hotter is he in lust with her; forgetting the wars, yea, his discretion, himself, and all, to crown his defires in enjoying her: the which she well observing, begins to triumph in her good fortune, as thinking him already fairly come to the hook; and so hopes, that if the line of his folly, and her good fortune and wit hold, the will foon make him her Husband, and her felf his Wife: for, having formerly met with many Knaves in others, the now begins to rest confident, either to find or to make a fool of him, thereby to ferve as a veil to over-veil her Whoredoms. He pleads hard to her for love; she replies, it is impossible to find love in lust. He vows he will dye her servant; the fwears, the will never live his Strumpet. He protesteth, that the shall share of his estate; the tells him plainly, that the had rather live a poor Wife, than dye a rich Courtefan. He replies, that he adores her beauty; the answers, that the knows no other, but that he only feeks to profane and defile it. And here, with more facility to make him swallow either a Gull, a Gudgin, or both; the, by stealth, permits him to cull some kisses, as well from the Cherries of her lips, as the Roses of her cheeks; and in the interim, like an hypocritical dissembling Quean, reads him many Lectures on the pureness of Chastity, and the foulness of Lust, on the blessedness of Marriage, and the wretched estate of Fornication. Prophane and impious Giglet! whose speeches are perfumed with Vertue, and yet her actions stink, and are polluted and infected with Vice: diffembling Syren, who calls forth bitter-sweet inchanting tunes and charms, to please the fense, and yet purposely to poylon the soul: Pills of Worm wood, candy'd in Sugar; Honey to the palate, but gall to the stomack: a fatal Rock, whereon many inconfiderate and debauched young Gentlemen have unfortunately suffered Shipwrack; a wretched Gulph and Labyrinth, which contains all variety of endless miseries and calamities, whereunto whosoever enters with pleasure, is sure to retire with tears, curses and repentance. A Plague sent us from Heaven in our age, for a just guerdon and recompence of the fins and folly of our youth. And into this intricate Labyrinth, and bottomless Gulph of misery and calamity, is our rash and lustful young Gallant, cheerfully entring and steering his course, without either the Star of hope, or Compassof felicity and safety, bearing out top and top-gallant; yea, (as I may say) with all the fails of his folly bearing, and with the Flag, Enfign, and Pendants of his obscene and lascivious desires, playing and dallying in the Air of La Hay's fatal and infectious beauty; which hath so closely surprised his Judgment, captivated his Thoughts, and eclipsed his Discretion, as in her absence and presence he extols as well her Vertues, as her Beauty, to the Skies; vowing that she is so fair a Nymph, and so pure a Virgin, as she deserves rather to be his Wife, than his Strumpet; or rather, not his Strumpet, but his Wife. And fo two months being past fince he first frequented her, and sought to seduce and obtain her to his lascivious defires; and seeing (dissembling Quean as she is) that therein she bore her self infinitely chaft and modest, and that it was impossible for him to observe or remark any other inclination or testimony, either in her word or carriage, his wits are so besotted and entangled

in the fetters of her beauty, that he prefers her sweet scature and complexion, a thousand times before La Frange's deformed; and vows, that he had rather dye La Hay's slave, than ever live to be La Frange's Husband. But this folly of his, in the end, shall cost him deer, and so lead him to another, far more unnatural, and, as I may justly say, damnable: But we must proceed orderly in this History, and do therefore reserve that part till

By this time the fly subtilty, and seeming-chast behaviour of La Hay, hath acted wonders in De Salez heart; so as the now hopes confidently and thortly to play her prize in surprizing him: for he is extreamly amorous, belotted, and (as I may fay) drunk with the love of her Self and Beauty: fo, on a Sunday, as the returned from Vespers, he repairs to her Father's house to see her; whom he finds in her Chamber alone, waiting and attending him, having purposely dighted her self in a rich new Gown and Petticoat, and trimmed and adorned her felt in her gayest and most curious Attire, thereby with more ease and facility to draw him to her lure: So as her Beauty being both seconded and graced by her Apparel, she so ravished his heart, and delighted his senfes, as he cannot refrain from killing her: but this Honey of her lips, will, in the end, prove poyson to his heart. And here again he lays close fiege to her Chastity; but still the gives him the repulse and refusal, as if she were a Diana, and not a Venus: He vows he doth affect, and will ever honour her: and she, That if he honour her, she will still affect him. In the way of Love, quoth he, I am wholly yours: and, quoth the, in that of Honour I will not be mine own, but yours. I will, quoth he, in all affection both live and dye your servant: and, replies the, in all Chastity I will live to dye your Handmaid. He atfirms, He cannot be more hers in heart, than he is: nor I, quoth the, lets yours in luft, than I am. It is, quoth he, my Love which makes me report fo much: and, quoth fhe, it is my Fear which makes me affirm no leis. Why, quoth he, should my Love procure your Fear? My Fear, quoth she, is wholly engendred and derived from your Lust, but not from your Love. I pray express your felf, quoth he: she replies, My Blushes may, but my Tongue dare not. Quoth he, Did your affection equalize mine, La Hay would accept of De Salez, and not refuse him. Nay, quoth she, did De Salez know how infinitely mine exceeds his, he would not refuse La Hay, but accept of her. Why, quoth he, De Salez defires none but La Hay: Nor, quoth she, La Hay any in the World but De Salez. Whereupon De Salez being provoked with his own luft, and animated and encouraged by her fweet speeches, he very joyfully (yet fallly) flattering himself with the conquest of her favour and confent, fhuts the door, and (like a most lascivious and dissolute Gentleman) takes her in his arms, and strives to convey her to the Bed, resolving there to enrich himself with more than kiffes; yea, to reap the fruit of his beattly pleatures, and obscene and brutish desires, but his hopes shall deceive him: For, although La Hzy be a Courtesan in heart, yet she will not be so in tongue, especially now, where to get her self a rich Husband, it behoves her to play her prize in Chastity, as if she were as vertuous as fair, and as chast as lovely. Wherefore exclaiming, and storming at this his lascivious attempt and enterprise, levelled at the deploration and shipwrack of her Honour, she with a violent power, and enraged violence, unskrews her felf forth his Arms, and with a world of hypocritical fighs and tears, flies to his Ponyard, which he had thrown on the Table, and, unsheathing it, vows that she will be a second Lucretia; and, that if she cannot kill him before he have defiled and defloured her, yet, that she will afferedly murther her self after; hecause she is fully resolved, That her Chastity shall out-live her, not she her Chastity. A religious and honourable resolution of hers, if it had proceeded from a chast and sanctified heart: but alas! nothing less; for she speaks it out of Subtilty, not out of Vertues, out of Policy, no way out of Piety. De Salez by this time having wholly lost his judgment in the sweet and roseat Garden of her delicious Complexion, vows that he is now as deeply in love with her Chastity, as formerly with her Beauty. When seeking to appeale her Choler, and to pacific her Indignation, as also to give stage to his own, thoughts, and her Choler, and to pacific her Indignation, as also to give truce to his own thoughts, and content to his defires: he swears he is so far from intending her any dishonour, as he is refolved to do her all the honour of the world; yea, so far, as, if the please, he is ready to accept her for his Wife; protesting, that of all the Maidens of the world, he is defirous to be Husband to none but her felf; and that the fault shall be hers, if he make not his words, deeds. La Hay having her thoughts tickled with delight, to hear the pleasant melody of these his sugred speeches, doth thereat presently bury her sighs, and dry up her tears; when, throwing away the Ponyard, and making him a most respectful courteste, and grateful reverence, she with extended arms runs to him, and hangs about his neck, vowing that the loves no man in the

World but himself; and in consenting to be her Husband, she will till death yeeld not only to be his faithful Wife, in attending his pleasure; but his observant Handmaid, to receive and obey his Commands: and so they interchangeably greet each other with thanks and kiffes. But yet, the knowing that his Father Argentier was both rich and eminent, and her own poor, and of a far inferior rank; she is so politick and subtil in the managing of this her affection, as the is refolved to make fure work, and to do nothing by halfs; to as knowing that words are but wind, and what De Salez promiseth her now, he may either forget or deny to morrow; the intends to catch at Opportunitic's fore-lock; and fo with a fweet and ingenuous infinuation, draws him to give her a Diamond-Ring in token of Marriage; and she, in exchange, returns him a small Gold Bracelet, which she wore upon her arm next her heart. And yet again, confidering that his Father would very difficultly (or never) be drawn to confent to this Match, the can give no true content to her desires, nor satisfaction to her fear, before she have united and linked him to her, in a more stricter and firmer bond of affurance; when not only fealting, but (as it were) furfeiting him with variety of kiffes, the bethinks her felf of a policy as worthy of her wit for attempting, as of his folly for performing : for directing him her speech (which she accompanied with many amorous, yet dissembling smiles) she told him she would futurely exceed him in constancy, and now out-brave him in affection; when taking Pen and Paper, the writes him a fair promise and firm assurance of her self unto him (in the manner of a Contract); and to make it the more powerful and authentical, subscribes her name and sign to it, and betwixt fighs and blufhing, the delivers it to him; no way doubting, but rather affuring her felf, that he would requite her with the like courtefie and obligation, as indeed the event answered her desires and wishes. For De Salez having now no power left him to see by his own eyes; I mean, by those of his Judgment, but only by these of his intemperate pullion, and passionate affection; he is so far from descrying, much less from suspecting her policy, as very simply and sottishly he attributes it to the servency of her affection; the which he interprets and entertains, I know not whether with more joy, or delectation; and fo vowing not to dye her debtor for Courtefie, he very rashly and inconsiderately writes another to the same effect, and flies so far from wit or discretion, as to shew himself her Superior in affection, as well as in fex; he purposely cuts his finger, and so firms his name thereunto with his own blood, and then with a million of kiffes delivers it her, vowing that her pleafure shall be his law in the accomplishing thereof: only he prays her for a time to be fecret and silent herein, for that he fears he shall hardly draw his Father to confent hereunto: the which she very courteously grants him. And so he triumphing in her Beauty, and she in his Wealth; he in her Youth, and she in his Simplicity, they for that time part, not doubting but they shall shortly reap the fruits of their Matrimonial defires and wishes: for till then, she swears (though with an equivocating refervation to forswear her self) the will live a most pure and unspotted Virgin; and that as the least of her affection and courtefie toward him, shall be smiles, so the most shall be kisses.

But this affection (or rather folly) of De Salez, in contracting himself to La Hay, is not so fecretly born, but as her former unchastity was a general argument of talk to the whole City of Tholoufe; so now this of her subtilty and good fortune, is that of its universal pratting and admiration, occasioned and redoubled by the opposite considerations of Argentier's known Wealth, and De Soulange's supposed poverty: and again, of De Salez supposed Chastity, and of De La Hay's notoriously known Whoredoms. And as Fame is still to tatling a goddels, that events and accidents of this nature can hardly be concealed, and difficultly suppressed and fmothered; so by this time, contrary to the expectations and hopes of our two young Lovers, the old Councellor Argentier hath notice of this unlooked-for news, and of this unwished-for familiarity betwixt his Son, and that Strumpet La Hay; when confidering the great oppolition betwixt De Clugney's Nobility and Wealth, and De Soulange's mean Extraction and Poverty; as alfo, by a true and uncontrollable Antithefis, comparing the foul and enormous Vices of Lz May, with the sweet and resplendent virtues of La Frange, he (as much disdaining that Matca, as defiring this for his Son) very haltily sends for him into the Arbor, where purposely attending him, he with lightning in his looks, and thunder in his speeches, lays before him the simplicity and sottishnels of his resolution, in preferring La Hay before La Frange, a Strumpet before a Virgin, and a Pedler's Brat before a rich Gentleman's only Daughter and Heir: shews him the infamy of the first, and the glory of the last Match; there his unavoidable milery, here his affured happiness: in the first, his utter ruin and shipwrack; and in the last, his intallible prosperity and felicity: and so intermixing threats with tears, with a passionate Paternal affection, he endeavoureth to perswade him to leave La Hay, and to marry La Frange, or if not, he vows and swears, wholly to dif-inherit him, and from thenceforth never repute or efteem him his Son.

But De Salez his foolish vanity and vain affection in himself towards his new-contracted Love, La Hay, is so great; and consequently his filial obedience to his Father, so small, as not withstanding this his wholsome advice and counsel, he is still resolute and constant to prefer La Hay before La Frange; the beauty of the one, before the deformity of the other; his own content, before his Father's, and Soulanges citate and birth, before the great wealth and noble extraction of De Clugny: But this rashness, indiscretion, and ingratitude of his, will cost him dear.

Now if Argentier have perfect intelligence and curious notice of his Son's familiarity with that fair yet leud Courtesan La Hay; no less hath La Frange, who, poor soul, is so deeply enamored of De Salez, as at the very first news and conceit, that another should enjoy him, and not her felf, for very grief and forrow the feems to drown her felf in the deluge of her tears. His Father is cholerick thereat, the mournful; he incenfed, the afflicted; he enraged, and the perplexed and tormented: his passions and anger proceed from suspicion, that he shall so foon find a Daughter-in-law in La Hay; her fighs and tears, from fear, that the shall so foon lose her Love, though not her Lover, his Son De Salez. Again, the argument of his choler, is La Hay's unchaflity and poverty; and the cause of her disconsolation, De Salez his wealth and vertues: likewife the fees, that Argentier hath no reason to hope, that his son will marry her felf, such is her deformity; and again, that he hath all the reasons of the world, as well to doubt, as fear, that he will wed La Hay, fuch is her beauty. But fith De Salez will bear no more respect to his Father, nor affection to La Frange, leave we therefore his Father Argentier's passions, and La Frange's perplexities, to be appealed and qualified by Time, or rather by God, the Author and Giver of Time; who out of his All-seeing Providence, and Sacred Pleasure, only knows in Heaven how best to dispose and manage the actions of earth; and so come we to other unexpected occurrents and events, which like so many interjecting and intervening points, are contained with-

in the circumference of this History.

I have so long insisted on the affections of De Salez and La Hay, as (but to the judicious and temperate Reader)it would feem to appear, that the Baron of Vaumartin hath wholly forgotten to remember his to his Lady La Frange: But to put that doubt out of question, and this question out of doubt, we shall see him return too too soon, to act a part not so religious and honourable, as bloody, upon the Theater of this Hillory: For by this time both his Creditors and his Debts are grown so clamorous, and his Reputation and Land so near forfeited, for want of dif-ingaging, as, to secure the one, and to provide for the other, he knows no other invention nor means, but to gain La Frange to his Wife: when, as it were provoked and precipitated on by the necessity of this exigent, his thoughts leave Heaven, to flye to Hell; and consequently, flye from God to Satan, to consult, how either by the by, or the main, he may obtain her, yea, though with the peril and hazzard of his own life, to cut off theirs who feek therein to prevent his desires and designs. In which Hellish ratiocination, he, as devoid of Reason, as that is exempt either of Grace or Piety, thus reasoneth with himself: De Clugny hates me, for feeking to marry his Daughter; and that, time may remedy for me: but, which is worst of all, she loves De Salez, and seeks and desires to marry him; and this I must remedy in time, if I ever expect to obtain or enjoy her; and fo refolves to make him away; but is, as yet, irresolute how to perpetrate, and in what manner to finish so execrable a business. But this is not only the voice of his malice, but the fentence of his revenge, that De Salez must dye. Wretched Vaumartin, unworthy to bear the name of a man, much less of a Baron, but least of all, of a Christian; in that, because De Salez hates La Frange, and she loves him, that therefore thou wilt not love but hate him, or because she loves him, and not thy self, that therefore thou wilt kill him, that the may love thee. See, fee, rath and inconfiderate Noble-man, how treacherously the Devil hath hood-wink'd, yea, inveigled thy judgment, and beforted thy senses, to kill one that loves thee; to kill, I fay, a Gentleman who hath not offended thee, but is every way thy friend, no way thine enemy: or if thou think it wisdom, that covetousness must redeem thy former prodigality; alas, alas! canst thou yet be so cruel to think it either lawful or religious, that future Murther should either occasion or authorize it? But the Devil hath To far prevailed with his impious resolutions, that again he resolves De Salez must dye: and yet thou thinkest poyson as unworthy of him, as he is worthy of thy Sword: so, had thy last resolution been answerable to thy first, affure thy felf thou hadst made thy felf more happy, and not so miserable: for, as poisoning was the invention of the Devil, and is pra-Crifed by none but his Agents; so this dishonourable point of honour, to fight Duels, was never instituted by God, nor professed by those who really profess his Gospel; yea, it is not only, truly to dishonour God, in seeking falsly to preserve our own Honour and Reputation, but we affuredly stab at the Majesty of the Creator, in seeking to deface man his Creature; and to

use but a word, as it is repugnant both to Nature and Grace, so though it begin in the heat of passion and pleasure, it many times terminates in Repentance; but still in true Insamy and Milery.

But Vaumartin's Faith being so strong with Satan, and so weak with his Saviour, he will not take a Law from Religion, to give to his Envy; but rather, takes one from his Envy, to give to his Religion; and so very prophanely and rashly, by his Lackey, La Rose, sends De Salez this

Challenge.

VAUMARTIN to DE SALEZ.

If thou seek the cause of my masice, thou mayest find it in the Lady La Frange's affection to thee, and hatred to my self: wherefore hold it not strange, that I now command my Pento invite thee, and thy Sword, to meet me to morrow on horse-back, without Seconds, 'twixt five and six in the morning, behind the Jacobin's Garden. Love and Valour, thou knowest, are never capable of much exposulation, as defirous rather to be tried in action, than seen in words. Could that sweet Lady (who will not be mine, because thou art hers) have affected me more, or thee less, we might have proved as true Friends, as now our Reputations conjurc us either to live or dye Honourable Enemies.

VAUMARTIN.

De Salez having received and read this Challenge, doth not a little wonder at the Baron of Vaumartin's strange passion and resolution, in sending it him; especially, sith he knows that the motives and grounds of his malice, were so unjust and frivolous: so, how to answer him, as yet he knows not: for, as his generosity one way invites him to sight; so his discretion another way, perswades him from it. But considering the poor esteem he makes either of the Lady La Frange, or her affection, thinking it folly to sight without cause, and to hazzard his life without reason, he easls for Pen and Paper, and as a wise, yet valiant Gentleman, by his own Lackey returns the Baron of Vaumartin this Answer.

DE SALEZ to VAUMARTIN.

Have seen many Challenges, but none of the nature of thine now sent me: for, to write thee the truth, the grounds and soundations thereof are unjust, false, or both: for, bring but the eyes of thy judgment, and not of thy passion, to be Judg and Umpure betwixt us, and thou shalt both see and find, that I not only disclaim the Lady La Frange's affection, but her self; sith I appertain to another, and she shall never to me. I here shew thee my love, through this true prospective of my heart; and, which if it will not satisfie thy malice, then know, that my weak Valour is neither capable nor desirous of further expositulation, than that my Sword is as willing to bring thee deeds, as thy Pen was to send me words: for either single, or with Seconds; either on foot, or horse-back, I will still be ready to give reason to those who will not relish nor receive any but their own: and in this resolution of mine, I know I shall either live with Reputation, or dye with Honour.

Vaumartin having received and perused this Letter of refusal from De Salez, he out of the heat of his passion, and height of his folly, reputes it rather to cowardize, than discretion, in him: and so his courage and revenge the more insulting and enslam'd thereat, he bending his brows (as if Contempt and Envy sate wreath'd in the surrows thereof) very speedily again returns him his Lackey, with this rash Answer:

THY Auswer gives me no satisfaction, sith I know, that to deny thy affection to the Lady La Frange, is to deny the light of the Sun in his brightest and hottest Meridian: neither are the grounds or foundation of my Challenge, either unjust, or false, as thou in thy false Prospective endeavourest to make me see or believe: for, being ignorant who is thy Mistris, I know thou resolvest to make no Lady of the world thy Wise, but La Frange; so as I cannot rightly define, whither thy proceeding with me be more subjust, or malicious; or to what end thou shouldest attempt the one or practise the other towards me, unless out of a premeditated resolution and purpose, thereby to make thy glory the more apparent and conspicuous in my shame. Wherefore, sith thy friendship is false to me, I must, nay I will see if thy valour will prove true to thy self; and whether the effects of thy Sword, be as great in substance, as the vanity of thy Pen depaints them, in shew and osteniation: so my Challenge is still my resolution, and tha perform-

performance thereof must be thine, except thou resolve to live with as much Insamy, as the conclusion of thy Letter promiseth, thou art ready to dye with Reputation and Honour.

VAUMARTIN.

De Salez having received and run over this Letter, and seeing that Vaumartin was still wilful and resolute to fight, thinks that he should degenerate from Himself, his Blood, and Prosession, if he did not now accept and answer this bis Challenge: wherefore, calling for Vaumartin's Lackey, he rounds him time in the ear; Tell thy Master, that if I live, I will not fail to breakfast with him timely in the morning, according to his expectation. Thus we see two inconsiderate Gentlemen agreed, their Match concluded, and nothing but the night to hinder them from fighting; as if their glory consisted in their shame; and as if Nature had never taught them how

to preserve their lives; nor Grace, their souls.

So the Morn peeping forth through the Windows of Heaven, as foon as the Sun with his glistring beams began to salute the Woods and Mountains, our two resolute Champions bravely mounted, with each his Chirurgeon, are in the field at the affign'd Rendezvous, & first comes Vaumartin, and then immediately De Salez; when their Chirurgeons performing the daty and office of Seconds, being some hundred paces distant, they give Spurs to their Steeds, and so, drawing their Swords, swiftly part, like two flashes of Lightning each towards other. At their first meeting, De Salez gives Vaumartin the first hurt in the right shoulder; and he, De Salez another in requital, in the right side of the neck; when, being both good Cavaliers (and well near as equal in years, as courages), they turn short, and then fall to it again with bravery and resolution; when again Vaumartin runs De Salez through his lest Arm, of a deep and wide wound, and he only flightly cuts his Shirt upon his Ribs, giving him only a raze or fear; but as yet, both free from any danger of death; so they mutually consent to breathe; but their ambitions and courage of both fides are so exasperated and enflamed, as although they are all bloody, yet this will not suffice : so they fall to it again; and in this close, De Salez his horse stumbles with him; whereat Vaumartin (though a Dwarf in stature, yet not in Valour and Policy) taking the advantage of this accident, gives him first a lick o're his pate, and then runs him at the short Ribs; but De Salez reining up his Horse, proved favourable to him; for by that means, Vaumartin's Sword met and glanced on a Rib, without doing him any farther hurt. De Salez seeing the redoubling of his wounds, begins to redouble his courage; and distaining thus to be out-braved and beaten by a Pigmy, he lays home at Vaumartin, and at their very next close, runs him thorow the body of a deep and mortal wound, a little above the Navel; whereat his Sword prefently falls out of his hand, to the ground, and he immediately likewise from his Horse, stark dead, without having the grace or happiness, either to call on, or name God. O what pity, what milery is it, that a Christian should dye like a Beast, having neither power to pray, nor felicity to repent. Thus we fee the Challenger killed; and he who would have murthered a stranger, murthered himself by a stranger: a Lesson to teach others to beware, by the Tragical and mournful end of this rash Noble-man. De Salez feeing Vaum vin dead, praiseth God for his victory; and so leaving his breathless Corps to his forrowful Chirurgeon, he gallops away to the next Village, where he causeth his wounds to be dressed, and from thence provides for his fafety.

All Tholonie rings and resounds of this disasterous and Tragical accident. De Clugny is glad that De Salez hath escaped death; yet sorrowful that Vanmartin is killed, in respect he tears he undertook this quarrel for his Daughter La Frange's sake; who hearing that De Salez wounds are no way mortal, infinitely rejoyceth and triumpheth thereat; flattering her self (though with this talse hope) that he affected her far more dearer than he made shew of, or else that he would never have sought with Vanmartin for her sake; nor have killed him, but for his own. And thus, though humanity made her grieve for Vanmartin's death, yet that grief of hers was as suddenly converted into joy, when she saw he received it by the hand of De Salez, whom she respected and affected more dearly than all the Gentlemen of the world. Now, as for his Father Argentier, the life of his Son likewise wiped off the remembrance of Vannartin's death; and yet it grieved him inwardly, that he to whom he gave life, should give death to another; and far the more, in that this unfortunate accident must now enforce him to beg pardon from that grave Couri of Parliament, for this Murther perpetrated by his Son, sith he had formerly so often pleaded for Justice against others, for the like crime and offence but all these joys of Argentier, De Clugny, and his Daughter La Frange, are nothing to those of La Hay for the life and victory of her dear De Salez; leaping, as it were, for meer content and pleasure, that she should shortly see and enjoy him for her Husband; and that God

hath both referved and preserved him, to crown her with the sweetness of this desired selicity. Thus while La Frange and La Hay triumph and congratulate the return of De Salez, so Argentier publickly, and De Clugny privately, imploy their chiefest power, friends, and authority, to procure his pardon, first from the King, then from the Parliament, whereof they are two samous Members; Which at last, (by the means and savour of the Duke of Ventadour) they obtain So this murther of his, is remitted in Earth, but, I fear me, will not be forgotten in Heaven: for though men be inconstant in their decrees, yet God will be firm and upright, as well in the distribution, as execusion of his judgments. Men as they are men may err, but as they are Christians they should not; but God (either to please or displease them) neither can not will.

De Salez no sooner hath escaped this danger, but, forgetting his former follies, and his Father's advice and house, he again, in a manner, voluntary imprisoneth himself with his Milstris La Hay, in hers; whereat, as his Father storm's, so De Clagay and La Frange but the lip; hoping that his good office in procuring him his pardon, would more strictly have united him to her self, and consequently sequestred him from La Hay; but nothing less, for he sings his old tune, and will rather run the hazard of his old Father's displeasure, than leave La Hay to take La Frange: whereat, his Father Argentier reneweth his choser, and revives his indignation against him, as desiring nothing so much in this life, as to see him married to La Frange, but he shall never live to see it; for there are too many disastrous accidents preparing, to cross and

prevent it.

Whiles these things happen in Tholouse, there betides an unexpected and unwished business, which must call away Argentier to Paris: For the Lords of the Privy Councel of France, having received some informations and grievances against the body of the Court of Parliament of Thelonfe, command them speedily to fend up some Deputies, to answer such matters as shall be objected against them; whereupon, the gravity and wisdom of that Court, in obedience to their Superiors, elect two Prefidents and four Counsellors, to undertake that journey and bufinels, among whom De Clugny is chosen for one of the Presidents, and Argentier for one of the Counsellors; as indeed their Integrity and profound Wildom and Experience had made them eminent in that Court. As for De Clugny, at his importunate request (made to the Court) he was dispensed with from that journey; by alleadging that his Age and Sickness made him altogether unfit to undertake it. but all the evasions and excuses which Argentier could make, could not exempt him, but he must needs see Paris. But first, before his departure, he had a long and ferious Conference with De Clugny, how to effect the follong defired match of a soon and Daughter, the finishing whereof was referred till his return from Paris, which sweet news infinitely rejoyced and delighted the young Lady La Frange: and the immediate night before he was to take Coach, he calls his Son De Salez to him, and with a perswasive and powerful speech, requested him in his absence to love La Frange, which he, in plain terms, protested and vowed to his Father, he could not; then he conjures him, never to marry La Hay, which likewise he would not grant; and to conclude, fith his Father could not prevail in the two former, he commanded him upon his bleffing, that he would never marry any wife whatfoever without his confent, the which indeed De Salez could not deny, but faithfully promifed his Father; yea, and bound it with an oath, yet still hoping, that it was as possible for him to draw his Father to confent he should marry La Hay, as it was impossible for his Father ever to perswade him to marry La Frange: and so that night the Father takes leave of the Son, and he the next morning of his Father, wishing him a prosperous journey, and a speedy return: who suspecting, and fearing, that in his absence, contrary to his requests and prayers, his Son would only abandon La Frange to frequent La Hay; he being arrived to the City of Tours, thought himself bound in Nature, as well for his own content, as his Son's tranquillity and prosperity, again to signifie him his mind in some few lines of advice and counsel, and to fend it him by the ordinary Carrier of Tholonge, which was then, in that City, bound thither from Paris: His Letter spake thus;

ARGENTIER to DE SALEZ.

It is out of a Fatherly, and (as I may say) a religious care of thy good, that I now send thee these few ensuing lines: for thy Youth cannot see that which my Age knows. How many miseries are subject to mait and attend on Vice, and how many blessings on Vertue; if La Frange be not sair, yet she is comely, not contemptible: but sith her defects of Nature are so richly recompensed with the Ornaments of Fortune, and the excellences of Grace; why should thy affection prefer La Hay before her, who hath nothing but a painted face to overveit the desormity of her other vices? If thou will leave a Saint to

marry a Strumpet, then take La Hay, and ferfake La Frange; but if thou wilt for fake a Strumpet, to take a Saint, then marry La Frange and leave La Hay; for look what difference there is between their births, thou shalt find ten times more between the chastity of the one, and the levity of the other : if thou esponse the first, thou shalt find Content and Honour; if the second, Shame and Repentance: for I know not whether La Frange will bring thee more happiness, or La Hay misery. This Letter shall serve as a witness betwiet God, my self, and thee; that if thou perform me not thy promise and oath, I will deny thee my bleffing, and deprive thee of my lands.

ARGENTIER.

De Salez having received this his Father's Letter in Tholonfe, exceedingly grieves to fee him differace his Mistris, by the scandalous name of a Strumpet, which he knows she is not, and therefore will never believe it; yea, he vows, that if it were any other in the world, who had offered him that intolerable affront, he would revenge it, though with the price and peril of his life. La Hay perceiveth this discontent and alteration of Mirth in him, but from what point of the Compass this wind proceeds, the neither knows, nor as yet can conceive : but withal, determineth to make the discovery thereof her greatest Ambition, and not her least Care; which the now well knows it behoves her to do, fith the finds De Salez less free, and more reserved and pensive in his speeches, than accustomed. But when in vain the had hereunto used many smiles and fetches; lo, here falls out an unlook'd for accident, which betrays her the very Pith and Quintessence of the mystery : For on a time, when he lay slumbering on the table, the as accustomed, diving into his pockets for sweet-meats, or rather for Gold (of both which, he many times went well furnished) she finds his Father's (aforesaid) Letter, which she knew by the direction; and so slying into another Chamber, and bolting the door after her, she there reads it both with grief and choler; when, stung to the quick, and bitten to the heart and gall, to fee her reputation and honour thus traduced and scandalized by the Father of her pretended Husband; The, with tears and interjected fighs and groans, flies back to De Salez, and holding the Letter in her hand, like a diffembling and impious Strumpet, as she was, there shews it him; takes Heaven and Earth to bear witness of her innocency, and of the irreparable and extream wrong his Father had offered her, in seeking to eclipse the glory of her chastiry, which the swears she will bear pure and unspotted, not only to his bed, but to her own Grave. But alas, alas, these are the effects and passions of dissimulation, not of truth; of her prophanenels, not of her piety, which time will make apparent to De Salez; though now her beauty and tears be predominate with his judgment and folly, as he cannot, because he will not see it: So being still as constant in his fortishness, as she in her hypocrifie; he gives her many sweet kiffes, and with a Catalogue of fugred words, feeks to appeale and comfort her, whom he hath far more reason to execrate and curse. But for her part, her heart is not so afflicted : for, remembring her felf, still her wits are her own: and so remembring the conclusion of the Letter, and fearing that De Salez his promise and oath to his Father, might infringe and contradict his to her; the tells him, that her love is to fervent and infinite towards him, as the can give no intermission, nor truce to her tears, before he reveal her his oath and promise, which his Father's Letter informed her he had formerly made him.

De Salez, feeing himself put to so strict an accident and push, doth both blush for shame, and again look pale for anger, when for a small time, irresolute bow to bear himself in a matter of this different Nature, wherein he must either violate his obedience to his Father, or infringe his fidelity and honour to his Mistris; he at last (consulting with folly, not with discretion, and with Vanity, not with Judgment) doth so adore her beauty, and commiserate her tears, as he fottishly reveals her his oath, given his Father (Verbatim as we have formerly understood it) adding withal, that the hath far more reason to rejoyce, than grieve hereat; That a little time shall cancel his faid late promise and oath to his Father, and confirm his former to her : For. sweet La Hay (quoth he) come what will, two months shall never pass, ere I marry thee; when sealing his speeches with many kisses, our hypocritical affished Gentlewoman is presently again come to her felf, and in all outward appearance, her discontents are removed, her cho-

ler pacified, her tears exhaled, and her fighs evaporated and blown away,

But all this false, like her self, and treacherous like her beauty: For this Letter of Argentier to his Son, and his promife and oath to his Father, hath acted fuch wonders in her heart, and imprinted such extravagancies in her thoughts, as the cannot easily remove or supplant it, nor difficultly forget or deface it, whatloever the speak or make shew of to the contrary; for thus she reasoneth with her self: That her whoredoms are already revealed to Argentier, and for any thing the knows, may likewife be discovered to his Son, how closely soever the either after conceal them. That La Frange's descent, wealth and virtues, will in the end over-prise and

weigh down her mean extraction, poverty, and beauty; and in the end, that the wisdom of the Father, will infallibly triumph over the folly of the Son, except her policy interpose, and her vigilancy prevent it; which to prevent and effect, she sees no other obstacle to her content, nor bar to her preferment, but o nly La Frange: for, quoth she, if La Frange shine in the sirmament of De Salez affection, La Hay must set; or if Lay Hay will shine, Lay Frange must set: again, if she sall not, I cannot stand; and if she stand. I must needs fall; and as the Sky is not capable of two Suns, so both of us cannot shine in the Horizon of his heart and thoughts at once: except thus, that La Hay may live to see La Frange his Wise, and her self his strumpet; when burning with salezeal to De Salez, and true inveterate malice to La Frange, she forgetting God, swaps a bargain with the Devil, that La Frange must first go to her grave, ere La Hay come to his bed, and so resolves to facrisce her as a Vistim to her malice and jealouse, and to fend her out of this world, in an untimely and bloody Cossin. Hellish Aphorisms, infernal Positions, odious to Earth and execrable to Heaven!

For wretched and impious strumpet, wilt thou needs not only gallop, but slye to Hell, and so redouble thy crimes purposely to redouble thy torments; as first of Whoredom, then of Murther? Wretched, yea, thrice wretched woman! how darest thou see Earth, or think of Heaven; when thy acted crimes are so odious, and thy pretended ones so monstrous, as thou deservest to be shut forth of the one, and spued out of the other? For alas, consider what this poor Gentlewoman hath done to thee, that thou shouldest do this to her; She bear the Image of God, and wilt thou therefore bear that of the Devil to destroy her? Ah me, where is thy Religion, thy Conscience, thy Soul; that thou wilt thus hellishly imbathe thy hands in her blood, and imbrue thy heart in her murther? If it be not that her virtues cry sie on thy vices, thou hast no reason in Nature, and less in Grace, to attempt a deed so Tragical, an act so inhuman and exectable: But rest assured that if thou proceed and finish this infernal and bloody stratagem of thine, although thou chance go unpunished of men, yet the Lord (in his due time) will find thee

out, and both severely scourge and sharply revenge and chastise thee.

The effects of malice and revenge in men are finite, in women infinite; theirs may have bounds and ends, but these none, or at least, seldom and difficultly : for having once conceived these two moniters in their fantasies and brains, they long till they are delivered and disburthened of them; and so to bring their abortive issue to perfection, they (for the most part) are sharp and severe in their designs, and sudden and malicious in their execution, hating all delays, fo it be not to do evil: So this our bloody and vicious Strumpet La Hay, is resolute to advance, and not to retire in this diabolical bulinels of hers. Of all kind of violent deaths, the thinks none either so sure and secret as poylon; whether she consider the manner, or the matcer: If the Devil himself had not invented this unparalleld cruelty, his agents and members had never known how to have administred and practifed it. But having resolved on the drug and ingredient, the now bethinks her felf of some hellish Emperick or Factor of Hell, to apply and give it her; and her inveterate and implacable hatred making her curious in the refearch and inquiry thereof, the is at last advertised, that there is an old Italian Emperick in Mompellier, termed St. Bernardo Michaele, who is his Arts-Master in that infernal profession; when wholly concealing this mystery and business from De Salez, she by a second means, (with promise of store of Gold) sends away for Michae'e from Mompellier, who in hope thereof, packs up his drugs and trinkets, and within three days arrives at Tholonfe; where the thinks nowhere fo fit and secret as the Church to consult and resolve on this bloody business, the hour is eight the next morn, and the place the Cordeliers, (or Grey Fryers) Church, appointed and agreed on betwixt them, where they both meet; but the (the better to difguife her felf, and to blear the eyes of the world) wraps her self about in a great furred Cloak, and mussles her self up with a large Coyf of Velvet, and a rich Tassata Scarf over it, as if she were some grave and reverend old Matron; so being brought to each others presence, they being both on their knees, he to his Book and the to her Beads, the proposeth him the poysoning of Liz Frange, daughter to the President de Clugny, for the which she promiseth to give him three hundred Crowns of the Sun to perform it; whereof he shall now have one in hand, and the other two when he hath dispatched her. Michaele, like a limb of the Devil, being deeply in love, and allured with this Gold, undertakes it; when swearing secrecy, and withall to perform it within ten days, the gives him the hundred Crowns tyed up in her Handkerchief, and fo for that time

Good God! what prophane Christians what monsters of Nature, and Devils incarnate by profession are these, thus to pollute and defile the Church ordain'd for prayer, with the price and sale of innocent blood, a most prodigious and hellish impiety, since there is no sin so odious or execrable to God, as that which is masked with piety, and overveiled with the Cloak of

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fanctity. And what a damnable young frumper, and old villain are they, in so holy a place to treat and conclude so hellish a business? but beware; for the sword and arrow of Gods just revenge, and revenging justice, threatens yea with no less than utter consustion and destruction.

La Hay infinitely glad of this agreement, returns from the Church, and Michaele as glad of her Gold, (being informed of La Frange's deformity, and to lofe no time) trips away towards President de Clugny's house, taking that for a fit occasion to assay to make his Daughter become his Patient, and he her Emperick: who fleeringly infinuating, and skrewing himfelf into his knowledg and acquaintance, (in which profession the Empericks and Mountebanks of Italy, come no way short, but rather exceed all other Nations of the World) he proffers him his best service and skill, to redress and reform the body of the young Lady his Daughter, adding withall (thereby to add the more belief and credit to his speeches) that he is so far from despairing or doubting, as he is very confident thereof: and, in the phrases and mysteries of his profellion, gives him in outward appearance many inward and plaufible reasons to induce him to believe it. The good old President, who preserring the cure of his Daughter before any other earthly respect, having heard of Michaele's Fame, begins to relish his reasons, and yet not ignorant that the Mountebanks and Charletans of Italy, are Coufin-germans to the Alcumifis of France, who promife to make Gold of Drofs, and yet only bring forth Drofs for Gold: he holds it fit to take a confultation of the learnedst Physicians, and expert Chirurgions of the City, whereunto Michaele willingly consents; so they fit, being fix in number, Michaele delivers them his reasons to redress the desormity of this young Ladie's body (the President her Father being present) whose reasons are heard, and controverted of all sides betwixt them; the conclusion is, four are of opinion, that this cure is repugnant to the grounds of Physick and the principles of Chirurgery, and therefore impossible to be effected, the other two are of a contrary judgment, and hold it feafable, and that many times God bleffeth the art and labour of a man not only beyond expectation, but also beyond hope and reason: so De Clugny seeing that these two with Michaele were three against four; he, in respect of the tender care and affection he bore his Daughter, refolves to employ him, and gives him an hundred double Pittolets in hand to attempt it; with promife of as much more, when he had performed it; whereof this miscreant and hellish Emperick Michaele being exceedingly glad, he betakes himself to his bufinels, vilits the young Lady, who promifeth him to redouble her Fathers lum, if he make her body firaight: when, to reduce his impious contemplation into infernal action, he outwardly applieth Plasters and Sear-cloths to her body, and inwardly administreth her pills and potions, and (O grief to write it!) therein infuseth deadly poyson, which he knows at the end of ten days, will assuredly make a divorce between her body and soul, and so send that to the death of this world, and this to the life of that to come. So this sweet and innocent Lady (withing good to her self, and hutt to none in the world) first finds a giddiness and swimming in her head, and within some six days after (in which time the poyson had dispersed it self throughout all the veins and pores of her body) many sharp gripes, and bitter throws and convulsions, whereat her Father grieves and she weeps; only that graceless villain her Emperick, bids them be of good comfort, and that the more pain and grief the fuffered, the better and speedier hope there was of her cure, but yet inwardly in his devillish heart, knews that the poylon effectually operated and wrought with her as he defired and expected, and that by these infallible signs and symptoms, his patient drew near the period of her end. Whereupon he repairs secretly to La Hay, and bids her provide the rest of his money, for that La Frange could not possibly live two days to an end; whereat the triumphing and rejoycing with much alacrity, again promifeth it him: and indeed the hellish art of this execrable Emperick doth not now deceive him, though in the end, the malice of the Devil his Doctor will; for just as the tenth day was expired, this harmless sweet young Lady dies, to the incomparable and unspeakable grief of the good old Presdent her Father; for that the was the staff of his age, and the chief and only comfort of his lite, who disconsolately and mournfully seemed to drown himself in tears hereat, cursing the hour that he first saw this accurred Emperick Michaele, who had robbed him of his only joy and delight, of his dear and sweet Daughter La Frange. But this murderous Michaele having learnt of the Devil to fear no colours, means not to step a foot from Tholoufe, and so sends away for La Hay, of whom he craves the performance of her promife, for that (quoth he) he had performed his. Why (quoth La Hay) is that crook-backt dwarf La Frange dead? She is gone (quoth Michaele) to her eternal rest: when La Hay not able to retain her self for excess of joy, runs to him, gives him the other hundred Crowns, together with many kiffes, which take (quoth she) as a pledg of my continual good will towards thee; when again swearing secretie, they both take leave each of other, and part.

at it, her friends lament it, and all who either knew her, or her fame, bewail it; only De Salez, and execrable La Hay excepted, who knowing her to have been the only stop and hindea rance of their marriage, they are so ravished with joy hereat, as they seem to contest and envy each other, who shall first bring the news hereof each to other: yea, the excels of De Salez's joy as is boundless, as that of La Hay's delight, so that he seems to flye to her Father's house; where she, with out-spread arms receives and entertains him; and there they mutually congratulate each other for this her death; he affirming, and she believing, that La Frange being gone to Heaven, it shall not be long ere the Church make them man and wife on earth. In the mean time, he being wholly ignorant of her poyloning; and yet the old President her Father, and the rest of her friends suspecting it, they cause her body to be opened : and although they find no direct poyson, yet remarking a little kind of yellow tincture on her heart and liver, as also some shew thereof through her frozen veins. They cause Michaels to be apprehended and imprisoned, and so procure a Decree from the Parliament to have him rack'd: At the news whereof, La Hay is extreamly tormented and perplexed, as well forefeeing and knowing, that her life lay at the mercy of his tongue : wherefore to fortifie his secresie, and thereby to fecure her own fear and danger, she by a confident friend of his, sends him a hundred French Crowns more, and promifeth him to give him a rich Diamond, worth as much again; who (as before) being extreamly covetous, and the Devil (refembling himfelf) still harping to him on that firing which most delights him, his heart is so devillishly obdurated, and his fortitude so armed and prepared, as his patience and constancy not only indures, but out-braves the cruelty of his torments, and so he is acquitted of this his pretended crime : but he hath not as yet made his peace with God.

And now is De Salez refolved to make a journey to Paris, to draw his Father's confent that he may marry La Hay; but the wildom of the Father shall anticipate the solly of the Son, for he having heard in Paris of La Franges death, and still searing, that because of his frequent samiliarity with that Strumpet La Hay, he will in the end marry her. He in Paris buys a Captains place for him in the Regiment of the Kings Guard, and likewise dealt with a very rich Counsellour of that Court of Parliament, named Monsieur de Brianson, that his Son may marry his eldest Daughter Madamosselle de Plessis, a very sweet and fair young Gentlewoman; and the old solks are already agreed on all conditions, only it rests, that the young see and love; To which end, Argentier writes away with all speed to Tholouse for his Son De Salez to come up to him, who before he had received his Father's Letter, (as we have formerly understood) was ready to undertake that journey: La Hay infinitely searful and jealouse to lose her prey, with Crocodile tears in her eyes, and Hy ena-aspects in her looks, informs De Salez, that she feareth that his Father hath provided a wife for him in Paris; but he vows and swears to her, that neither his Father, nor the whole world, shall make him marry any other than her self; and so as

ter many embraces and kiffes, he takes horse and leaves Tholouse.

Being arrived at Paris, his Father very joyfully bids him welcome, and refers to conser with him till the next morning; but such is De Salez's rashness and folly, as he hath no sooner supped in company of his Father, but he prays to speak with him. When the servants voyding the Chamber, he earnessly and humbly beseecheth him, sith that La Frange is dead, he will now be pleased that he may marry La Hay, whom, quoth he, I only affect and love before all the Maids of the world: His Father exceedingly incensed hereat, vows that he had rather see him fairly buried in his Grave, and that of all the semales of the world, he shall not marry La Hay: and so for that night, they betake themselves to their beds; the Father grieves with his Son's folly, the Son with his Father's aversness. The next morning Argentier calls for his Son. When the doors shut, he bids him shut his eyes to his soolists samiliarity with La Hay, and now to open them to the preferment he hath purchased him, and so relates him how he hath procured him the honour of a Captains-place, in the Regiment of the Kings Guard; as also a very sair young Gentlewoman for his wife, termed Madamoyselle de Plesses, the eldest Daughter of Monsieur de Brianson, one of the richest Counsellors of Paris: But De Salez having his eyes and thoughts wholly fixed on La Hay, with a discontented look, returns his Father this perverse and disobedient Reply:

That he will not accept of the Captains place, nor once see De Plessis, but that he is constantly resolved, either to wed La Hay, or his Grave; whereat his Father is so extreamly incensed, as with much passion and choler, he commands him henceforth, not to dare so much as to name him La Hay, swearing by his Saviour, that if he do, for his obstinacy and disobedience, he will disinherit him; as indeed he might, having himself purchased three parts of his lands and revenews, through his care and industry in his profession; and so in much discontent and choler leaves him, going to his Colleagues of Tholouse, who are already awaiting and attending his com-

De Salez is all on fire at this his Fathers bitter resolution against him, and storms and sumes, not only beyond the bounds of Reason, Religion, and Hu manity, but also beyond himself. For fith La Hay is his sole delight and joy, and that his Father hath vowed he should never macry her, his affection to her makes him resolve to dispatch his Father, yea, his head conceives such murtherous thoughts, and his heart attracts, and assumes such degenerate and devillish blood against him, that like an execrable wretch, and a hellish Son, dissaming to take counsel from God, and therefore taking it from the Devil his bloody Tutor and Abettor, he vows he will forthwith rid his hands of his Father, and he will therefore send him into another world, because he would give him no content in this.

Oh wretched monster of Nature, limb of the Devil, nay, a very Devil thy self, thus to resolve to take his life from him that gave thee thine; Foul stain of mankind! bloody Parricidious miscreant! can no respect either of thy natural and silial obedience to thy kind and dear
Father, or of his white hairs, and venerable old age, restrain thee? or no consideration of thy
conscience or thy soul, of Heaven or Hell deter thee from this bloody, inhuman, and damnable
design of thine, in laying violent hands on him? O me, where are thy thoughts, where thy senses,
where thy heart, thy soul, to act so execrable and infernal a Tragedy, on him without whom thou
hadst not been! On thy Father, whom, by the Laws of Heaven and Earth, thou oughtest both to

love, honour, reverence and obey.

But De Salez being resolute in this inhuman rage and implacable malice and fury, watcherh how he may take time at advantage, to effect and finish this his bloody business, and one night after Supper, hearing his old Father complain that he found himself not well, and commanding his Clark De Buissie, very early in the next morning to carry his water to Dr. Salepin, a famous Physician, whose Chamber was far off, in the place Maubert, he himself lying in Grennelles street; De Salez thinks this a fit opportunity to dispatch his Father, the which, O a thousand griefs and pitties to speak of, he accordingly performeth. For the morn appearing, his Father having sent away his Clark with his water, and betaking himself to sleep till he return: His watchful and murtherous Son, having purposely made himself ready, and through the Key-hole and cranies of the Chamber door, espying his Father sleeping, he intends that this shall be his last fleep: When softly stealing into his Chamber, he (incouraged and animated by the Devil) and approaching his bed, as exempt of fear or grace, without any more delay or circumstance, stifles his Father betwixt two Pillows; when leaving him breathless in his bed, his face exposed to the air, and the door shut, goes down, gives the Master of the house the good morrow, and fo trips away as falt as he can, to the fign of the Swan within St. Honoryes Gate; and from thence rides away to St. Clow, (two leagues distant from Paris) to see Gondies Gardens, Fountains, and House, wherein that execrable and damnable Jacobine Fryer, Jagues Clement, murthered Henry the third, King of France, but with an intent to return to his Father's Lodging immediately after dinner, and to plead ignorance of the fact; and withall, if occasion serve, to stand upon his innocency and justification, as indeed he did. Now his Fathers Clark De Buisse returning in the morning from Doctor Salepin, entring his Master's Chamber, finds him stark dead, and alm At cold in his bed : whereat he makes many out-cryes, and grievous exclamations; the man of the house hereat ascends the Chamber, infinitely laments and grieves at this forrowful accident and spectacle, vows to De Buissie, that he saw none whosoever in his house, much less in his Masters Chamber, and that his Son Monsieur de Salez departed as soon as he himself; they search his body, and find it no way wounded, fo they beleeve and refolve that fome Ague hath carried him away; yet they hold it rather wisdom than folly, to acquaint the Lieutenant Criminal therewith, fearing lest he might after suspect either violence or poyson; So he comes, confers with his Son De Salez, with his Clerk De Buissie, and with the man of the house, he visits the dead body, finds only his head somewhat swollen, which his Physician affirms, may be his striving and firingling with death. When the Lieutenant, out of his zeal and integrity to Justice, having informed himself of Dr. Salepin, of De Buisse's being with him, as also from St. Clow of his Son De Salez, being there timely in the morning, and withall, that his Trunks were all fafe, and nothing wanting, they banish all suspition, and without farther inquiry or doubt, commend the dead Corps to the Grave; whose Funeral, with ex erior shew of extream grief, and sorrow, De Salez performs in Paris, with all decency and decorum, answerable in all respects to his Father's rank and quality. But we shall shortly see this mask of his devillish hypocrisic pulled off, and this inhuman paricide of his, both shamefully and sharply revenged, by the just judgment and singer of Ged: The manner is thus.

This harmless and innocent old Father Argentier, is no sooner laid in his untimely Grave, but his bloody and execcable Son De Salez, within eight days after leaves Para, and returns to

Tholowse; where already this forrowful news is dispersed and divulged, being for his virtues and integrity of life, generally bewailed of the whole City; only graceless and impudent La Hay triumphs hereat, and her very heart and thoughts dance for joy hereof; she welcomes home her De Salez with a world of sweet and sugred kisses, who, as glad of her presence, returns her them with a plentiful and prodigal interest; but his lustful love to her is so server, and his folly in himself so perverse and obttinate, as he hath scarce the patience, much less the respect and modely to wear blacks for his Father six weeks, but casts them off, takes on gaudy and Scarlet Apparel, and very solemnly marries La Hay. Whereby in respect of the inequality of their descents and means; but especially, of her whorish conditions, he makes himself the Laughter and May game of all Tholowse.

But, Good God I what a prodigious and hellish match is this, sith man and wife, and both are murtherers? O execrable and miserable Wretches! O bloody and impious Miscreants! for sure if this marriage of yours prove happy, I may boldly and truly say, there will never any prove unfortunate and miserable. For alas, alas, what do those impious and damnable crimes of theirs deserve and portend, but misery, ruine, and consustion of all sides? neither shall the

curiofity of our enquiry carry us far, before we fee it surprize and befall them.

For before they had been fully married three months, De Salez reaping his defires, and feathing himself with the pleasures of her youth, he directly, contrary to his hopes and expectation, is enforced to fee and know, that which before he would have thought never to have known or feen: for, thinking his wife to have been a modest and chatt Diana, he now fees she is a debauched Lais; yea, his mifery is so great, as he needs no spedacle to see, that the daily makes him a Knight of the Forked Order; and almost every hour, despight of his care and jealousie, claps a Cuckow's Feather in his Hat; which to prevent and remedy, he first administreth requests and perswasions, and then complains to her Father: But these are too weak reasons, and too gentle motives, to prevail with so insatiable a Strumpet; so as he is constrained to add threats to his requests, and in the end, blows to his threats. But as it is impossible for the Leopard to change his skin, and the Ethiopian his hew ; so De Salez fees it labour loft to think to reclaim his wife from her beaftly fin of Adultery, wherein (notwithstanding all that possibly he can do) she takes such delight and habit, as by this time she is grown so extreamly impudent, as when her Husband is at home, she is abroad ranging; and he is no sooner abroad, but the is inftantly at home, revelling with her Ruffians: Yea, the is grown to that height of obscenity, as she concerns and sleights her Husband; that whether he be abroad or at home, the will play the whore before his face with open doors; which although it be too late for him to remedy, yet it bites him to the heart, and grieves him to the Gall; and now it is that he a thousand times thinks of his Father's advice and counsel in forsaking her; and as often wisheth he had followed it. Now it is, that his unnatural murthering of his Father, thunders forth horror, terror, and repentance to his foul and guilty confcience; and now it is that he wisheth from his heart, that he had been blind when he first faw her, and fairly laid in his Grave, before he lay with her in bed. But these his complaints and griefs, bring him only vexation and miseries instead of comfort; for now he utterly despairs, and sees no hope of his wive's reformation: Whereupon he resolves to divorce himself from her, and to that end takes counsel thereon: but it is not so secretly managed by him, but the Strumpet his Wife hath present notice and inckling thereof, whereupon seeing her Husband exceeding rich, both in Lands, Coyn, Plate, and other rich houshold-stuff, the vows not to quit her great Joynture, share and interest hereof thus. But before he had enrolled his Sute in the Spiritual-Court, or any way vented his own shame, and his wives infamy in publick, she, like a true Courtisan, and debauched Strumper as the was, vows to prevent him that would prevent her, and to fend him to his death, that would feek to divorce her; and in respect of his jealousse and malice, that as she had formerly poyfoned La Frange for her Husband's fake, fo she would now murther him for

But miserable and execrable wretch! Oh, to what a monstrous height and huge sum will all these thy beastly sins, and bloody enormities arise amount unto? But Lust, Malice, and Revenge, like three infernal Furies, so possess and pre-occupate her senses, as she will not retire till she hath sent her Husband unto another world, in a bloody winding sheet. To which end, watching the time when most of her servants were gone abroad to gather in the Vintage, she softly opening her Husband's Chamber-door, steals in, and finding him soundly sleeping, approacheth his bed, when drawing forth a Razor from her sleeve, which she had purposely provided, she with an implacable and damnable malice steps to him, and cuts his throat, speaking only these words to her self, Lo, here the reward of thy jealousie! when throwing the Knis, and her outward Tassua Gown into the house of Office, she leaving him weltring in

his blood, very secretly conveys her self thorow the Gallery to the Garden, where her Waiting-Gentlewoman attends her, and so hies away to the Church, thinking with a wretched impiety to cloak this her second murther, as her former, under the veil of Religion and piety; but

her Hopes, and the Devil that gave them her, will now deceive her.

De Salez her Husband Ariving and Arugling for life against the pangs of death; fear and hafte (contrary to her intent and mind) had so made his murtherous Wife's hand shake and tremble, as the did not to fully cut his Throat-bole, but he could yet both cry and groan, which he did very mournfully; and, which indeed was foon over heard by a man and a maid fervant of his, who only remained in the house, who hearing their Master's voyce, and hastily running up, at these his pitiful and lamentable out-cryes; stepping to his assistance, they hear him (with his best power) utter these fearful speeches; That Strumpet my wife hath kill a me: O that she-Devil my wife hath murthered me. Whereat they cry out at the Windows to the Neighbours for help, alledging that their Master is murthered. The Neighbours assemble, and hear him report to much; fo they fend away for his Confessor, and the Lieurenant Criminal; to both whom he again confesseth, That it is the Strumpet his wife, who hath mure bered him. And then railing himself up in his bed, (with as much firenesh as his dying wound would permit him) he taking them both by the hands, with infinite fighs and tears reveals to them, that he it was who at the seducing of the Devil, had hised his Father Argentier to death in Paris; that he did it only to marry this whore his murtherous wife La Hay; that the killing of his Fathers, yea, the very remembrance thereof, infinitely grieves his heart and foul, and for the which he infinitely repenteth himself, and beleecheth the Lord of mercy, in mercy to forgive it him; and likewise prayed all that were present to pray unto God for him; and these were his last words, for now his fleeting and fading breath would permit him to fay no more.

All that were present are amazed at this lamentable confession of his, to see that he should murther his Father, and his exectable wise, well near himself; so they all glorisie God for the detection and discovery hereof: But the Lieutenant Criminal, and the Counsellors his associates shep to the Window, and consult to have him hanged, whiles he is yet living, for the murthering of his Father. But De Salez saves them that labour; for there and then he sinks into his bed, and dyes away before them; so they instantly search the House and City for this wretched Murtheress La Hay, whom impious and bloody Strumpet, they at last find in the Daminican Frier's Church at a Sermon, from whence with much obloquy and indignity they drag her to prison, where they charge her with the murther of her Husband De Salez, which the Devil as yet will not permit her to consess; but being adjudged by them to the Rack, she at the very first tor-

ment confesseth it.

Upon which several murthers, the Criminal Judges of the Tournells proceeded to sentence: So first, they adjudged the dead body of De Salez for so inhumanly murdering his Father Argentier, to be half a day hang'd by the heels to the common Gallows, and then to be burnt to Ashes, which was accordingly executed: Then they adjudg his Wife La Hay, for murthering him, the next day to be strangled, then burnt : so that night some Divines deal with her in Prison about the state of her soul, whom they find infinitely obdurated through the vanity of her youth, and the temptation of the Devil; but they work effectually with her, and fo at last, (by the mercies of God) draw her to contrition and repentance; when willing her not to charge her foul with the concealing of any other crime; and shewing her the dangers thereof, the very freely, yet forrowfully confesseth, how the it was, that for three hundred Crowns, had caused the Emperick Michaele to poyson La Frange, for the which she told them, she was now exceedingly repentant and forrowful: Whereof the Divines (fith it was not delivered them under the seal of Confession) advertising the Judges, they all wonder at Gods providence, to see how all these murthers are discovered and burst forth, one in the neck of the other; so they alter her sentence, and for these double murthers, they condemn her, to have her right hand cut off, and then to be burnt alive : and fo they make curious inquiry and refearch to apprehend this old bloody Varlet Michaele.

In the mean time, that very afternoon, this miferable and murtherous Curtesan La Hay, though to the grief of her sorrowful Father and Sisters, yet to the joy of all Tholouse, is brought and sastned to the stake, where her hand being sirst struck off, she with many sighs and tears, delivereth these words: That her crimes were so foul and odious, as the was ashamed to look either God or Man in the face: That she was very sorrowful for causing La Frange to be poysoned, as also for murthering of her Husband Da Salez, whose wealth she only affirmed she loved, but not himself, the which she wholly artibuted to the lust and vanity of her youth, to her neglect of prayer, and forsaking of God; which made the Devil so strong with her, and she with the Devil; and which was the sole cause and ground of this her mise-

rable ruin and destruction; she with tears and prayers besought the Lord to be good unto her soul; and (lifting up her eyes and hands to Heaven) likewise beseeches the whole Assembly to pray heartily unto God for her: when, recommending her Soul into the hands of her Redeemer, the fire being alighted, her body was soon consumed to ashes; whose lamentable, yet just end and punishment, caused a number of spectators to weep, as yet pitying her youth and beauty, as much as they detested the enormity of her crimes,

And now for this devillish and murtherous Emperick, Michaele, although as soon as he heard of La Hay's imprisonment, he (to save himself) lest Tholonse, and she to wards Castres, disguised in a Fryer's habit, with his Beard shaven: yet by the care of the Court of Parliament, or rather by the immediate singer and providence of God, he is sound out, and brought back to Tholonse; where, for poysoning of La Frange, (the which he now without the Rack confesseth) he is adjudged to be broken on the Wheel, there to remain till he be dead, and then his body to be thrown into the River of Garrone; the which the same day is accordingly executed and performed, to the infinite joy of all the spectators: but as he lived an Arbeist, so he desperately dyed a Devil, without any shew at all, either of contrition or repentance; only he vormited for the World had she said the Eastern the World had so much to say to him, he

would say nothing to the World, but bad the Executioner dispatch him.

Now by the fight of this mournful and bloody History, the Christian Reader may observe and see how Gods Revenge doth still triumph against Murther, and how he in his due time and providence doth assuredly still detect and punish it. It is a History which may serve to deter and fore-warn all young Gentlemen, not to frequent the companies of Whores and Strumpets; and all Sons not to transgress the will of their Parents, much less not to dare to lay violent hands on them. It is a Glass, wherein young Gentlewomen and Wives may to the life see what bitter fruits and sharp ends ever attend upon Whoredom and Murther: it is a lively Example for all kind of Empericks and Drugsers whatsoever, to consider how severely God doth infallibly revenge and pnnish the Poysoning of his Saints and Children. In a word, it is a Lesson and Caveat for all people, and for all degrees of people, but especially of Christians, (who profess the Gospel of Christ, not only to detest these soul fins of Revenge and Murther in others, but to hate and abhor them in themselves: which that all may endeavour to practice and perform, grant good God, who indeed art the only Giver of all Goodness.



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XII.

Albemare causeth Pedro and Leonardo to murther Baretano; and he after marrieth Clara, whom Beretano first sought to marry. He causeth his man Valerio to possion Pedro in Prison; and by a Letter which Leonardo sent him, Clara perceives that her Huband Albemare had hired and caused Pedro and Leonardo to murther her first Baretano; which Letter she reveals to the Judg: so he is hanged, and likewise Valerio and Leonardo, for these their bloody crimes.

What face can we prefume to tread on the face of the Earth, or dare lift up our eyes to that of Heaven, when our thoughts are so rebellious to conspire, and our hearts and resolutions so cruel, to embrue our hands in the innocent blood of our harmless and Christian Brethren? Thoughts they are, which in seeming to please our senses, poyson our hearts, (and do therefore truly poyson our souls, because they so falsely please our senses.) Resolutions they are, which we cannot conceive or attempt with more inhumanity, than finish with misery; sith in thinking to send them to their untimely graves, we assuredly send our selves to our own miserable and infamous ends: whereof in this ensuing History, we shall find many wosul Precedents, and mournful Examples, in diverse fortunate and wretched persons, who were born to happiness, not to infamy; to prosperity for our misery; if they had had so much Grace to secure their Lives, as Vanity and Impiety to ruin them. It is a History purposely produced and penned for our detestation, not for our imitation; fifth it is a point of (true and happy) wisdom in all men, to beware by other mens harms. Read it then with a full intent to profit thy self thereby, and so thou mayest boldly and safely rest assured, that the sight of their sin and punishment, will prove the reformation of thine own.

Fruitful and fair Lombardy is the Country; and the great, populous, and rich City of Millan, (the Capital of that Dutchy) the place where the Scene of this mournful and Tragical History is lain, where perpetrated: the which to re-fetch from its first spring and original, thereby the more truly to inform our curiofity, and infiruct our knowledg. We must then understand, that long fince the Duke of Feria succeeded the Count de Fuentes, as Vice-roy of that potent and Hourithing Dutchy, for King Philip the third of Spain, his Mafter. There was native and resident in that City, an ancient Noble-man, termed Seignior Leonardo Capello, who in his younger years had married a Spanish Lady, and brought her from Spain to Millan, termed Don Maria de Castiana: he exceeding rich and noble; and she as noble and fair: he by his Father's side allyed to Cardinal Charles Borromeo, (since Sainted by Pope Paul V.) she by her Mother, to the prefent Duke of Albucurque: he infinitely honoured for his extraction and wealth; the no less beloved and respected for her beauty and vertues: and although there are but few Marriages contracted between the Millaneses and Spaniards, and those very seldome prove fuccesful and prosperous, in respect of the antipathy which for the most part is hereditary, betwixt the commands of the Spaniards, and the subjection of the Millanefes; yet it feemed that this of Capello and Castiana, was first instituted in Heaven, ere consummated on Earth: for so sweetly did their years, humours, and affections, conjoyn and sympathize, as although they were two persons, yet I may truly affirm and say, they had but one heart, affection, and defire, which was mutually to pleafe, and reciprocally to affect and love each other. And as Marriages cannot be reputed truly happy and fortunate, if they be not bleffed and crowned with the bleffings of Children, (which indeed is not only the fweetest life of human content, but also the best and sweetest content of our human life) so they had not been long married, ere God honoured them and their Nuptial Bed, with a beautiful and delicate young Daughter, termed Dona Clara, the only Child of their loyns, and Heir of their Lands and Vertues, being indeed the true picture of themselves, and the joyful pledg and seal of their intire and invaluable affections, who having over-past her infancy, and obtained the eighteenth year of her age, the was to exquifitely adorned with beauty, and to excellently endued and enriched with vertues, as diffinctly for either, or joyntly for both, the was, and was truly reputed, the Paragon of Nature, the Pride of Beauty, the Wonder of Millan, the Glory of her Sex, and the Phanix of her Time. And because the purity and perfection of her Beauty deserves to be seen through this dim Perspective, and the dignity of her Vertues known of the Reader in this my impolished Relation. For the first, we was of stature indifferently tall, but exceeding straight and slender, her Hair either of a deep Chesnut-colour, or rather of a light black; but to which most adhering and inclining, fancy might, but curiofity could difficultly distinguish: her complexion and tincture, rather of an amorous and lovely brown, than of a Roseat and Lilly die; but yet so sweetly pure, and purely sweet, (and withal, rather far than lean) that no earthly object could more delight and please the eye, or ravish the sense. And for her eyes, those two relucent Lamps and Stars of Love, they were so black and piercing, that they had a fecret and imperious influence to draw all other eyes to gaze and do homage to hers, as if all were bound to love her; and the to modelt, as if purpotely framed to love none but her felf. Neither did her Front, Lips, Neck, or Paps, any way detract, but every way add to the perfection of her other excellencies of Nature: for, the first seemed to be the Promontory of the Graces. The second, the Residence of Delight and Pleasure. The third, the Pyramids of State and Majefy. And the fourth, the Hills and Valley of Love. But leave we the dainties of her body, now, to speak of the rarities and excellencies of her Mind; which I cannot rightly define, whether the curiofity and care of her Parents in her education, or her own ingenious and apt inclination to Vertue and Honour, were more predominant in her: for in either, or rather in both, the was so exquisite and excellent, that in Languages, Singing, Musick, Dancing, Wisdom, Temperance, and Modely, the was so fully compleat and rare, that to give her her due, and no more, the could not be parallel'd by any young Lady of Lombardy, or Italy, nor equaliz'd but

Thus if her noble extraction, and Father's wealth, made her furmount others, and her delicious leveet beauty and vertues excel her felf, no marvel if those Adaments, and these excellencies draw divers of the best Cavaliers and chiefest Gallants, both of Millan and Lombardy, to astect and feek her in marriage: and indeed, although she be sought by divers of them with much respect and honour, answerable in all regards to her rank and quality; yet neither her Parents, or self, are so much importuned by any, as by Seignier Giovani Albemare, a young noble Gentleman of the City, who was adorned and fortisted with these human priviledges, to be well descended, rich, and of some twenty five years old, a match in the eye and censure of the World,

yea, and in all outward appearance correspondent and equivalent; if his generous perfections and vertues had parallel'd hers, or if the candor and lincerity of her affection had not justly transported her thoughts and heart from him, because she had formerly fixed and settled them on another Gentleman, younger of years than Albemare, but in all other respects, as well of Nature, as Fortune, every way his Superior, named Seignior Alphonfus Baretano, a young Gentleman of one of the noblest Families of Millan, of some eighteen years old, whose Father was lately deceafed, and had left him fole heir to many rich Lands and Possellions; but (withall) exceedingly entangled in Law, and engaged in many Debts and Mortgages, whereunto the vanity and prodigality of his youth had deeply precipitated and ingulphed him; which consequently reflecting and falling on his Son, we shall see will prove a hinderance to his marriage, and an obstacle to his content and preferment. But to observe some order and decorum in the conduction and relation of this Hittory, we must briefly be informed, That as of all the Beauties of Lombardy, Albemare only chiefly affected and loved Clara; fo, of all the Cavaliers of the world, Clana affected and loved no other but Baretano: for, as conformity of years, manners, and inclinations, breed a sympathy in affections; so they, in their tender youth, often frequented one the other's company, iometimes at the Dancing- and Musick-Masters, but many times at Weddings, Feasts, and noble Assemblies; being well near as equal in age, as in complexion and stature. Again, the vicinity of their residence, added much to the combining and enflaming of their affections; for they were opposite in nothing but in their Mansion-houses, from whole Galleries and Windows, many times publickly, but more often by stealth, their eyes could not refrain to tilt at each other with the invilible Launces of Love and Affection; which bred fuch a habit, and that habit (so powerful) a second nature, that it was now become impossible for them not to gaze each on other: so as if the innocency of their puerility made them delight in each other's fight and company with defire; fo now their more ripe years inforce them to defire it with delectation: for when as yet they were so young, as they knew not the instinct and influence of Nature (which cannot be taught by a more powerful or ingenious Tutrix than her felf), yet they never met, but kissed, nor kissed, but as if their hearts and thoughts checked their lips for taking such short farewels each of other. But now when their years had proclaimed them both very capable to march under the Standard of Hymeneus, this Venus, and that Adonis, (for to her fresh beauty, and his flourishing youth (with as much right as fame in Millan) generally entituled them) they felt some pleasure wanting, which as yet they could not find; and therefore no marvel if they defired to find that which they wanted : fo as burning in affection each to other, Clara hearing spoken of a Husband, infinitely wished that Baretano were hers; and when he heard of a Wife, he ardently longed, and fervently defired, that Clara were his. Neither can I rightly say, whether he were more affectionate in his constancy to her, or she constant and resolute in her affection to him; so that as heretofore they hardly knew the way to kifs, now time (running on her (wift career) had taught them to defire to marry; and that whereas formerly Baretano only termed Clara his fweet Maid, and the him, her dear Friend; now Love had suggested and given them new desires, and therefore new Epithets: for sometimes, as well in earnest as in jest, he could not refrain to term her his fweet Wife; nor she him, her dear Husband: and herein their tongues were only but the outward Heralds of their inward hearts, as their hearts were of their more fecret and retired defires. And as fervent love and true discretion very seldom concur and meet; so although affection made them rich in inventing new inventions to meet and kifs; yet they were so poor, or rather so blind in discretion, as they could not bear their affections in secretie and silence, but by this time they are bewrayed to their Parents, and divulged to their acquaintance : but if any grieve and florm at this unexpected news, it is first Albemare, then Capello and Castiana, betwixt whom there was a secret promise, and verbal contract, That he, and no other should marry their Daughter.

Thus we see, that Albemare and Baretano are become Competitors and Rivals in their affections; for either of them affect Clara as the Mistris of their thoughts, and both adore her as the Queen-Regent of their desires. But, as they sympathize in their hopes, to purchase her to their wise; so they differ in the means and progress of their resolutions, how to obtain her. For, whiles Baretano sues the Daughter before her Parents, so doth Albemare the Parents before their Daughter: but what effects and ends these beginnings will produce, ye shall shortly see,

and they themselves very soon both feel and find.

Capello and Castiana (as we have formerly said) with much affliction and grief understanding of their Daughter's affection to Baretano, and reciprocally of his to her, they (with much impatience and passion) relate it to Albemare, whose affection to Clara hath made him so subtil towards them, as although his heart knows this news, yet he makes his tongue deny the knowledge.

knowledg thereof, when protesting or his intire and fervent affection to her, and that he must itcher wed her, or his Grave; they consult on this important business, how they may dethropello Baretano, and inthronize Albemare in the chair and choice of Clara's affection: as for Caniz and Castiana, they to highly affect Albemare's great and free Estate, and so disdainfully hate the intricate incumbrances of Baretano's, as they vow their resolutions shall sail by the Compass of his defires, and he in exchange, that his affections and defires shall still steer their course by that of their resolutions. So from the matter of their agreement, they proceed to the manner how to effect it; to which end her father and Mother fingle their Daughter apart, and in mild and fair terms, demand of her what hath past betwixt her and Baretano; and whether she be so simple and inconsiderate, to take so poor a Gentleman for her Husband, whose Estate is so weak and finall, as it cannot well maintain himself, much less her. Clara already prepared and armed by her affection to receive these or the like speeches from her Parents, having twice or thrice metamorphofed the Lillies of her Cheeks into Rofes, very temperately and modeffly returns them this discreet and respective answer:

That as the must needs affirm, the is confident of Baretano's affection to her; so the must as truly deny, that as yet he had ever motioned her for marriage; which if he had, confidering that his Birth, Means, and Vertues, were such as every way deserved not only her equal, but her fuperior, the is enforced to reveal them, that the loves him to tenderly and dearly, as, if her will and pleasure be not contradicted by theirs, it will be not only her joy, but her felicity, to accept

and take him for her Husband, before all others of the world.

But this modest answer of hers, they hold too peremptory for a Child to give, and Parents to receive; as if it savoured more of irregular zeal to Baretano, than of due respect and obedience to themselves: yet the sooner to divert her from her own desires and resolutions, to make her flexible to theirs, they as yet hold it fit, rather to continue mild than imperious towards her; and so by depraving the deferts, and debating the merits of Baretano, to feek to extol and magnifie those of Albemare, as if the first were only a Foyl, and the second a rich Diamond, worthy of her affection and wearing: and indeed, so exquisite and excellent a Cavalier they depain to him to her in the richest frame and pomp of all his praises, as well of the endowments of mind, as of those of Fortune, that they leave no infinuating Oratory unestayed, nor perswalive attempt unattempted, to make her shake hands with Baretano, and consequently to extend her arms and heart to receive and retain Albemare: but although she were young in years and experience, yet love in this fragrant and flourishing spring of her youth, had so refined her judgment, and indoctrinated and prompted her tongue, that her thoughts, commanded and marshalled by her heart, and both by her desires and affections to Barerano, she confusedly intermixing and interrupting her words with many far-fetch'd broken sighs, again returns her Parents this reply:

If your Age will not, yet my Youth, or rather my heart informs me, That Baretano as far

exceeds Albemare in the priviledges of the mind and body, as Albemare doth him in those of Fortune: but that my resolutions and answers may answer and correspond with my obedience, Although I love Baretano, yet I will never hate, rather honour Albemare; but to make him my Husband, or my felf his Wife, if Earth have, I hope Heaven hath not decreed it; and I humbly befeech you, that this may rest your resolution, as I assuredly think it shall and will

Capello and Castiana, (like discreet Parents) seeing their Daughter Clara wholly wedded (in a manner) to the singularity of her own will, they yet conceive it to be far more requisite to revert her reasons by fair means, than refute and refel them by force, fith love and discretion hath still reference to that, and this relation still to choler, many times to repentance; whereupon, minding her of the blessings which infallibly attend silial obedience, and the miferies and curses which individually wait on contempt and disobedience, hoping that time will effect that which importunity cannot; they as then leave her to her thoughts, and the them to their care, caring for nothing fo much, nay, I may well fay, for nothing elfe, than to see her affection divorced from Baretano, and contracted and wedded to Albemare, who having curious correspondence and intelligence with them, he is ever and anon ascertained, not only what hath, but what doth pais betwixt them and their Daughter; and withal, is advised by them, to delay no time, but to frequent and haunt her as her Ghott and shadow; yea, and no more to conceal his affection and fuit from her, but to acquaint Millan therewith, fith it was no disparagement, but rather an equal honour for him to match with Clara, and Clara with him. Which concluded betwixt Capello and Castiona, Albemare is so far from rejecting this advice and counsel, as he embraceth it with much joy and delectation, and vows (though with the peril of his life) to persevere and pursue her in marriage. To which end, authozized as well by his own affection, as their authority. Clara is neither abroad, nor at home, but he meets her, gives away all time from himfelf, to give himfelf to her; so as it feems to the eye of the world, that Capello's house is now become his, and that his Daughter Clara likewise shortly shall be; yea, he adds such curiosity to his care, and such care to his affection in courting her, as the cannot be either at Mass or Vespers, but he is either with her, or near her, and when in solemn pomp or zeal she visits the Domo (or Cathedral Church) of that City, and in it the Shrine of the new St. Charles, then he waits and attends on her at the Porch-stairs, sometimes with his Coach, but many times (as the cultom of Millan is) on his Foot-cloth, and prancing Barbary-horse, to conduct her home; yea, and not to fail in any complement of an accomplished Lover (besides the harmony of his own infinuation and solicitation) he greets her with rich Presents, and salutes her with all variety of Melodious Musick, and mellifluous Voices: but all this notwithstanding, although he every way use his best art and industry, and her Father and Mother their best skill to make her slexible to his defires, and their pleasure; yet she, as having her thoughts fully bent and fixed on her dear and sweet Baretano, looks haggard and averle on Albemare, giving him such general answers, and cold entertainment, as he seeth he hath far more reason to despair, than hope to obtain her. Whereupon, doubting of her affection, he hath again recourse to her Parents love, who to confirm and seal it him, seeing fair means will not prevail with their Daughter, they resolve to use force, and so to add threats to their requests, and choler to their perswasions, to make her abandon Baretano, and embrace Albemare. But if the first prevail not with her, the second cannot; for the now tells them plainly, that she neither can nor will affect any man for her Husband, but Baretano: and yet she is so far from any determinate resolution to marry him, as the affirms, That their Will shall be her Law, and their Pleasure, her Resolution.

Whiles thus Albemare in the way of marriage feeks out fair and sweet Clara publickly, no less doth Baretano privately; and although with less vanity and oftentation, yet he hopes with far more fortunacy and success, as grounding his hopes upon these reasons: That in heart and soul Clara is only his, as both in soul and heart he is hers: so he entertains her many times with his Letters; and yet not to shew himself a Novice in discretion, nor a Coward in affection, he making her content, his commands; as she did his desires, her felicity; he, in remote Churches and Chappels, (for whose number Millan exceeds Rome) hath both the happiness and honour privately to meet her, where if they violate the fanctity of the place, in conferring and cherishing their affections; yet they fanctifie their affections, in desiring that some Church or Chappel might invest and crown them with the religious honour and holy dignity of Marriage. For having jested of love heretofore, now like true Lovers they henceforth resolve to love, not in jest, but in earnest: and as of their two hearts they have already made one; so now they mean and intend to dispose of their bodies, thereby to make one of two. And this is their sole desire; and this, and only this, is their chief delight, and

most pleasing desires and wishes.

But as it is the nature of Love, for Lovers to defire to fee none but themselves, and yet are feen of many; so this their familiarity and frequent meeting, is again reported to her father and Mother, whereat they murmur with grief, and grieve with discontent and affliction: and now not to substract, but to add to their vexation, it is resolved between our two young amorous Turtle-Doves, Baretano, and his fair Clara, that he should publickly motion them for her in Marriage; which he in wonderful fair terms, and orderly decorum (as well by his Friends, as himself) performeth. When, contrary to his wishes, but not his expectation, they give him so cold entertainment, and his suit such poor and sharp acceptance, as they (in affe-Crion and zeal to Albemare) not only deny him their Daughter, but their House: an answer fo uncivil, and therefore so unjust, as might give a testimony some way of their care, yet no way of their discretion to themselves, or affection to their Daughter. And here I must confess, that I can difficultly define whether this resolution and answer of Capello and Castiana, more delighted Albemare, discontented Baretano, or afflicted Clara, who although in the entrance of their Loves, their hopes feem'd to be nipt, and their defires crost by the frowns of their Parents, yet they love each other so tenderly and dearly, as these discontents notwithstanding, they will not retire, but are resolute to advance in the progress of this their chast and fervent affection: and although their commands seem to give a law to her obedience, in not permitting her to be frequented of Baretano; yet her obedience is so enforced to take a more stronger of her affection, as despight her Parents malice and jealousie towards them, when they are sweetly sleeping in their beds, then is their Daughter Clara waking with Baretano, and he with her, often-times walking and talking in the Arbours, and billing in the close Galleries of the Garden, which they cannot conceal or bear so closely, but her Father and Mother have exact notice and intelligence thereof by fome of their trufty servants,

whom they had purposely appointed as Centinels to espy and discover their meetings. Whereupon (as much in hatred to Baretano, as in affection to Albemare) knowing that if the cause be once removed, the effect is subject foon to follow and ensue; they very suddenly and privately fend away their Daughter from Millan to Modena, by Coach, there to be mewed and pent up with the Lady Emetia her Aunt; and, befides her Waiting-Gentlewoman Adriana, none to accompany and conduct her, but only Albemare, hoping that in a small time, his presence and importunate folicitations, would deface the memory of Baretano, to engrave his own in the heart and thoughts of his tweet Clara; who, poor foul, feeing her felf exiled and banished from the fociety of her Baretano's fight and company, wherein under Heaven she chiefly and only delighted; the hereat doth, as it were, drown her felf in the Ocean of her tears, forming as well at the cruelty of her Parents, as at her own affliction and misfortune; and no less doth her Baretand for the absence of his sweet Saint and dear Lady Clara: for as their affection, so their affliction is equal; now incurning as much at each other's absence; as formerly they rejoyced and triumphed in their presence. But, although the jealousie of Capello and Cajiana were very careful to watch and observe Baretano in Millan; and the zeal and affection of Albemare's, fafely to guard, and sweetly to attend on Clara in Modena: yet as fire suppressed, flames forth with more violence; and Rivers hopped, overflow with more impetuality; to despight of the one's vigilancy, and the other's jealousie, though Baretano cannot be so happy and blessed to ride over to Modena, to see and salute his Clara: yet Love, which is the refiner of inventions and wit, and the polisher of judgment, cannot yet detain him from visiting her with his Letters, the which in respect of the hard access and difficult passage to her, he is enforced to fend her by fubtil means and fecret meffengers. And the better to overshadow the curiosity of his Arts, and the Art of his affection herein; he, among many others, makes use of a Fryer and a Hermit, for the conveyance of two Letters to Modena, to his Lady; which (as fit Agents for fuch amorous employments) they (with more cunning and fidelity, than zeal and religion) fafely delivered her, and likewife returned him her answers thereof. And because the servency of their affections and constancies, each to other, are more lively depainted and represented in rhese two, than in any other of their Letters: therefore I thought my self in a manner bound here to infert them, to the end to give the better spirit and grace to their History, and the fuller fatisfaction and content to the curiofity of the Reader. That which Baretano fent Clara upon her departure from Millan to Modena, by the Fryer, spake thus:

BARETANO to CLARA.

belongs to bappines? For, if ever I found any content, or Heaven upon Earth, it was only in thy sweet presence; which thy sudden absence, and unexpected exile, thath now made, at least, my Purgatory, if not my Hell. Fair Clara, judg of thy Baretano by thy self, what a matchless grief it is to my heart, and a heart-killing terror to my thoughts, to see thee made captive to my Rival, and that the Fates and thy Parents seem to be so propitious to his desires, and so inexorable and cruel to mine; That I must live alone in Millan without thee, and he alone in Modena with thee; which makes, that I know not whether I more envy his joy, or lament and pity mine own sorrows and afficions. But if I have any sense or shadow of comfort in this my calamity, it only donfilts in this, that as thou carried away my heart with thee, so thou wilt vouch aft to return me thine in thy Letter, by a reciprocal requital and exchange. For if thou neither bring me thy self, nor send me that, I may be sought in Millan, but sound no where but in Heaven. Were I priviledged by thy confent, much more authorized by thy command, I would speedily rather siye than post to thee; for fair and dear Clara, as thou art my sole joy, and soveraign felicity; so, whiles I breathe this air of life, thy will shall be my law, thy command, my compass; and thy pleasure, my resolution.

BARETANO.

Her Answer returned by the Fryer, to Baretano at Millan, was to this effect :"

CLARA to BARETANO.

It is for none but our felves to judg, how equally we participate and share of misery, in being deprived of each other's presence. Thou termest my absence either thy Purgatory, or thy Hell: and my afflictions and torments, for thine, are so great, and withall so infinite, as I have all the equity and reason of the world, to repute them not only one, but both. Thou art mistaken in the point of my thraldom, for whiles Albemare vows himself to be my Captive, I distain to be his, and both wow and triumph

to be only Barctano's. I know not whether I have brought thy heart with me to Modena; but fure I am, I left mine with thee in Millan. If my Parents feem now pleafing and propitious to him, I am yet for far from despair, as I considertly hope the Fates will not prove cruel or inextrable to thee, and in thee to my self: but rather, that a little time will change their resolutions and decrees, sith they cannot our affections and constancy. If Clara be thy sole joy, and soveraign felicity, no less is Baretano hers: and albeit I could wish either thou here with my self in Modena, or I there with thee in Millan; yet such is my Aunt Emelia's care, and Albemare's jealousie over me, that wert thou in this City, thou couldst difficultly see me, but impossibly speak with me: wherefore restain a whiles, and let thy Journey bither to me, he ended ere began; yet with this proviso and condition, that the cause thereof, thy affection to me, he headed ere began; yet with this proviso and condition, that the cause thereof, thy affection to me, he begun, never to be ended: and think, that my stay and exile here shall be as short, as either my best art in my self can invent, or truest zeal to thee, suggest. In which interim, let us solve our selves, and visit each other by the Ambassadors of our Hearts, I mean our Letters: and this resolve, my dear Barctano, that during our absence, whiles thou dost feast on my Idea, I will not fail to surseit on thine.

CLARA.

Baretano's other Letter, fent Clara to Modena, by the Pilgrim, was couched and penned in these terms.

BARETANO to CLARA.

Had not thy requests (in thy last Letter) granted out a Prohibition against my desires and wishes, I had long since lest Millan, to have seen Modena, and init thy self, my sweet and dear Lady: but I speak it to my present comfort, and suture consolation and joy, that it is excess, not want of assession, which insufered this provident care, and careful providence, to thy resolutions, to the end that thy return make us as joyful, as thy departure for rowful; and consequently, that the last prove as sweet unto our hearts and thoughts, as the first was bitter. And yet believe me, dear Clara, that my assession is so entire and servent to thee, because I know thine is reciprocally so to my self, that I deem it not only capable to make difficult things easie; but, which is more, impossible things possible: for, for thy sake, what would I not attempt? and to enjoy thy sight and presence, what would I leave unperformed. But if thou wilt not permit me to come to thee to Modena, nor yet speedily resolve to return to me to Millan, Sorrow will then prevent my Joy; and Despair, my Hope; for, if thou hasten not thy arrival, and our interview, sickness will be my death. Wert thou as kind, as fair; or as affectionate, as I am servent in affection, thou wilt then rather suffer me to live with thee, than to dye for thee: for in this rest consident, that if thou deny me that request, I cannot Nature this tribute, my Affection this bomage, or thy Beauty this sarifice.

And Clara her Answer hereunto, returned to Millan to Baretano, by the foresaid Pilgrim, was traced in these words:

CLARA to BARETANO.

THE lest command of my Parents, and the first resolution of my Aunt Emelia, and my suitor Al-I bemare, have now reduced me to so strict a sequestration (or rather captivity) as only my thoughts, bardly my pen, bath the freedom and power to fignific thee fo much. But as calms enfue tempelts; and fun-shine, showers; so I befeech thee to brook it with as much patience, as I do with grief; and not only hope, but refolve, that violence is never permanent, and all extreams subject to revolution and change. Wherefore, my dear Baretano, confider and think with thy felf, that my stay from Millan, and thy probibition from Modena, bath his two-fold excuse that is in my will, but not as yet in my power to perform; and this will rather hinder, than any way advance the accomplishing of our desires; sith a little time may effect that with my Parents, which I fear importunity will never: neither can thy heart fo much long for my fight, or wish for my presence, as my soul doth for thine : fith to give thee but one word for all. Thy felf, and only thy felf, art both the life of my joy, and the joy of my life. A thousand times a day I wish Modena were Millan, and again as often, that Albemare were metamorphosed into Baretano. Therefore I am so far from preventing thy joy, as, though at the price of my death, I am ready to facrifice my life for the preservation of thine, as also for the banishing of thy despair. Write me not then of thy fickness, lest thou as soon hear of my death: and I know not what request to deny thee, sith I have already granted and given thee my felf, which is all that either I can give, or thou defire : cheriff the felf for my fake, and I will thy remembrance for mine:

BARETANO.

By these loving Letters of these our Lovers, the Reader may observe and remark, what a firm league, and strict and constant friendship, there was contracted and settled betwixt them, and what a hell their absence was each to others thoughts and contemplations. In the mean time, whiles Baretano entertains Clira with Letters, Albemare doth with words: wherein he useth his best Rhetorick and Oratory, to draw her to his desires, and withal, to listen and etpy out, if there pass any passages of Letters, or other correspondency betwixt them. Which although Clara her affection to Baretano vow, and her discretion to her self-resolve, to conceal and obscure from Albemare, yet lo, here falls out a limister and unexpected accident, which will discover and bewray it; yea, and of all sides, and to all parties produce grief, sorrow, choler

and repentance, which in effect (briefly, is thus.

Clara had reason, in her former Letter sent by the Pilgrim, to term this her fi questration in Modena a captivity, fince the bounds of her Aunt Emelia's two finall Gardens, and the walls of her little Park, were the limits wherein her liberty was confined, and her felf, as it were, immured; for farther the was not permitted to go, except to the Church with her Aunt in her Coach, but still accompanied by Albimare, who left no minute or occasions, as well to fee her, as to be feen of her. Now to give some truce (though not peace) to her discontents, and thereby semewhat to calm the impetuotity of those tempests, which love had threed up in her heart and thoughts for the ablence of her Baretano, the, never better accompanied than when alone, fometime patt away the irklomness of her time in walking in the Gardens, but many times in the Park close shut, followed only by her Waiting-gentlewoman Adriani; for in respect of her Aunts unkindness, and Albemare's jealousie, she would neither accept of her familiarity, nor of his company. Now to the nearest end of the Park, not far destant from the fecond Garden, was a curious walk, ranked about with many rows of Sycamore-trees, and at the farther end thereof a close o're-shadowed Bower; yea, to closely veiled, that the rayes of the Sun could neither peep in, to forch the pureness of her beauty, or to contend with the piercing luftre and resplendency of her eyes; and to this Bower, in a fair and clear day, Clara (about three of the clock after dinner) repairs, having in her hand to delude the time the old antorous History of Hera and Leander, which was very lately illustrated, and newly reprinted in Millain, and wherein indeed for the conformity of their loves with her own the took a fingular delight to read; but that which gave sweeter musick to her thoughts, and felicity to her heart and mind, were her Barctano's two Letters (which we have formerly feen) and which as then she had purposely brought with her to survey and peruse; yea, she reads them ore again and again; and, to write the truth, more often than there are words, or I think fyllables therein contained; but when the descends to his name, the cannot refrain from kisfing it; yea, and fuch is her tender love to Baretano, as the bedews it with her tears; a thousand times the wished her self with him, or he with her, and bitterly blames the cruelty of her Parents, for separating their bodies, sith she not on'y hoped, but assured her self, that God had conjoyned and united their hearts. But whiles the in the middeft of these passionate exstatics seems to be rapt up into the Heaven of joy, at the perusal of these Letters of Barctano, and then again to be plunged into the hell of forrow, at the confideration and remembrance of his absence, she hears a voice, which she thinks is not far off from her, when looking forth the Bower, and decring it to be that of her Waiting gentlewoman, whom the faw fomcwhat near her, gathering of Straw-berries and wild Lillies, she within a flight-shoot from her. perceives it to be her Lover (but not her Love) Albemare, who knowing her there in the Bower, and for want of other talk, speaking to the Eccho, she guessed by his course. (wherein she was not deceived) that he had an intent to falute and speak with her; which to prevent, because it wholly displeased her, to be cumbred with the company of so unwelcomed a guest as himfelf, the halfily folds up her Letters in her Handkercher, and clapping them (at least as the t hought) into the pocket of her Gown, takes her Book in her hand, and calling Adriana, trips away back towards the Garden, by the other lide of the Park, purposely to eichew and avoid him, as indeed the did:

Albemare grieves to see Clara's coyness and cruelty toward him; a'though she were depirted forth the Park from him, yet his affection is so servent to her, as he will needs a cend the Bower, esteeming it not only a kind of content, but a blessing to his thoughts, sith he cannot be where she is, yet to be where she hath been; when thinking to mount the stairs of the Bower, he unexpectedly at the foot therot, finds the two Letters, whereof we have formerly spoke, which it seems slipt forth of Clara's Hankercher, as she was putting it into her Pocket; Albemare taking up the Letters, and seeing them directed to his sweet Clara, he betwixt the extreams of love and jey, killeth them again and again for her sake; when sitting down in the Bower, he betakes himself to read and peruse them, verily expecting and hoping to gather and

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draw something from them which might tend to advance the process of his affection towards her; But when he had read the first, he was so extreamly perplexed and afflicted, as he had hardly the patience to peruse the second: and yet at length haltily and passionately running it over, and seeing by all the Circumstances thereof, that it was in vain for him any longer to hope for Clara, fith she was Barctano's, and Barctano hers, he like one Lunatick, stamps with his foot, throws away his Hat, tears his hair for very grief and choler, now thinking to tear the Letters, and then to offer volence to himself; But when the sumes and slames of this his folly were over-blown, and that he had again recalled his wits to take place in the proper feat of his judgment and difcretion; then taking up his Hat, and pulling it down his eyes, he leaves the Bower and Park, and so going into the house, shews them the Lidy Emelia her Aunt; who prays him not to despair, but that Baretano's Letters notwithstanding, he himself shall shortly murry her Neece Clara; only the prays him for the two Letters, because she affirms, she will to morrow send them to Millan to her Father and Mother; Wherein he faith, he will take advice of his pillow; when fasting out his Supper, he betakes himself to his Bed, to see whether he can sleep away those his passions and vexations: And by this time Clara going to lock up these two afore-said Letters in her Trunk, she finds her Handkercher, but misseth her Letters, whereat blushing for shame, and then again looking pale for forrow, grief and anger, the speedily sends away Adriana to the Bower, to look them, who returns without them, and then she knows for certain that Albemare hath found them; whereupon for meer grief and anger, feigning her felf fick, the withdraws her felf to her Chamber, and there prefently betakes her self to her bed.

I may well fay, that Cl. ra and Albemare betake themselves to their beds; but I am sure not to their relt; For grief and love so violently act their several parts in their hearts and thoughts, as figh they do, but fleep they cannot. Yea, their passions and sorrows are as different as their defires; for as Albemare now grieves that he hath found these Letters; so doth Clara that she hath lost them; and as he vows not to reftore her them, so she neither dares, and yet disdaineth to demand them of him; Yea again, which is more, as their forrows are different, so are their pretended consolations, at least if I may properly and truly tearm them consolations: For as Clara, although the have lost her Baretano's Letters, doth yet rejoyce that the still retains the Writer and Author thereof engraven and charactered in her heart; so doth Albemare, that now fully knowing Baretano to be his rival. and who by all probability is like to bear his Mistress from him, he hath (as he unjustly conceives) a just reason to be revenged, and a true occasion to fight with him; but as Clara's comfort and consolation herein proceeds from true affection, so doth the vanity and impiety of this resolution of Albemare's from hellith malice and devillish indignation; yea, although the night doth, or should bring counsel, yet as Clara passeth it over only with fighs, so doth Albem re with sumes of revenge against Baretano, vowing that he will in the morn towards Millan, and there try his fortune, either to kill him or to be killed of him, in a Duel; to which end he is no sooner ready, but he acquaints the Lady Emelia with his intended journey, but not with his resolution to fight with Baretano, and the same he doth to (the Empress of his thoughts, and Queen of his defires) Clara, demanding her, if the please to command him any service for Millan; who both blushing and paling hereat, her affection to Baretano having now made her expert in the subtilties of love, the well knows what wind drives Albemare to Millan; and therefore guided by discretion, and not by passion, the returns him this Answer: That having neither reason nor defire to command him, the onely prays him to remember her humble duty to her Father and Mother, and so wisheth his journey prosperous; which answer of hers (being indeed no other than Albemare expected) he yet advanceth to kiss her at parting; which her civillity, though not her affection, granted him; not so much as once dreaming or suspecting that he conceived the least thought or intent to fight with her sweet Baretano, and so he takes horse, having only one servant with him.

Albemare being arrived at Saint Remy, a small Town within fifteen miles of Millan, he refolves to dine there, which he doth; and to avoid the heat of the day, then betakes himself to sleep an hour or two; being awaked, he commands his man to make ready his horse; and seeing the Host of the house in his Chamber, enquires of him, if there were any Gentleman in the house riding to Millan, who assoon returns him this unlook'd-for and unexpected answer; that there was a brave Gentleman in the house named Seignior Baretano, who was to ride thither some two hours hence. Albemare no sooner hears the name of Baretano, but his very heart-blood shasheth up in his sace, when demanding of him again, what manner of Gentleman he was, he told him he was a tall slender young Gentleman, with never a hair on his sace; and out of this window, quoth he, you may now see him walking in the Garden: when

Albemare looking forth fees indeed that it was his very rival Baretano; when enquiring farther of the Hoft what followers he had with him, he told him, that then he had none, but sometimes when he came thither, either to take the air, or breathe his horfe, he was attended by two or three; and so the Host leaves him, not once suspecting of any difference between them. Albemare seeing his enemy (because his rival) brought to him, whom he formerly resolved to seek and find out, assumes a base and a bloody resolution to set upon him in the High-way dis guised, and there to venture his own life, and to deprive him of his; which to effect he will have no eye. witnesses of this his ignoble and treacherous business; and therefore purposely sends a way his man to Millain before him, and so slipping into the Town, provides himself of a Mask or Vizard, then takes his horse, and rather like a Thief than a Gentleman, lurks behind a Grove (some three miles from St. Remy) attending Baretano's coming, who poor harmless young Gentleman, harbouring and breathing no other thoughts and wishes, than charity to all the world, and pure and fervent affection to his fair and dear Clara, likewife takes his Horse, and draws homeward toward Millain; when being arrived to the place where Alberrare secretly lay in ambush for him, he furiously and suddenly rusheth forth, and with his Rapier drawn in his hand, runs Baretano, into his right arm, who feeling the wound almost as soon as he saw his enemy who gave it him, he is at first, as it were amazed hereat; when thinking him by his Mask to be a Bandetti, who were then very busie in Lombardy, but especially in the Dutchy of Millain, he told him that all the Coyn he had, which was some ten double Pistols in Gold, and two Duckats in filver, were at his fervice, but to fight in his defence, he would not; Not, quoth he, that he was any way a Coward, but that he affirmed he was lately affianced and engaged to a young Lady; fo that he perfectly knew that her affection was fo dear and tender towards him, as either the loss or preservation of his life would be that of hers; Albemare galled and touch'd to the quick with this his heart-killing answer to him, is wholly inflamed with choler against him, when rushing toward him, he delivers him these words; Villain, it is not thy Gold, but thy life which I feek; and then straining himself to run Baretano thorow, lo the string of his Mask breaks, where Baretano apparently fees it is his Rival Albemare; whereat, fuch is his tender affection to his sweet and fair Clara, that he who before turned Craven, and would not fight for his own fake, is now chearfully refolved, not only to fight, but if occasion require, to die for hers; and fo returning the Villain to Albemare's Throat, he instantly draws, and joyns with him; and if Albemare be resolute in fighting, no less valiant and couragious is Baretano; for the remembrance of his Clara's sweet Idea, and fresh delicious beauty, insuseth such life to his valour, and fuch generofity and animofity to his courage, as he deals his blows roundly, and his thrulls freely, making Albemare know, that his Rapier is of an excellent temper, and yet his Heart of a better; and Albemare seeing he must buy his victory dearer than he expected, and disdaining to be out braved and beaten by a Boy, plucks up his best spirits and courage to him, and so likewise behaves himself manfully and valiantly, in such fort, that within less than a quarter of an hour, Baretano hath given him five wounds, and he Baretano three; when the Count of Martingue passing that way in his Coach towards Millain, and seeing two Gentlemen so busily fighting, he cries out to his Coachman, to gallop away with all celerity, and so parts them; when seeing them full of blood, sweat, and dult, having his Chirurgion Hill in his train with him, he out of an honourable courtefie and charity, intreats and accompanies them to the next house, where he causeth their wounds to be dreft and bound up; when by their Apparel seeing them to be Millaineses, he is desirous to know their quarrel, and proffers his best affistance to reconcile and make them friends; but their hearts are so great, and their malice so implacable, as they both thank the Count for his noble courtese, but befeech him to pardon them, in obscuring their names and quarrel; and yet he is so noble and generous, ashe will not fo leave them, but feeing them shrewdly wounded (though not he thinks mortally) he for their greater ease and safety, causeth two of his Gentlemen to mount their Horses, and takes them both up into his Coach with him, and so brings them within the Gates of Millain, where after they had feverally rendred him many thanks for his Courtesie and Honour, he commends them both to their good Fortunes, and so leaves them.

Baretano and Albemare being thus arrived at Millain, they conceal their fightings, and so keep their Chambers, till they have secured their wounds: when Albemare visits Capello, and his Lady Costiana, and reports to them the health and duty of their Daughter, as also her aversues towards him, and withall shews her Earetano's two Letters to her, whereby it is apparent, that she is so wholly his, as he himself is sure never to obtain or enjoy her. Her Father and Mother at the first, seem to hang their heads at this news, and the perusal of the Letters, but at last, bid him not despair, but be couragious, for he, and only he shall be their Son-in-

law. But Albimare confidering, that for the term of at least six Months, he, Camelion-like, had only been fed with the air of their vain promises; and that he persectly knew, that Clara only intended to marry Baretano, and none but him: his love to her was fo tender and fervent, as he cannot conceive the shadow of any hope how to obtain her for his wife in this world, before he have fent Baretano to another; when he being constant in his resolution thereof to himfelf, because he was resolute in his constancy and affection to Clara; no Reason, no Religion, not his Conscience, not his Soul, can divert him from this bloody defign, from this murtherous and therefore damnable project: Feeding therefore on malice, and boiling with Revenge towards Baretano, he, not as a Gentleman, but rather, degenerating from the virtue and ho-nour of that honourable degree and quality, bethinks himself, either by Pistol or Poylon how he may treacheroufly dispatch him; whereon ruminating and pondering (as Malice and Revenge may perchance flumber, but difficultly fleep) the Devil, who is never absent in such hellish stratagems and occasions, gives him means (though by a contrary course) how to difpatch him: For on a day, descending the stairs of the Domo, he sees Pedro and Leonardo (two Souldiers, or rather Braves of the Castle of Pavia) pass by him, with whom he had been formerly acquainted, but fo poorly apparelled, as, weighing their bloody humours by their neceffity, he (in favour of money) thinks them very fit Agents and Infruments to murther and make away Barctano; to which end, to play the Practick part, as well as the Theorick, and fo to reduce this his bloody contemplation into action; he fends his man Valerio after them, and prays them to repair to him in the Cloisters of Borromo's Palace, for that he hath a business to impare them of great importance for their profits. Valerio overtakes them, delivers them his Master's pleasure; who netled with this word Profit; they repair to the Rendevouz, and meet Albimare; when having refreshed their acquaintance, and he fivorn them to secrefie, as he was a wretched and perfidious Gentleman, acquaints them with his defire, some ten days hence to have them murcher Seignior Baretano in the fireet by night, and to give it out, that it was done by some Spaniards of the Viceroy's Guard, and that he will give them an hundred Duckatoons in hand, and leave them as much more with his man Valerio, which they shall receive of him, when they have dispatche him; and for his own part, some sour or five days hence he will away for Modena, to cast the better varnish and colour that he was innocent thereof, and had no singer at all in the business.

Pedro and Leonardo seeing that Albemare proffered them Gold, which they so much wanted and defired, like two limbs of the Devils, and as a couple of hellish Blood-Hounds, not only promife, but swear to him punctually, in all respects to perform his defires, and so they touch their first hundred Duckatoons, which being the pledg and price of innocent blood, it will affaredly cost them dear, and draw down vengeance, ruine, and confusion on their heads from Heaven, when they least think or dream thereof. Albemare having fetled this his bloody and mournful business with Pedro and Leonardo, he is again solicited by Capello and Castiana, to return to their Daughter in Modena; whereunto he willingly consenterh; when armed with their Letters to her, wherein they charge her on their commands and bleffing, to dispose her felf to affect and marry him; he within four days departeth: But having secretly revealed his fight with Baretano to some of Capello his chiefest and most consident servants, they yet love and honour their young Lady Clara so well in her absence, as they send her the true relation and intelligence thereof, which is at Modena a little before Albemare, the which being unknown to him, he is no fooner arrived there, but he salutes first the Aunt Emclia, then her Neece, and his Mistris Clara; to whom having delivered her Parent's Letters, she stepping aside to the window, reads them, and so returning to him again, gives him this sharp and bitter welcome: My Father and Mether command me to love thee; but how can I, since upon the high-way, thou basely and treacher oully attempted st to kill my dear Baretano, whom I love a thousand times dearer than the whole world? When with tears in her eyes, and choler in her looks, she very suddenly and passionately slings from him; whereat Emelia wondreth, and he both storms and grieves; and so they betake themselves to their Chambers, where Albemare throwing himself on his Bed, saith thus to himself, Unkind and cruel Clara, if thou take my fighting with Baretano thus tenderly, how wilt thou brook the news of his death? On the other fide, Clara grieves as much at her Baretano's wounds, as she rejoyceth at his safety and recovery; yea, so tender is her assection to him, as she a thousand times wishes that the blood he lost, had streamed from her own heart. Again, knowing his wounds free from danger, she cannot but smile, and delight to see his dear and true affection to her, in remembring, that he would not fight for his own fake, and yet was ready, yea, and valiantly hazarded to lose his life for hers; and in these amorous conceits and contemplations, she pensively drives away the time, admiring and wondering that all this while she hears not

from her Baretano; But alas, alas! the shall hear too too soon of him, though indeed never more from him; for these execrable wretches, Pedro and Leonardo; some four days after Albemare's departure to Modena, they, according to their promise and oath given him, like two most bloody and butcherly villains, cruelly assault and murther this harmless and innocent young Gentleman Baretano, in the streets of Millain by night, with no less than seven several wounds, whereof sour were clean thorow his body; and so give it out (as it was formerly concluded) that he was murthered by some Spaniards of the Vice-roy's Guard; when the same night they repair to Valerio, acquaint him therewith, receive their other hundred Duckatoons, and so provide for their safety in the City; but that bloody money, and this cruel murther, will in the end cost them dearer than either they imagine or dream of

Whiles Millain ratleth with the news of Baretano's bloody and untimely end, as his own friends infinitely lament and grieve, so Capello and his wife Castiana, cannot refrain from rejoycing thereat, as now affuring themselves, that Albemare shall shortly be their Son-in-Law; and for Valerio, he with all poslible speed, writes away thereof to Modena, to his Master, who entertains this news with infinite joy and delectation, and prefently acquaints the Lady Emelia therewith; whereat the rejoyceth, and he triumphs; but they both resolve as yet, to conceal it from Clara, because they know she will even dissolve and melt into tears thereat. But four days after are not fully expired, but her Father and Mother advertize their Daughter Clara, their fister Emelia and Albemare thereof, by a Gentleman a servant of theirs, whom they purposely fend to Modena to bring back Clara and Albemare to Millain But it is for none but lovers, to conceive or judg, with what extream excess of grief and immoderate forrow our poor Clara understands this heart-piercing news of her Baretano's mournful and fortowful death; for the is no fooner advertised thereof, but the throws off her attire, tears her hair, and twice following falls to the ground in a swound; so as Emelia, Albemare, Adriana, and her Father's Gentleman, can hardly refetch and keep life in her, but being come again to her senses and self, and faintly opening her cloudy eyes to the beams of the Sun, who enamored of her beauty (as well in pity as love) came to comfort and revive her; the wringing her hands, then croffing her arms; and laftly, looking up towards Heaven, betwixt fighing and speaking, breaths forth

these mournfull, passionate, and affectionate speeches. O my Baretano, my sweet and dear Baretano! and shall thy wretched Clara live, thou being dead? When the violence of her affection and forrow making her forget her felf, and her God, the fecretly unsheaths her Knif, and then, and there would have stabbed her felf to death, had not Albemare and her Aunt Emelia speedily stept to her assistance, and prevented her, by wresting it from her; when conducting her to the Garden to take the air, she prays Albemare to leave her, and in his absence often again repeating the name of her dear Bare-tane, she a thousand times wisheth that her life had ransomed his; vowing that although the were a woman, yet if the knew his murtherers, the would flie to their eyes, and tear out their hearts, in meer revenge of this inhuman and cruel death; when her forrows are fo infinite, and her grief so unsupportable, as she cannot long remain in one place, but withdraws her felf from the Garden to her Chamber, where her Aunt Emelia carefully accompanies her, lies with her that night to comfort her, who, poor afflicted young Lady, neither can nor will be comforted; so as the next morning, had not her Aunt powerfully prevented and stopped her, she had then undoubtedly entered the Nunery of her own name St. Clara, and in that retired and obscure life, there ended her days in Modena; resolving in true affection and zeal to her dead Baretano, never thence-forth, either to see her Parents, or Millain; but being diverted and comforted by some Divines, and many Ladies of that City, she brook. ing her forrows as patiently as the may, (with much folicitation) after ten days, permits her fe f to be conveyed home to Millain, where, although the were cheerfully received, and joy-fully entertained of her Father and Mother, yet the likewise went neer to have there mewed her self up a spiritual Sister in the Nunnery of Annunciation: but that again she was prevented; whereat grieving, the takes on mourning actire, and vows to wear it a whole year for his fake; when to make her felf (as she was) both a true Lover, and a true Mourner to the memory of her dead Baretano, The often-times steals into St. Euphemia's Church, where he was buried, and there bedews his Tomb with tears, living so pensively, and disconfolarely, that although the live in the world, yet it feems the neither is, nor long will be of the

world.

But as women are but women, and as time is a fovereign remedy for all diseases and forrows; so about some ten months after, the incessant importunity of her Father and Mother,
and the continual tender respect and observant courtese of Albemare towards her, make her

fomewhat neglect and forget the memory of Baretano, and now to look on him with a more pleasing and favourable eye, than before. But here (again) a consideration makes her affection die towards Albemare, almost as soon as it begins to live. For why (quoth she) should she affect or love him, who at St. Remy gave her Baretano three several wounds? But then love again sleps in, and thus pleads with her for Albemare; That he received five wounds, and gave Baretano but three, which made him lose far more blood than Baretano; and yet that this attempt of his was only occasioned through his affection to her, and only for her sake, as loving her dearer than his own life; which again gave her thoughts such satisfaction, as weighed down and vanquished, as well by the Power and Prayers of her Parents, as also by the endless sighs, letters and presents of Albemare. The year is no sooner expired, and her mourning weeds and artire done away, but to their own hearts content, and the unspeakable joy of their Parents, they in Millain (with great Pomp and Bravery) are very solemnly married. But this marriage of theirs shall not prove so prosperous as they expect and hope; for God in his all-seeing Providence, hath decreed to disturb the tranquillity and serenity thereof, and to make them feel the sharp and bitter showers of affliction and misery, which briefly doth thus surprize and befall them.

Albemare and Clara have hardly been married together a year and quarter, but his hot love begins to wax cold and frozen to her; yea, a beit the affected him truly and tenderly, yet he continually neglecting her, and no longer delighting in the fweetness of her youth, and the freshness of her beauty, his lustful eyes and thoughts carry his lascivious self abroad among Curtezans, when they should be fixed on her, and resident at home with his chast and fair Lady: fo as his infidelity proving her grief and torments, and his vanity and ingratitude, her unspeakable affliction and vexation; the with infinite fighs and tears repents her matching him, and a thousand times wishes she had been so happy and blessed to have died Baretano's Martyr, and not so unsortunate and accursed to live to see her seif Albemare's Wife; and yet were there any hope of his reformation, the should then prefix bounds to her calamities and sorrows; but seeing that his vices grew with his age, and that every day he became more vicious and unkind to her than other, her hopes are now wholly turned into despair, her mirth into mourning; yea, her inward discontents so apparently bewray themselves in her outward forrowful complexion and countenance, that the Roses of her cheeks are metamorphosed into Lillies, and her heart so wholly taken up with anguish, and surprized with forrow, as she wisheth that her bed were her grave, and her self in Heaven with God; because the could find no comfort here on Earth with her Husband: but beyond her expectation, God is providing to redress her grief, and to remedy her afflictions by a very strange and unlooked-for Accident.

The Providence and Justice of God doth now again refetch bloody Pedro, to act another part upon the Stage and Theatre of this History; for having spent that money lewdly, which he before got damnably of Albemare, his wants are so great, and his necessity so urgent, as having played the murtherer before, he makes no conscience nor scruple now to play the thief, and so by night breaks into a Jeweller's shop, named Seignior Fiamata, dwelling in the great place before the Domo, and there carries away from him a small Trunk or Casket, wherein were some uncut Saphyrs and Emralds, with some Venice crystal pendants for Ladies to wear in their ears, and other rich commodities; but Fiamata lying over his shop, and hearing it, and locking his door to him for fear of having his throat cut, gives out the cry and alarm forth the window, which ringing into the streets, makes some of the Neighbours, and also the watch approach and affemble; where finding Pedro running with a Casket under his arm he is presently hem'd in, apprehended and imprisoned, and the Casket took from him, and again restored to Fiamata; when knowing that he shall die for this robbery, as a just punishment and judgment of God, now fent him for formerly murthering of Baretano, he having no other hope to escape death, but by the means of Albemare; he fends early the next morning for his man Valerio, to come to the prison to him; whom, he bids to tell his Master Albemare from him, that being sure to be condemned for this robbery of his, if he procure him not his pardon, he will not charge his foul any longer with the murther of Baretano, but will on the Ladder reveal, how it was he who hired himself and Leonar do to perform it; Valerio reporting this to his Master, it affrights his thoughts, and terrifies his conscience and courage, to see himself reduced to this misery, that no less than his life must now stand to the mercy of this wretched Varlet Pedro's tongue. But knowing it impossible to obtain a pardon for him, and therefore high time to provide for his own fafety, by stopping of Pedro's mouth; he resolves to heave of a upon Pelion, or to add murther to murther, and now to poylon him in Prison, whom he had formerly caused to murther Baretano in the tireet, to the end he might tell no tales on the Ladder, thinking it no ingratitude or fin, but rather a just reward and recompence for his former bloody service; so to feed Pedro with false hopes, thereby to charm his tongue to silence, and to bull his malice

affeep, he speedily returns V-lerio to priton to him, who bids him fear nothing, for that his Ma-Her had vowed to get him his pardon, as he shall more effectually hear from him that night whereat Pedro rejoyceth and triumpheth, telling Valerio, that his Master Albemare, is the most generous and bravelt Cavalier of Lombardy. But to nip his joys in their untimely bloffoms, and to diffurb the harmony of his false content, that very day, as soon as he had dined, he is tryed and arraigned before his Judges; and being apparently convicted and found guilty of this rob. bery, he is by them adjudged to be hanged the next morn, at a Gibber, purpo ely to be erected before Fiamata's house, where he committed his delict and crime: which just sentence, not only makes his joy strike fail to forrow, but also his pride and hopes let fall their Peacock's Plumes to humility and fear; but his only trust and comfort; yea, his last hopes and refuge, is in Albemare, who hearing him to be condemned to be executed the next morning, he is enforced to play his bloody Prize that night, and so in the evening sends Valerio to prison to him, with a Capon, and two Fiascoes (or Bottles) of Wine for him to make merry, informing him that he hath obtained his Pardon, and that it is written, and wants nothing but the Vice-rojs fign to it, which he shall have to morrow at break of day. But the Wine of one of the Bottles, was intermixed with strong and deadly poyson, which was so cunningly tempered, as it carryed no diffatiful, but a pleasing relish, to the palate. Valerio like an execrable villain, proving as true a fervant to his Master, as rebellious and salie to his God, punctually performs this fearful and mournful business; and having made Pedro twice drunk, first with his good news, and then with his poyfoned Wine, he takes leave of him that night, and committing him to his rest, promifeth to be with him very early in the morning with his Pardon. When this miferable and beastly profane wretch, neverthinking of his danger, or death; of God, or his Soul; of Heaven, or Hell, betakes himself to his bed, where the poylon spreading ore his vital parts, soon bereaves him of his breath, fending his foul from this life and world to another.

Now the next morning very early, as the Gaoler came to his Chamber, to bid him prepare to his execution, he finds him dead and cold, in his bed; and thus was the miferable end of this bloody and inhuman Murtherer (and Thief) Pedro, who yet for example-fake was one whole day hanged by the heels in his shirt, at his appointed place of execution, because his Judges deemed that he had cruelly poyfoned and made away himself. And now doth Albemare again rejoyce and triumph, to fee he hath avoided that dangerous shelf and rock whereon he was very likely to have suffered shipwrack, yea, and now he thinks himself so absolutely safe and fecure, as he holds it impossible, that either his murthering of Baretino, or his poyfoning of Pedro, can any way reflect on him, or henceforth produce him any farther storms or tempests; but his hopes and joys will deceive him; for God, who is the infallible revenger of innocent blood will not so leave him, but ere ong when he least thinks or dreams thereof, not only in his providence detect these his foul crimes, but in his Justice severely punish them; and the Readers curiofity shall not go far to fee it; for as to a gulty Conscience, it is the pleasure of the Lord, that one mifery befall him in the neck and nick of the other, so Albemare is no sooner freed of Pedroin Millain, but behold he is afresh intangled and affaulted with Leonardo (his other hired murtherer) in Pavia, who having there prodigally rioted away his hundred Duckatoons, and also run himself far in debt; his Creditors joyn together, and so clap him prisoner, where having no other hope for his freedom and liberty, but to rely on Albemare, he writes him a Letter to Millain, wherein he acquaints him with his poverty and mifery, and prays him (for the obtaining of his liberty) either to lend or give him fifty Duckatoons; Albemare receives this Letter, but forgetting his former service; as also thinking it only a fetch of Leonardo, to fetch him over for so many Duckatoons; as God would have it, he very inconsiderately burns this his Letter, and answereth it with filence; but he shall repent when it will be too late, and out of his power to remedy this his ingratitude and indifcretion.

Leonar do having at least fifteen days expected an answer from Albemare, and receiving none, he is extreamly incensed and enraged to see himself thus slighted and forgotten of him, when exasperated by his misery, and animated by his extream poverty and indigence, in that he is now inforced to sell away his apparel, and so to uncloath his back, thereby to feed his belly, he intends no more to request and pray him, but now resolves to touch him to the quick, the which he doth in these sewhich he sends him to Millain by a messenger of purpose.

LEONARDO to ALBEMARE.

IF my first Letter p evailed not with thee for the loan or gift of fifty. Duckatoons, to free me from this my miserable imprisonment; I make no doubt but this my second will: for being a Souldier, I give thee so understand, that I hold it far more generous to hang than starve; sith as a halter is only the beginning

of my friends for ows; so it will the wife be the end of my own miseries; yea, if thou speedily surnish and accomplish not my request, although it cost me my life, I will no longer conceal how thou didst hire Pedro and my felf for two hundred Duckatoons to give seignior Baretano his death, which at thy request me per formed: I hink then how near my secrecy concerns thy life, sith when I fasser death, I know thou hast but a short and poor time lest thee to survive me: Therefore thank thy self if thy ingratitude turn my affection into contempt, and that into revenge and malice.

LEONARDO.

Now although Leonardo meant not as he wriv, yet this his messenger coming to Millain, and not finding Albemare at his house, knows not (and yet is resolute) what to do either to stay his coming in, or to deliver his Letter to some of his servants; but waiting at his door till late in the evening, and hearing no news of him, he gives it to Valerio, and (without telling him from whom, or whence it came) prays him safely to deliver it to his Master, and that he will repair thither the next morning for an answer. Valerio claps the Letter into his pocket, awaiting his Master's coming; but he is so bad a Husband to himself, and so d sloyal and unkinda one to his chast and fair wise, as he was out all night with his Courtisans, which good and virtuous Lady, even pierceth her heart with grief and sorrow. Now Valerio seeing his Master absent, his coming uncertain, and himself inforced to go forth about his affairs, he placeth the Letter upon a Cupboard near his Master's study, that it might be apparent to his eye when he came

in, and so departs.

But here the mercy and providence of God invite the Christian Reader to admire and wonder at the strange discovery and detection of this Letter; for as Albemare (more for sport than charity) kept a Man-fool of some fourty years old in his house, who indeed was so naturally prevish, as not Millain, hardly Italy could match him for fimp icity. It fo chanced, that this harmle is fool gat into the room after Valerio, and faw him put up this Letter on the Cup-board; Now, as Children and Fools may in some fort be termed Coufin German to Apes; fo, as foon as Vale io was departed, this Fool (no doubt led wholly by the direction and finger of God, rather than by his own proper ignorance and simplicity) gets into the Chamber, and taking a stool to ascend the Cupboard, he brings away the Letter, which both in the Hall and Yard he toffes and dendles in his hand, as if this new found play gave delight ond content to his extravagant and simple thoughts; when, behold our sweet and virtuous Clara coming from St. Am. brofe (hurch, where the had been to hear Vefper's, and feeing a fair Letter fast fealed in the Fool's hand; the enquires of him from whence he had it? who finging and hopping, and still playing with the Letter, the could get no other answer from him, but, That it was his Letter, and that Got had fent it him, God had fent it him; which speeches of his he often redoubled. When Clara weighing his words, and confidering out of whose mouth they came, her heart instantly began to grow, and her co'our to rise, as if God and her Soul prompted her, that she had some interest in that Letter; whereupon snatching it from the Fool, whom she left crying in the Hall for the loss thereof; the feeing it directed to her Husband, goes to the Parlour, attended by Adriana, and there fitting down in a Chair and breaking up the feals thereof, the begins to read it; but when the draws towards the conclusion thereof, and finds that it was her Husband Aibema'e, who had caused her dear Lover and Friend Baretano to be murthered; then not able to contain her felf for forrow, the throws her felf on the floor and weeps, and fighs fo mournfully, as the most obduratest and flintiett heart could not chuse but relent into pity to fee her; For sometimes the look'd up to Heaven, and then again dejecting her eyes to earth; now wringing her hands, and then croffing her arms; in such disconsolate and afflicted manner, as Adriana could not likewise refrain from tears to behold her: when after a deep and profound filence, the bandying and evaporating many volleys of far-fecht fighs into the air, commanding Ad iana forth, and the door being thut, with the two extremities of passion and forrow the alone utters these mournful speeches to her self.

And shall Clara live to understand, that her Baretano was murthered for her sake, and by her unfortunate Husband Albemare? and shall she any more lie in bed with him, who so inhumanly hath sain him in his untimely and bloody Grave? And Clara, Clara, wilt thou prove so ungratefull to his memory, and so the tender affection he hore thee, as not to lament, not seek to revenge this his d sastrous and cruel end? When again, her tears interrupting her words, and her sighs her tears; she entring into a further consultation with her thoughts and conscience, her heart and her soul, at last continues her speech in this manner: O, but unfornate and wretched Clara, what speakest thou of Revenge? for consider with thy self, yea, forget not to consider, Baretano was but thy friend, Alberrare is thy Husband; the first loved thee in hope to marry thee, but thou art married to the second, and therefore thou must leve him;

and although his ingratitude and infidelity towards thee, make him unworthy of thy affection. yet ye two are but one flesh: and therefore consider, that Malice is a bad Advocate, and revenge a worse Judg. But here again remembring what a foul and odious crime Murther was in the fight of the Lord, that the discovery thereof infinitely tended to his glory and honour; and that the poor Fool was doubtless inspired from Heaven, to affirm that God sent the Letter; the knows that her bonds of Conscience to her Saviour, must exceed and give a Law to those of her duty towards her Husband: and therefore preferring Heaven before Earth, and God before her Husband, the immediately calls for her Coach, and goes directly to Baretano's Uncle, Seignior Giovan de Montefiore, and with lighs and tears thews him the Letter, who formerly, though in vain, had most curiously and exactly hunted to discover the Murtherers of his Nephew. Montefiore first reads the Letter with tears, then with joy; and then turning towards the Lady Clara, he commends her zeal and Christian fortitude towards God, in shewing her how much the discovery of this Murther tended to His glory; and so presently fends away for the President Criminal; who immediately repairing thither, he acquaints him therewith, shews him the Letter, and prays him to examine the Lady Clara thereon; which with much modefly and equity he doth, and then returns with her to her house, and there likewise examineth the Fool where he had the Letter, who out of his incivility and fimplicity, takes the Profident by the hand, and bringing him to the Cupboard, tells him, Here God fent the Letter, and bere I found it: when Valerio being present, and imagining by his Lady's heavy and forrowful countenance, that this Letter had (perhaps) brought her into some affliction and danger; he looking on the direction of the Letter, as also on the feal, reveals both to the Prefident, and his Lady, that he received that Letter from one whom he knew not, and that he left it purposely on the Cupboard for his Master against his coming. The President being fully satisfied herein, admires at God's Providence, revealed in the simplicity of this poor harmless Fool, in bringing this Letter, which brought the murther of Baretano to light (when knowing that God doth many times raife up the foolish and weak, to confound the wife and mighty things of the world) he presently grants out a Commission to apprehend Albemare; who being then found in bed with Mariana, one of the most famous Beauties and reputed Curtefans of Millan: He, both aftonished and amazed by the just Judgments of God, is drawn from his beastly pleasures and adulteries, to prison; where being charged to have hired Pedro and Leonardo to have murthered Baretano, he stoutly denies it. But Leonardo's Letter being read him, and he thereon adjudged to the Rack, his Soul and Confcience ringing him many thundring Peals of terror, he there at large confesseth it; when for this foul and bloody fact of his, he the fame afternoon is condemned to be hanged the next morning, at the common place of Execution, which administreth matter of talk and admiration thorowout all Millan, when Sergeants are likewise sent away to Pavia, to bring Leonardo to Millan, who not so much as once dream'd or thought that ever this his Letter would have produced him this danger and mifery.

And now Albemare advertised of the manner how this Letter of Leonards's was brought to light (without looking up to Heaven, from whence this vengeance justly befell hun for his fins) he cursed the cruelty of his Wife, the simplicity of the Fool, but most bitterly exclaims against the remisses and carelesses of his servant Valerio, in not retaining and keeping that Letter, which is the only cause of his death: yea, he is so far transported with choler against him, as although he hath but a tew hours to live, yet he vows he will assuredly cry quittance

with him ere he dye.

Now the charity of his Judges, fend him Divines that night in Prison, to prepare and clear his Conscience, and to confirm and fortishe his Soul against the morn, in his last constict with the world, and her slight and transmigration to Heaven; who powerfully and religiously admonishing him, that if he have committed any other notorious offence or crime, he should now do well to reveal it. He likewise there and then consesses, how he had caused his man Valerio to poison Pedro with Wine in Prison, the very night before he was executed: whereupon this bloody and execrable Wretch (according to his hellish desert) is likewise apprehended and imprisoned.

And now God's Mercy and Justice brings this unfortunate (because irreligious) Gentleman, Albemare, to receive condign punishment for those his two horrible Murthers which he had caused to be committed on the persons of Baretano and Pedro; who ascending the Ladder in presence of a world of Spectators, who slocked from all parts of the City to see him take his last farewel of the world, (the sight and remembrance of his soul crimes, having now made

him not only forrowful, but repentant) he briefly delivered these few words:

He confesseth that he had hired Pedro and Leonardo to kill Baretano in the street, and sedu-

ced his lervant Valerio to poyson Pedro in prison; whereos, with much grief and contrition, he heartily repented himself, and besought the Lord to sorgive it him: he likewise besought Leomardo and Valerio to sorgive him, in respect he knew he was the cause of their deaths; because he was sure they should not long survive him. He likewise sorgave his Fool, as being affored, that it was not he in the Letter, but God in him, that had revealed the Letter for his just punishment and confusion. And lastly, he with many tears forgave his Wise and Lady Clara, whom he affirmed from his heart, was by farritoo vertuous for so dissolute and vile a Husband as himself. He blaimed himself for neglecting to love her; and cursed his Queans and Curtesans, as being the chief cause of all his insteries; when requesting all that were present, to pray for his soul, he was turned off.

But his Judges leeing that he had added Murther to Murther, they held it Justice to add Punishment to his Punishment; and so he is no sooner cut down, but they cause his body to be burnt, and his ashes to be thrown into the air; which is accordingly performed.

Now, because the Lord in his Justice will punish as well the Agents, as the Authors of murther, whiles Albemare is acting the last Scene and Catastrophe of his Tragedy, his wretched Hireling, Leonardo, and his execrable servant, Valerio, are likewise attainted, found guilty, and condemned to be hang'd for their several Murthers of Baretano and Pedra; and so the very same afternoon they are brought to their Executions, where Leonardo his former life and prosession, having made him know better how to sin than repent; he, out of a soldier-like bravery, (or rather vanity) thinks rather to terrific death, than that death should terrific him; begging pardon for his line in general, of God and the world, and then bidding the Hang-man do his Office, takes his last adieu of the world.

When immediately Valerio ascends the Ladder, who having repentance in his heart, and grief and forrow in his looks, as near as could be observed and gathered, spake these words:

That being poor both in Friends and Means, the only hope and preferment under his Malker, made him at his request to posson Pedro in prison: That many times since, he hath heartily grieved for it, and now from his very soul repents himself of it, and befeeches the Lord to forgive it him; that he was as guilty of his murther, as innocent of Baretano's, yea, or of the knowledg thereof, before his Master was imprisoned for the same; and that as this was his first capital crime, so fith he must now dye, he rejoyced it was his last; and so praying all servants to beware by his miserable example not to be seduced to commit murther, either by their Masters, or the Devil: and beseeching all that were present, to pray for his soul, he resigning and commending it into the hands of his Redeemer, was likewise turned off.

And these were the miserable (yet deserved) ends of these bloody Murtherers; and thus did God's Justice and Revenge, triumph over their crimes, and themselves, by heaping and raining down consustion on their heads from Heaven, when the Devil (falsly) made them believe they sate secure, yea, when they least dream'd thereof on Earth. Oh that the sight and remembrance of their punishments, may restrain and deterr us from conspiring and committing the like crimes! so shall we live fortunate, and dye happy; whereas they dyed miserably, because they lived impiously and prophanely.

And here fully to conclude and thut up this History, and therein, as I think, to give some fatisfaction to the curiosity of the Reader, who may perchance desire to know what became after of the fair and vertuous Clara: Why, her forrows were so infinite, and her quality and nature so forrowful, as being weary of the world, and as it were weighed down with the inceffant vanities, crosses, and afflictions thereof, she (notwithstanding the power and perswalions of her Parents) affumes her former resolution, to retire and sequester her self from conversing with the world, and so enters into the Nunnery of the Annuatiation (so samous in Millan) where, for ought I know, or can since understand to the contrary, she yet lives a pensive and solitary life.

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GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XIII.

La Vasselay poisoneth her Waiting-maid, Gratiana, because she is jealous that her Husband, De Merson, is dishonest with her; whereupon he lives from her: in revenge whereof, she causeth his man, La Villete, to murther him a in Wood, and then marries him in requital. The said La Villete, a year after, riding thorow the same Wood, his Horse falls with him, and almost kills him; when he confessed the murther of his Master, De Merson, and accuse the his Wife, La Vasselay, to be the cause thereof: so for these their bloody crimes, he is hanged, and she burnt alive:

How falily, nay, how impiously do we term our selves Christians, when under that glorious and fanctified Title, we seek to prophane and deface the glory of Christ, in cruelly murthering our Brethren his Members? Effects, not of zeal, but of rage, not of piety, but of madness; invented by the Devil, and perpetrated by none but by his Agents: lamentable effects! yea, I say, bloody and infernal crimes, which still ruin those who contrive, and confound those who finish them. For, let us but look from Earth to Heaven, from Satan to God, from Nature to Grace, and from our Hearts to our Souls; and we shall affuredly find it very difficult for us to define, whether Charity be a sweeter Vertue, and Malice a souler Vice; whether that be more secure, or this pernicious, satal, and dangerous; whether that be a more apparent testimony of God's saving-grace towards us, or this of our own inevitable perdition and reprobation. And as it is an odious sin, and displeasing sacrifice in the sight of God, for one stranger to kill another; O then, how much more execuable and diabolical must it be for a Gentlewoman to poison her Waiting-maid, and for a servant to pistol his Master to death, at the instigation of the same Gentlewoman his wise: for murthers, no less ingrateful and cruel, doth this subsequent History and relate; wherein we shall see, that God in the triumphs of his re-

venging Justice, and out of sacred providence, hath in all points made their punishments as sharp and severe, as their crimes were bloody and deplorable. May we then read it to God's glory, and our own consolation, which we shall affuredly perform, if we hate the like crimes

in others, and deteft them in our felves.

In the fair and pleafant City of Mans, (being the chief and Capital of the Province of Main in France) in the very latter years that the Marshal of Boyes-Daulphin was Givernor thereof, under the present King Lewis XIII, his Master, there dwelt a Gentlewoman, aged threescore and three years, termed Lavasclass being well descended, and lest very rich, as well in Lands as Movables, by her late decrated Husband, Monfieur Froylet, who was flain in the behalf of the Queen-Mother, in the defence of Pont de Sey, affaulted and taken by the King her Son Now although this old Widow, La Vaffelay, (in respect of her Age) was far more fit to feek God in the Church, than a new Husband in her Bed; yet she is weary of a single life, although it be not fully six Months since she hath buried her second Husband; (for the Reader must understand, the had formerly buried her first, at least five and twenty years before, and is now again refolved to take a third) and albeit the knew, that thosivility of the Widows in France, was fuch, that they feldom marry, but almost never within the term of a whole year, yet her conceir and fancy, thinks it not only lawful, but fit, to break this too auftere custom; and therefore the peremptorily refolves to live a Wife, and not to dye a Widow. But this resolution of hers, were the either in the Summer or the Autumn of her years, had been as excusable and praise-worthy, as now it savoured of undecency and inconstancy, fith the was in the Winter thereof: for Age, despight of her Youth, and youthful desires, had thrown Snow on her head, and new-dyed the colour of the hair from black to white: yea, the was so far from retaining any figus or reliques of an indifferent beauty, as the furrows of her face could not justly shew any ruins or demolitions thereof; and yet (for sooth) she will marry again. Now her Birth and Wealth, rather than her Vertues and Personage, invite many old Widowers, and some rich Gentlemen and Councellors of the famous Prefidial Court of that City, to seek her in marriage, and indeed, both for Lands and Money, none her inferiors, but at least her equals, and some her betters: but in vain; for the vanity of her thoughts suggests her, that either the is too young for them, or they too old for her; and therefore the will have none of them: yea, her lust feems so youthfully to give a Law to her age, and she a lye to her years, as the calls off her Mourning-attire, decks her felf up in gay apparel, powders her hair, paints her face, with a resolution (torsooth) to have no old Dotard, but a young Gallant, to her Husband; as if therein she wholly placed, not only her content, but her felicity. But we many times see such irregular desires, and such incontinent designs, met with unexpected misery, and unthought-of repentance.

Now during the time that the vain carriage and deportment of this old Gentlewoman and Widow, La Vaffelay, made her felf the laughter and by-word of all Mans, home comes a young Gentleman of this Countrey of Main, termed Monsieur De Merson, from his travel in Italy, whole Father dwelt betwixt La Vall and Gravelle, termed Monsieur De Manfrelle, being a Gentleman well descended, and rich, and to whom De Merson was second son, who in a year's absence in Italy, being purposely sent thither by his Father, to enrich his experience and capacity (which is the true effence and glory of a Traveller, thereby to be the more capable to ferve his Prince and Countrey, as also to be a comfort to his age, and a second prop to his House and Linage), he had made such poor and unprofitable use of his travels, as torgetting the obtaining of the Language, and all generous exercises, perfections, and qualities, (so requisite and graceful in Gentlemen) he delighted in nothing so much, nay, in nothing else, but to pass his time with Curtisans and Strumpets, especially in Venice, Rome, and Naples; where, for their sakes, and his lascivious pleasures, he built up the greatest part of his Residence; where he so prodigally spent and exceeded his Father's exhibition, as he returns into France, not loaden with Vertues and Experience, but with Vices and Debts; being otherwise ignorant in all things which he should know, and knowing nothing but that wherein he should be ignorant. Only to the end he might thereby set the better counterfeit tincture on himself, and false luster on his Endowments and Proficiency, he superficially brought away, or rather borrowed some Italian Phrases and Complements, which he thought would not only pass currant with the Gentlemen and Ladies of France, but also draw them into admiration, as well of himself, as them. When immediately upon his arrival, that he might the better fee and make himself feen of the World, he flaunts it out in brave Apparel, both in L' Aval, Angiers, and Mans: yea, there is scarce any great Feast or Marriage in all those parts, but if he be not invited, yet he purposely invites himself thereat, thereby to make himself the more conspicuous and apparent to the eyes of the World, especially of the Ladies and Gentlewomen, in whose acquaintance and favor

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he not only endeavours to imitate, but strives to engraft himself: but his old Father Manfrelle, judiciously observing the vain behaviour, and deportment, carriage of this his Son, he exceedingly grieves thereat, because he had well hoped, that his travels would have returned him as capable and discreet, as now he finds him ignorant, and, which is worse, debauch'd; fith he well knew, that either of these two vices was enough, sufficient, and powerful, not

only to ruin his Reputation, but his Fortunes.

Again, to add more forrows to his grief, and more discontent to his forrows: for the vanity and levity of this his Son, every week, nay, almost every day, brings him in new Bills of his debts; and a third falling in upon the neck of first and second, and a fourth on the third; which being greater than his citate, or at least his pleasure would permit him to pay, he takes his Son De Merfin aside, and very sharply cheeks him for his old and new prodigalities, vows that he will neither fell nor mortgage his Lands, to discharge his foolish debts; and therefore he bids h m look to fatishe them, for that he is fully resolved not to see, much less to speak with any of his Creditors, how great or small soever the summes be he ows them. This cooling-Card of Manfrelle's, makes his Son De Merfon not only bite his lips for forrow, but hang his head for anger and vexation; yea, his folly doth to eclipfe and over-veil his judgment herein, as intead of making good use hereof, he takes a contrary resolution, and so resolves to embrace and follow the worst: for, whereas he should have made his pride and prodigality strike sail, and now rather feek to re-integrate himself into his Father's tavours, than any way futurely to incense or exasperate him against him, he only taking counsel of his Youth, Passions, and Choler, (which as talke and treacherous guides, most commonly lead us to misery and repentance) again precipitates and ingulphs himfelf afresh in new debts, both with his Usurer, Mercer, and Taylor; and, no longer able to digeft his Father's checks and frowns, he very inconfiderately and rashly packs up his baggage, leaves his house, rides to Mins, and there resolves to pass his time that Winter; partly hoping that his Father will discharge his debts in his absence; but more especially, to become acquainted with the Beauties of that City, thereby to obtain some rich young Heir, or old Widow, for his Wife, whose estate and wealth might support his pride, and maintain his excellive prodigality and voluptuousness: and indeed, although the two former of these his hopes deceive him, yet he shall shortly find and see, that the third and last will not.

Living thus in Mans, the bravery of his Apparel and Equipage, the freeness of his expences, his comely talk, personage, black beard, and sanguine complexion, makes him as 100n acquainted and affected, as known of many Ladies and Gentlewomen; and far the more, because they know his Father, De Manfrelle, to be a very ancient and rich Gentleman of that Countrey of Main; and although he is not his Heir, yet in regard he is his fecond Son, as also a Traveller, he was the more honoured and respected of all those he frequented; fo that the very fame and name of Monsieur De Merson, began to be already divulged and known in the City; yea, and because he was a great Balladine or Dancer, there was no solemn Assembly, either publick or private, but still De Merson made one; and there was not a reputed Beauty, or supposed courteous Lady in Mans, or thereabouts, but such was his vanity, as he foon wrought and infinuated himself into her acquaintance and familiarity; the which he made not only his delight, but his glory. And although that in a finall time, the wifer fort of the Gentlemen and Ladies of the City, found his wit and experience to come infinitely flort of his brave Apparel; yet the more illiterate and ignorant of them (who efteem all men by their lufter, and not by their brave worth) as preferring gay Apparel, and the comeliness of the body, before the exquisite endowments and perfections of the mind: they hold him in so high a repute and esteem, as they think him to be the most absolute Gallant, not only of Mans, but of all the Countrey of Min: fo easie it is to captivate the conceits and judgments of those who only build their judgments in their conceit, and not their conceits in

And of this rank and number was our old Widow, La Vaffelas; who having many times heard of De Merjon's fame and comely personage, and seen him once at a Sermon, and twice at two several Nuptial-Fealts, where his skill and agility proved him to be one of the prime Dancers; the is to far in love with him, as in her thoughts and heart the witheth the had given half her Estate and Dowry, conditionally that she were his Wife, and he her Husband: yea, the is so ravished with the comeliness of his feature, and the sweetness of his complexion and countenance, as all the World is not half fo dear to her as De Merson; nor any man whatsoever, by many thousand degrees, so delicious to her eye, and pleasing to her heart and soul, as himself. And although she be in the frozen Zine of her age, yet her intemperate lust makes her defires to youthfully intemperate, as forgetting reason and modelty (that the best vertue of our

foul, and this the chiefest ornament of our body) she a thousand times wisheth, that either De

Merson were impaled in her arms, or the incloiftered in his.

But doting (yea, I may weil near truly fay) dying old Gentlewoman! is this a time for thee to think of a young Husband, when one of thy old feet is, as it were, in thy grave? or being in thy Climatterical year of threefcore and three, art thou yet so fraughted with levity, and exempt of continency, as thou wilt needs feek to marry one of five and twenty? Foolish La Vasselay! if it be not now time, yea, high time for thee to sacrifice thy defires to continency, when will it be, if ever it be? Didst thou resolve to wed a Husband near of thine own age, and fo to end the remainder of thy days with him in chaft and holy Wedlock; that resolution of thine were as excusable, as this, in desiring so young a one, is worthy, not only of blame, but of reprehension, and, I may say, of pity. Consider, consider with thy self, what a preposterous attempt and enterprise is this of thine, that when thou shouldst finish thy days in devotion, and prayer, thou then delightest to begin them in concupiscence and lust. O La Vasselay, mock at those rebellions and treacherous pleasures of the flesh, which seem to mock at thee, yea, to betray thee: and if there be yet any spark of thy youth, which lies burning under the embers of thy age, why, it thy chaft thoughts cannot, yet let modelly, or at least piety, extinguish them. God hath already given thee two Husbands, is it not now therefore time, yea, more than time, for thee to prepare to give thy felf to God? Hitherto the chastity of thy youth hath made thee happy; and wilt thou now permit, that the lust of thine age make thee unfortunate, or peradventure, miserable? and that the purity and candor of that, be distained and polluted by the foulness and obscenity of this? Alas, alas, incontinent and inconfiderate Gentlewoman! of a grave Matron, become not a youthful Giglet; or if thou wilt not fuffer the eyes of thy boby, at least permit those of thy soul, to look from thy painted cheeks, to thy snow-white hair, who can inform and tell thee, that thou art far fitter for Heaven, than Earth, fith those pleafures are eternal, and these transitory; for God, than a Husband, sish he only can make thee bleffed; whereas (in reward of thy lascivious lust) this peradventure may be reserved to make thee both unfortunate and wretched.

But the vanity of this old Gentlewoman's thoughts and defires, do fo violently fix and terminate on the youth and beauty of young and (as the immodefly terms him) fair De Merfon, as the only confideration of her delight and pleasure, weighs down all other respects; so that neither reason nor modesty, advice nor perswasion, can prevail with her resolution to divert her affection from him, but love him she doth, and (which is repugnant as well to the instinct of Nature, as to the insluence of Modesty, and rules of Civility) seek him for her Husband she will; yea, she is already become so sortish in her affection, and so lasciviously fervent in her desires towards him, that her heart thinks of him by day, her soul by night; that admires him as the very life of her felicity; and this adores him as the only content and glory of her life: the will not fee the greatness of her own estate and wealth, nor confider the imalness of his means and hopes, in that he is not an Heir, but a second Brother: she will not enquire after his debts and vices, to know what those may be, what these are; she will not think what a preposterous disparity there is betwixt the fire of his youth, and the ice of her age; nor what a world of discontents and afflictions are incident to proceed thereof: she will not consider, that in endowing him with all her wealth, that she thereby impoverisheth many, as well of her own kindred, as of those of her two former Husbands, to whom in the right of Nature it more justly and properly belongs: and to conclude and thut up this point, the will not imagine or dream to how many laughters and scandals of the world the expoteth her felf, who will not only call her discretion, but her modesty in question, for matching with so young a Gentleman as De Merson, to whom for age she may not only well be Mother, but (which is more) Grandmother. But contrariwise, this foolish old Gentlewoman having sent her wits a wool-gathering on his sweet and comely personage; his youth, and her affection, like two impetuous torrents, and furious inundations, bear down all other respects and considerations before them: yea, they so submerge her reason, and quite drown her discretion, as she hath no eyes unshut to see the one, nor ears unstopped to hear the other; so that if she defire any thing in the world, it is (as formerly is observed) that she live to fee De Merson her Husband, and her self his Wife; which to effect and accomplish, she knows no better nor fitter Agent to employ herein, than one Monsieur De Pruneau, an ancient Councellor of the Presidial Court of that City, who was the only Councellor both to her last Husband, and her felf; and of whose discretion, integrity, and fidelity, she had all the reasons of the world to rest confident and assured.

Now although the Wisdom and Experience of De Pruneau suggested him, with what an extream inequality there was betwixt De Merson's youth, and La Vasselay's age, which he could

not more pertinently parallel and compare, than to Winter and Summer, the Spring and Harvest: and therefore, how many afflictions and miseries were subject to attend and wait on fuch preposterous marriages, whereof he had formerly seen divers lamentable examples and woful experiences, as well of men, as women, who had fuffered shipwrack upon that Scylla, and this Charibdis; he like an honest man, and indeed a truer friend to her than she was to her felt, produceth some of the former alledged reasons to her consideration, thereby to divert the stream of her ill-grounded affection, from De Merson, and (in general terms) to convey and conduct it to some elder personage, whose years (and therefore their dispositions and affections) might the better agree and sympathize. But when he sees that her love to De Merferon was so firmly and immovably settled, as that it not only appeared to him to be her grief, but her torment, to be any way croffed or contradicted therein, then he changeth his language; and because she will not hearken to his advice, he therefore gives way to her refolution, promifeth her his utmost power, and best endeavours, speedily to effect and compass her desires; when taking leave each of other, at last La Vasselay remembring the had forgotten something, calls him again, and prays him, that if De Merson be inquifitive to know her direct age, that he substract away at least ten years thereof; so that whereas she is fixty three, to affirm that the is very little above fifty: whereunto the her felf bluthing, De Pruneau not able likewise to refrain from smiling, promiseth her to be very mindful thereof. To which end, he (with the first conveniency) finds out De Merson, acquaints him how much he is obliged to Madamoy selle La Vasselay, for her affection to him; lays before him the Nobility of her Descent and Blood, the greatness of her Estate and Means, as also the excellency of her vertues; that fifty years is the most of her age; and that she is not by far fo old, as pleafing and lovely; that the affects him above all the men in the world; yea, and defires no man in the world for her Husband, but himfelf; and, that when he pleafeth, the defires the honour of his company to her house; with many other intimations and infinuations conducing that way.

De Merson having formerly understood of La Vasselay's rich Estate and Dowry, as also of the truth of her age, he likes the first well; and although he distaste, yet he will dissemble the second: he thanks De Pruneau for his pains, and La Vasselay for her love toward him; promiseth to requite the first; and if her wealth and vertues correspond with his relation, to deserve the second: alledging surther, that although there be a great inequality in their age, yet sich he is no Heir, but a second Brother, yet it is rather likely, than impossible, for it to be a Match betwixt them; and in the mean time, to requite part of her affection, he promise the sum with her, the night sollowing, at her house, where he only desires his company and assistance, that they may the more effectually and secretly consult of this business, which he hopes will so much import, as well her good and his content, as her content and his good: and so for that

time they part.

De Pruneau having received this pleasing and discreet answer from De Merson, he returns with the relation and repetition thereof to La Vasselay; vows, that his exterior feature is no way answerable, but comes far short of his interior vertues and discretion: and, that by all which he either can collect from his speeches, or gather from his deportment and behaviour, he is, in his conceit, the most accomplished Gentleman, not only of Mans, but of France; and so bids her prepare her Supper, and her self, to entertain him the next night. Which answer of De Merson's, and relation of De Pruneau, is so pleasing to her heart and thoughts, as her age seems to be already ravished with joy at the conceit of his youth; when thinking every minute a month, and every hour a year, before she be made happy, and her house blessed with his presence, she leaves no cost unspared, or unspent, to make his entertainment answerable to his welcome; whereof, whiles she is not only careful, but curious in providing, let us cursorily speak a word or two how De Merson entertains and digesteth this unexpected motion and affection of La Vasselay.

He laughs in his fleeve to fee her youthful affections so flourishing in this Autumn, nay, in this Winter of her Age, as to desire and seek so young a Gentleman as himself for her Husband: but he understands she is exceeding rich, and therefore resolves, that this vertue is capable to over-value and ransom that desect and error of hers. He sees that his Father will not pay his debts, and that he of himself cannot; that they growing more clamorous, will shortly become scandalous; which will not only directly prevent, but infallibly ruin his fortunes. He considereth how displeasing her age will be to his youth; as also, that there is no Hell comparable to that of a discontented bed; and then again, his debauch'd and lutssut thoughts suggest him this remedy, That Mans hath Beauties enough for him to recreate himself, and to pass his time with, although she have him sometimes in her bed, yet he may

have

have younger Lasses and Ladies in his arms, both when and where he pleaseth. He considereth, that rich Widows are not so soon found, as sought; nor so soon obtained, as sound; and that if he resulte La Vasselay this day, he may not only repent it to morrow, but perchance all the days of his life; and although his Will may, his Power shall not be able to repair or redress this error of his all his lite after. He is not ignorant, that Gentlewomen of her age and wealth, are subject to be as soon lost as won in a humour; and therefore then lost, because not then won. Again, that the elder she is, the sooner she will dye, and he then is at liberty to marry as young a Virgin as he pleaseth, and that her Wealth would then prove a true prop and sweet comfort to his age. And to conclude and sinish this consultation of his, she is without children to molett and trouble him, and therefore to be desired; she is vertuous, discreet, and of an excellent same and reputation, and therefore deserves to be accepted and

not refused.

Upon the grounds of which reasons and considerations, he makes good his promise to De Pruneau, and comes the next night both to vifit and fup with La Vaffelay; who having purposely deckt her self up in her youthful and gayest Apparel, receives him with all demonfrations of affection and joy. At his first arrival, he affords her two or three kiffes; whereat the infinitely both rejoyceth and triumpheth, and, in a word, he finds that his welcome not only exceeds his deferts, but his expectation; and believe me, it was worth his observation to fee how superficially his youth looked on her age; and how artificially and luttfully her age gazed on his youth. Now by this time Supper is served in, wherein her affection was again discovered to him in the cariofity and bounty thereof: Where De Pruneau, to give life to their mirth, tells them both, That he hopes this their first meeting and interview wil produce effects answerable to both their contents and desires; whereat De Merson cannot refrain from blushing, nor La Vaffelay from smiling: they are all very pleasant and jocond at Table; and she, to give the better edg and relith to his affection, strives to feem far younger than indeed she is, and than he knows her to be: yea, she doth so cunningly intermix and disperse youthful speeches amidst her aged gravity, as if she were not old, or at least newly made young. Now whiles the featted her eyes on his fresh countenance, and fair complexion; he sends his abroad to look on her Plate, rich Hangings, and Houshold-stuff, wherewith he saw her House was richly and plentifully furnished. Supper ended, and the cloth taken away, they are no fooner fallen from their Viands, but they fall to their talk. De Merfon kindly and familiarly taking his new-old Mittris in his Arms, as if he had already given her a place in his heart and affections; which makes her, beyond her felf, both merry and joyful. I will not trouble the Reader with the repetition of what speeches and complements here past betwixt them; because in this, and my future Histories, I will sollow the same method of brevity which I have proposed and observed in my sormer. Let then his inquisitive curiosity understand, that they parted very lovingly and affectionately this first time; and De Merson, although he were a debauched Gentleman, yet he is not so simple to omit, but rather so well advised to pry into the true depth and naked truth of her Estate; and the rather, for that he hath known many Gentlemen who have been fetch'd over, and gull'd in this nature, and in marrying one Widow, have match'd themselves to two Thieves; and credulously thinking her rich, have in the end found her a very beggar. Whereupon he takes three days respite to refolve; and so with some kisses, and many thanks for her affection, and kind entertainment and great cheer, he for that night takes his leave of her; whose fair carriage, and difcreet resolution in temporizing, La Vasselay applauds, and De Pruneau approves: So De Merson having spent the first and second day in surveying the Writings of her Dowry, the Leales of her Lands and Houses, and the Bonds and Bills of Debts due to her, with all her ready Money, Plate, and other moveables: he finds her Estate to answer his expectation, and her report; and that the is really worth in Land, 6000 Franks yearly, and her moveables worth at least 1800 more: he the third day publickly contracts himself to her; and having advertised his Father therof, who likes the wealth better than the widow, within eight days after privatly marries her; which administreth cause of speech and wonder in and about Mans; some blaming her of indifcretion and levity, to match fo young a Gentleman; others taxing him of folly to marry fo old a Widow; fome extolling and applauding his judgment, in enriching himfelf with fo great an Estate, which would not only deface his debts, secure his youth and age from the storms of want, and the tempelts of necessity, but also in the one & the other maintain him richly, prosperously, and gallantly. And others again believing and presaging, that this their great inequality and disparity of years, would either of the one side, or other, or both, produce many discontents and afflictions, instead of hoped-for joys and prosperities. Thus every one speaks differently of this preposterous Match, according as their passions and fancies dictate them; but which of all these opinions and judgments speaks truest, we shall not go far to understand and know.

We have seen the consummation of this marriage, Youth wedded to Age, May to December, and young De Merson to old La Vasselay: in which Contract and Nuptials, either of them are fo vain, and both to irreligious, as caring wholly for the pleafures of their bodies, they have not therein so much as once thought of their souls, or of Heaven. Yea, God is not so much as once nominated or remembred of them. All the ends of Marriages, are only two, God's glory, and the propagation of Children, and because they cannot hope for the second, must they therefore needs be so impious, as to forget the first? Ay me! it his youth had attained no more Grace, could her age retain no more goodness? or how can they flatter themselves with any hope, that this marriage of theirs can possibly prosper, when only her aim and end therein is luft, and his wealth? If a building can subsist and shourish, which hath a rotten and reeling foundation, then this match of theirs may prosper, otherwise cannot; for what more rotten than the beaftly pleasures of her luftful, and yet decayed age; and what more reeling and fickle, than the constant inconstancy of his lascivious youth? which make my thoughts justly fear, and my heart truly prefage and apprehend, that repentance, not pleasure; affliction, not joy; misery, not prosperity, is at the heels to attend and sollow these their Nuptials; As mark we the fequel, and it will briefly inform us how.

De Merfon hath not been married two whole months to La Vaffelay, but he begins to repent himself that ever he marched her; for he now sees, though before he would not, that it is impossible for hisyouth to fadg and fympathizewith her age, he sees that he hath a decrepit, sickly and decayed body, and that the is never free of the Cough and Rheum, as also of an Issue in her left arm, which is not only displeating, but loathsome to him. Yea, when she hath taken off her Ruff and head-attire, and dighted her felf in her night habiliments, then he vows he is afraid of her Lamb-skin furred Cap and Wast-coat; and takes her withered face for a Vizard or a Comet, which yeelds no delight but terror to his eyes, fwearing that he ferves only for a Bed-pan to heat her frozen body, which of it felf is far colder than a Marble-flatne; Yea, he is so far out of love with her, because, to write the truth, he never truly loved her, that her fight is a Plague to him, her presence by day a Purgatory, and her company by night a very

But debauched and diffolute Gentleman, these vicious and impious conceits of thine, come immediately from Hell and Satan, and are no way infused in thy thoughts by Heaven, much less inspired in thy heart by God; Consider, consider with thy self, that if La Vaffelay he old, yet the is now thy wife, and that whatfoever De Pruneau or her felf informed thee of fifty years, yet thou knowest she could not be less than fixty three, and more she is not. In which regard marriage (the holy institution of Heaven) having now made you of two, one, if thou wilt not love her age, at least thou shouldst reverence it; or if thou canst not affect her, thou shouldst not hate her. Hath the imperfections? what woman in the world lives without them? or is the pefired with diseases, who can be either exempted from them, or prevent them? Thou hast vowed in Temple of the Lord, and in the presence of him and his people, not only to love, but to honour her; and is thy inconstancy and impiety already such, as forgetting that promise and vow of thine, thou dost now not only dishonour, but despise and contemn her; and that thou only madest that vow purposely to break it? O De Merson, if thou art not capable of counsel, yet do but believe the truth, and thou wilt find, that if thou wilt not love her, because she is too old to be thy wife; yet thou shouldst respect and regard her, because she is old enough to be thy Grandmother: for as it is incivility not to reverence Age; fo it is impiety to disdain and malign it; and if in any man towards a meer firanger, how much more in a Husband to his own wife? And because it is easier to espy our Wive's impersections, than to find out, or reform our own; if thy Wife La Vaffelay be guilty of any fault towards thee, it is because she loves thee too well, and affects thee too dearly.

We have feen De Merson's distaste of his wife La Vasselay: Let us now see how she likes, or rather why she soon dislikes him; for he bears himself so strangely, and withall, so unkindly towards her, as her defires of his youth come far short both of her expectation and hopes; for if he lie with her one night, he wandreth fix from her; is still abroad, and seldome or never at home with her; yea, he is of fuch a gadding humour, and ranging disposition, and his thoughts and delights are transported elsewhere, not at home; with other young Dames of Mans, not with her felf; and the vanity of his pleasures do so far surprize and captivate him, that he is already become fo vicious, as he makes day his night, and night his day; living rather like a voluptuous Epicure, than a temperate or civil Christian; Neither, quoth she, is it jealousie but truth which makes her pry so narrowly into such lewd and lascivious actions, wherein

the farther she wades, the more cause she finds both of grief and vexation; which makes her wish, that she had been blind when she first saw him; and either he, or her self, in Heaven,

when they fo unfortunately married each other here upon Earth.

How now, fond and foolish old Gentlewoman! are thy joys so soon converted into forrows, and thy triumphs into tears? why, thou hast just cause to thank none but thy self for these thy croffes and afflictions, fith thy luitful and lascivious desires were not only the author, but the procurer of them: for, hadit thou been more modelt, and less wanton, thou mightest have apparently feen, and providently fore-feen, that De Merfon's youth was too young for thy age, because thy age was too old for his youth: so that hadst thou been then but half so stayed and wife, as now thou art forrowful, thou needest not grieve for that which thou canst not redress, nor repent for that which is out of thy power to remedy. But, rash and inconsiderate woman! how comes this to pass, that thou art ready to entertain jealousie, when death stands ready to entertain thee? Could all the course of thy former youth be so happy, not to be acquainted with this vice? and doth now thy frozen age think it a vertue to admit and embrace it? Ay me, I grieve to fee thy folly, and lament to understand thy madness in this kind : for, what is jealousie, but the rage of our thoughts and brains, the disturber of our peace and tranquillity, the enemy of our peace and happinels, the traytor to our judgment and understanding, the plague of our life, the poylon of our hearts, and the very bane and canker of our fouls? Jealoufie! why, it is the daughter of Frenzy, and the mother of Madness: it is a vice purposely fent from hell, to make those wretched on earth, who may live fortunate and happy, and yet will not. yea, it is a vice which I know not whether it be more easie to admit, or difficult to expel, being admitted. But, La Vaffelay, expel it thou must, at least, if thou think to live fortunate, and not to dye miserable. Wert thou as young, as aged, thy jealousie might have some colour and excuse in meeting with the censures of the world; whereas now, not deserving the one, it cannot receive the other. And as those women are both wife and happy, who wink at the youthful escapes of their Husbands; so thy jealousie makes thee both meritorious and guilty of thy afflictions, because thou wilt be so foolish to espy, and so malicious to remember these of thine. Is De Merson given and addicted to other women? Why, pardon him, because he is a young man: and as he is thy Husband, and thou his Wife, believe that he is every way more worthy of thy prayers, than of thine envy.

Thus we see upon what fatal and ontinous terms these late married couple now stand: De Merson's youth scorning and spurning at his Wise La Vasselay's age, and wholly addicting himself to others; and her age growing infinitely jealous of his youth: so that for any thing I see or know to the contrary, these different vices have already taken such deep and dangerous root in them, as they threaten not only the shipwrack of their content, but of their fortunes, if not

of their lives.

Now for us to find out the particular object of La Vaffelay's jealousie, as her foolish curiosity hath already the general cause; we must know, that she hath a very proper young Gentlewoman who attends her, of some eighteen years of age, termed Gratiana, of a middle stature, somewhat inclining to fatness, having a fresh fanguine complexion, and bright flaxen hair; the being indeed every way exceeding lovely and fair; and with this Gratiana, the fears her Husband is more familiar, than either modelty or chaftity can permit : and yet she hath only two poor reasons for this her credulity and jealousie; and God knows, they are poor and weak ones indeed: The first is, that she thinks her own withered face serves only but as a foil to make Gratiana's fresh beauty seem the more precious and amiable in his eyes. The second is, that the once faw him kifs her in her presence in the Garden, when she brought him a Handkercher, which his Page had forgotten to give him. Ridiculous grounds, and trivial reasons, for her to build her fear, or erect her jealousie on, or to invent and raise so foul a scandal and calumny! And yet not to suppress, but to report the whole truth, De Merson was lafciviously in love with Gratiana, had often tempted her defloration, but could never obtain her confent thereunto; for the was as chast as fair, and impregnable either to be seduced by his gifts and prefents, or to be vanguished and won by his treacherous promises, protestations, and oaths: for the told him plainly and peremptorily, when the faw him begin to grow importunate and impudent in this his folly, That although the were but a poor Gentleman's daughter, yet the thanked God, that her Parents had so vertuously train'd her up in the School of Honour, that the would rather dye, than live to be a Strumper to any Gentleman or Prince of the World. Which chaft answer, and generous resolution of hers, did then so quench the flames of his lascivious and inordinate affection to her, as thenceforth he exchanged his lust into love towards her; and vowed, that he would both respect and honour her as his Sister. Now although they both keep the passage of this business secret from his Wife, her Mistris;

yet not with Handing, as it is the nature of Jealousie, not to hearken to any reason, nor approve of any belief but of her own; therefore the is confident, that he lies with Gratiana oftner than with her felf; which she vows she cannot digest, and will no longer tolerate. To which end (with a most malicious and strange kind of treachery) she makes fair weather with Gratians; and (thinking to cool her hot courage, and to allay the heat of her luxurious blood) looking one day stedfallly in her face, she tells her, that she hath need to be let blood, to prevent a Feaver, whereunto, although chaste and innocent Gratiana was never formerly let blood, she notwithstanding willingly contents thereunto; which to effect, La Vasselay (like a base Mistris, and a treacherous step-dame) fends for an Apothecary, named Rennee, gives him a watch-word in his ear, to draw at least fixteen ounces of blood from Gratians, for that the was strongly entred into a burning Fever; but he being as honest as she was treacherous and cruel, told her, that the drawing of so great a quantity of blood from her, might not only impair her health, but endanger her life. But she replies, it was so ordered by a Doctor; whereupon he opens her right-arm vein; and as he had near drawn to much from this poor harmless young Gentlemoman, the faints twice in a Chair betwixt their arms, and all the cold water they threw in her face, could very hardly refetch her, and keep life in her; this old hard-hearted Hag still not? withstanding crying out, that it was not blood enough: having no other reason for this her treachery and cruelty, but that indeed the thought it not enough, or fufficient to quench the unquenchable thirst and slame of her jealousie; of which this is the first effect towards this

innocent young Gentlewoman; but we shall not go far to see a second.

Gratians is so far from dreaming of her Mistris jealousie toward her Master and her self; or from once thinking of this her treacherous letting her blood, as the thanks her for her affection and care of her health; and now the very next day after De Merson dining at home with his old wife (which he had not done in many days before) and feeing Gratiana look to white and pale demands of her, if the be not well, and then questioneth his wife what ails her Gentlewoman to look so ill, which she seems to put off with a teigned excuse; but withall (as if this care of her Husband towards Gratiana, were a true confirmation of their dishonesty, and her jealousie) she retains the memory thereof deeply in her heart and thoughts; yea, it is so frequent, and fixed in her imaginations, as the cannot, the will not any longer fuffer or endure this affection of her Husband to Granatia; nor that Granatia's youth shall wrong La Vaffelay's age in the rites and duties of Marriage. Wherefore casting sad aspects on him, and malignant looks on her, the to please and give fatisfaction to her jealousie (which cannot be pleased or fatisfied with any thing but revenge) resolves to make her know what it is, for a Waiting-maid to offend and wrong her Miltris in this kind; when not to diminish, but rather to augment and redouble her former cruelty toward her: Her Husband riding one day abroad in company of divers other Gentlemen of the City, to hunt Wolves, which abound in those vast and spacious woods of Main, the under pretence of some other business, calls Gratiana alone into her inner Chamber, when bolting the door after her, the with meager and pale envy in her looks, and implacable fury and choller in her speeches, chargeth her of dishonesty with her Husband; calling her whore, strumpet, and baggage; affirming, that the time and hour is now come for her to be revenged of her. Poor Gratiana, both amazed and affrighted at this sudden and furious, both unexpected and undeferved alarm of her Miftrin, feeing her honour, and (as the thinks and fears) her life called in question, she after a world of lighs and tears, terms her accusers Devils and Witches, vows by her part in Heaven, and upon the peril of her own foul, that she is innocent of that crime whereof she accused her, and that neither in deed or thought the was ever dishonest or unchast with any man of the world, much less with her Master. But this will not satisfie incensed La Vasselay, neither are these speeches or tears of Granatis of power to pass currant with her jealousie; but reputing them false and counterfeit, she calls in her Chamber-maid and Cook-maid, whom the had purposely layd there, and bids them unstrip Gratiana naked to her waste, and to bind her hand and foot to the Bed-post, which with much repining and pity, they are at last enforced to do. When commanding them forth the Chamber, and bolting the door after them, the not like a woman, but rather as a fury of hell flies to poor innocent Gratiana, and with a great birchen rod, doth not only raze but scarifie her arms, back, and shoulders; when harmless soul, she (though in vain) having no other defensive weapons but her tongue, and her innocency, cryes aloud to Heaven and Earth for fuccour. But this old Hag as ful of malice as jealousie, hath no compassion of her cryes, or pity of her sighs; yea, neither the fight of her tears or blood (which trick; ing down her cheeks and shoulders doth both bedew and ingrain her smock) are of power to appeale her fury and envy, untill having spent three rods, and tired and wearied both her arms, she in the heat of her choler, and the height of her revenge, delivers her these bitter and scotling words; Minion, this, this is the way,

yea, the only way to cool the heat of thy courage, and to quench the fire of thy lust: When calling in her two Maids, the commands them to unbind Gratiana, and to help on her clothes; when triumphing in her cruelty, the furiously departs and leaves them; who cannot refrain from tears, to fee how soverely and cruelly their Mistris had handled this her poor Gentlewoman.

Gratiana, the better to remedy these her insupportable and cruel wrongs, holds it discretion to diffemble them; and fo providing her felf fecretly of a horse and man, she the next night fleals away, rides to La Ferte, and from thence to her Father at Nogent le Rotrou, where he was superintendent of the Prince of Conde's House and Castle in that Town, and where the Princess Dowager, his Mother, built up the greatest part of her forrowful Residence, while he was detained Prisoner in the Casile of Boys de Vincennes, near Paris. La Vasselay grieves at this her sudden and unexpected departure, the which she fears her Husband De Merfon, and her Father Monfieur de Bremay, will take in ill part; wherein she is no way deceived; for the one grieves, and the other storms thereat : yea, when De Merson (through flattery and threats) had drawn from the Chamber-maid and Cook-maid, the truth of his Wive's cruel whipping of Gratiana, as also the cause thereof, her Jealousie; he justly incensed and enraged, flyes to this his sottish and cruel Wife, tells her, That Jealoutie comes from the Devil, whose part he affirms she hath acted; and acting this upon innocent Gratiana, than whom there lives not a chafter Maid in the World. That although the were poor, yet that the was as well descended as her self. In which regard, if the did not speedily right and redeem her wrongs, and feek means to pacific and recall her, that he would forthwith leave her, yea, and utterly forlake her. Which cooling-card of his to his Wife, makes her look on her former erroneous Cruelty towards Gratiana, rather with outward grief, than in ward repentance. But feeing that her jealoufie must now stoop and strike fail to her Husband's choler; and that to enjoy his company, the must not be exempted and deprived of hers; she, contrary to her defire and will, (which still retains the sames and slames of jealousie, as that doth of revenge) is enforced to make a vertue of necessity, and so to bear up with the time, feigning her felf repentant and forrowful for that the had formerly done to Gratiana! the, to reclaim her, buyes her so much wrought black Taffaty for a Gown, and so much erimson Damask for a Petticoat, and, with a Bracelet of Pearl which she accustomed to wear upon her right arm, she sends it to Nogent to her, by La Vilette, a Gentleman of her Husbands, & accompanieth it with a Letter to her Father Monsieur de Bremay, which contained these words.

LA VASSELAY to DE BREMAY.

Aving vindicated Truth from Error, and metamorphofed Jealousie into Judgment, I find that I have wronged thy Gratiana, whereat I grieve with contrition, and sorrow with repentance, sith my Huband's vows and oaths have fully cleared her Honour and Chassity, which my foolish incredulity and sear rashly attempted both to eclipse and disparage: in which regard, praying her to forgive, and that I never formerly hated her so much, as henceforth I will both love and honour her. I have now sent her some small tokens of my affection, and ere long she shall sind greater effects and testimonies thereof: for knowing her to be as chast as fair, in this, De Bremay, I request thee to rest considert, That as she is now thy Daughter by Nature, so she shall be henceforth mine by Adoption.

LA VASSELAY.

De Bremay having received this Letter, and his Daughter Grafiana thefe kind tokens from her Mistris, La Vasselay; his choler, and her grief and forrow, is soon defaced and blown away: so he well satisfied, and she content and pleased, he sends her back from Nogent to Mans, by La Vallette, by whom he writes this ensuing Letter to his Mistris, La Vasselay, in answer of hers.

DEBREMAY to LA VASSELAY.

THY Letter bath given me so much content and satisfaction, as thy undeserved ornelty to my daughter, Gratiana, didgrief and indignation. And had she been guilty of that crime whereof thy fear sor, as her Vertucs are her best wealth, and her Honour her chiefest revenew, so, if she had failed in these, and Oaths have cleared her innocency; and in hers, thy Hubands. In which regard, relying upon her by thy servant La Villette; hoping, that if thou wilt not affect her as thy adopted Daughter, yet that thou wilt tender her as thy obedient and observant Hand-mid.

DEBREMAY.

Gratiana's hopes, and her Father's credulity of La Vasselay's suture assection towards her, as also her gifts and promises, so far prevail with them, as she is now returned to her from Nogent to Mans: But I tear, she had done far better to have still remained with her Father; for she might consider, and he know, what little safety, and apparent danger, there is to rely upon the favour of an incensed Jealousie. La Vasselay (in all outward shew) receives and welcomes Gratiana with many expressions of love, and demonstrations of joy, thereby to please her Husband; who indeed likes so wel of her return, as he likes his Wife the better for procuring it. And now to the eye of the world, and according to human conceit and sense, all three parties are reconciled and satisfied, as if La Vasselay's jealousie had never heretosore offended her Husband, nor her cruelty wronged Gratiana; or as if he had never known the one, nor she selt the other. But we shall not go far to see this calm o'retaken with a tempest; and this Sun-shine surpriz'd with a dismal and disasterous shower.

For three Months were not fully expired, fince Gratiana's return to Mins, but La Vaffelay's old jealousie of her, and her Husband De Merson, which seemed to be surppressed and extinguished, doth now flash and flame forth a new, with more violence and impetuosity; yea, he cannot look on Gratiana, much less speak to her, but presently this old jealous Beldam, in her heart and thoughts, proclaims them guilty of Adultery; whereat she indiscreetly suffers her felf to be so far transported with indignation and envy, as she wows she will no longer tolerate or digeft it. And now it is that, like a Fury of Hell, the first assumes damnable and execuable resolutions, not only against the Innocency, but against the Life of innocent and harmless Gratiana; who, poor foul, is the nearer her danger, in respect she holds her self farthest from it: yea, this jealous old Hagg, this Fury, nay, this She-devil, La Vaffelay, hath not only confulted, but determined and concluded with her bloody thoughts, that the will speedily send Gratiana into another world, because her youth shall no longer abuse and wrong her age in this: When forgetting her felf, her foul, and her God, thereby purposely to please her Senses, her Jealousie, and her Tutor the Devil, she vows, that no respect of Reason or Religion, no consideration of Heaven or Hell, shall be capable to divert her from dispatching her: yea, and as if she not only rejoyced, but gloried in this her pernicious and bloody defign, she thinks every hour a year, before the hath performed it : To which end, providing her felf of ftrong poylon, and watching and catching at the very first opportunity; as soon as ever Gratiana tound her felf not well, she, under a colour of much affection and care to her, makes her some white Broth, wherein infuling and intermixing the aforesaid poylon, she (gracelesly and cruelly) gives it her; the which within fix days, fainting and languishing, makes a perpetual divorce and separation betwixt her foul and her body, leaving this to descend to Earth, and that to ascend to Heaven, to draw down vengeance to this hellish and execrable La Vasselay, for fo inhumanly and cruelly murthering this her harmless and innocent Waiting-Gentlewoman, Gratiana.

De Merfon understanding of Gratiana's death, almost as soon as of her sickness, he very forrowfully bites the lip thereat : for, confidering this accident in its true nature, his thoughts fugget him, and his heart and foul prompts him, that his Wife, La Vaffelay, had undoubtedly occationed her death, and so metamorphosed her Jealousie into Murther: yea, and notwithstanding the fair and forrowful shew which she puts thereon to the contrary, yet the premises considered, he is very confident in this his belief and fear, when grieving at the cruelty of this difatter, and abhorring the Author of this fo monstrous and bloody a fact, the very fight of this his old wretched Wife, is odious, and the remembrance of this her cruel crime, detettable and execrable unto him. Again, when he confidereth Gratiana's beauty and chaffity, and that she was tent to her untimely grave for his fake, this doth not only re-double his forrows, but infinitely augment and encrease his afflictions; so that beginning to fear his Wive's envy, as much as he hated. her jealousie, in that it was not only possible, but likely, that it might also futurely extend and reflect on him, as it already had on harmless and innocent Gratiana, he assumes a resolution to leave and forfake her, the which she shall shortly see him put in execution: when the better to curb and vex her, he fecretly packs up all her Bills, Bonds, Leafes, and Conveyances, as alfor all her Money, Plate, Jewels, and righest Houshold-stuff, and so giving out a prohibition to all the Tenants, not to dare to pay her any Rent, he allowing her only a bare maintenance; very fuddenly (when the least expected or dreamt thereof) takes horse and rides home to his Farl ther's, where he resolves to make the greatest part of his residence; and all the tears and prayers of his Wife, are not of power to reclaim or retain him.

La Vasselay seeing the unkindness of her Husband, De Merson, in making her a Widow almost as soon as a Wise; as also his ingratitude, in depriving her of the use and fruition of her own Estate and Means, and leaving her so poor an allowance as could scarce.

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warrant her a competent maintenance, she is almost ready to dye for meer grief and sorrow thereof; but how to remedy it, she knows not: and now she repents her folly and indiscretion, in matching her aged self to so young a man as De Merson; now she doth not only accuse, but condemn her own jealousie, which drews her to this foul tact of murthering her harmless and (as she now believes, her) innnocent Waiting-maid, Gratiana; for which, this ungrateful departure, and hard usage of her Husband, is but the least, and, as she terms it, but the fore-runner of greater punishments, which God hath ordained & reserved for her: yea, it is not only a grief to her thoughts, but a vexation to her heart and soul, to see her self made the mocking-stock and laughter of all Mans and Main, who rather excuse her Husband's youth, than any way pity or commisserate her age; and to see that the friends of her prosperity turn their backs and taces to her in her affliction and poverty, and if she have any hope yet lest, to assist and comfort her in these her calamities, it is by endeavouring to reconcile and reclaim her Hasband to her by Letters; when taking pen and paper, she, within a month of his departure, sends him these sew lines.

LA VASSELAY to DE MERSON.

Since at thy request I both recanted my Jealousie to thy self, and repented my Cruelty to my Maid Gratiana, what have I committed or done, that should descrive this thy ingrateful, and as I may truly say, heart-killing departures for, having made a most exact scrutiny in my thoughts and soul, either of them inform me, and both assure me, that the freeness and fervency of my affection towards thee, deserved not so cruel, but a far more courteous requital. If my Age he any way displeasing to thy Youth yet deprive me not of the felicity of thy sight and presence, wherein I not only delight, but glory. And although I can be content that thou surfeit with my wealth, yet make me not so miscrable, as to starve both in and for thy presence. If any have given thee any singler or false impressions either of my self or actions; why, if thy affection to me will not deface them, at least let thy pity: yea, return my sweet and dear Hubband; and what errors or faults soever thou sayest I have committed, I mill not only redeem them with kisses, but with tears.

LA VASSELAY.

De Merson having received this his Wive's Letter, it works such poor effects in his affection, as he doth rather rejoyce than commiserate her estate and sorrows: yea, he so slights her and her remembrance, as once he had thought to have answered her Letter with silence: but at last, he (some eight days after) returns her this Answer:

DEMERSON to LA VASSELAY.

W Hat hope can I have of thy affection, when I see thou art inviolably constant to thy Jealousie? and if the scrutiny of thy thoughts and soulbe as true as thou pretendest, yet I fear, that this fealousie of thine is not the greatest, but the least of thy crimes. Thou writest to me, that I give a cruel requital to thy affection; but, pray God thou have not given a more sharp and inhuman one to Gratiana's service and Chassity. Neither is it thy Age, but thy Impersections and Vices, which are both displeasing and odious to my youth: for, I could brook that with as much patience, as I can digest these with impossibilities. If thou want'st Means, I will grant thee more; but for my presence, I have many reasons to deny thee. I know none but thy self, which hath given me any impressions of thy actions, and if those were fulse, they would prove thy true happiness, as now they do thy misery; which my affection do the pity, though cannot redress it. It is but in vain for thee, either to expect or hope for my return: and sith thy faults and errors are best known to thy self, let thy repentance redeem them towards. God; for meither thy kisses nor tears can or shall to me.

DE MERSON.

This Letter of De Merson, to his Wife La Vasselay, is so far from comforting, as it doth extreamly afflict her: and although his discontents be such, as she sees it almost impossible to reconcile and reclaim him, yet being exceedingly perplexed and grieved with this her solitary and discontented life, she yet hopes, that a second Letter may obtain that of him, which her first could not: when six months time being now slipt away since his departure, she feigning her self sick, writes unto him again to this effect:

LA VASSELAY to DE MERSON.

THY absence hath so deprived my joyes, and engendered my sorrows, that sickness threatens my life to be near her period. So among a world of discontentments, let me yet bear this one content

to my grave, that I may once more see thee, whom so tenderly I both desire and long to see: and if I cannot be so bappy as to live, at the least make me so fortunate, as to dye in thine arms; which I know not whether it be a greater charity for thee to grant, or a cruelty to deny me this request of mine: for, my dear De Merson, if thou wilt not be pleased to be my Husband, yet be not offended to remember, that I am thy Wife: and withall, that as I desire thy return; so, that I have not deserved thy departure. But if thou wilt still be inexorable to my requests, these Lines of mine, which I write thee rather with tears than ink, shall bear witness betwiet thy self and me, of my kindness, of thy cruelty, and how my life sought my affection, though my death could neither sind nor obtain it.

LA VASSELAY.

De Merson reads this Letter with laughter; yea, he is so insensible of her Lines, Requests, and Tears, as if another had sent him news of her death, as she her self did of her sickness, it had been far more pleasing, and better welcome to him: but thinking how to gall her to the quick, to the end he might henceforth save her labour to write him any more Letters, and himself to receive and peruse them, he returns her this sharp and bitter answer:

DE MERSON to LA VASSELAY, and anistration

It is the Error, not my Absence, which hash exchanged the Foys into Sorrows; and if the life draw near her period, they cannot be far from theirs. My fight is a poor content for thee to bear to the Grave, fith, as a Christian, thou shouldest delight to see none but the Saviour, nor be ambitious to live in any arms but His: and if thou hold not this to be Charity, I know others cannot repute it Cruelty. That I am the Husband, I grant; and that thou art my Wise, I do not deny: but yet I fear the heart knows, though the Pen affirm the contrary, that I have far more reason for my departure, than thou to descremy return. And, if thou wilt yet know more, if the Ink wherewith thou writest the Letter, be I ears, pray God thou didst not bedew Gratiana's Winding-sheet and Cossin, with her Tears and Blood: for, hadst thou not been cruel, yea, inhuman to ber, I would never have been unkind to thee. And to conclude, Live as happy, as I fear her death will make thee dye miserable.

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The receit and perufal of this Letter, doth not only grieve, but afflict and torment La Vaffelay: for the remembrance of De Merson his suspition and apprehension that she had a hand in the death of Gratiana, doth, as it were pierce her heart, as well with fear, as forrow: For, as her poverty lay before at his mercy, so now she knows doth her life; and that sith he will not love her, he may chance so malign and hate her, as to reveal it. Whereupon, to secure her felf, and to warrant the fafety of her life, the foon exchangeth her love into hatred, and her affection and jealousie, into envy towards him: yea, her enraged and incensed thoughts, ingender and imprint such bloody designs of revenge in her heart, as abandoning the sear and grace of God, the impiously concludes a Match with the Devil, to dispatch and murther him, and from which bloody and damnable defign, no regard of God or her foul, nor respect of Heaven or Hell, can or shall divert her, when, over-passing a small parcel of time, wherein the ruminated and pondered how the should send him from this life to another: at last her malicious curiofity makes her thoughts fall on La Villette, being his Gentleman, who still followed him, as holding him a fit Agent to attempt, and Instrument to finish, this bloody businefs, which so much imported her content and fafety, grounding her reasons upon the greatnels of his heart and mind, and the weaknels of his purse and means; as if poverty were a fusficient cause and priviledg to commit so treacherous and bloody a sact: when knowing him to be then in Mans, receiving up his Master's Rents, the sends for him; to whom (the door bolted) the tells him the is to request his secretie in a business which infinitely tends to his good. He promifeth it her; but the will have him swear thereunto; which he doth: when with fighs and tears making a bitter invective and recapitulation of her Husband, his Maher's undeferved indignity and cruelty towards her; she then and there makes a propolition to him, to murther him for her; and that the will give him a thousand Crowns to effect it. La Vallette seeing the greatness of the danger in that of the crime, seems not only discontented, but amazed hereat : for, although he love Gold well, yet he will not purchase it at so deer a rate, and hase and damnable a price, as that of his Master's blood; when seeing she could not prevail, she again puts him in mind of his Oath to secresse; which he again vows never to infringe or violate; and withal, like a good servant, seeks to disswade and divert her from such bloody thoughts and attempts. Had La Villette remained in the purity and candor of this his Religious and Christian Resolution, not to imbrue or distain his hands in the innocent blood of his Master; it would have made him as happy, as we shall shortly see him miserable in attempting and executing the contrary; for as a propension and resolution to Virtue, breeds not only Honour, but safety; so the contrary effects thereof, produce not only shame, but misery. To foresee sin, is a pious wisdom; to prevent and eschewit, is always a most wise and

bleffed piety.

And whereas time should rather decrease than increase, and rather root out than plant Malice in our thoughts, and Envy in our resolutions; yet directly contrary, that of La Vasselay to her Husband De Merson, doth not die, but live, will not fade but flourish; for a month or two more being run out and expired, and La Villette again in Mans, her malice unto her Husband as so inveterate and implacable, as she again sends for him to her house, where (in great secrefie and intended affection) she tells him, that if he will murther his Master, she within fix months will marry him in requital; and not only live his faithful wife, but dye his obedient and constant Hand-Maid. Now, although her first proffer of a thousand Crowns, could not procure it of La Villette; these her sugred speeches, which she intermixeth with kiffes, and the confideration of so many thousands, which her Estate not only promiseth, but affureth, doth; so as forgetting his former vertue, to remember his future vice, he (like a damnable Villain) swears to her to effect it: Which wretched verbal Contract, they interchangeably seal with Oaths and Kisses, which (if they had any fear of God, or care of their falvations) they should have detested with horror, and abhorred with detestation. Neither will his Malice (or the Devil the Author thereof) give him leave to protract or defer it : for, having refolved to murther him as he rides abroad; his Master on a time being invited to a general Hunting, by the Baron of Saint Susanna (Son and Heir to Monsieur de Varennes) at his said Town of Susanna, as he came riding homewards towards his Father's House at Manfrelle, he in the midst of a great Wood, near unto the small Village of Saint George's, riding behind his Master, difchargeth his Pistol, loaden with a brace of Bullets, thorow his reins, which makes him instantly fall off dead from his Horse to the ground. When this hellish servant, La Villette, seeing his Master devoid of breath, and grovelling and weltring in his blood, he having acted the part of a finful Devil, in committing this cruel murther, now refolves to affume and represent that of a subtil Hypocrite, in concealing it; when determining to report that they were both affaulted, and his Master slain, by Thieves; he, to make all his actions conduce and look that way, chargeth his Pistol again with another brace of Bullets, and shoots thorow his own Hat, gives himself a cut o're his lest hand, and then breaks his Rapier; takes his own Pistol, and his Master's Rapier, and throws it into a Pond close adjoyning; takes likewife his Master's Purse and VVatch out of his Pocket, and hides it secretly : and then the more cunningly and knavishly to blear and deceive the eyes of the world, thereby to make this his hypocrific pass the currenter, he having purposely provided himself of two small Cords, with the one he binds both his own feet, and with the other (by a pretty fleight) flips therein his arms behind his back, and then fetting himfelf against a Tree, he very pitifully weeps, groans, and cryes out upon the Thieves and Murtherers of his Master De Merson: when three Gentlemen of Britain, travelling that way towards Paris, repair to his affiftance, whom they find out by his cryes; to whom he relates, That five Thieves had affaulted his Master and himself; that he fought in the defence as long as his Sword held; that his Master was killed with a Pistol, then robbed, and himself shot thorow, and wounded, and bound, as they saw. When these three British Gentlemen, grieving at this mournful accident, and bloody spectacle, they instantly cut the cords wherewith he was bound; and so having conveyed the dead Corps to the next Cottage, they run up and down the VVood to find out these Thieves and Murtherers, but in vain: so La Villette having thanked these Gentlemen for their affection and charity towards his dead Master, and living self, he with a wonderful exterior shew of forrow, takes care for the speedy and decent transporting home of his breathless Master to Manfrelle; where his mournful Father receives and buries him with infinite grief, lamentation, and

In the mean time, this murtherous La Villette gives private intelligence thereof to the bloody La Vasselay, who although she inwardly receives this news with extream content and joy, to see her self freed from so unkind and ungrateful a Husband; yet publickly to the eye of the VVorld (thereby the bettr to delude and deceive the VVorld) she contrariwise takes on blacks, seeming to be exceeding mournful, pensive, and sorrowful thereat: but God will shortly discover the falshood of these her tears, and in the triumphs of his revenge, pull off the Mask of this her dissembling and treacherous hypocrisie: for, as Mans, Laval, Angiers, and all the adjacent Towns and Countreys, grieve at this lamentable Murther of De Merson: so

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they as much admire and wonder to fee this old Widow La Vaffelay, fo shortly married and espoused to his Gentleman La Villette, whose Nuptials are celebrated and consummated far within the term of fix months after. For the curious Wits of thefe Cities and Countreys, confidering what a preposterous course and resolution this was for her to marry her Husband's man, and withall so soon: as also, that there was none other present but himself, when his Master De Merson was murthered, it is umbragious, and leaves a sear and sting of suspition in their heads, that there was more in the wind than was yet known; and therefore knowing no more, they defer the detection thereof to the providence and pleasure of God, who best, yea, who only knows in Heaven, how to conduct and manage the actions here below on earth : and now indeed the very time is come, that the Lord will no longer permit these their cruel and bloody Murthers to be concealed, but will bring them forth to receive condign pu ishment; and for want of other Evidence and Witnesses, they themselves shall be Witnesse against themselves. And although La Vasselay's poysoning of Gratiana, and La Villette's pistoling of his Master De Mersan, were cunningly contrived, and secretly perpetrated; yet we shall see the last of these bloody Murthers, occasion the discovery and detection of the first, and both of them most severely and sharply punished for these their bloody crimes, and horrible offences. The manner is thus:

These two execrable wretches, L. Villette, and La Vasselay, have not liv'd married above some feven or eight months, but he being deeply in Law with Minfieur De Manfrelle, his Predecelfor's Father, for the detention of some lands and writings, he takes an occasion to ride home to his house of Manfrelle, to him, to confer of the differences; and by the way falls into the company of some Merchants of Laval and Vittry, who were returning from the Fair of Chartres: when riding together for the space of almost a whole days journey, the secret providence, and facred pleafure of God had foordained, that La Villette's horse, who bore him quietly and safely before, on a fudden first goes backwards, in despight of his spur or switch; and then standing an end on his two hind-legs, falls quite back with him, and almost breaks the bulk and trunk of his body; when having hardly the power to speak, his breath failing him, and he seeing no way but death for him, and the hideous image thereof apparently before his eyes, the spirit of God doth so operate with his finful foul, as he there contelleth how his wicked wife La Vaffelay, had caused him to murther his Master De Merson, whom he shot to death with his Pistol; that the first seduced him with a thousand Crowns to perform it, which he refused; but then her consent to marry him, made him not only attempt, but finish that bloody business; whereof now from his very heart and foul he repented himself, and beseeched the Lord to forgive

it him.

And here, before the Reader's curiofity carry him further, let me, in the Name and fear of God, both request and conjure him to stand amazed and wonder with me at his Sacred Providence, and inscrutable wisdom and judgment, which most miraculously concurrs and shines in this accident, and especially in three effential and most apparent circumstances thereof For, it was on the very same Horse, the same day twelve-month, and in the very same wood and place, where this execrable wretch, Villette, formerly murthered his Master De Merson. Famous and notorious circumstances, which deserve to be observed and remarked by all the Children of God, yea, and to be imprinted and engraven in their hearts and memories, there-

by to deter us from the like Crimes of Murther.

Now these honest Merchants of Laval and Vittry, (as much in charity to La Villette's life, as in execration of that contessed Murther of his Master De Merson) convey him to an Inn in St. Georges, when expecting every minute that he would die in their hands, they fend away post to advertise the Presidial Court of Mans hereof, (within whose Jurisdiction St. Georges was) who speedily commanded La Villette to be brought thither to them alive or dead : but God reserved him from that natural, to a more infamous death; and made him live till he came thither: where again he confesseth this his foul murther of his Master De Merson, and likewife accuseth La Vasselay to be the sole instigator thereof, as we have formerly heard and understood. Whereupon he is no sooner examin'd, but this bloody old Hag is likewise imprifoned; who with many affeverations and tears, denies and retorts this foul Crime from her felf, to him. But her Judges are too wife to believe the weakness and invalidity of this her foolish justification. So whiles they are consulting on her, De Bremay having notice of all these accidents, but especially of La Vasselay's imprisonment, he (still apprehending and fearing that the undoubtedly was the death of his Daughter Gratiana) takes post from Nogent to Mans, where he accuseth her thereof to the Criminal Judges of the Presidial Court; who upon this her double accusation, adjudged her to the Rack, when at the very first torment thereof, she (at last preferring the life of her soul before that of her body) confesseth her self to be the actor

of her first crime of Murther, and the Author of the second, when, and whereupon the Judges (resembling themselves) in detestation, and for expiation of these her soul crimes, condemn him to be hanged, and her to be burned alive; which the next day, at the common place of Execution, (near the Halls in Mans) is accordingly executed in the presence, and to the content of a world of people of that City, who as much abhor the enormity of these their bloody crimes, as they rejoice and glorise God for this their not so severe as deserved punishments.

As for La Villette, he (like an impious Christian) said little else but that which he had formerly spoken and delivered in the wood, at the receiving of his fall; only he said, that he had well hoped, that his great wealth which he had with La Vasselay, would have sheltred and preterv'd him from this infamous death, for murthering her Husband, and his Master De Merson.

But as for this bloody Beldame, and wretched old Fury, La Vasselay, she was content to grieve at Gratiana's death, though not to lament or pity that of her Husband De Merson; yea, and although she seemed to blame her jealousie towards her, yet her age was so wretchedly instructed in impiety, as she could not find in her heart either to make an Apology, or any way to seem repentant for her inhuman cruelty towards him: for, as she demanded pardon of De Bremay for poysoning his Daughter; so she spake not a word tending that way, to Mansrelle, for causing his Son to be pistoll'd: only, in particular terms, she requested God to forgive the vanity of her youth; and, in general ones, the World to forget the offences and crimes of her age: and so conjuring all old Widows and Wives to beware by her mournful and execrable example; her flames and prayers made expiation for the offence of her body; and her soul mounted and sled to Heaven, to crave remission and pardon of God, who was the only Creator of the one, and Redeemer of the other.

And such were the deplorable, yet deserved ends of this bloody and wretched couple, La Vasselay, and La Villette, for so cruelly murthering harmless Gratiana, and innocent De Merson; and thus did God's All-seeing and Sacred Justice, justly triumph over these their crying and execrable Crimes. O that their example may engender and propagate our reformation; and that the reading of this their lamentable History, may teach us not only how to meditate

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hereon, but also how to amend thereby.

GOD's



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XIV.

Fidelia and Cælestina cause Carpi and Monteleon, with their two Lacquies, Lorenzo, and Anselmo, to murther their Father, Gaptain Benevente; which they perform. Monteleon and his Lacquy Anselmo, are drowned. Fidelia hangs her self. Lorenzo is hanged for a Robbery, and on the Gallows confessed the murthering of Benevente. Carpi hath his right hand, then his head, cut off. Cælestina is beheaded, and her body burnt.

Ur best parts being our Virtues; and our chief and soveraign Virtue, the purity and sanctity of our selves; how can we neglect those, or not regard this; except we resolve to see our felves miserable in this life, and our touls wretched in that to come? And as Charity is the cement of our other virtues, so Envy (her opposite) is the subversion of this our Charity; from whence flows rage; revenge, and many times murther (her frequent, and, almost, her inseparable companions): but of all degrees of malice and envy, can there be any to inhuman and diabolical, as for two graceless Daughters to plot the death of their own Father, and to seduce and obtain their two Lovers to act and perform it? whereof in this enfuing History we shall see a most barbarous and bloody precedent, as also their condign punishments inflicted on them for the same. In the reading whereof, O that we may have the grace by the fight of these their fearful crimes and punishments, to reform and prevent our own, that we may look on their cruelty, with charity; on their rage, with reason, on their errors, with compassion, on their desparation, with pity; and on their inhumanity, with piety : that the meditation and contemplation thereof, may terrifie our choler, quench both the fire of our luft, and the flames of our revenge: so shall our faith be fortified, our passions reformed, our affections purified, and our actions eternally both bleffed and fanctified: to which end I have written and divulged it. So Christian Reader, if thou make this thy end in perusing it, thou wilt then not fail to receive comfort thereby, and therefore fail not to give God the glory.

Many years fince the Duke of Osuna (under the command of Spain) was made Vice-roy of the noble Kingdom of Naples, the which he governed with much reputation and honour,

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although his fortunes or actions (how juttly or unjuitly I know not) have fince fuffered and received an Ecliple. In the City of Otranto, within the Province of Apulia, there dwelt an ancient, rich, and valiant Gentleman, nobly descended, termed Captain Benevente, who by his deceafed Lady, Sophia Elianora, Neece to the Duke of Piombino, had left him two Daughters, and a Son, he termed Scignior Richardo Alcafero, they two, the Ladies Fidelia and Calefina; names indeed which they will no way deferve, but from whom they will folely diffent and derogate, through their hellish vices, and inhuman dispositions to blood and murther. We may grace our names, but our names cannot grace us. Alcasero lives not at home with his Father, but for the most part at Naples, as a chief Gentleman retaining to the Vice-roy; where he profiteth so well in riding and tilting (a noble virtue and exercise (beyond all other Italians) natural and hereditary to the Neapolitans) that he purchased the name of a bold and brave Cavalier: but for Fidelia and Calefina, the clocks of their youth having fruck twenty, and eighteen, the Captain their Father (thinking it dangerous to have Ladies of their years and descent, far from him) keeps them at home, that his care might provide them good Husbands, and his eye prevent them from matching with others. It is as great a bleffing in children to have loving Parents, as for them to have obedient children; and had their obedience answered his affection, and their duty, his providence, we had not teen the Theater of this their History so besprinkled and gored with fuch great effusion of blood.

This Captain Benevente, their Father, for his blood, wealth, and generofity, was beloved and honoured of all the Nobility of Apulia; and for his many services both by Sea and Land, was held in fo great esteem in Otranto, that his House was an Academy, where all the Gallants both of City and Country, reforted to back great horses, to run at the Ring, and to practise other such Courtly and Martial Exercises, whereunto this old Captain, as well in his age, as youth, was exceedingly addicted: to as the beauty of his two Daughters, Fidelia and Galefina, could not be long either unicen, or unadmired: for they grew so perfectly fair, of so sweet complexions, and proper statures, that they were justly reputed and held to be the Paragons of Beauty, not only of Apulia, but of Italy: so as Beauty being the Gold and Diamonds of Nature, this of theirs (so sweet in its influence, and so excellent and delicious in that sweetness) drew all mens eyes to love them, many mens hearts to adore them: so, had they been as rich in Virtue, as in Beauty, they had lived more fortunate, and neither their Friends nor Enemies should have lived to have feen them die so miserably: for now that proves their ruin, which might have been their glory. They are both of them fought in marriage, by many Barons and Cavaliers, as well at home, as abroad; but the Captain, their Father, will not give ear, nor hearken to any, nor once permit that fuch motion be moved him. They are fo immodest, as they grieve hereat, and are so extreamly forrowful, to see that a few years past away, makes their Beauties rather fade, than flourish: Where Virtue graceth not Beauty, as well as Beauty, Virtues it is often a presage

and fore-runner of a fortune as fatal, as miserable. But as their thoughts were too impatient and immodest to give way to such incontinent and irregular conceits : fo on the other fide, the Captain, their Father, was too fevere, and withall, too unkind, I may fay, cruel, to hinder them from Marriage, lith their beauty and age had long fince made them both meritorious and capable of it. It was in them immodeffy, in him unkindness, to propose such ends to their desires and resolutions: for as he hath authority to exact obedience from them, so have they likewise reason to expect fatherly affection and care from him. But he is more affected and addicted to his wealth and covetouinels, than inclined to regard his Daughters content, and therefore is fully resolved, not as yet to marry them; which is a relolution better left than embraced, & infringed than kept of him; fith it may bring forth effects contrary both to his hopes and defires. It is commonly dangerous for Parents to content themselves with their children's discontents: for where Nature is crossed, it many times degenerates and proves unnatural; as the Catarads of Nilus make it submerge and wash Egypt with her inundation: but Fidelia and Califina will make trial of one invention and conclusion more, before they will give way to their distaste, or strike fail to their choler or revenge. They fee, their Father is resolute and severe in nipping their hopes, and crosling their delites of marriage; and yet they hope, that although they cannot prevail with him, that their Brother Alcasero may; to which end, the sooner to obtain and crown their desires with content, they consult together, and so by a consident friend of theirs, send him this Letter to Naples.

FIDELTA and COELESTINA to ALCASERO.

DEspairing of our Father's resolution to marry us, me have no other refuge or recourse, but to thy self and thy affection, in requesting thee powerfully to solicite him herein, that he may not prefer his Gold before

before our content, and consequently his hopes before our despair, neither could our bearts or thoughts perfrade us either to imploy o a quaist and other but thy self mith these our desires, which Modelty mould have suppressed but that stuth contradicted and opp sed it for his severity and crucky is such towards us that although we are sught in marriage by divers Cavaliers our Superiors, yet he will not permit us to be seen, much less to be wedded of any. Forn then thy power to our wishes and prayers, and thy affection to the procuring of our contents and we then doubt not but to be as happy in a Brother, as otherwise we sear, we shall see our selves unfortunate, yea, miserable in a Father: and as thou canst not forget our descent and Blood, so we zealously pray and b seech thee to remember, if not our Beauty, our south.

FIDELIA, COELESTINA.

Their Brother receives this Letter; he is too brave, generous, and courteous, to be unkind to any, especially to young Ladies, and most especially to his Sisters, whose content he makes and reputes his own. He comes to Otranio, deals effectually with the Captain his Father herein, who gives them this answer, That he hath provided the Baron of Carpi for Fidelia, and the Knight Bartholonico Monteleon for Caleffina; and that within fifteen days they are to come to Otranto to fee them, which news doth exceedingly rejoyce, first himself, then his Sisters; but their joy shall not last long, but be buried as soon as born. Within the prefixed time, these two noble men come, but they are hateful, and not pleasing to Fidelia and Calestina; for the Baron of Carpins crook back'd, and squint-eyed, and Monteleon is same of one leg These Ladies value their beauty at too high a rate, to beflow it on fuch deformed Husbands; and although Venus accepted of Vulcan, yet they will have none of thefe, because they deem no hell to that of a discontented bed; heretofore they wished for Suters and now they wish they were well rid of these; and fo facrificing to their own contents, they fet up this refolution in their hearts and fouls, that they will rather die Maidens, than live to fee themselves Wives to such Husbands. Their Father receives Carpi and Monteleon courteoully, and entertains them nobly according to their Rank and Merits; he tells his Daughters plainly, that they shall marry these and none others. Thus the Bark of these their resolutions is surprized and beaten with two contrary winds; he will be obeyed of his Daughters, and they will be commanded of their Father in all things, but not in this of their Marriage.

It is never good for Parents to force the affections of their Children in their Marriages, fith it is a business, which not only lives but dies with them; but withall, their own wills must neither be their Law, nor their Guide: for their Parents have or at least should have) more experience and judgment than they, to see who are and who are not fit matches for them: But where authority opposeth affection, or affection reason, there such marriages are still ushered in with discontent, and waited and attended on with misery. Likewise, there is a great respect and consideration to be observed by Parents, in the inclinations and natures of their children: for some will be persuaded or reproved with a word, whereas others will become more headstrong and rebellious with menaces and threats. Had this Captain attempted and practised the first, and not the second towards these two Ladies his Daughters, peradventure they had never leapt from reason to rage, from obedience to contempt, nor from hope to despair; yea, I dare presume to aver with truth and safety, that we should have seen them all as happy, as I now

fear we shall see them miserable.

Burto proceed with their Hiltory: They are pressed by the Captain their Father, and importuned by the two noble men their Suters, to finish and confirm these contracts. But Fidelia and Callstina with a true semblance of distaste & yet a falle shew of courtesie, give the denial to their Father in particular terms, and to them in general. He storms at their disobedience, and they impute this excuse of their to modesty, rather than unkindness. They statter themselves with this hope, that sith they are fair they must be courteous, and cannot be cruel; or if the contrary, that the Captain their Father will so mannage his Daughters affections, as all things shall fort to their desires and expectations; but they shall come too short of their hopes, for they are neither reserved for the Ladies, nor the Ladies for them; but whi es thus they are busic in advancing the process of their affections, Fidelia and Callstina attempt a contrary enterprize, for they with reast and prayers, request their Brother Alcasero, importunately to solicite their Father in their behalf, that he will not ensorce them to marry those whom they cannot affect, much less obey; which, like a noble and dear Brother, he performs with much zeal and persuasion; but he cannot prevail with him, nor bring them any other answer, than that they must and shall marry them, and only them.

Had this resolution of their Father been more courteous and less rigorous towards his Daughters, this History of theirs had not deserved so much pity and compassion, nor would have drawn so many sighs from the hearers, or tears from the Readers: forseeing their Father cruelly re-

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folved to offer violence to their affections, they begin to hate him, because he will not better love them. And here (O here) they enter into devillish machination, and hellish conspiracy against him: for as he plots their discontents, so do they his destruction. Fidelia and Cwlestina see they blood, and cause one, and therefore so they pretend shall be their fortunes; they would reveal their intents and designs each to other; but the fact is so soul and unnatural, as for a while they cannot: but they need no other Oratory than their own sullen and discontented looks; for either of them may read a whole lecture of grief and choler in each other's eyes, till at length tired with the importunity of their Father, and the impatience of Carpi and Montelon. Fidelia as the more audacious of the two, first breaks it to her Sister Cwlestina, in this manner. That she had rather die, then be compelled to marry one whom she cannot affect; that the Baron of Carpi is not for her, nor she for him; and that sith her Father is resolute in this match (although she be his Daughter) she had rather see him laid in his Grave, than her self in Carpi's bed. There needs not many reasons to perswade that which we desire: For Cwlestina tells her Sister plainly, that she (in all points) joyns and concurs in opinion with her, adding withall, that the sooner their Father is dispatch, the better; because she wows they shall never receive any content

on Earth till he be in Heaven; and so they conclude he shall die.

But alas, what hellish and devillish Daughters are these, to seek the death of their Father, of whom they have received their lives? Who ever read of a Paricide more inhumanly cruel, or impioully bloody? To if ever murther went unrevenged, this will not, for we shall fee the Authors and Actors thereof most severely punished for the same. Men and Women may be secret in their fins, but God will be just in his Decrees, and sacred in his Judgments. What a religious refolution had it been in them, to have retired, and not advanced in this their damnible attempt? but they are too profane, to have so much pity; and too outragious to hearken to this religious reason, yea, they are too impious to hearken to Grace, and too revengeful and bloody-minded, to give ear either to Reason, Duty, or Religion. So now, like two incensed and implacable Furies, they confult how, and in what manner they may free themselves of their Father: Fidelia proposeth divers degrees and several sorts of murthers, but Calestina likes none of them; in some she finds too much danger, in others too little assurance; and therefore as young as the is, the invents a plot as strange as subtil, and as malicious and diabolical as strange; the informs her, that to be rid of her Father, there cannot be a fecurer course, than to ingage the Baron of Carpi, and the Knight of Monteleon to murther him; Fidelia wonders hereat, faying, it will be impossible for them to be drawn to perform it, fith they both know and fee, that the Captain their Father loves them so well, as will or nill, they must be their Husbands. But Calestina's revengeful plot is further ferch'd, and more cunningly spun; for she hath not begun it, to leave it raw and unfinished, but is so consident in her devillish industry, as she affirms she will perfect and make it good. Fidelia demands how? Colestina answereth, That they both must make a feigned and flattering shew, to change their distast, and now to affect Carpi and Montelion, whom before they could not; that having in this manner drawn them to their lure, when they attempt to urge marriage, they shall both agree to inform them, that it is impossible for them to obtain it, whiles the Captain their Father lives; fith albeit in outward appearance he make a fair shew to make them their Husbands; yet that he means and intends nothing less; for that he hath given them express charge and command (at any hand) not to love or affect them; which is the main and fole cause, that hath so long with-held them from making sooner demonstration of their affections toward them; and this (quoth she) will occasion and provoke them to attempt it; adding, that by this means they may give two throkes with one stone, and so not only be rid of our Father, but likewise of Carpi and Monte eon, who peradventure may be apprehended, and executed for the fact; and for our fafeguard and fecurity, we will powerfully conjure and swear them to secrecy.

There is no web finer than that of the Spider, nor treachery subtiller than that of a Woman, especially if the contemn Charity for Revenge, her Soul for her Body, God for Satan, and consequently Heaven for Hell; how essecould this young Ladylodg so revengeful a Heart in so sweet a Body, or shroud such bloody Conceits and Inventions under so fair and so beautiful Complexion?

But the Panther, though his skin be fair, yet his breath is infectious; and we many times fethat the foulest Snake, lurks under the greenest and beautiful lest leaves. Fidelia gives an attentive ear to this her Sister's bloody Stratagem and Design; she finds it sure, and the probabilities thereof apparent and easie, and therefore approves of it. So these two beautiful, yet bloody Sister's vow, without delay, to set it on soot, and in practise. It is the Nature of Revenge to look forwards, seldom backwards; but did we measure the beginning by the end, as well as the end by the beginning, our affections would savour of far more Religion, and of far less impiety, and we should then rejoyce in that which we must now repent, but cannot remedy They

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take time at advantage, and pertinently acquaint Carpi and Monteleon with it. The passions of affection prove often more powerful than those of Reason; they suffer themselves to be vanquished and led away by the pure beauty and sweet oratory of these two discontented and treascherous Ladies, without considering what poison lurks under their speeches, and danger under their tongues. They commit a gross and main error in relying more on the Daughters youth, than the Father's gravity; on their verbal, than his real affection; and so they engage themselves to the Daughters, in a very short time, to free them of the Captain their Father. It was a base vice in Gentlemen of their rank, to violate the Laws of Hospitality, in so high a degree, as to kill him who loved them so dearly, and entertained them to courteously; and it is strange that both their humours were so strangely vicious, as to concur and sympathize in the attempt of this execrable murther. But what cannot Vice perform, or Ladier procure of their

Lovers? at least, if they love Besuty better than Virtue, and Plessure than Piety.

Captain Benevente is many times accustomed after dinner to ride to his vinyard, and now and then to Alpiata a neighbor-village, where he is familiarly (if not too familiarly) acquainted with a Tenant's wife of his, whom he loved in her youth, and cannot forfake in her middle age; perseverance in vice, never makes a good end: a single sin is distassful; but the redoubling thereof, is both hateful and odious to God. Carpi and Minteleon take their two Lacquies, Lorenz, and Anselmo with them, as soon as they know the Captain to be abroad, only accompanied with his confident Gentleman Fiamento; and disguising themselves, they watch him at the corner of the wood, where of necessity he must pass. The event answereth their bloody expectations and defires: they see Benevente and Fiamento approaching, riding a soft trot, when like so many Fiends and Devils, they all four rush out of the thicket, & (without any other form) with their swords and Pistols (after some resistance) kill them dead to the ground, but this is not the end of their hellish malice and envy: neither is the unsatiable thirst of their revenge yet quenched; for they take these two murthered bodies (who are asresh reeking and weltring in their blood, and carry them to a neighbour-hill, and so throw them down into a deep quarry full of thick bushes and brambles, whereas they thought no mortal eye should ever have seen them more, and then there they consult upon their flight. Carpi resolves to take post for Naples, and there for a time to shroud himself among the multitude of the Nobility and Coaches, which grace and adorn that City; and Monteleon resolves to hie towards Brundusium, with intent, that if these murthers were revealed, and himself detected and accused, he would there imbark himself either for Venice or Malta: but he hath not as yet made his peace and reckoning with God.

Leave we Carpi and his Laequy posting for Naples, and let us see what accident will speedily befall Monteleon. It is impossible for murther to go long unpunished; Monteleon and his Lacquy Anselmo shall, ere they ride far, see this position verified in themselves; He is provided of two fair Gennets, one for himself, the other for his Lacquy, and having taken his leave of Carpi, away he goes for Brundusium; but he hath not ridden past twelve miles before his own hor se tell down dead under him, which doth somewhat afflict and amaze him; but this is but the least part of his mislery, and but the very beginning of his missortune; he is inforced to make a virtue of necessity, so he rides his Lacquy's horse, and he follows him on foot. It is impossible for a guilty conscience to be secured from sear; he rides narrow lanes and by-ways, but at last near the Village Blanquettelle, he meets with a swift Ford, which is passable for horse, but not for soot: Here Monteleon is constrained to take up his Lacquy Anselmo behind him, which he doth; but being in the midst thereof, the horse stumbles, and talls with both of them under him; which is done so studenly, that Monteleon had no time to cast off his Lacquy; and so they are both drown-

ed, and have neither the grace nor power to breathe, or speak a word more.

Gods Judgments are secret and inscrutable: had they had time to repent, they had only less their lives, whereas now it is rather to be seared, than wished, they likewise run the hazard of their souls. But as it is a vertue to think and censure charitably of the dead, so it must needs be a vice to do the contrary. Heretosore they thirsted for blood, and (10) now they have their fill of water. All Elements are the servants of God, but these two of fire and water, are the most tertible, the most impetuous. This is a testimony of our weakness, and of Gods Power.

By this time Captain Benevente, and his man Framento are found wanting, and no news to be heard of them; his house rings and resounds with sorrow, all his servants and friends mourn and lament for his absence, and his two accursed Daughters, they seem to be all in tears thereat: But we shall shortly see this their hypocrific and diffimulation both detected and revenged. They lay all the Country to purchase news of their Father, and speedily by post advertise their Brother Alcasero thereof at Naples, who amazed hereat, comes away with all possible speed and expedition; his two Sisters and himself wonderfully mourn and lament for the absence of their Father, and now seeing five days past, and no news of him, they begin to suspect and fear,

thas

that he is made away and murthered; and because Fiamento was alone with him, they suspect him of the fact, which they are the sooner induced to believe, in regard he is fled, and not to befound; but they shall soon see the contrary, and that as he was a faithfull servant to their Father his Master, during his life, so he was a true companion to him in his death. And although Alcasero his Son use all possible zeal and industry to find out his Father, yet fith Earth cannot, now Heaven will reveal the news and fight of him. For as some neighbouring Gentlemen (his kinsfolks and friends) are hunting of a Stag near Alpiata, they pursue him on horseback some five or fix hours, and at last being tired, he runs for refuge and shelter thorow the bushies and briars, into the same old Quarry, where the dead bodies of Captain Benevente, and his man Fiamento were thrown. The Gentlemen-hunters descend from their horses, and with their Swords drawn, enter purposely to kill the Stag, which they perform; when catting aside their eyes, they fee two dead mens bodies, one near the other, whose legs, hands and faces, the Crows had pititully mangled and defaced. They are amazed at this mournful and unlookedfor spectacle; when approaching to discern them, they by their cloaths find and know them to be Captain Benevente, and his Gentleman Fiamento. They are altonished and amazed hereat; and so one of them rides back post to Otranto, to acquaint Alcasero his Son hereof; who melting into tears, returns with him neer Alpiata, where, to his unipeakable grief, he fees the dead bodies both of his Father and Fiamento, which before all the Hunters he caused to be searched, and finds that his Father (with a Pistol-bullet) was shot thorow the head in two places, and run thorow the body with a Rapier in three; and that Fiamento had five deep wounds with a Rapier, and one shot thorow the head. Alcasero, and the whole company grieve and lament at this forrowful news: they know well that Fiamento did not fet upon the Captain his Father; and that neither of them had Pistols: and though they might imagine it done by thieves, yet they were quickly cleared of that jealousie and suspition, because they find rich Rings on his Master's fingers, and store of Gold in his pockets: So they referring the discovery of this bloody and damnable murther to Time, and to God the Author and Giver of Time, Alcafero causeth the dead bodies, first of his Father, then of Fiamento, to be laid in a Coach, which he had purposely caused to be brought thither; and so accompanied with all the Gentlemen, returns with it to Otranto, where all the whole City lament and bewail this Tragical Di'after: and because these dead corps of theirs have received wrong in being so long above ground, Alcasero that night gives them their due burials, interring Fiamento decently, and his Father honourably, according as the necessity and strictness of the time would permit him.

It is now Alcafero's curiofity and care to feek out the murtherers of his Father; and for his Sifters they are so irreligious and wretched, as they think to mock God, and delude the world with their immoderate, yet counterfeit mourning; but it proceeds not from their hearts, much less from their fouls. The morrow after their Father's burial, they are all three informed, Monteleon and his Lacquy Anselmo are drown'd, as they past the River Blanquettelle, whereat he wonders, and his two Sifters rejoyce and triumph, especially Calestina, who now sees her self freed, not only of the Captain her Father whom she hated, but also of the Knight Monteleon her Suter, whom the could not love: She is so impious and graceless, as she doth rejoyce, but will neither repent nor pity at these accidents; yea, she so slightly and trivially passeth over the remembrance of her Father's untimely and bloody death, as if murther were no fin, or that God had ordained no punishment for it; she wears her mourning attire and weeds, more for shew than forrow; for her Father was no sooner laid in his Grave, but she builds many Castles of pleasure in the Air of her extravagant and ambitious thoughts, vowing that ere long the will have a Gallant of her own chufing to her Husband; but the may come thort of her hopes, and perchance find a halter for her neck, before a wedding-Ring for her finger. As for her Brother Alcafero his thoughts are roving and roaming another way; for he finds it strange that the Baron of Carpi comes not to condole with him for his Father, and to continue his fute and affection to his Sifter Fidelia, whereat he both admires and wonders, and not only takes it in ill part, but also begins to suspect, and to cast many doubts and jealousies thereon, and what the issue thereof will be, or what effects it will produce, we shall shortly see. But a month or two being blown away, Carpi hearing no inspition or talk of him, and thinking all things in a readiness for him to be affured and contracted to his Lady and Mistres Fidelia; he takes a new Lacquy, and apparelling him in a contrary Livery, fends him fecretly to Otranto with this Letter to her.

CARPI to FIDELIA.

There are some reasons that stay me for not coming to Otranto, to condole with thee for the death of thy Father, which what they are, none can better imagine than thy self: when thy sorrows are over-bl ran, I will come to thee, in hope to be as joyfull in thy presence, as thy absence makes me miserable. I have

given thee so true, and so real a proof of my affection, as thou shouldest offer me palpable injustice; and to the self extream injury to doubt thereof. For what greater testimony canst thou suturely expect than to believe I will ever prefer thy love before my own life, if thy constancy answer mine? Heaven may, but Earth cannot cross our desires. I pray significe me how thy Brother stands affected to our affections; thy answer shall have many kisses, and I will ever both honour and bless that hand that writ it.

CARPI

The Lacquy comes to Otranto, and finds out Fidelia, to whom (with much care and secrecy) he delivers his Master's Letter, and commends, and requesteth an answer. Fidelia receives the one, and promiseth the other; but she is perplexed and troubled in mind. Here her thoughts make a stand, and consult whether she shall open this Letter or no. Her conscience bath heretofore yeelded to the death of her Father; and now Religion begins to work upon the life of her Conscience, which indeed is that of her Soul. Had she persevered in this course of piety, her repentance might have pleaded for her disobedience, and her contrition redeemed her crime; but the forfakes the helm that might have fleered her to the Port of happiness and safety, and fo fills the fails of her resolutions with the wind of despair, which threaten no less than to split the Bark of her life on the Rocks of her destruction and death. She now begins to hate company, which before the loved, and to love folitariness, which before the hated; yea, the living picture of her dead Father doth fo haunt her thoughts, and frequent her imaginations, that wherefoever she is, it is present with her. Remorse, as a Vulture gnaws at her heart and conscience; yea, though nothing do fear her, yet the fears all things. She fees no man running behind her, but the thinks he purposely follows her to drag her to Prison; the is afraid of her own shadow, and thinks, that not only every tower, but every house will fall upon her: she will not come into any Boat, nor pass any River, Brook, or Well, for sear of drowning. This despair of hers, causeth her to be cold in her Religion, and frozen in her Prayers, which should be both the preservative and antidote of the foul : her speeches for the most part are consused and diffracted, and her looks fullen, fearful and gastly (the proper signs and symptoms of despair) Carpi's Lacquy having stayed two days in Otranto for his answer, holds it his duty to importune Fidelia to be dispatched, the which that night she promifeth him; and now in sad and melancholy humour the breaks off Carpi's Letter, and perufeth it; which not only renews, but revives the remembrance of her Father's death: whereat the enters into a strange and fo implacable a passion, as the once had thought to have thrown his Letter into the fire, and her self. after. Now the is resolved to write back to Carpi, and then presently she changeth her resolution, and vows the will answer him with silence. But the Devil is as subtil as malicious, and so the calls for Pen and Ink, and out of the dregs of discontent, and the gall of despair, writes and returns him this answer.

FIDELIA to CARPI.

I Fathers death hath altered my disposition for I am now wholly addicted to mourning, and not to marriage. I pray trouble not thy self to leave Naples, to come and condole with me in Ocranto: for the best comfort that I can receive, is, that it is impossible for me to receive any. I never doubted of thy affection, nor will give thee any just cause to suspect, much less to fear mine. If this will not suffice, rest assured I have resolved, that either my Grave, or thy self shall be my Husband. How my Brother stands affected to thee, is a thing difficult for me to understand or know, sith I am only his Sister, not his Secretary that in all outward appearance, I think be neither loves thee for my sake, nor my self for thine. Live show as happy, as I fear I shall die miserable.

FIDELIA.

What a fearful Letter is this, either for Fidelia to send, or Carpi to receive: But her distempered and distracted spirits can afford no other; and therefore she dispatcheth away the Lactury with this. And now (as if her thoughts transported her to hell) she cannot be alone, for the Devil is still with her; he appears to her in a shape of an Angel of Light, and profess her Mountains of Wealth, and Worlds of Honor, if she will fall down and adore him. To rebel against God is a sin: But to persevere in our rebellion, is not only a contempt, but a treason in the highest degree against God. The best of Gods people are commonly tempted; but those are, and prove the worst, who are overcome with temptation. Fortitude is a principal and sovereign virtue in Christians; and if we vanquish the Devil, it is good for us; that he assaulted us sith those Victories (as well spiritual as temporal) are ever most glorious and honourable, which are atchieved with greatest danger. Had Fidelia followed the current of this counsel, and the stream of this advice, she had never been so weak with God, nor so unsaithful to her self, as to

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destroy her felf: but for faking God, and contemning prayer, which is the true way to the truest felicity, what can she hope for but despair, or expect but destruction? Her Brother Aleafero, and many of her kinsfolks, neighbours and friends (with their best zeal, and possible power) endeavour to perswade and comfort her; they exhort her to read religious books, and continually to pray; the hearkneth to both these counsels, but neither can, or will not, follow either; her seeps are but broken slumbers, but distracted dreams; and ever and anon it seems (to the eyes of her mind and body) that the Captain her Father doth speak to her, and follow her. In a word, the is weary both of the world, and of her life; yea, despair, or rather the Devil hath reduced her to this extream mifery, and miferable extremity, that she is ready to kifs that hand that would kill her, or that Death which would give her death; she never fees a Knif in the hands of another, but she wisheth it in her own heart : her Conscience doth so terribly accuse her, and her thoughts give in such bloody evidence against her conscience and her felf, for occasioning her Father's murther, that the refolves the must dye, and therefore difdains to live. And now comes her fifter Calefina to her, to perswade and confer with her, but the will prove but a miserable comforter. Fidelia sees her with hatred and detestation, and when the begins to speak, very peremptorily and mournfully cuts off her speeches thus; Ah Sifter, would we had flept when we plotted our Father's death, for in seeking his ruine, we shall assuredly find out our own: Provide you for your safety, for I am past hope of mine, and so get you out of my sight. I know not whether the beginning of this her speech savored more of Heaven, than the end thereof doth of Hell: for lure, if we pass hope, we come too short of salvation; and if we for-

fake that, this infallibly will for fake us.

This poor, or rather this miserable Gentlewoman, having always her murthered Father before her eyes (which incessantly haunts her as a Ghost, and yet she enforced to follow it as her hadow) is powerfully allured and provoked by the infligation of the Devil, in what manner, or at what rate foever, to dispatch her felf, being so wretchedly instructed in faith and piety; and the adds and believes, that the end of her life will prove not only the end of her afflictions, but the beginning of her joys. But, O poor Fidelia, with a thousand pities and tears, I both pity and grieve to see thee believe so infernal an Advocate: for what joy either will he, or can he give thee? Why, nothing but bondage for liberty, torments for pleasures, and tortures for delights; or if thou wilt have me shew thee whereat his flattering oratory, or sugred insinuation tendeth, it is only to have thee destroy thy body in earth, that (as a Triumph and Trophee to the inlargement of his obscure Kingdom) he may drag thy body and soul to hell-fire. But Fidelia is as constant in her sin, as impious in her resolution; and so (all delays set apart) The feeks the means to destroy her felf: The procures poison and takes it, but the effect and operation thereof answers not her desires. I know not whether she be more impatient to live than willing to dye. We never want invention, feldom means to do evil; a little pen-knif of hers, shall in her conceit perform that which poyfon could not; she feeks it, and now remembers, it is with her pair of Knives, in the pocket of her best Gown: she flies to her Ward-robe, and so to her pocker, but finds not her Knives, only the finds her Naples-filk girdle instead thereof. The Devils instruments are never far to seek; she thinks it as good to strangle her Throat, as to curie. And here comes her mournful and deplorable Tragedy, she returns swiftly to her Chamber, bolts the door, and fo (which I grieve and tremble to relate) fastens it to the reaster of her Bed, and there hangs her self; and as it is faithfully reported, at that very instant, and for the space of an hour, it thundred and lightned so cruelly, as if Heaven and Earth were drawing to an end, that not only the chamber where she hung, but the whole house shaked The thunder being past, and the skies clear, Dinner is ferved on the Table, and Alcafero and Coeleftina ready to fit; they call for their Sifter Fidelia, but she is not to be found. One goes to her Chamber, and returns, that her Key is withoutfide, and the door bolted within, and yet the answers not. They both flie from the Table to her Chamber, and call, and knock, but no answer. Alcasero comman de his men to break open the door, which they do, and there fees his Sifter Fidelia hanging to the Bed-stead stark dead. They cry out as affrighted and amazed at this mournful and pitiful spectacle, and with all speed take her down; but she is breathless, though not cold; and they fee all her face and body, which were wont to be as white as fnow, now to be coal-black, and to flink infinitely. These are the woful effects, and lamentable fruits both of Despair and Murther. O, may Christians of all ranks, and of both Sexes, take heed by Fidelia's mournful and miserable example, and withal remember, that murther will still be revenged and punished, especially that which is perpetrated by children toward their Parents; a sin odious both to God and man, sith it not only opposeth Nature, but Grace; Earth, but Heaven.

No sooner (with grief and mourning) hath Alcasero buried this his natural, yet unnatural

fister Fidelia, but as his other fister Calestina weeps for her death, so she again rejoyceth that her fister hath no way revealed the great business, which so much concerns her. I mean the murther of the Captain her Father. But Time will detect and revenge both it and her. And that we may not seem extravagant in the narration and unfolding of this History sly we from Otranto to Naples and leave we the satal and woful Tragedy of Fidelia, to speak a little of the Baron of Carps her Lover, who hath yet a great part to act upon the Theatre of this History.

He hath no sooner received Fidelia's Letter by his Lacquy, but he much wonders and grieves at the contents thereof: he sees her cold in her affection towards him, and hot in despair to her self, and thinks, that as it is in her power to rejoyce him with her affection, so it may be in his to comfort her with his presence: but her request and his conscience inform him, that it is yet too soon to leave Naples to see Otranto; and yet that he may not fail in the complement and duty of a Lover, he resolves to visit her by Letter, though not in person, and so writes her these sew lines.

CARPI to FIDELIA.

We have the request not my Law, I would see Fidelia to comfort her, and comfort my self to see her? But sith I must be so unfortunate, as in one Letter to receive two different sorrows, my refusal, and they despair, what remedy (or Antidote) can I more aptly administer, than Patience to the sirst, and Prayer to the second. If thou weigh matters aright, I have more occasion of sorrow than they self, and get I am so far from despairing, as I hope Time will give thee consolution and me content. Endeavour to love they self, and not to hate me; so shalt thou draw felicity out of affliction, and I security out of danger. I hope they Brother will not follow they Fathers steps his affection to thee, shall be mine to himself. Let they second Letter give me has for much joy, as they first diagrief, and I shall then triumph at my good for tune as much as I now lament and pity thine, and in that mine own.

CARPI.

He sends this Letter of his to Otranto, by his Lacquy Fiesco, who carried his first; but he must go into another world, if he mean to deliver it to Fidelia: He comes to Otranto, and repairs to Captain Benevente's house; whereas he is walking in the second Court, Alcasero being very solitary and penfive at a window, leaning his head on his hand, and deeply and terioufly thinking what rwo fatal disasters were befallen his house, as the loss of his Father and Sister, he by chance espies this Lacquy Fiefco; at whose fight his heart beats, and his blood very suddenly flasheth up in his face; he exceedingly wonders hereat, and attributing every extraordinary motion in himfelf, as step or degree to the discovery of his Father's murther, whereon his thoughts were always fixed, and could never be withdrawn, he fends a Gentleman of his, named Plantinus, to enquire whose Lacquy it was and what was his bufiness. Plantinus descends and examineth him, but he is close and will reveal nothing. He intreats him to enter and tafte the Wine, which he doth; when ingaging, and leaving him in the Cellar, he trips up to his Master, and acquaints him with his anfwer, adding withal, that some fifteen days since he saw him here before. Alcasero commands this Lacquy to be brought before him, he examines him, but he will not discover himself; he threatens him with the whip, and imprisonment, but he cannot prevail. It is a virtue in a servant to conecal his Master's secrets. Alcasero is angry at his silence and sidelity, yet commends him; he bethinks himself of another course and subtilty, as well knowing that fair words may obtain that which threats cannot; he prays him to dine with his fervants, and enjoyneth Plantinus to bring him to him in the Garden after dinner, the which he doth. Alcafero takes him apart, and tels him, that some fifteen days past he saw him here : Fiefco answereth him with silence. Alcasero finds much perturbation in his heart, and distraction in his looks and speech; he thinks this boy can reveal fomething which he ought to know, and therefore thinks to furprize him with a filver hook; he proffers him twenty Duckets, and lays it down before him, to discover himself and his business.

Gold is, but ought not to be a powerful bait to indifcretion and poverty. It is a small point of small wisdom in Noblemen to commit secrets of importance to those who have too much solly, and too little judgment to conceal them. The fight of this Gold doth not only dazle Fiesco's eyes, but eclipse his fidelity: so he holds it no sin towards God, nor treachery towards his Master to reveal it; but takes it, and informs him that he is the Baren of Carpi his Lacquy, who sent him from Naples thither, with a Letter from him to the Lady Fidelia his sister. Alcasero grows pale hereat, and is very curious and hasty to see the Letter: Fiesco delivers it him, who steps aside, and reads it; whereon he plucks his hat down his fore-head, and so making three or four paces, reads it ore again. He is perplexed to know as much as he sees, and grieved not to see and find as much as he desireth to know. He now confirms his former suspicion of

Carpi and believes that he is a chief Actor or Agent in his Father's Tragedy. But he knows it wifdom to use filence in the discovery of a crime of this nature; and therefore calls Fiesco to him, bids him stay that night, and to speak with him in the morning before he depart.

Alcafero withdraws himself from the Garden to his Closet, and there again peruseth this Letter of Carpi's: he finds it full of suspicion and ambiguities, and perceives it hath a relation to former Letters, yea, there is a mystery in this Letter, the which he must unlock and find out e're he be satisfied; for although Carpi be squintley'd, yet he sears he hath looked too right on his Father. He slies to Fidelia's Closet, Trunk and Casket, and finds a former Letter of Carpi's to her, and the Copy of one of hers to him; and the perulal of thele two Letters are fo far from diminishing his fuspition, as it doth augment and encrease it; for now he verily believes that Carpi and his Sifter Fidelia have jointly had a great hand in his Fathers murther. But all this while he doth not once so much as suspect or imagin that his other Sister Califfina hath played any part in this Tragedy: but Time is the daughter of Truth, as Truth is that of Heaven. In the morn he cals for Fielco, to whom he gave this farewel; Tell the Baron of Carpi thy Master, that my Sifter Fidelia is in another World, and not in this, and that shortly I resolve to see him at Naples, and that in the inverim I will referve his Letter. Fiefco departs, but knows he hath so highly betrayed and wronged his Master, as he dares not see him, and so shews him a fair pair of heels. Such Lacquies far better deferve a halter than a Livery. Carbi wonders at his Lacquys long flay; in which mean time Alcasero comes to Naples, where he is yet irresolute, whether to accuse Carpi by order and course of Law, or to fight with him : but he resolves to do both; and that if the Law will not right him for the murther of his Father, his sword shall. He goes to the Criminal Judges, and with much passion and forrow accuseth the Baron of Carpi for murthering of the Captain Benevente his Father; and for proof hereof, produceth his two Letters to his Sifter Fidelia, and the Copy of one of hers to him. Whereupon the Judges grant power to apprehend Carpi; so he is taken and constituted prisoner; and now he hath leifure to think on the baseness and foulness of his fact. But he is so far from dejecting himself to forrow, or addicting himself to repentance, as he puts a brazen face on his looks and speeches, and so peremptorily intends and resolves to deny all. Had he had more grace, or less impiety, he would have made better use of this his imprisonment, and have shewn himself at lest humble, if not forrowful for his offence and crime. But he holds it wisdom in greatest dangers to shew most courage and resolution, and so makes himself fit to grapple and encounter with all accidents and occurrences whatloever.

Men may palliate their fins, but God will find them out, and display them in their naked colors. Alcafero is an importunate folicitor to his Judges, to draw and haften on Carpi his arraignment: But they (refembling themselves) proceed therein modelly and gravely : they consult and confider the three Letters; they find conjectural fentences enough to accuse, but no folid proof to condemn him, they hold, that their opinions ought not to be swayed with the wind of every presumption, and that it is not fit so trivially to set the life of a man at fix and seven. Besides, as they approve of Alcasero his affection to his father, fothey diflike of his impetuosity and vehemency towards Carpi. They all refolve to lay the Sword of Justice in the balance of Equity; and then ordain, that Carpi shall be rackt, to see whether they can draw more light from his tongue, than from his pen. But he endures these his tortures and torments with wonderful conflancy, and full denies all. Had his cause been more religious and humane, and not so bloody, this fortitude and courage of his had been as praife-worthy, as now it is odious and execrable. The Court by sentence (pronounced in open Senate) acquit and clear Carpi of this murther, wherat

Alcafero exceedingly repines and murmurs.

It is not enough that Carpi bath now escaped this danger; for Alcasero remains fill constant in his conceit, that he is the murtherer of his Father, and therefore vows and refolves to fight with him: He lets pass some fix weeks time, till he be sound of his limbs, and then resolves to send him a challenge. Had Carpi been innocent, it had been more honourable and requifite, that he had challenged Alcafero, than Alcafero him; but his cause being unjust, and his conscience fearful; he dares not run the hazard, to be defirous or ambitious to fight with Alcasero; which if he had attempted, Alcasero will anticipate and prevent him; who making Plantinus his second, he out of the ashes of his forrow, and the fire of his revenge, sends him to Carpi with this Billet of Defi-

ALCASERO to CARPI.

Libough the Law have cleared thee for the murther of my Father, yet my Conscience cannot, and my A Kapier will not. I should be a monster of Nature, not to seek revenge for his death, of whom I have received my life. Could I give peace to my thoughts, or unthink the thoughts of my difaster, I would not feek to bereave thee of thy life, with the hazzard of mine own: But finding this not only difficult, but impossible,

impossible, pardon me if I request thee to meet me single, at eight of the clock after supper, at the West end of the common Vineyard, where I will attend thee with a couple of Rapiers, the choice whereof shall be thine, and the refusal mine: or if thou wilt make use of a Second, he shall not depart without meeting one to exchange a thrust or two with him.

ALCASERO.

Whiles the Baron of Carpi is triumphing to fee how he hath bleared the eyes of his Judges, and fo freed himself from the fears and danger of death, behold, Plantinus finds him out, and delivers him Alcasero his Challenge. He takes it, and with a variable countenance reads it, whereat he finds a reluctation and combat, not only in his thoughts, but his Conscience, whether he should accept or resuse it. His Honour bids him do the first, but his Conscience wils him to perform the second; It were better to be born a Clown than a Coward. Besides if he should resuse to fight with Alcasero, he upon the matter makes himself guilty of the Captain his Fathers death. He knows he bath an unjust cause in hand, but he prefers his Honour before his Life; when set-

ting a good face upon his resolution, he addresseth himself to Plantinus, thus.

Sir, I presume you know this business for I take you to be Alcalero's Second. He hath (replied Plantinus) done me the honour to make choice of me, instead of a more worthy. W. Il (quoth the Baron of Carpi) tell thy Master from me, That although I have not deserved his malce, yet that I accept his challenge, and will perform it; only I must fight single, because I am at present unprovided of a Second. Plantinus (asfull of Valour as Fidelity) prays him. That he may not fee his hopes and defires frustrated, but that he may enjoy part of the feast. But Carpi gives him this answer, which he bids him take for his last resolution; That he will hazard himself, but n t his friend. So Plantinus returns with joy to his mafter, and discontent to himself; when nothing proving of power to quench the fire of thefe two Gentlemens courage and revenge, they meet at the time and place appointed. Carpi fights with passion and vehemency; Alcasero with judgment and discretion. Carpi looks red and fiery with choler, and Alcasero pale and gastly, not for fear of his cause, but for the remembrance of his forrows; and to conclude and thut up this combat in the iffue thereof, Justice is not now pleased to shew the effects of her power and influence, nor God that of his Justice, onely it is referved for another time, and for a more shameful manner: so Carpi hath the best of the day, for he is onely burt in his right hand, and scarr'd over both his lips, as if the providence and pleasure of God had ordained, that that hand which committed the Murther, and that mouth which denied it, should be purposely punished, and no part else. As for Alcasero, he had five several wounds, whereof one being thorow the body, made Carpi believe it was mortal, and the rather, for that he fell therewith speechless to the ground; so leaving him grovelling and weltring in his blood, he departs, resting very confident that he was at his very last glasp of life, and point of death. But Carpi his Chirurgion (being more humane and charitable than his Mafter) leaps over the next hedge, and comes to his alfistance: He leavs him against a bank, binds up his wounds and wraps him in his Cloak, and so runs to a Litter, which he faw near him, and prays the Lady that was in it, that she would vouchfafe to take in Don Alcafero, who was there extreamly and dangerously wounded; and this did Carpi his Chirurge on perform, in the absence of Alcasero's own Chirurgeon, who out of some dittast or forgetfulness, came not at the hour and place assigned, according to his promise. It was the Lady Marguerita Esperia, who out of her noble and charitable zeal to wounded Alcasero, presently defeended her Litter, commanded her fervants to lay him in foftly, and to convey him to his lodging, and she her self is pleased to say in the fields till her servants return it her. It was a courtefe, and a charity worthy of fo honourable a Lady as her felf: and in regard whereof, I hold it fit, to give her remembrance and name a place in this Hiftor y. All Naples, yea, the whole Kingdom rings of this combat; the Baron of Carpi and Alcafero are (jointly) highly commended and extolled for the same, the last for his affection and zeal to his dead father; the first, for giving Alcasero his life when it was in his power and pleasure to have taken it from him. But God will not permit Alcafero to die of these wounds, but rather will have him live to see Carpi die before him, though in a far more ignoble and shameful manner.

As foon as Alcasero's wounds are cured, and he pretty well recovered he leaves Naples, and returns to Otranto, where his Sister Calestina did as much shake and tremble at the imprisonment of the Baron of Carpi, as she now rejoyees at his liberty; especially, sith she is affured, that he hath no way accused her, nor used her name for the death and marther of her Father, which indeed makes her far more pleasant and merry than before, and within six months after marries with Seignior Alanso Ludovici, whom she ever from her youth had loved and affected, and with whom she lives in great pleasure, state and pomp: and no less doth her brother Alcasero, who for the courtesse which Dona Marquerite Esperia shewed him when he was so dangerously wounded,

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in requital thereof, doth now marry the fair Beatina, her only Daughter, with whom he lives in the highest content and felicity, as any Gentleman of Italy, or of the whole world can either de

Butthis Sun-shine of Carpi's prosperity, and Calestina's happiness and glory shall not last long, for there is a ftorm breaking forth. which threatneth no less than the utter ruin, as well of their fortunes as lives. Where men cannot God will both detect and punish Murthers; yea, by fuch secret means and instruments, as we least suspect or imagin. They are infallible Maxims, That we are never less secured than when we think our selves secure; nor neaver danger than when we esteem our selves farthest from it. And if any be so incredulous, or as I may say, so irreligious as not to believe it, have they but a little patience, and they shall instantly see it verified and made good in the Baron of Carpi, and the Lady Caleftina, who thinking themselves now sate and free from all adverse fortunes and fatal accidents whatsoever, and enjoying all those contents and pleasures which their hearts could either desire or wish to enjoy, or which the world could prostitute or present them, they in a moment, shall be bereaved of their delights and glory, and enforced to end their days on a base Scaffold, with much shame, infamy and misery. The

manner is thus:

God many times beyond our hopes and expectations, doth square out the rule of his Justice, according to that of his will. All men are to be accountable to him for their actions, but he to none for his decrees and refolutions: it is in him to order, in us to obey; yea, many times he reproves us, but yet with no intent to pardon us. Curiofity in matters of Faith and Religion, proves not only folly but impiety; for as we are men, we mult look up to God, but as we are Christians, we must not look beyond him. He oftentimes makes great offenders accuse themselves for want of others to accuse them; and when he pleaseth, he will punish one fin by another, the which we shall now see verified in Lorenzo, the Baron of Carpi his Lacquy; that wretched and bloody Lorenzo, who as we have formerly heard, affifted this his Master to murther Captain Benevente and Fiamento near Alpiata; who ever fince being countenanced and authorized by his Masters favour, in respect of this his foul fact, wherein his bloody and murtherous hand was deeply and jointly imbrued with him; he from that time becomes so debauched and disfolute in his fervice, as he spends all that possibly he can procure or get; yea, and runs likewise extreamly in debt, not only with all his friends, but also with all those whom he knows will erust him: so as his wants being extreamly urgent, and inforced to see himself reduced to a miserable indigence and poverty, he being one day sent by the Baron his Master to the Senatehouse with a Letter to his Counsellor, he there in the throng and croud of the people cuts a purse from a Gentlewoman's side, wherein was some five and twenty Duckatoons in Gold, was taken with the manner, and apprehended and imprisoned for the fact, and the next morn his Process was made, he found guilty, and condemned to be hanged: So he is dealt withat by a couple of Friers in prison, who prepare his foul for Heaven : He sees the foulness of his former life, and repents it. The Baron of Carpi his Master, no sooner understands this news, but he shakes and trembles, fearing lest this his Lacquy should reveal the Murther of the Captain and his man: whereupon he refolveth to flie; but confidering again, that if his Lacquy accuse him not, his very flight will proclaim and make him guilty, he stays, and as he thinks, refolves of a better course. He goes to the prison, and deals with his Lacquy to be secret in the business he wots of, protesting and promising him, that in consideration thereof, he will enrich his mother and brothers. Lorenzo tells him, that he needs not fear; for as he hath lived, so he will die his faithful fervant: But we shall see him have more grace, than to keep so graceless a promise. Carpi flattering himself with the fidelity and affection of his Lacquy, resolves to stay in the City: but he shall shortly repent his confidence. He was formerly betrayed by Fiefco, which me thinks should have made him more cautious and wife, and not so simple to intrust and repose his life on the incertain mercy of Lorenzo's tongue : but God's Revenge draws neer him, and consequently he near his end; for he neither can nor shall avoid the Judgment of Heaven.

Lorenzo on the Gallaws will not charge his foul with this foul and execrable fin of murther; but Grace now operating with his foul, as much as formerly Satan did with his heart, he confesseth that he and the Baron of Carpi his Malter, together with the Knight Monteleen, and his Lacquy Anselme, murthered the Captain Benevente, and his man Fiamento, and threw them into the Quarry, the which he takes to his death is true; and fo using some Christian-like speeches of repen-

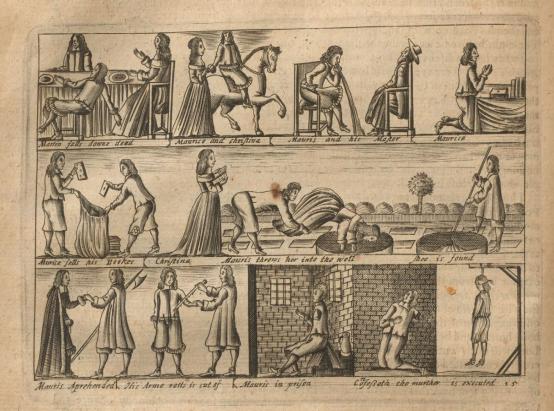
tance and forrow, he is hanged.

Lorenzo is no fooper turned over but the Criminal Judges advertised of his speeches delivered at his death, they command the Baron of Carpi his lodging to be beleagured, where he is found in his study, and so apprehended and committed prisoner; where fear makes him look pale, so as the Peacocks plumes both of his pride and courage firike fail. He is again put to the Rack, and now the second time he reveals his foul and bloody murther, and in every point acknowledgeth Lorenzo's accusation of him to be true: So he is condemned first to have his right hand cut off, and then his head, not with standing that many great friends of his sue to the Vicerey for his pardon. The night before he was to die the next morn, one of his Judges was sent to him to prison, to perswade him to discover all his Complices in that murther, besides Monteleon and his Lacquy Anselmo; yea, there are like vise some Divines present, who with many Religious Exhortations perswade him to it: So Grace prevails with Nature, and Righteousness with Implety and sin in him; that he is now no longer himself, for contrition and repentance hath reformed him; he will rather dis-respect Calestina, than displease God: whereupon he assirms, that she and her deceased fister Fldelia, drew him and Monteleon to murther their Faither, and his man Fiamento; and that if it had not been for their allurements and requests, they had never attempted either the beginning or end of so bloody a business: and thus making himself ready for Heaven, and grieving at nothing on Earth, but at the remembrance of his soul Fact, he in the sight of many thousand people, doth now lose his head.

This Tragedy is no fooner acted and finished in Waples, but the Judges of this City fend away, Post to those of Otranto, to seize on the Lady Calestina (who in the absence of her busband for the most part lived there) a Lady whom I could pity for her youth and beauty, did not the foulness of her fact, so fouly disparage and blemish ir. She is at that instancar a Noblemans house, at the folemnity of his Daughter's marriage, where the is apprehended, imprisoned and accused to be the Author and plotter of the Captain her Father's death; neither can her trans or prayers exempt her from this affliction or milery. She was once of opinion to deny it, but understanding that the Baron of Carpi, and his Lacquy Lorenzo were already executed for the same in Naples, the with a world of tears freely confessethit, and confirms as much as Carpi affirmed: whereupon in expiation of this her inhuman Parricide, she is condemned to have her head cut off, her body burnt, and her ashes thrown into the air; for a milder death, and a less punishment the Lord will not (out of his Justice) inflict upon her, for this her horrible crime, and barbarous cruelty committed on the person of her own Father, or at least seducing and occasioning it to be committed on him; and it is not in her husbands possible power to exempt or free her hereof. Being fent back that night to prison, she passeth it over (or in very truth the greatest part thereof) in prayer, still grieving for her sins, and mourning for this her bloody offence and crime; and the next morn being brought to her execution, when the afcended the Scaffold, the was very humble, forrowful and repentant, and with many shows of tears requested her brother Alcasero, and all her kinsfolks to forgive her, for occasioning and consenting to her Fathers death, and generally all the world to pray for her; when her fighs and tears fo forrowfully interrupted and silenced her tongue, as the recommending her foul into the hands of her Redeemer, whom she had so hainously offended, she with great humility and contrition, kneeling on her knees, and lifting up her eyes and hands towards Heaven, the Executioner with his Sword made a double divorce betwixt her head and her body, her body and her foul; and then the fire (as if incenfed at fo fiery a spirit) consumed her to ashes, and her ashes were thrown into the air; to teach her, and all the world by her example, that so inhuman and bloody a daughter, deferved not either to tread on the face of the earth, or to breathe this air of life.

She was lamented of all who either knew or saw her, not that she should die, but that she should first deserve, then suffer so shameful and wretched a death: and yet she was far happier than her sister Fidelia; for she despaired, and this considently hoped for remission and salvation. Thus albeit this wretched and exectable young Gentlemomian lived impiously, yet she died Christianly: wherefore let us think on that with detestation, and on this with charity. And here we see how severely the murther of Captain Benevente was by Gods just revenge punished, not only in his two Daughters who plotted it, but also in the two Noblemen and their two Lacquies who acted it. Such attempts and crimes deserve such ends and punishments, and infallibly find them. The only way therefore for Christians to avoid the one, and contemn the other, is with sanctified hearts, and unpolluted hands, still to pray to God for his Grace, continually to affect prayer, and incessantly to practise piety in our thoughts, and godliness in our resolutions and actions: the which if we be careful and conscionable to perform, God will then shroud us under the wings of his savour, and so preserve and protect us with his mercy and providence,

as we shall have no cause to fear either Hell or Satan.



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XV.

Maurice, like a bloody villain, and damnable Son, throws his Mother Christina into a well, and drowns her: the same hand and arm of his wherewith he did it rots away from his body, and being discrased of his wits in Prison, he there confesseth his foul and inhuman murther, for the which he is hanged.

IF we did not wilfully make our felves miferable, God is so indulgent and merciful to us, as he would make us more happy; but when with high and presumptuous hands we violate the Laws of Nature and Grace, of Earth and Heaven, in murthering through Envy those, whom through Duty and Affection we are bound to obey, honour, cherish and preserve; then it is no marvel, because we first forsook God, that he afterwards abandoneth us to our selves, and sins, and to the fruits thereof, Calamity, Misery, Insamy and Perdition: and that we may see human cruelty to be justly mer with, and punished by Gods upright and divine Justice; Lohere in this ensuing History we shall see a wretched Son kill his harmless and dear Mother. A very fearful and lamentable Paricide, a most cruel and execrable sact, for the which we shall see him rewarded with condign punishment, and with a sharp and infamous death, although not half so deplorable as deserved. It is a bitter and bloody History, the Relation and Remembrance whereof, in the most barbarous and sinty hearts, is capable, not only to ingender Compassion but Compunction; yea, not only Contrition but Tears, at least if we have any place lest in us for Pity, or room for Piets; the which if we have, doubtless the end of our reading will not only bless, but crown the beginning, and the beginning the end thereof.

Upon the North-east side of the Lake Leman, vulgarly known and called the Lake of Geneva (because it pays its full tribute, and makes its chiefest Rendezvous before that City, whereof it invironeth at least one third part.) There stands a pretty small and strong Town, distant a little days journey from it, termed Morges, which properly belongs to the jurisdiction of Bern, one of the chiefest Cantons of that warlike people and Country of Swifferland, wherein of very late years, and recent memory, there dwelt a rich and honest Burger or Burgomaster (for of Gentry those paris and people are not, because they will not be capable) named Martin Haisenorfe, who by his wife Christina Snuyt faren, had one onely child, a fon, named Maurice Halfenorfe, now of some fourteen years old; whose Father although he were by profession a Soldier, and enrolled a Lieutenant to one of those Auxiliary bands of that Country, which are in pay to the French King, yet nevertheless his chiefest ambition and care was, to make this Son of his a Scholar, because the ignorance and illiterature of his own age, made him to repent it in himfelf, and therefore to provide a remedy thereof in his Son's youth, fith he now knew and faw, that a man without learning. was either as a body without a foul, or a foul without knowledg and reason, which are her chiefest virtues, and most sacred Ornaments and Excellencies: So he brings him up to their own Grammar-School in Morges, where in some three or four years his affection and care to fludy, makes him so good a Proficient, as he becomes not only skilful, but perfect therein, and almost as capable to teach his School-Master, as he was to instruct him; yea, and to add the better Grace to the Grace of that Art, he was of fo m ld and fo modest a carriage, and the bloffoms of his youth were fo fweetly watered with the Heavenly dew of Virtue and Piery, as if his manners and himself were wholly composed thereof; so that for Learning and Goodness he was, and was juffly reputed, not only the Mirrour, but the Phanix of all the youth of Morges; and as he esteemed himself happy in his Parents, so they reciprocally hold themselves, not only happy, but blessed in this their Son. But because the inherent corruption of our nature, and the perverfuels and multiplicity of our fins are fuch, as they cannot promife us any true joy, much less affured and permanent felicity: fo the Sunshine of this their remporary content, equally divided in thirds betwirt the Father, Mother, and Son, will shortly receive a great eclipse, and a fatal dysaster, which will be to them so much the more bitter and mournful, fith both the cause and effects thereof were of each of them unthought of, of them all unexpected.

For God in his sacred decree and providence, seeing Martin Halfenorse the Father his strength arrived at his full Meridian and height, and his days to their full number and period: He, as he sate at dinnet jocund and merry with his wife and son, is suddenly taken with a deadly swoon, which presently deprives his body of this life, and sends his soul to enjoy the sweet felicity, and sacred joy and immortality of the life to come. A Document which may teach us not to relie upon the rotten priviledges and strength of youth, but so to prepare our lives, that death at all places, and in all times, may still find us armed and ready to encounter it. A Document which may teach us with the erected eyes, as well of our faith as body, so to look from Earth to Heaven that our souls be not only ready; but willing to for sake this stinking tabernacle and prison of of our mortality, to slie and be admitted into Heaven that heavenly ferusalem, and Califial City, where they may enjoy the blessed Communion of the Saints, and the greatest blessings of all joys, and the most sovereign joy of all blessings, then to see our Creator and Saviour, God the Father, and Christ Fesus his son face to sace, wherein indeed all the joys and blessings of our souls are

comprized and included.

The death of Halfenorfe the Father, is not only the Argument, but the cause of his widow Christina's grief, of his Son Maurice his sorrow, of her tears and groans, of his sighs and afflictions, yea, and not to derogate from the truth, I may step a degree farthet, and say, That this his death is a satal Herauld, and mournful Harbinger, which portends and prepares both of them many desastrous calamities and world miseries, the which in a manner, are almost ready to sur-

prize and befall them.

This forrowful widow being thus deprived of her dear Husband, who was both her comfort and her joy, her stay and her Protector, her head and her glory; although he left her a good Estate sufficient enough to warrant her against the fear of poverty, and to secure her self against the apprehension of worldly indigence; and wherewithal to maintain both her and her son, with somewhat more than an indifferent competency; yet she saw her friends forsake her, and her Husband's samiliar acquaintance abandon her, as if their friendship died with him, and that their remembrance of him was wholly raked up, and buried in the dust of his grave. A most ingrateful diease and iniquity of time, rather to be pitted than cured, and reproved than reformed, so sading and inconstant are the unfriendly friendships of the world, who for the most part are grounded on prosit, not on honour; on avarice, not on virtue, on their own

gold, not on the want of their Christian neighbours and brethren; but enough of this, and again

to our History.

Now, if Christiana (for only by that name I will henceforth entitle her) have any comfort or consolation lest her, to sweeten the bitterness of her Husbands death, it is only to see him survive and live in her Son Manrice, in whose virtues and years, her hopes likewise begin again to bud forth and flourish; when remembring what an earnest care and desire her Husband had to see him a Scholar, as she inherits his goods, so she will assume and inherit that resolution of his; and although she love her Son's sight, and affect his presence tenderly and dearly, yet she can give no peace to her thoughts, nor take any truce of her resolutions, till she fend him from Morges, to the University of Losanna, some three Leagues distant from thence, there to perfect his studies and learning, the feeds whereof already so hopefully blossomed forth, and structified in him. To which end, her deepest affection and care having hearkned out one Deodatus Varesius, a Batchelor of Divinity of that University, whom same (though indeed most falsty) had informed her to be an expert Scholar, and an excellent Christian, she agrees with him; when allowing her Son an honest exhibition, and surnishing him with Books, a Gown, and all other necessaries, she sends him away to Losanna, charging him at his departure, to be careful of his learning, carriage and actions; and above all, to make piety and godliness in his life and conversation, the Regent of all his studies; when with tears of natural affection, they

take leave each of other. Maurice being arrived at Lofanna, finds out his Tutor Varefins, who receives and welcomes this his Pupil courteously and kindly: but alas, the hopes of Christiana the Mother, are extreamly deceived in the virtues of Varefins; because his Vices will instantly deceive both the merits and expectations of her Son, or rather change nature and qualities in him, and thereby shortly make him as vicious in Losanna, as formerly he was virtuous in Morges: for I write with grief and pity, that to define the truth aright, it was difficult to fay, whether he were more learned or debauched, a more perfect Scholar, or profane Christian, for although the dignity of his Bachelorship of Theology, did hide many of his dissolute pranks, and obscene imperfections, yet his exorbitant deportment and industry, could not so closely overvail and obscure them, but his intemperate affection to drinking, and beaftly inclination to drunkenness, began now to become obvious and apparent to the Eyes and Heads of his Colledg, yea to the whole Univerfir: A most pernicious and swinish vice; indeed too too much incident and subject to these people the Swiffers; but if it had been immured and confined within these Rocks and Mountains of Germany, it had proved not only a happiness, but a bleffing to the other Western parts of the Christian world, where it spreads its infection like an uncontrolable and incurable Gangren, yea, like a most contagious and fatal pestilence: so as in Varsieus there was nothing more in-congruous and different, than his doctrine and his life, his profession and conversation, his Theory and his Practice, his knowledge and his will. But if the head-fprings and fountains be corrupted with this vice of drunkenness, no marvel if the Rivers and Streams of Commonweals be infected and poisoned therewith ; yea, if it be not debarred, but have admittance and residence in the Classes of Universities, from which Nurseries and Gardens of the Muses, both the Church and State tetch their chiefest Ornaments and Members ; how can we expect to see it rooted out from the more illiterate Commons, whose gross ignorance makes them far more capable to learn Vice than Virtue; or rather Vice, and not Virtue; fith there is no shorter nor truer Art to learn is, than of their Arts Masters, because the example and president of ill doing in our Teachers, and Superiors, doth not only plant, but ingraff and root it; not onely priviledge, but as it were, authorize it in us, still with a fatal impetuofity, with a dangerous violence, and pernicious event and iffue: for if remedies be not found in learned Physicians, it is then in vain to feek them in the rude and unlearned people; and if the Praceptor himself be not sanctified, it is rather to be feared than doubted, that his Difciple will not. This (yea this) is a most mournful and fatal rock, whereon divers virtuous and religious parents have even wept themselves to death, to fee their children suffer shipwrack; yea, this beastly and brutish sin of Drunkenness, is still the Devil's Offer and Pander to all other fins, and therefore how cautious and careful ought the Heads of Schools and Universities be, to expell and root it out from themselves, and to hate and detell it in others, fith in the remiss winking thereat, I may (with as much truth as safety) affirm, that toleration is confirmation; and connivency, cruelty; as we shall not go far to see it made good and verified in this enfuing mournful History; the which in exacting Ink from my Pen, doth likewife command blood from my heart, and tears from mine eyes, to anatomize and

Difficultly hath Maurice been three months in Lofanna with Varefins, but his virtues are eclipfed and drowned in vice; yea, he not only thinks, but holds it a virtue to make himself culpable and guilty of this his Tutors vice of Drunkenness, wherein within less than three moneths he proves so expert, or indeed so execrable a scholar in his beastly Art, as both day and night he makes it not only his practice, but his delight, and not only his delight, but his glory. He who was before so temperate in his drink and conversation in Morges, as for the most part, he wholly drank water, not wine; now he is so viciously metamorphosed in Lesanna, as contrarywise, he only drinks wine, no water; yea, and which is lamentable to remember, and deplorable to observe in this young Scholar, he drinks (or to write truer, devours it) so excessively, as his Cups are become his nooks; his Carousing, his Learning; the Tavern, his Study; and Drunkenness the only Art he professed, which silthy and infectious disease, spreading from the Praceptor to the Pupil, from old Varessus to young Manrice, hath so surprized the one, and seized on the other, as it threatens the disparagement of the first his reputation, and the shipwrack of the

feconds fortunes, and it may be of his life.

Now Varefins, who will not be ashamed to pity this beastly Vice in himself, doth yet pity it with shame to behold it in his Scholar Maurice, and yet hath neither the Grace to reform it in himself, nor the will or power to reprove it in him; but instead of stopping and preventing it; doth in all things give way to the current and torrent of the fwinish fin, which inevitably draws after it these threefold diseases and miseries; the poison of our bodies, the consumption of our purses, and the Moth and Canker of our reputations; or if you will, these three not far different from the three former . The bane of our wits, the enemy of our health and life, and the confumer of our estates and friends: and within the compass of one whole year, to all those diseases and miseries doth the drunkenness of our debauched young Scholar Maurice subject and reduce him; so as it being the nature of fin (not checked and vanquished with repentance) rather to grow than wither, to flourish than fade or decay with our age: the longer Maurice lived in Losanna, the deeper root his beastly vice of drunkenness took in him, and he the dearer affection to it, fo as that competent exhibition which his Mother yearly allowed him, became incompatible with this his excellive prodigality and intemperancy : yea, his extream superfluicy in this kind, was without intermission so frequent, as three quarters of his years pension could not discharge one of his expences and debts, so strong a habit (converted now to a second Nature) had this bewitching beaftly fin of drunkenness exacted and gotten of him, as if this were his fe icity, and that he only triumphed to become a flave to this his flavish appetite and swinish profession, which to support and maintain, he not only feeds, but surfets his Mother with variety of subtitand infinuating Letters, thereby to draw divers summs of moneys from her, as indeed he doth; some under pretext of necessity to buy new books, which he affirmed he wanted; others under pretence of his weakness and sickness, and such like colourable excuses; which unthrifty prodigality of his, doth as fast empty her purse and store, as her industrious frugality can possibly fill them, whereof having all the reasons of the world to become fensible, she at last, making her judgment consult with her affection, begins now to fear, that her Son was become less virtuous, and more debauched than she hoped of, and that these his Letters and Petitions for money, were only tricks to deceive the hopes, and betray the confidence she reposed in his virtuous carriage, and godly inclination, whereof being in fine informed and certified from such Students and Burgers of Losanna, whom she had set as Sentinels, to have Argus, yea, Lyncew eyes over his actions and deportments, the at last with few thanks to his Tutor Varefins, many complaints and exclamations to her fon, and imexpreshible grief and forrow to her felf, commands him home from Losanna to Morges, where with much bitterness and secrecy, the taxes and rates him for his drunkenness and prodigality, in that he had vainly spent in one year more than either his Father or her felf could collect or gather up in many.

But fee the leud fubtilty, and wretched deceitfules of this diffolute fon towards this his dear and tender mother; for then and there, seasoning his speeches with virtue, and his behaviour with obedience and piety; he modestly seems not only to tax her credulity, conceived against the candour and integrity of his actions, but also with a kind of tacit choler, to malign and traduce those who unjustly and fally had cast so foul an aspersion on his virtues and innocency; and the better to make those his speeches, and this his apology and justification pass current with his Mother, his discretion now describes so fair a Law to his Vanity, and his reason to his intemperate and irregular desires, as to the eye of the world, and to her more curious and observant judgment, he seems to be the very picture and statue of Virtue, although God and his soul soul and conscience well knows, that he is the true, essential and real Image of Vice: and the better to cloak and overveit this his dissimulation from the eyes of God and his Mother, although the continue to take his Cups by night, yet in Morges, and especially in his Mother's house and sight, he casts them off by day, and the better and more firmly to reintegrate himself into her approbation and savour, he mornings and evenings is seen at his prayers, and spends the great-

est part of his time in hearing and frequenting of Sermons, the which affords such sweet content to her conceits and thoughts, as she repents her self of her unk inducts towards him, and not only acquits him of his drunkenness, prodigality and dissoluteness, but also accuse h his accusers, whom she now as much condemns for Envy and Malice towards her son, as she highly (as she thinks justly) applauds him for his religious piety towards God.

But fith Hypocrifie is worse than Profamens, as making us rather Devils than Saints; or indeed not Saints, but Devils; and that no sacrifice is so odious, nor object so hateful to God, as he who denies and dissembleth it in his looks, and yet professeth and practise that in his heart and soul; so we shall see to our grief, and this wretched hypocrite find to his misery, that thinking to deceive God, he shall in the end deceive himself; and in attempting to betray his Mother through his salle Virtue, his true Vice will at last betray him, and make him as miserable, as he slattereth

himself it will make him fortunate.

Now, the better to root and confirm this opinion of his temperancy in his mother's conceit and mind, and so the more secretly to overveil his excessive affection and addiction to Drunkenness, he under the pretence of some necessary and profitable occasions, gets leave of her, sometimes to ride over to Bern, Soleure, Friburge, Apenfal, and other capital Towns of the Cantons, where he falls afresh to his cups, and there continually both day and night swills his brains, and stuffs up his belly with wine, as if he took no other delight or glory, but to drown his wit and learning with his money, and his health with both; and yet again when he returns to Morges, he makes fuch fair weather with his mother, and casts so temperate a cloak and colour on his speeches and actions, as if it were impossible for him to drink more than would suffice nature, or to defire more than would meerly quench his thirst. And thus by his hypocritical policy having wrought himself into his Mother's good opinion and favour, as also some store of money out of her purse and coffers, he with a feigned shew of humility and differetion, takes leave of her, and to perfect his studies and learning, returns again to Losanna, where he is no sooner arrived, but upon his new return, he finds out his old carroufing Companions, who like fo many pelillent Vipers and contagious Moths and Caterpillars, are viciously, and therefore fatally resolved, not only to eat out the bottom of his purse, but also the heart of his happiness, and as I may justly term it, to devour the very soul of his felicity, and with these tippling Brats of Bacchus, doth our lend and debauched Scholar Manrice, continually drink drunk: not only forgetting his learning but himfelf, and which is worfe, his God, having neither the power to remember to repent, or grace to pray, nor to remember any thing but his cups; to beaftly is he inclined, so swinishly and viciously is he affected and addicted; and what doth this either prognofficate, presage, or promise to produce in him, but inevitable affliction, misery and ruin of all fides.

As the shortest errors are best, so those Vices which have longest perseverance and predominance in us, prove still the most pernicious and dangerous. It is nothing to crush a Serpent in the egg, but if we permit it to grow to a Serpent, it may then crush us; a plant may be removed with ease, but an old tree difficultly. To fall from sin to repentance, is as great a happiness, as it is a misery to fall from repentance to sin; and indeed to use but one word for the affirmation and confirmation of this truth, there can no greater misery befall us, than to think our selves

happy, when (through our fins) we are miserable.

Here in Losanna, Maurice esteems this his beastly sin of drunk nness to be a Virtue, not a Vice in him; yea, in paying for all shots and reckonings in Taverns, he sottishly and soolishly thinks it the shortest and truest way to be beloved and honoured (though indeed to be contemned) of all; and therefore without fear or wit, yea, without the least spark of Grace, or shadow of consideration, his stomack (like the Devils spunge) and his infatiable throat (like a bottomlefs gulf) to devours his wine, and his wine his mony, as that which should be the Argument of his glory, he makes the cause of his shame; and his money which should fortifie his reputation, he converts and turns to ruin it. But as poverty (in a just revenge of our Vanity) rejoyceth to look on us, because we first disdained either to look on, or regard it; so he having spent the fragrant Summer of his folly and prodigality, in wasting the moneys his Mother gave him in wine; now the deprivation thereof makes him feel the frosty winter of that want, which he can better remember than remedy, rather repent than redress. The Fellows and Students of his Colledg look on him and his drunkenness, some with the eyes of pity, others with those of joy, according as their friendship or malice, their Charity or Envy either conduct their passions, or transport and steer their resolutions and inclinations. As for his Tutor Varesius, how can he pollibly feek to reclaim this his Pupil from Vice to Virtue, when he is fo wretchedly diffolute, as by the publick vote and voice of the University, he himself is already wholly and sole relapsed from Virtue to Vice?

In which respect this vitious young Student Maurice, having neither Vertue nor Tutor, money nor credit discretion nor friend to secure him from the shelves of Indigence, or the rocks of poverty and miserv whereon he is rashly and wisfully rushing. he like a true deboished scholar, or indeed as a master of Art in the art of deboishedness, first fells his Books, then his Cown and clothes, and rext his bed, being desirous to want any thing but wine; and confidently (though vainly and foolishly) assured, that if he have wine enough, that then he wants nothing. A miserable consideration and condition, a wretched estate and resolution, only tending and conduct not directul misery, and to deplorable poverty and desolution.

But to replenish his purse, to repair his credit and apparel, and to continue his cups and diunkenness, he hath no other hopes or reluge, than again to cast himself on the affection and courtefie of his mother, whom he re-vifits with feveral Letters, which are only fo many humble infinuating Petitions, again to draw and wrest moneys from her. But he is deceived in his hopes and expectation, or at least they dillingly and severally, and his mother jointly with them, conspire to deceive him. For I write it with grief, because (by an uncontroullable relation of the truth) she dictates it to my pen with tears, that as well by all those of Morges, who came from Losanna, as by all those of Losanna, who came to Morges, the is most certainly and forrowfully advertised of her sons deboished and dissolute life, of his neglect of learning, and too frequent affecting and following of drunkennels; of the fale of his clothes, bed, and books; of the irreparable lofs, both of his time, moneys, and reputation; and withal, how the dregs and foums of wine hath metamorphofed his countenance, and not graced, but fithily differenced it with many fiery Rubies, and flaming Carbuncles; as also how it hath fluffed and bombasted up his belly and body, as if the dropsie and he contended who should first sieze each on other; and therefore she being (with a mournful unwillingness) enforced, not only to take notice, but forrowfully to rest affured and confident of these disastrous premises, the infallible predictions and fymptoms of her son's utter ruine and subversion, she peremptorily and absolucely refuseth his requests, answereth his letters with many sharp complants, and bitter exclumations against his foul fin of drunkenness, which threatens no less than the ruin both of his re-

putation, friends, learning, fortune, and life, if not of his foul.

Maurice feeing himself wholly abandoned of his mother, he knows not how to live, nor yet how to provide the means to maintain life, which not onely surprifetly his thoughts, but amazeth and appaleth his cogitations with fear; yea, he takes this difcourtefie of hers, fo near at heart, and withal is so extreamly impatient to see himself for saken of her, whom he knows the laws of Nature hath commanded to affect and cherish, as forgetting himself to be her son, and the his mother; yea, forgetting himfelf to be a man, and which is more, a Christian; his wants and vices so far transport him beyond the bounds of Reason and Religion, of nature, and grace, as he impioully and execrably degenerates from them all, and fecretly vows to his heart and foul, or to say truer, to the Devil, (who inchanteth the one, and infecteth and intoxicateth the other) that he will speedily send her into another world in a bloody cossin, if she will not relieve his wants, and maintain him as her son in this. So also here it is, that he first gives way to the devil to take possession of his thoughts and heart, and here it is, that he first assumes bad blood, and fug e is bloody delignes, against the safety and life of his dear and innocent mother. When like a miserable wretch, and a wretched and impious villain, his thoughts and studies (like so many lines running to their centre) are now in continual action and motion, how to finish and bring this deplorable Tragical business to an end; yea, the better to feed this his inia-tiable bloody appetite, and to quench the quenchless thirst of his matricidious revenge, he forgets all other projects and affa rs to follow and hasten on this; which (to give one word for all) takes up both his study and his time in Lofanna, casting away his books which would seem to divert him from it, as if he courted Plato not Apollo; Proferpina, not Pallas; Erynnis, not Viania; the Furies, not the Mules; and as afflictions feldom come alone, but many times (as the waves of the fea) fall one in the neck of another; fo to make him rather advance than retire, in the excution of this his unnatural and damnable attempt, his excessive and frequent drunkennels makes him so notoriously apparent to the heads of the University in general, and of his own Colledge in particular, that they give him his Conge, and (without lending any ear to his Apology or Juflification) expell him thence. So that being now destitute of all friends and means, he is enforced to see himself reduced to this point of misery, that he must either beg or starve, which to prevent, (because he as much disdams the first, as he is resolved to provide a remedy for the fecond) he leaves Lofanna, (where his vices and debts have made the itones too hot for him) and on foot goes home to his mother to Morges, hoping that his presence may prevail more with her than his absence; and his tongue make that easie, which his pen (in his Letters) found not onely difficult but impossible.

Being

Being arrived at Morges, his loving and indulgent Mother receives him with rears, not of joy, but of grief, for his drunkennels hath to deformed his face and body, as at the first fight the difficultly knew him to be her Son; and although he take pains to conceal that beaftly vice of his, and fo to plaister and varnish it over with a feigned shew of repentance and reformation; yet the fees to her affliction, and observes to her misery, that he loves his Cups better than his life, and that as foon as the once turns her back from him, he falls close to them, and so tipleth and earouseth from morning to night. Three days are scarce past, before he makes two requests to her; the one for new clothes, the other for money; when to the end that her wisdom might thine in her affection, as well as her affection in her wildom, the chearfully grants him the first. but peremptorily denies him the fecond, because she well knows it would be so much cast away on him, fith he would inflantly cast it away on Wire; and to write the truth, the grant of his apparel doth not so much content him, as the refusal of her money doth both afflist and inflame him : He is all in choler hereat, and the fumes of revenge do fo implacably take up and feize upon his thoughts, and they on it, as now without the fear of God, or care of his foul, he like a damnahle villain, and an execrable son, swaps a bargain with the Devil, to destroy and make away his Mother. Hellish resolutions, and infernal conceits, which will not only strangle those who embrace, but confound those who follow them. His impiety made him formerly affume this bloody fact, and now his necessity and want of money (in that he cannot as it were, drown himself in the excels of drunkenness) enforceth him to a resolution to finish it. His faith is so weak towards God, and so strong with the Devil, as he will not retire with grace, but advance with impiety, to fee as well the end, as the beginning of this bloody bufiness: He consults hereon with his delight, not with his reason; with his will, not with his conscience; with his heart, not with his foul. He fees he hath no money, and knows, or at least believes, that his Mother hath enough, and therefore concludes, that if the were once dead, it were impossible that his life should want any. So these two wretched Counsellors, Covetousness, and Drunkenness. (or rather Covetousness to maintain his Drunkenness) like two infernal fiends and furies, hale him on head-long to perpetrate this bloody and mournful murther of his dear and tender Mother, the end whereof will bring him as much true mifery and infamy, as the beginning doth flatter and promise him salse content and happiness. His youth hath no regard to her age, and less to her life, neither will he vouchlafe to remember, that he first received his of her : yea. all the blood that flows in his heart, and streams in his veins and body, cannot any way have the power to prompt him, that it is derived and descended from hers. And if Morges will not divert him, Losanna should; if his years cannot instruct him, yet his books might; and if Nature prevailed not with his heart, yet methinks Grace should with his conscience, to present him the foulness of this attempt, and the unnatural cruelty thereof, in resolving to embrew his diabolical hands in her innocent blood; or if the influence of these earthly considerations could not allay the heat of his malice, or quench the fire of his revenge towards her, yet methinks looking from prophannels to piety, from earth to heaven, from the time present to the future; from the corruption of his body, to the immortality of his foul; from fin to righteousness, from revenge to religion, and confequently from Satan to God, he should hate this bloody defign and project of his as much as now he loves it, and feek the prefervation of his Mother, with as much obedience and affection, as now he contrives and pursues her untimely end with impiety and dereflation. But his Vices will still triumph over his Vertues ; and therefore it is rather to be feared than doubted, that they will in the end make him too milerable, ever to fee himfelf fo

Miserable Maurice therefore (as the shame of his time, the disgrace of his Sex, and a prodigious monster of Nature) having hellishly resolved on the matter, now with a devilish fortitude and hellish affurance passeth on to the manner of her Tragedy. He will not give ear to God, who feeks to divert him from it, but will hearken to the Devil, who useth his beast Oratory to perswade and entice him to it. But as the Devil is malicious in his subtilty, so should we be both wife and cautious in our credulity; for if we believe him, he will berray us; but if we believe God, we shall then betray him: he is impatient of delays; yea, his malice is so bloody, and his revenge so cruel, as he thinks every hour a year, till he hath fent her from Earth to Heaven He proposeth unto himself divers ways to murther her; and the devil, who is never absent, but prefent in such hellish occasions, makes him as well industrious as vindictive and implacable in the contriving and finishing thereof. Now he thinks to cut her throat as she is in bed : Then to poyfon her at Table, either in her meat or drink. Then again he is of opinion to hire fome to kill her as she is walking in her Vineyards; or else to cause two Water-men to drown her, as the is taking the Ayr in a Boat on the Lake, which twice or thrice weekly the is accultomed to do; but yet still he is irresolute, either which, or which not to resolve on, till at last, after a weeks dilatory protraction, having with a fatal and infernal ratiocination banded and rebanded these several

bloody projects in his brains and contemplations, he rejecteth them all, as more full of difficulty and apparent danger, than of warrantable fafety, when confidering there was a deep Well in the outer-yard, adjoyning to the Garden, he holds it fitted for his purpose to drown her therein, whereon

the Devil and he strike hands, and fet up their rest and period.

While thus this gracious mother Christina endeavours with her best care and prayers to divert her graceless son Maurice from this his intemperate and beaftly sin of drunkenness, he (as if he were no part of her, but rather a limb of the Devil) with a monstrous and inhumane ingratitude, fees his inventions and brains on the tenter-hooks, to efpy out the occasion and time to dispatch her. When burning with a flaming defire to quench the infatiable thirst of his revenge in her blood, he (taking time and opportunity at advantage) feeing all his Mother's people abroad to gather in the Vintage, the Well open, and she with a Prayer-book in her hand, walking in the Garden next adjoyning, the Devil infuseth such courage to his heart, his heart fuch cruelty and inhumanity to his resolutions, that all things seemed then to conspire to see an end to this his fo long defired and affected business, of murthering and dispatching his Mother: he taking on him the part of a mad man, whom it feemed forrow had suddenly afflicted, and grief diffracted, he with his hat in his hand, hastily and furioutly rusheth into the Garden to his Mother, and cries out to her, that there is one of the Neighbour's children fallen into the Well, which he espied from his Chamber Window: whereunto (harmless good woman) the adding belief to his false and perfidious speeches; and (being beyond her self) afflicted and amazed with this fudden and forrowful news, the throws away her Book, and hand in hand with him (her fighs interrupting her words, and her tears her fighs) she (as if pity added wings to her feet) trips away to the Well, both to fee this mournful spectacle, and chiefly to know, if it any way lay in her possible care to assist, or power to preserve the said child from death: when bringing her to the Well, he better like a Fury, than a man, and rather refembling a meer Devil than a fon, fasteneth his left hand on the Well-post, and as she looks into the profundity thereof, he with his right hand tips and throws her in; and so without any more doing, claps down the cover thereof; when rejoycing in his heart, that he had fent her to death, because he sees it now not in the power of the whole world to save her life, he (the better to overveil this his impious villany) afcends her Chamber, breaks open her cupboards, trunks, and chefts, takes away most of her money, and silver plate, which he privately hides away for his own behoof and use, and so scattereth a few pieces of money, and some of her clothes and apparel in the floor, thereby fubtilly to infinuate and intimate to the world, that it were thieves who had robbed and drowned his mother; when sealing a horse out of the stable, he gets him out of the back door, which he leaves open, and from thence rides to his Mother's people in the Vineyards, to whom he relates he hath been all that morn abroad to take the Ayr, and is now come to pass the remainder of the day with them, and to be merry with them; to which end he fends for Wine from the skirts of the Town; and so they carouse and frolick it till towards night, and then they return home, where they find both doors open, his Mother their Mistris wanting, and no creature in the house, whereat they much admire. So they feek and call her in the Orchards and Gardens, but in vain, for they find no news of her; when the maids one way, and he and the men-fervants another way, feek her where she is accustomed to frequent, but to no purpose, for they can neither see nor hear of her; till at length the maidens rushing into her bed chamber, they find her cupboards, chests and trunks broken open, and some of her money and apparel strewed here and there upon the sloor; whereat amazed, they cry out at the window, that thieves had been there and robbed their mistris her chefts and trunks : which Maurice and the men-fervants of the house over-hearing. they ascend and admire at the fight thereof: neither doth his outward fears, or their inward apprehensions, stop or stay at the meer loss of the goods, but they fear the absence of his Mother, and their Mistris Christina, and are already become jealous of her safety, and fearful that the thieves have offered her fome violence and cruelty. Whereupon late at night, hearing no news of her, her fon goes and acquaints the Bayliff of Morges, and the rest of the Criminal Officers therewith, who of all fides inquire for her, and make a fecret fearch in the town, to find our the thieves; and in the mean time leave not a room nor place of the house unfought for her, but their diligence proves vain; for they can purchase no news of her, much less of the thieves. They remain in the house all night, and they all with forrowful and watchful eyes expect to hear of her. Eight of the clock the next day strikes, but as yet she is not seen or heard of: So they again, in presence of the Bayliff search all places and corners, both in the House, Gardens, Orchards, and Yards; but still to no effect, when behold the sacred providence of God, in revealing her to be drown'd in the Well, beyond the expectation of all that were present; for as they are in the midst of their doubts and sears, yea, in the very depth of their refearch, lo, one of the fervant maids named Heffer, having that inflant morning taken a nap of an hours sleep in a chair, starts suddenly out of her sleep and rest, trips to them, and fays, the then and there dreamed, that her miliris Christina was cast into the Well and drowned; the which the affirmed with many words, and more fighs, out-cries, and tears; which piercing into the ears and thoughts of the Bayliff and servants, and into the very heart and conscience of this our execrable Maurice, they look pale with grief and amazement, and he straineth the highest key of his art and policy, to keep his cheeks from blushing for shame thereat; and the better to hood-wink their eyes and judgment from the least spark or shadow of his guiltiness herein, he with many the evers of hypocritical tears, prays the Payliff, that upon Heffer's dream and report, the Well may be searched; adding withal, that it was more probable than impossible. that those thieves who robbed his Mother's house, might like wife be so devill shly malicious to murther her, and throw her into the Well: which the Bayliff seriously considering, as first the maids dream, then the fons request and tears, he instantly in the presence of all those of the house, as also of many of the next neighbours, whom he had purposely assembled, caused the We I to be searched and sounded, where the hook taking hold of her clothes, they instantly bring up the dead body of his Mother and their Mistress Christina; the scull of whose head was lamentably broken, and her brains pitifully dashed out with her fall. All are amazed, her fervants grieve, and her hellish son Maurice weeps and cries more than all the rest at this mournful spectacle. The Bayliff carefully and punctually again examines Hester, if God in her dream revealed her not the manner how, and the persons who had thus thrown her Mistress into the Well; the answered negatively, according to the truth, that she had already delivered as much as the knew of that mournful business. When Maurice, to shew his forwardness and zeal, for the detection and finding out of his Mother's murtherers, he pretends that he fulpedis Hester to be accessary, and to have a hand herein. But the Baylist and Common-council of Morges, having neither passion nor partiality to dazle and inveagle the eyes of their judgment, finding no reason or ground of probability to accuse her, or which might tend or conduce that way, they free her without farther questioning her, and to (as it hath been formerly remembred) they all concurring in opinion, that the thieves who robbed her, had und ubtedly thrown her into the Well. They give leave to Maurice to bury his breathless Mother, which he doth with the greatest pomp and decency, requisite as well to her rank and quality, as to his affection and duty; and the better to fan off the least dust or smoak of suspition, which might any way fall upon the lutter of his innocency, he at her Funeral (to the eye of the world) fheds many rivoless of tears. But, alas, what is this to this his foul and execrable fin of murthering his Mother? for although it blear the eyes, and inveagle the judgments of the Bayliff and his Affociates, the Criminal Judges of Morges; yet God the great and Sovereign Judg of Heaven and Earth, will not be thus deluded, cannot be thus deceived herein. No, no: f r albeit he be merciful, yet his Divine Majesty is too just to let crimes of this hellish nature go either undetected or un-

We have seen this execrable son so bloody hearted and bended, as with a devillish rage, and inhumane insert al sury, to drown his own dear and tender mother; and with as much cruelty as ingratutude, to throw her from the World into a Well, who with many bitter gripes and torments (to the lazard and peril of her life) threw him from her Womb into the World; and the providence and justice of God will not lead the curiosity of the Reader sar, before we see this miserable miscreant overtaken with the impetuous storm of God's revenge, and the fiery gusts and tempests of his just indigration for the same, rotwithstanding that his subtil malice, and malicious subtilty, have so cunningly contrived, and so secretly acted and compacted it with the Devil, that no earthly person, or sublurary eye can any way access, much less convict him thereof; as mark the sequel, and it will briefly and truly inform thee how.

As foon as he lath buried his Mother, his black mourning apparel doth in his heart and actions work such poor and weak effects of regen ance and forrow for her untimely dea h, as where divers others lament and grieve, he contrariwise rejoyceth and triumpheth thereat, and by her decease being now become Lord and master of all, he like a graceless villain, falls again to his cld carousing companions, and vein of drunkenness, wherein he takes such singular delight and gloty, as he makes it not only his passime and exercise by day, but his practice and recreation by night. And as God hath infinite means and ways to scourge and revenge the enormity of our delights and crimes, so we shall shortly see for our instruction, and observe for our reformation, that this ungedly and beastly vice of drunkenness of his, which is his most secret, bosom and darling sin, will in the end profeering, and hen of his life; for it not orly takes up his time, but his study; insomuch, as I may

truly aver to my grief, as affirm to his shame, that he levelleth at nothing more, than to make it his felicity: which swinish excess and intemperancy, (as a punishment inseparably incident and infallibly hereditary to that fin) doth within three moneths make him fell away all his lands, yea, and the greatest part of his plate and houshold stuff : so his drunkenness first, but then chiefly God's justice and revenge pursuing his foul and inhumane crime of drowning his Mother, makes him of being left rich by her, within a very shore time become very extream poor and miserable; so as he runs deeply into debts, yea, his debts are by this time become fo exceedingly urgent and clamorous, as contrary to his hopes and fears, when he least dreams thereof, he is imprisoned by his Mercer and Draper, for the blacks of his Mothers funeral, to both whom he is indebted the fum of three hundred crowns, which is far more than either his purse can discharge, or his credit and estate now satisfie. When, abandoned of all his friends, his means spent and consumed, and nothing left him to exercise his patience in prison, but despair; nor to comfort him, but the terrours of his bloody and guilty conscience, he is clapt into a stinking vault or dungeon, where (in horror and detellation of his bloody crime) the glorious lamp of Heaven, the Sun, disdains to send his radiant and glittering beams to comfort him; so as he who was before accustomed to fare deliciously, and, as it were, to swill and drown himself in the best and most curious wines, now he must content himself only with coarse bread and water; and yet his misery is so extream, and that extremity of his so miserable, as he hath hardly enough to maintain and sustain life: But we shall see that this first affliction of his, will instantly be followed and overtaken by a second.

Whitfunday being arrived, he petitioneth his Goaler (for that day) to have the liberty of the yard, and the freedom of the air, which is granted him, when at night descending the stairs, again to be pent up in his obscure dungeon, his foot slips, and he receives a fearful fall, wherwith the bone of his right arm is broken in two pieces, and having no Chirurgeon to look to it, it putrifies and rots, so as for the preserving of his life, he within fifteen days is enforced to have it cut off a little below the shoulder; and this was the very same hand and arm which threw his Mother into the Well. A singular act of God's revenging justice, and just revenge shewn herein. O that it may be deeply imprinted in our hearts, and engraven in our touls, that the Reader hereof, of what Sex or quality soever, may as it were stand amazed at the consideration of Maurice his impious sin towards God, and of God's due and true revenge and requital thereof in his just judgment and affliction towards him.

But this is not enough for Maurice to suffer, nor for God to inflict on him for this his bloody and inhumane crime, in murthering his mother; nor to fay the truth, it is but the prologue to the deplorable, yet deserved punishment, which is immediately ready to surprize and befall him. For to the end, that the truth may inform our curiofity, and our curiofity us, of the Catastrophe of this Tragedy, we must understand, that it was the pleasure and providence of God, that the breaking and cutting away of Maurice his arm, proved the break-neck of his patience, and the cutting away of his content and judgment. The Devil caused him most inhumanely to drown his mother, the which he might have refused to perpetrate, but would not; and now God in expiation thereof fends him Rage for Reafon, Delpair for Comfort, and Madness for Sobriety, the which he would fly and eschew, but cannot. He hath committed this execrable crime beyond the rules and laws of Nature; and therefore God hath ordained, that he should feel many degrees of punishments, and this is not only the law, but the rule of Grace. Of all degrees of afflictions, madness is the most to be pitied; and the worst to be cured, sith it makes a man go far beyond reason, and therefore to come too far short of himself: it is held by some to be a sickness of the Liver, of others, an over-fuming of the blood, and of others a debility of the brain: But in this our execrable wretched Maurice, it was the infectious malady of his foul, which God sent purposely into his brains, to be revenged of his heart, for so inhumanely drowning his Mother. for although his Divine Majetty hath infinite more ways to punish murther, than man bath to commit it; yet that he might make the detection of this of wretched Maurice, as strange as the complotting and finishing thereof was cruelly inhumane, and inhumanely cruel, he purposly tends it him; for although fince his imprisonment, hunger had to taken down his ftomack, and quelled his courage, as his former volubility of speech was now reduced to a kind of sorrowful and pensive silence; yet as soon as his brains and senses were possessed and captivated with this prodigious lunacy, and outragious phrentie, then his fits were so violent, and that violence so implacable, as his speeches were to many feartul outcries and howlings, and his words fo many uncouth and unheard of ravings; to that wholoever heard or law him, he might justly conceive and affirm, that he had thunder in his tongue, and lightning in his eyes: For his crime made this affliction

and phrensie of his so miserable, so impetuous, as he spake non-sense perfectly, and looked rather like a Fury than a man: yea, his soul conscience and polluted soul rung him so many Panick sears and terrours of despair, as he was afraid of all things, and angry with himself, because he could be no more atraid of himself; so as the dungeon which could imprison his body, was not capable to contain his thoughts, much less to immure his sears, and in this miserable plight and perplexity, he remained for the space of ten days and nights, without any intermission or hope of remedy, which infinitely disturbed his sellow-prisoners, but chiefly his Goaler, whose ears had never been accustomed to hear such discordant

tunes, much less to be taken up with such distasteful and fearful melody.

He acquaints the Common Council of the Town hereof, and importunately solicites them, that they will remove this distracted prisoner Maurice to some more fitter and more convenient place: Who remembering what Maurice had been, and now confidering and feeing what he is, they who heretofore would not be so charitable to relieve his poverty, are yet now so religiously compassionate, as they pity his madness; so they command him from a dungeon to a chamber, from his pallet of straw to a feather-bed, from his bread and water, to wholfome meats and broths, but all this will not suffice; and to shew thenfelves not onely good men, but good Christians, they to restore him to his wits and senses make yet a further progression in charity. They cause him to be conferred with by many good Divines, who are not onely eloquent, but powerful to perswade him to pray often, and to practife other Christian duties and offices; but his cries are so outragious, and his rayings so extravagant, as he is as uncapable to rellish their reasons, as they are to understand his rage: When the very immediate finger and providence of God, make them yet fo sensible of his unparallel'd misery, as they are resolved to remove him from his prison to an hospital, thereby to take the benefit of the air in the gardens, walks, and fields, hoping that they might prevail with him, to recall his wits, and re-stablish his senses in their proper feats of understanding, and stations of judgment: when here, (oh here) I conjure thee, Christian Reader, to stand amazed and wonder with me, at the lacred and secret juflice of the Lord, expressed and demonstrated in this accident: For as his under Goaler (by the Magistrates command) takes him by the hand, with an intent to conduct him from the prison to an hospital, his bloody crime (like so many Blood-hounds) pursuing his guilty conscience and soul: his thoughts so enformed his knowledg, and his knowledg to to confirm his belief, that the drowning of his mother is detected, and that they now draw him from his prison to the place of Execution, to suffer death for the same. Which apprehension and fear, God putting into his conceits and heart, in despight of his madness, he wanting an Accuser, lo here he himself both accuseth and condemneth himself for the fame. For the very image of that conceit redoubling his fear, as his fear did his phrensie and madness, he in the midst of those fits, and the height of that agony and anxiety, cries out with a loud voice, I have drowned my mother in the Well, I have drowned my mother in the Well, God will have me to confess it, before he suffers you to hang me; I speak it on truth, and by my part of Heaven, what I now confess is true. Which words no sooner escaped his tongue, but he instantly returns again to his out-cries of phrensie and madness. His Goalers and the rest are amazed at these searful speeches, and bloody contession of his; which notwithstanding that they attribute to madness, yet they lead him to the hospital, he still raving and crying as he passeth the streets. But oh! Let us here farther admire with wonder, and wonder with admiration, at the providence and mercy of God here again miraculously made apparent and manifested in this execrable wretch Munice, for he who outragiously cried in prison, and licentiously raved in the street, is no sooner entered into the Hospital, but the pleasure of God hath so ordained it, as his madness fully falls from him, and he absolutely recovereth again his wits and senses, in such firm and settled manner, as if he had never formerly been touched or afflicted therewith.

His Gaolers make report to the Magistrates, first of his confession of drowning his mother, and then of his sudden and miraculous recovering of his perfect memory, judgment and senses, associated as the one, as wondering at the other, do instantly repair thither to him, and there arraign and accuse him, for that inhumane and bloody fact of his, whereof his own evidence and confession hath now made him guilty. But they take him for another, or at least, he will not be the same man: he denies this horrible and bloody crime of his, with many oaths and asseverations, which they maintain and affirm he hath consessed, fays, that they either heard a dream, or saw a vision, whereof he neither dreamt nor thought of, and that he was ready to lose all the blood of his body, to find out, and to be revenged of the murtherers of his mother.

But the Magistrates are deaf to his apology, and in considering the violence of his madness by its sudden abandoning him, as also his free and uninforced confession of drowning his mother, they conceive that God's providence and justice doth strongly operate in the detection of this foul and inhumane murther; and therefore contemning his requests and oaths (in the vindication of his innocency,) they cause him to be resetched from the Hospital to the Prison, and there adjudge him to the Rack, when although his heart and soul be terrified and affrighted with his apprehension and accufation, yet the Devil is so strong with him, as he cannot find in his heart to relent, much less to repent this foul and inhumane crime of his; but confidering that he acted it so secretly, as all the world could not produce a witness against himself, except himself, he vows to be so impious and prophatic in his fortitude and courage, as to disdain these his torments, and to look on them and his Tormentor, with an eye rather of contempt than fear: But God will be as propitious and indulgent to him, as he is rebellious and refractory to God; for here we shall see both his conscience and resolutions taught another rule, and prescribed a contrary Law; yea, here we shall behold and observe in him, that now Righteousness shall triumph over Sin, Grace over Nature, his Soul over his Body, Heaven over Hell, and God over Satan: for at the very first fight of the Rack, the fight and remembrance of his bloody crime makes him shake and tremble extreamly; when his foul being illuminated by the resplendent Sunbeams of God's mercy, and the foggy mists of Hell and Satan expelled and banished thence, he falls to the ground on his knees, first beats his breast, and then erecting his eyes and hands towards Heaven, he (with a whole deluge of tears) again confesseth, that he had

And although there be no doubt, but God will forgive his foul for this his foul murther, yet the Magistrates of Morges, who have gravity in their looks, religion in their hearts and speeches, and justice in their actions, will not pardon his body; so in detestation of this his fearful crime, and inhumane paricide, they in the morning condemn him, that very afternoon to be hanged. At the pronouncing of which sentence, as he hath reason to approve the equity of their justice in condemning him to die, so he cannot abstain from grieving at the strictness of the time which they allot him for his preparation to death. But as soon as we for sake the Devil, we make our peace with God:

drowned his Mother in the Well, from and for the which he humbly craveth remission,

All Morges and Losanna rings of this mournful and tragical news, and in detestation of this mournful, inhumane, and bloody crime of our execrable Maurice, they flock from all parts and streets to the place of execution, to see him expiate it by his death, and so to take

his last farewel of this life.

both from Earth and Heaven.

The Divines, who are given him for fortifying and affifting his foul in this her flight and transmigration from Earth to Heaven, have religiously prevailed with him, so as they make him see the foulness of his crime, in the sharpness of his contrition and repentance for the same; yea, he is become so humble, and withal so forrowful, for this bloody and degenerate offence, as I know not whether he think thereof with more grief, or remember it with detestation and repentance. At his ascending the ladder, most of his Spectators cannot refrain from weeping; and the very sight of their tears proves the argument of his, as

his remembrance of murthering his mother, was the cause.

He tells them he grieves at his very foul, for the foulness of his fact, in giving his Mother her death, of whom he had received his life. He affirms, that drunkenness was not onely the root, but the cause of this his beggery and misery, of his crime and punishment, and of his deboshed life, and deserved death, from which with a world of sighs and tears he seeks and endeavours to divert all those who affect and practise that beastly vice. He declares, that his mother was too vertuous so soon to go out of the world, and himself too vicious (and withal too cruel) any longer to live in it; that the fins of his life had deserved this his shameful death; and although he could not prevent the last, yet that he heartly and forrowfully repented the first. He prayed God to be merciful to his soul, and then besought the world to pray unto God for that mercy; when speaking a few words to himself, and sealing them with many tears and far-fetched sighs, he lastly bids the world farewel; them inviting the Executioner to do his office, he is turned over.

And such was the vicious life, and deserved death of this execrable son, and bloody villain Maurice: wherein I must confess, that although his end were shameful and sharp; yet it was by far too too mild for the soulness of his crime, in so cruelly murthering his dear mother Christina, whom the Laws both of Nature and Grace commanded him to preserve and cherish. Yea, let all sons and daughters, of all ages and ranks whatsoever, look on this bloody and disasterous example of his with sear, and fear to commit the like by the sight

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of his punishment. It is a History, worthy both of our meditation and detestation, whether we cast our eyes on his drunkenness, or fix our thoughts and hearts on his murther. Those who love and fear God are happy in their lives, and fortunate in their deaths; but those who will neither sear nor love him, very seldom prove fortunate in the one, never happy in the other; and to the rest of our fins, if we once consent and give way to add that searlet, and crying one of murther; that blood which we untimely tend to earth, will in God's due time draw down vengeance on our heads from Heaven; Charity is the mark of a Christian; and the shedding of innocent blood, either that of an Insidel, an Atheist, or a Devil. O therefore let us affect and strive to hate it in others, and so we shall the better know how to detest and abhor it in our selves: which that we may all know to our comforts, and remember to our consolations, direct us, O Lord our God, and so we shall be directed.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP

EARLE OF

PEMBROKE and MONTGOMERY
Lord Chamberlain to the King, one of His Majestie's
most Honourable Privy Council, and Knight of the most
Noble Order of the Garter.

RIGHT HONOUR ABLE,

Aving formerly dedicated the Third Book of these my Tragical Histories (of God's Revenge against Murther) to your Incomparable Lord and Brother, William Earle of Pembroke (who now lives with God) I therefore held my self bound (by the double obligation of my duty and your own generous merits) likewise to present this Fourth Book to your Protection and Patronage, because as England, so Europe perfectly knows that you are as true an Heir to his Vertues, as to his Fortunes, and to his Goodness, as to his Greatness, and that therefore it may properly be said he is not dead, because they (as well as himself) do fill survive and live in you, with equal lustre and glory, as having made either a happy Metamorphosis, or a blessed Transmigration into your Noble breast and resolutions: and therefore as it was my sincere respects and zeal to his Honour that then drew me to that ambition; so it is entirely the same which hath now both invited and induced me to this presumption to your Lordship, having no other end or object in this my Dedication, but that this Book of mine having the honour to be countenanced by so great a Personage, and the felicity to be protected by so honourable a Meccenas, may therefore encounter the more safely with the various humours it shall meet with, and abide more securely the different censures of this our too fastidious age.

How the feHistories (or the memorable accidents which they contain and relate) will relish with your Lordship's palate or judgment, I know not; Only because you are anoble Son of God's Church, and an excellent Servant to your Prince and Country, I therefore rather hope than presume, that your Honour will at least be pleased to see, if not delight to know, and consider, how the Triumphs of God's Revenge and Punishments doth herein secretly and providently meet with this crying and scarlet sin of premeditated Murther, and with the bloody and inhumane

Perpetra-

Perpetrators thereof, who hereby (as so many merciless Butchers, and prodigious Monsters of mankind) do justly make themselves odious to Men, and execrable to

God and his Angels.

God bath (deservedly) honoured your Lordship with the favour of two great Earthly Kings your Soveraigns, as sirst of our royal King James, the Father, and now of our present most Renowned King Charles his Son: and yet this external honour and favour of theirs is no way so glorious to you, as that (maugre the reigning Vices of the World) you serve the true God of Heaven, in purity of your heart, and fear and adore him in the integrity of your soul. And to represent you with naked Truth, and not with Eloquence or Adulation, this Heavenly Piety of yours I believe is the prime reason, and true Essential cause of all this your Earthly honour, and sublunary Greatness, and that this is it likewise which doth so rejoyce your heart, and inrich and replenish your House with so numerous and noble an Issue, of hopeful and flourishing Children, who (as so many Olive-branches of Virtue, and Syens and Plants of Honour) doth both environ your Bed, and surround your Table, and who promsse no less, than futurely to magnifie the blood, and to perpetuate and immortalize the Illustrious Name and Family of the Herberts to all Posterity.

Go on resolutely and constantly (Noble Lord) in your religious Piety to God, and in your candid and unstained Fidelity to your Prince and Country, that your life may triumph over your death, and your Vertues contend to out-shine your Fortunes, and that hereafter God (of his best favour and mercy) may make you as blessed and as glorious a Saint in Heaven, as now you are a great Peer and Noble Pillar here on Earth; which none shall pray for with more true zeal, or desire or wish with more

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GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XVI.

Idiaques causeth his Son Don Juan to marry Marsillia, and then commits Adultery and Incest with her. She makes her Father in Law Idiaques to posson his own old wife Honoria; and likewise makes her own brother De Perez to kill her Chamber-maid Mathurina: Don Juan afterwards kills De Perez in a Duel: Marsillia hath her brains dasht out by a horse, and her body is afterward condemned to be burnt: Idiaques is beheaded, his body likewise consumed to ashes, and thrown into the air.

ET Malice be never so secretly contrived, and the shedding of Innocent blood never so wretchedly perpetrated, yet as our Conscience is to us a thousand witnesses, so God is to us a thousand Consciences, first to bring it to light, and then their Authors to deserved punishments for the same, when they least dream or think thereof. For as there is no peace to the wicked, so they shall find no peace or tranquillity here on earth, either with God or his creatures, because if they would conceal it, yet the very Fowles of the air, yea, the stones and timbers of their chambers will detect it: For the Earth or Air will give them no breath nor being, but they shall hang between both, because, by these their soul and deplorable facts, they have made themselves unworthy of either. A powerful example, and a pitiful precedent whereof we shall behold in this ensuing Historie, where some wretched miscreants and graceless creatures making themselves guilty of those bloody crimes (by the immediate Revenge and Justice of God) received examplary, and condign punishments for the same. May we read it to Gods glory, to the comfort of our hearts, and the instruction of our souls

In the City of Santarem, which (by tract of time, and corruption of speech) some term Saint Aren, and which (after Lisbon) is one of the richest and best people of Portugal; there F f

dwelt a Gentleman of some fifty five years old, nobly descended and of a great estate and means, named Don Sebastian Idiaques, whole wife and Lady being aged, of well near fifty years, was termed Dona Honoria: and well the deferved that honourable name; for all forts of virtues and honours made her youth famous, and her age glorious to all Portugal and Spain. They had lived together in the bonds of Matrimony almost thirty years, with much honour, content, and telicty, and for the fruits of their offiction and marriage, they had two Sons and four danghters but God in his pleasure and Providence (for some reserved reasons best known to his Ail Divine Majesty) took from Earth to Heaven all their Daughters, and one of their Sons, fo as now they have left them but one Son, named Don Juan, a gallant young Gendeman, of tome twenty five years old, of disposition brave and generous, who after his first youthful education under his Father, had his chief breeding under the Duke of Braganza, to whom he was first a Page, and them a chief Gentleman retaining to him: whom (in regard of the death of his Brother and Sifters) his Father called home unto him, to be his comfort and confoliation, and the prop and flay of his age, as also of the Lady his Mother, who had formerly acted a great part in grief, and a mournful one, in forrow for the death of her children; and indeed Dan Juan, this Son of theirs, for all regards of Courtship, was held to be a compleat Gallant, and of the prime Cavaliers of Portugal.

As for Idiaques the Pather, though in all the course and progress of his life, and in all the life and conduction of his actions, he bewrayed many moral and generous vertues: yet as one discordant string marrs the harmony of the best-stuned instrument, and the concent of the sweetest melody and musick; and as one foul Vice is naturally subject, and satally incident to eclipse and drown many rich and fair vertues; so (in this his old age, when time had honoured him with white hairs) he deboshed himself so much, and sofottishly facrificed his irregular affections to heart-killing concupience, and his exorbitant defires to soul-destroying adultery, that he very often made himself a salse and inconstant Husband to his wise, and a true, yea, too true a friend to Curtisans and Strumpets. His vertuous Lady Honoria extreamly grieves hereat, that now in his later years he should thus lasciviously forget himself, both towards ber, and towards God. She uses he should thus lasciviously forget himself, both towards her, and towards God. She uses hall persuasions, prayers and tears, to distrume and divert him from it: but seeing that all proves vain, and that he rather proves worse than better thereat, her discretion makes her brook it with as much patience as she can; and therefore she seems not to see, or know that whereof (to her grief and discontent) she cannot be ignorant. But here comes an accident which will breed both of them, and their Son Don Juan, misery of all

fides.

Some fix leagues from Santarem was a wonderful fair young Gentlewoman, being a Widdow, aged but of twenty two years, Dona Marfilia well descended, but by her late deceased Husband left but small means, yet the bears out her port bravely, and maintains her felf highly and gallantly; and indeed the is the prime young Lady for beauty in all those parts; Now the base Ambassadors, and Emmissaries of Idiaques his beastly and obscene lust (the true Vipers and Cankers of Common-weals) give him notice of her, and of her fingular beauty, as well foreseeing and knowing that it would be sweet and pleasing news unto him. He visits and courts her, but as young as the is, the puts him off with peremptory refutals, and in vertucus and modelt tearms checks his age for this his lascivious sure and motion to her: But he is as constant in his affection to her, as the is diddainful to him; for his heart is fo enfoared and intangled in the fetters of her fresh and delicate beauty, that although she refuse him, yet he will not forfake her; but after many pursutes and visits, she at last well perceiving that he loved her tenderly and dearly, and that he still most importunately frequented her house and company, the as a subtil and cunning young Gentlewoman, tells him plainly and privately, that the will acquaint him with a secret of her heart, and a request of her mind and affection, which if he will cause to be performed, she then yows she will for ever be at his disposing and command. Idiaques thinking that the will crave some money of him, or some yearly pension or annuity he constantly promiseth to grant and perform her request; so she, taking time at advantage) and first swearing him to secrecie, then (with many smiles and blushes) she tells him, that if ever he think to enjoy her love and her felf, he must use the means to marry his Son Don Tuan to her, which being effected, the with much pretended thew of piety and affection, religiously swears to him, that she will never have the power or will to deny him any thing, but that his requests shall be to her as so many commands, and (but only for himself) if his Son Don Tuan be her Husband, the with many imprecations and affeverations fivears, that the will facrifice her best blood and life, rather than distain his bed, or offer him the least shadow of any scandal or dishonour whatsoever. Idiaques wondreth with admiration, and admires with wonder at this her strange Proposition, the which he findes so

knotty and intricate, as measuring Grace by Nature his judgment by his Lust and Concupiscence, and his foul by his affections, he knows not what to say or do herein; so he answereth her with more love than wildom, and for that time leaves her in general terms. He goes home, walks pensively in his garden, and there consults Pro and Con on this business; fain he would preserve his Son's honour, and keep the honour of his bed immaculate, but then the fweet Roses and Lilies of Marsillia's youth and beauty act wonders in his heart, and bear down all other reasons and considerations before it: He visits her again and again, but he finds her inviolably constant in her former resolution. All the favour and courtesie which he can gain from her, are a few extorted kiffes, which so inflame and set on fire his aged heart and affections as at last like a graceless Father, he saithfully promiseth her to use his best Art and Power to procure his fon to marry her. To which end he takes him aside, and in the softest and sweetest terms he can devise, paints out Marsillia's praises and vertues to him in the purest and rarest colours, adding withal, that although she be not exceeding rich, yet that her personage is so exquisite, and her persections so excellent, as that she every way meriteth to be wife to a Prince. Don Juan (by what fatal Fortune, I know not) relisheth this motion of his Father, to feek the Lady Marsillia for his wife, with much delight and joy, and far the more and the fooner, in regard he (in divers Companies, hath formerly heard the fame of her beauty extolled, and the glories of her Vertues advanced to the Sky; fo he takes time of his Father to confider hereof, and tides over sometimes with him to Saint Estiene to visit her; He finds her wonderful fair and beautiful, and wonderful coy; of a very fiveet and Majestical carriage, and of a delicate and curious speech, fit baits to ensnare the heart, and to betray the judgment of a more folid understanding than that of Don Juan. She acts her part as wisely as he doth amoroully and passionately; For the more she makes shew to retire and conceal her affection from him, the more he is provoked to advance and discover his to her; but he cannot be so much enamoured of her beauty, as she is with the great Estate of Lands and De-

mains whereunto God and his Father have made him heir.

Whiles thus the Father privately, & the Son publickly are feeking to make Marfillia his wife, the old Lady Honoria the mother, by many strong reasons seeks to divert him from her. She hath perfect notice of her husbands long and often frequenting of Marsilia's house and company, and therefore fearing the vanity of his age, and doubting the frailty of her youth and chaflity, her jealousie and judgment at last finds out and concludes, that his familiarity with her is far greater than honour can warrant or honesty allow of. Upon which foundation she in her discontented looks & silence, bewrays unto her fon Don Juan, her constant and resolute aversness from him to marry her, the which she peremptorily and religiously forbids him upon her bleffing, adding withal, that if he marry her, there will infallibly more miferies and calamities attend their nuptials, than as yet it is possible for him either to know or conceive; the which the prays him to read in her looks and silence, to remember it when he sees her not, and to take it as the truest advice, & securest counsel of a deer Mother to her only Son. Don Juan ruminates on these speeches and advice of his mother, as if there were some deep abstruse myftery or ambiguous Oracle contained and hidden therein; the which because he hath equal reafon as well to fear that this match of his with Marfillia may prove fatal, as to hope and believe thar it may prove fortunate, he makes a stand thereas, as vowing to proceed therein with adviscement, and not with temerity and precipitation, and so forbears for a moneth or two to visit her: But the more the Son flies off in his affection from Marfillia, the more doth she do the like from his father in requiral, whereat he grieves with discontent, and the seems to bite her lip with forrow. Idiaques chargeth his fon to tell him from whence this his sudden strangeness and unkindness towards Marsilia proceedeth; the which he answers with a modelt excuse, as favouring more of discretion than disobedience, but yet wholly concealeth his Mother's counfel and advise to him from his Father, the which notwithstanding he vehemently suspectech it proceeds from her and her Jealousie Marfillia is enraged to see her self deprived of Don Juan, whom in her ambitious thoughts, hopes, and wishes she had already made her Husband; and howfoever Idiaques his Father feeks to conceal and palliate this business towards her, yet the believes it is his fault, and not his Sons. She lays it to his charge, and knitting her brows the conjureth him to tell her from whence his Son's unkindness to her proceeds: He tells her, he is confident, that it is his old Mother who hath diverted him from her, whereat the is exceedingly enraged; When feeing this old Letcher fo open and plain with her, the foothing bim up with many kiffes, tells him, that this old Beldam his wife mult first be in heaven, before he can hope to enjoy her, or she his Son here on earth, when (being allured and provoked by the treacherous fuggestions and bloody temptations of the Devil) she proffers him to visit her, and to poyson her, which he opposeth

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and contradicteth; and contrary to all reason and sense, and repugnant to all Humanity and Christianity, yea, to Nature and Grace, (as a Husband fitter for the Devil, than for this good old Lady his wife) he undertakes and promifeth her speedily to perform it himself, yea the Devil is now so strong with him, and he with the Devil, that because he loves Marsillia, therefore he must hate his own dear wife, and vertuous Lady Honoria; and because he hates her, therefore he must poylou her; a lewed part of a man, a fouler one of a Christian, but a most hellish and bloody one of a Husband to his own wife, who ought to be near and deer unto him, as being his own flesh and blood, yea the other half of himself. He cannot content himself to seek to abuse and betray his Son, but he must also murther the Mother. So wanting the fear of God before his eyes, and repleat with as much impiety and cruelty, as he was devoid of all Grace, he is resolute in this his hellish rage and malice against her, and so to please his young Strumpet, he will fend this good old Lady his wife to Heaven in a bloody Coffin, fo without thinking of Heaven or Hell, or of God, or his foul, he procures strong poison, and acting the part of a Fury of Hell, and a member of the Devil, he as a wretched and execrable Husband, administresh it to her in preserved Barbiries, which he saw her usually to love and cat, whereof within three dayes after the dies, to the extream grief and forrow of her Son Don Juan, who bitterly wept, for this his mothers hasty and unexpected death; but the manner thereof he knows not, and indeed doth no way in the world either doubt or suspect thereof.

His father Idiaques makes a counterfeit Thew of forrow and mourning to the world, for the death of his wife, but God in his due time will unmask this his wretched hypocrifie, and detect and revenge this his execrable and deplorable murther. Now affoon as Marsilia is advertised of the Lady Honoria's death, the not able to contain her Joyes, doth infinitely triumph thereat, and within less than two moneths after her burial, Idiagnes and Marfillia work so politically with Don Juan, as he marries Marlillia, although his mothers advice to him in the garden, do still run in his mind and thoughts; and now he brings home his lustful Spouse and Wife to his lewed and lascivious Fathers house at Santarem, where (I write with horror and shame) he most beaftly and inhumanely very often commits Adultery and Incest with her, and they act it so close that for the first year or two, his Son Don Juan, hath no news or inkling thereof; and now Marfillia governeth and rules all, yea her incontinency with her Father Idiaques makes her fo audacious and impudent, as the commands not only his house, but himself, and domineers most proudly and imperiously over all his Servants. Her waiting-maid Mathurina observes and takes exact and curious notice, of her young Ladies luftful, and unlawful familiatity with her Father in Law Idiaques; the which her Mistris understanding, the extreamly beats her for the same; and twice whips her stark naked in her Chamber, and drags her about by her hair, a'though this poor young Gentlewoman, with a world of tears and prayers, begs her to defift and give

God hath many ways and means to fet forth his glory, in detecting of Crimes and punishing of offenders, yea he is now pleased to make use of this young maidens discontent and choler against her incensed Lady and Mistriss, for we shall see her pay dear for this cruelty and tyrannie of hers towards her; for Mathurina, being a Gentlewoman by birth, she takes those blows and severe usage of her Lady in so ill part, and lodgeth it so deeply in her heart and memory, as the vows her revenge shall require part of that her cruelty and tyrannie towards her; Whereupon (with more hafte than discretion, and with more malice than fidelity) she in her hot blood, goes to Don Juan, her young Master, tels him of this foul business betwixt his young Wife and old Father, to the diffrace and shame of nature; and makes him see and know his own dishonour, in their brutish and beastly Adultery and Incest. Don Juan extreamly grieves herear, yea he is both amazed and aftonished at the report of this unnatural crime, as well of his young Wife as aged Father. He cannot refrain from choler and tears hereat, to fee himself thus infinitely abused by her beauty, and betrayed by his lust; and if it be a beauty, yea prophane part, for one man, and friend to offer it to another, how much more for a Father to offer it to his own, yea to his only Son? He expected more goodness from her youth, and grace from his age, but as his wife hath hereby infringed her vow, and oath of wedlock, so hath his wre ched Pather exceeded and broken those rules and precepts of Nature; yea, he is so netled with the report and inflamed with the confideration and memory hereof, that he abhors her infidelity, and in his heart and foul deteffeth his inhumanity; fo as the knowledg hereof doth fo justly incense him against her, and exasperate himself against him, that resolving to right his own honour, as much as they have blemished and ruined it, and therein their own, he fcorns to be an eye-Witness, much less an accessary of this his shame and their infamy: So he here enters into a discreet and generous consultation with himself, how to bear himself in this strange and dishonourable accident? When perceiving and finding

that both his wife and Father, had by this their beafily adultery and Incest, made themselves for ever unworthy of his fight and company; he here for ever diffaining henceforth to fee her, or fpeak with him, very fuddenly (upon a fecond conference, and examination of Mathurina, who flood firmly and vertuously to her former deposition and acculation against them) takes horse and rides away from Santarem to Lisbon, where providing himself of moneys and other necessaries, he takes post for Spain, and there builds up his residence and say at the Court at Ma. drid, where we will for a while leave him, to speak of other accidents which fall out in the course

of this History.

Idiagnes feeing the fudden departure of his Son, and Marfillia of her Husband, Don Juan; and being both affured that he had some secret notice and intelligence of their lascivious dalliances and affection, he exceedingly grieves and the extreamly florms thereat, because they know that this foul scandal will wholly reflect and fall upon them; and now by this his sudden and discontented departure from them, will be made notorious and apparent to all the world. But how to remedy it they know not, because he hath neither fignified him where he is gone, nor when he will return; the which the more bewrayeth his small respect, and discovereth his implacable displeasure towards them. But as there is no malice and revenge to that of a woman, to Marfillia affuring her felf that it was her Maid Mathurina, who (to the prejudice and scandal of her honour) had . unlocked this mystery to her Husband Don Juan, she enters into so furious a rage, and so outragious a fury against her, as she provides her self of Rods, and intends the next morn e're she be stirring out of her bed, to wreak her sterce anger and indignation upon her. But this sharp and fevere resolution of hers, is not so closely carried by her, but Mathurina hath perfect notice thereof, and to prevent this intended correction and cruelty of her incenfed Lady and Mistrifs, the the night before takes horse, and so rides home to the Town of Saint Saviours to her Father; and there, from point to point relateth him all which had past betwixt her Lady and her self, and betwixt her Husband, her felf, and her Father-in-Law; and that now diffaining any more to ferve her, as her body, so her tongue is at liberty; for she is not, and she will not be sparing to publish her Mistris, and her Father-in-Law's shameful familiarity and adultery together. But this indicretion, and licentious folly of her tongue will cost her far dearer than she thinks

of, or expecteth.

For her late Lady and Mistress Marsilia, being now perfectly certified of Mathurina's infidelity and treachery towards her in the point of her dishonour and shame, she (to salve up her reputation, and to provide for the same) will not wholly rely upon her own judgment and discretion herein, but resolves to acquaint Don Alonso de Perez, her own only Brother herewith, and to crave his aid and affiftance, as also his advice, betwixt whom and her self there was so strict a league and Sympathy of affection, that (if reports be true) I write it to their shame, and mine own forrow, it exceeded the bounds of Nature and Honour, and of Modesty and Chastity; only the presumption hereof is great and pregnant, for if there had not been some extraordinary tyes and obligations betwixt them, it is rather to be believed than doubted, that for her fake and fervice, he would never have so freely exposed himself to such imminent sears and dangers, as we shall immediately see him do; and although (of honour and disposition) he were brave and generous, yet I believe he would not have undertaken it. For the Reader must understand, that to this Brother of hers, Don Per z, Ma-fillia speedily acquaints the infidelity and treachery of her Maid Mathurina's tongue against her Fame and Honour, which had so unfortunately occasioned her Husband, Don Juans discontented departure from her. She protesteth most seriously and deeply to him of her and her Father-in-Law Idiaques innocency in this pretended crime and fcandal; Tells him, that Mathurina is the only author and reporter thereof, and therefore till that base and lewed tongue of hers be eternally stopped and filenced, she shall never enjoy any true content to her heart or peace to her thoughts and mind, either in this world, or this life: When his affection to her makes him to yield such confidence to her speeches, vows, and complaints, that he holds them to be as true as Scripture; yea, and the undoubted Oracles of Truth and Innocency: when to please and satisfie her, he bids her be of good chear and comfort, and that he will speedily take such order that Mathurina's scandalous tongue shall not long Eclipse her fame, or any further blewish the suffre of her reputation: When this base and bloody Gentleman, De Pe ez, to make good this his promife to his execrable Sifter, he fecretly rides over to St. Saviours, and there by night waiting near her Fathers door, when Mathurina would chance to iffue forth, he in a dark night elping her (without any more ceremony or firther expoltulation) runs her thorow the body two feveral times, whereof poor harmless innocent foul she falls down dead to his feet without once speaking or crying. So De Perez

Perez seeing her dispatched, he presently takes horse (which his man there led by him) and poasts away to Santarem, being neither seen nor discovered. And thus this bloody villain most deplorably embrued his guilty hands in the innocent blood of this vertuous young Gentlewoman, who never offended him in thought, word or deed, in all her life; and albeit that her Father Signior Pedro de Castello makes curious enquiry and research for the Mutherer of his Daughter, yet De Perez (mounted at advantage) hath recovered Santarem in safety. But God will in due time find him out to his shame and consusion; yea, and then

when his fecurity and courage little dreams thereof.

As foon as he comes to Santarem, he acquaints his Sifter Marfillia of his dispatching of Mathurina, who is infinitely glad thereof, and extreamly thankful to him for the fame; and now her malice and revenge looks wholly on her Husband Don Juan, for offering her this unkind and scandalous indignity of his departure; and for tacitly taxing and condemning her of incontinency with his Father Idiaques, which her adulterous heart, and incestuous foul and conscience doth inwardly confess and acknowledg, though the perfidiousness and hypocrific of her falle tongue do publickly deny it; yea, with her best art and policy, and with her sweetest smiles and kisses, she hath by this time so exasperated this her bloody Brother against him that, (out of his vanity and folly) he prophanely vows unto God, and seriously protests and swears unto her, That if he knew where he were (for the vindication of her honour and innocency)he would ride to him and fight with him, except he would refolve to give him and her, fome valuable reparation and honourable fatisfaction to the contrary, which he feals and confirms to her with many amorous finiles, and lascivious kiffes. But as we are commonly never nearer danger than when we think our felves fartheft from it; So God being as fecret in his decrees, as facred in his resolutions, we shall shortly see De Pe. rez to verefie and confirm it in himself; for as in the heat of this his fortish affection to his fifter, he is ready to fight with her Husband Don Juan, if he knew where he was; lo the news of his refidence in Midrid, when he least thinks thereof, is accidentally brought him by a Servant of his own, whom he purposely sends to Santarem with these two ensuing Letters, The one fent and directed from him to his Father, the other to his wife Marfillia. That to his Father spake thus.

DON JUAN to IDIAQUES,

Was there no other woman of the whole world for you to abuse but my Wife, and was your faith so weak with God; or you so strong with the Devil, that you must therefore make her your Strumpet, because she was my Wife? If Nature would not inform you that I am your Son, yet you are my Father, and it should have taught you to have been more natural to me; more honourable to the world, more respectful to your self, and more religious to God, and not to have made your self guilty of these foul crimes of Adultery and Incest with her, the least whereof is so odious to God, and so detestable to men, that I want tearms, not tears to express it. For hereby as you have made my shame infinite, so likewise you have made your own infamy eternal, the consideration whereof gives me so much grief, and the remembrance sorrow, that holding you for ever unworthy of my sight, and she of my company, I have therefore left Portugal for Spain, and sorsaken Santarem to live and die here in Madrid. And when hereafter God shall be so merciful to your soul, to let you see that the Winter of your age makes you sitter for your Grave than for my Bed, and for your winding sheet, than for my Wife; you will then hold this resolution and proceeding of mine towards you as honourable, as this your crime to me is unnatural; the which if you henceforth redeem not with an Ocean of bitter tears, and a world of repentant and religious Prayers to God, I rather fear than doubt, that his divine Majesty will make you as miserable, as you have made me unfortunate.

DON JUAN.

His Letter to his Wife spake this language.

DON JUAN to MARSILLIA.

W Hat Devil possessed they beart with lust, and thy soul with impicty, to make thee violate thy vom which thou gavest me in marriage, by committing those dammable sins of Adultery and Incest with my natural Father: And if the consideration that I was thy Husband could not in grace de-

ter-thee from it, yet (methinks) the remembrance that he was my Father should in Nature have made thee both to abhor and detest it. And although my tender affection to thee, and silial obedience to him, made me expect more goodness from thy youth, and grace from his age, yet God is a just Judg, and your hearts are true witnesses of these your unnatural crimes and foul ingratitude towards me, which hath cast so great a blemish and scandal on mine honour, and dashed my joyes with so many untimely affictions, and immerited sorrows, that I have abandoned Portugal and Santarem for thy sake, and betaken my self to live and die in Madrid in Spain for wine; where I willstrive to make my self as contented as discontent can make me, and so leave this thy enormous crime, and the punishment thereof, to God, in whom thou mayest be happy, but without whom thou wilt assuredly be misseable. And think to what just calamities and miseries thine inordinate lusts and lascivious desires and delights have already deservedly reduced and exposed thee, Sith henceforth I will no more esteem thee my Wife, or my self thy Hushand, and that God will assuredly look on thee with an eye of indignation; and the world, of contempt.

DON JUAN.

Idiaques having read and perused that Letter of his Son, and Marsillia this of her Husband Don Juan, they are therewith so touched in heart with shame, and stung in conscience with sorrow for their foul crimes of Adultery and Incest, that they blush each at other, and both of them most bitterly curse the name and memorie of Mathurina, who was the first author of this report to him, and which so suddenly incensed him, and occasioned his departure. So to bear up their reputations to the World, and their sames to him, they resolve (without either asking leave or pardon of God) to justifie their innocency hereof to him, and so to pursue and solicit his return. To which effect they write and return him (by his own servant) their two several Letters in answer of his: whereof that of Idiaques his Father carried this message.

IDIAQUES to DON JUAN.

Thou dost wrong thy self and the truth, God and thy conscience, and thy wife and me, in so basely taxing us of those foul sinns of Incest and Adultery, whereof we are as truly innocent, as thou falsely and maistiously deemest us guilty. For I have not abused her nor made her my Strumpet, although nut God, but the Devil (in the flanderous tongue of Mathurina) hath made thee to believe for For Nature bath taught me more Grace and goodness, nor so little impicty; for that I know they are sins more odious to God, and detestable to the world, than either thy forrows can express, or thy anger depaint me. Neither bave I made thy shame infinite, or caust thou make my infamy visible, much less eternal, although herein thou shew me thy indignation; together with thy disobedience, by leaving Portugal for Spain, and Santarem for Madrid, whereof because thou wilt not make thy duty, I will content my self to make thy discretion Judge betweet us, If thou have not done me more wrong, than either thy self, and the truth right herein; and offered a scandal likewise to thy wives bonour, who made thy company her chiefest joy, as now she doth thy absence her sharpest miserie and affliction. How then can I go to my Grave with content, when thou for sakest her bed with malice, and my house with disdain? My innocency in thy accusation bath no way irritated or offended God, and, if therefore with Tears and Prayers thou wilt refolve to ask God, thy Wife, and me forgiveness for this thy foul crime, and monstrous ingratitude towards us, then mine armes shall be as open as ever they have been to receive, and my bouseto welcom thee, and therein thou shalt make thy self as truly happy, as then fa'fly and uncharitably thinkest that God will make me miserable.

IDIAQUES.

The Answer of his wife Marfillia to him was couched in these tearms.

MARSILLIA to DON JUAN.

Tis neither Lust nor the Devil which can make me infringe or violate my Vow given thee in marrisge, although thou art as far from the truth as from God to believe it. But how shall I hope that thy tongue will excuse me of these thy pretended foul crimes of Adultery and Incest, when, to my astonishment and grief, I see thou likewise condemnest thy old Father to be guilty thereof with me to And if this be any way affection to me, or obedience to him, let all other Husbands judz, and all Sons define and determine. But to return thee truth for thy falshood; His age expected and deserved

more

more grace, and my youth and Vertues more affection and goodness from thee, than to have believed those false calumnies and impositures upon the bare report and milicious relation of my hand-maid Mathutina, which are now dead with her and are as false as thy rashness and her revenge makes thee believe them true, for it is neither I nor thy Father who have any may blemished thine honour, or vanquished thy joyes but rather thy self; and thy too too unkind and hasty departure from Santatem to Madrid; which (to the prejudice of the truth, and of my content and honour) hath occasioned it. For my heart and foul will testifie both with mee and for mee, that my affection and constancy is both as spotless, sirm, and true to thee, as thy jealousie is false towards my felf, and therefore as thou leavest my pretended crime, so will I thy real ingratitude both to time and to God, and if yet thou wilt be so wilfully cruel to live from me, and consequently not to esteem me thy wise, yet as it is my zeal and duty to beg and pray thee to return to me, so I will make it my Integrity and Conscience still to brid and love thee for my Huband, and so preserving my heart for thee, as I do my soul for God, I hope with assurance and considence that I shall have no cause to sear either his indignation, or the worlds contempt, in regard I have neither merited the one, nor deserved the other.

MARSILLIA.

Upon the writing and contents of these two Letters of Idiaques to his Son, and of Mussilia to her Husband Don Juan, the Reader may please to observe and remember with how much policie, and with how little piety they feek to over-weil and deny thefe their Adulteries and Incest towards him, thereby to make their actions and themselves appear as innocent, as they are guilty both to them and to God. But God being the Author of Truth, and the Father of Light, and whole Sacred Throne and Tribunal is environned with more glorious Suns than we fee gliftering Stars in the Pirmament, He will one day unmask this their hypocrifie, and bring their foul fins of Adultery and Incest, both to light and punishment. Now as Marfillia is exorbitantly lascivious in her affection to her Brother De Perez, and he reciprocally so to her; so with a world of false sighs and tears she shews him her Letter, and her Father's-in-Law Idiaques, which they had sent to her Husband Don Fuan to Madrid; and with many female oaths and affeverations protesteth to him of both their innocencies herein, which her Brother believes, yea, her feigned forrows and false tears had so far trenched and gained upon his credulity, that in contemplation and commiferation of her wrongs, he was then so vain and impious, as once he thought to have carried these two Letters himself into Spain, and there to have fought with Don Juan for the reparation of his Sifter's honour. But at last leaving passion to consult with reason, and temerity again to be var quished and swayed by judgment, first that these Letters of theirs should see Spain, and then to attend his Brother-in-Law Don Juan his answer to them, and as he shall therein find him either perverle or flexible to his wive's desires, and his Fathers expectations, he will then accordingly bear himself and his resolutions towards him, and hereon both himself and his Sister Marsilia do joyfull v determin and conclude. So Don Juans own servant returns these two aforefaid Letters from Santarem to Madrid to his Master, who breaking up the Seals, and perusing them, he doth not a little wonder at his wives impudency, and his Fathers impiety, in so ffrongly denying these their foul crimes to him: But he is not a little aftonished, and withal afflicted and grieved, when he falls upon that point and branch of his wives letter which reports the death of her maid Mathurina: for in his heart and conscience he now verily thinks and believes, that his wife in her inveterate malice and revenge to her, hath caused her to be murthered, and fent her to Heaven in a bloody winding sheet. But alass, if it be so, how to revoke or remedy it he cannot tell. Once therefore he was minded to have neglected their letters, and so to have answered them with perpetual oblivion, and a disdainful filence. But then again considering with himself that this might rather increase than extenuate their hopes of his return he betakes himself to his Study; where taking pen and paper, he, neglecting his Father, traceth his wife this Letter in answer of hers, and again fends it her into Portugal by his own servant, which affureth themof his resolution not to return.

DON JUAN to MARSILLIA.

The receit of thy second Letter hath not diminished, but consisted and augmented my confidence of my Fathers shame, and thy infamy, in your full fine of Adultery and Incest, perpetrated against me, and which is worse against God, so that I am fully resolved for ever to for sake his house, and thy company, and to live and die here in Madrid, as grief and disconsolation will permit mee; For I prize the (unjust) Apologie of thy (pretended) Innocency at so low a rate, and value it at

so base an esteem, as I distain it for thy sake, and thy self for thine conn. I do as much grieve as I both doubt and sear, thou rejoycest at thy Maid Mathutina's death; and as I amignorant of the manner, so if my Father and thy self have been the conse thereof, you have then all the reasons of the world to believe that God (who is as just in his resolutions, as sacred in his decrees,) will in the end revenge it to his glory, and punish it to your consustance.

DON JUAN.

This Letter of his doth inflame his wife with malice and indignation; for now her Father and she see these their luftful and lascivious crimes seated and confirmed in his belief, and his stay in Spain fixed in his anger, and eternized in his resolution: When as close as they bear it, yet knowing full well that the World will take notice of it, and ere long make it their publike scandal and infamy; He is so devoid of grace, and she of goodness, that to prevent it, he wisheth his Son in Heaven with his Mother, and she her old Father-in-Law in Grave with her young maid Mathurina. But these vain hopes of theirs may deceive them, which as yet, they two are not so wise to shink of, nor so cautious or religious to consider, but rather more resembling brute beasts than Christians, they still continue their obscene and incestuous pleasures, the which I take small delight or pleasure to mention in regard of modesty, or to repeat in respect of Nature and Honour. Here Marsilia again repairs to her Brother De Perez, as to her Oracle and Champion; the shews him both these two last Letters of her Husband to his Father and her self, and conjureth his best advice and speediest assistance for the recovering of her honour, in that of her Husbands affection and company, or elfe that she were freed from him and he out of this life and this world, that so her scandal and wrongs might die with him, and for ever be raked up in the dust of his Grave, and buried with him in eternal oblivion and filence. Don Perez (in heart and mind) is so much his Sifter's, as he is no more himfelf, when making his affection do homage to her beauty, and his judgment and resolution to pay tribute to his affection, he prayes her to refer this charge and businels to the care of his discharge; when giving her many kisses, and willing her to read his heart in his eyes, he gives her the good night, and the next morning being impatient of all delayes, he takes one Seignior Gasper Lopez, a noble Gentleman, and a valiant intimate friend of his with him, and relating him his intent to fight with his Brother Don Juan, and the cause thereof, They undertake this journey of Spain, and so arrive at Madrid, where Lopez prayes Perez to make him his fecond in that Duel; De Perez thanks him for this his affection, but tells him he will hazard himself, but not his friend; so writing a Challenge to Don Juan, he seals it up, and requesteth Lopez to deliver it to him, and the same night to return him his answer. Lopez accordingly finds out Don Juan in his own Chamber, and gives it to him in fair and discreet tearms; who wondring it came from his Brother-in-Law De Perez, but far more to understand that he was now in Madrid, he no way dreaming of a Challenge, but rather thinking that his wife his Sifter had fent him thither to him to work her reconciliation, and consequently his return to her to Santarem, he hastily breaks up the seals thereof, finds it charged with this language.

DE PEREZ to DON JUAN.

Have seenthy inveterate malice to thy Wife my Sister, in thy false and scandalous Letters to her; and Portugal hath read it in thy suddain and cholerick departure from her into Spain: wherefore considering what she is to thee, and I to her, I hold my self bound (both in honour and blood) to make her wrongs and quarrels mine. To which end I have left Santarem to find thee out here in Madrid, purposely to pray thee to meet me to morrow betwixt six and seven in t'e morning, at the furthess westend of the Prado, with thy Rapier, a consident Gentleman of thy friends, and thy Chirurgion, without a Second, where thou shalt sind me to attend thy comming and relying upon the equity of my cause, and the ingratitude and infamy of thine, I make no doubt but to teach Don Juan what it is for him (without ground or truth) to cast a base aspersion and wrongful blemish upon the lustre of his wise, and my Sister, the Lady Marsillia's honour, whose descent and extraction is as good as thine, and her education and Vertues far more sublime and excellent. Thy generosity obligation thee to the honour able performance hereof, and mine honour reciprocally to perform this Obligation.

DE PEREZ.

Don Juan having received and perused this Challenge of his Brother-in-Law De Perez, and finding his furious resolution to exceed his judgment, he knowing himself innocent, his

cause good, and his courage and valour every way to be superiour to the others, highly distaining to be out-braved by any Nobleman or Gentleman breathing, in the point of Honour and generosity, he with a cheerful countenance returns Lopez to his Brother do Perez with this accepting answer.

DON JUAN to DE PEREZ.

M I hatred to Matillia, and departure from her, was justly occasioned through her treachery and infidelity to me, and therefore my Letters to her to that effect are as true as she is false in denying it; notwithstanding, sith she is thy Sister; and my wise, I as much as prove of thy affection to her, as I condemn thy temerity to me, and thy indiscretion to thy self, in making her quarrel thine, and by frsaking Santatem, to sight with me here in Madrid. And because thou shalt see and find that I have as much courage as innocency, I therefore accept of thy challenge, and am so far from learning any point of valour of De Perez, as to his shame and my glory, I hope to teach him, that I have no way cast a false as persion or blemish on the sustre of her reputation, but she on her self; and consignently that I will neither affect her, nor fear thee: For, God lending me life, I will to morrow break fast with thee at thine own time and place apsointed, where my honour and generosity invites me to come, and thine to meet me.

DON JUAN.

These two inconsiderate Gentlemen having thus embarqued themselves in the strong resolution of this weak quarrel and rash Duel, which earthly honour cannot as justly approve and allow of, as divine religion and Christian piety and charity disallow and execrate; Their malice and revenge each to other is so violent and impetuous, that without any thought, either of God or their Souls, or of Heaven or Hell, they pass over the night, if not in watchfulness, yet in broken and diffracted flumbers, yea the morn no sooner peeped from Heaven through their windows to their Chambers, but they leap from their beds to the Prado, where De Perez with his friend Lopez come first on horse-back, immediately after them Don Juan in his Coach, with a young Gentleman his friend, tearmed Don Richardo de Valdona : So these two Duellists disdaining to be tainted with the least piece of dishonour, or shadow of cowardise, they at first fight of each other, throw off their doublets, and in their silk stockings and pumps, with their rapiers drawn, they without any further complement or expostulation approach each other. But here before they begin to reduce malicious contemplation into bloody action, I hold it fit to inform my Reader with a circumstance that now past between them, wherein doubtless, the Providence of God was most conspicuous and apparent; For as by the Law and custom both of Spain and Portugal, all Rapiers should be of one length, yet De Perez curiously casting his vigilant eye upon that of Don Juan, either his fear, or his judgment, or both, inform him that that Rapier is longer than his, whereat Don Juan grieves far more than De Perez can possibly either rejoyce or wonder, for he is fo far from any way blemishing his honour with this, or with any other point or shadow of dishonour, as now he gives his Rapier to measure, and to write the truth, his is found one inch longer than that of De Perez, when biting his lip for anger, he (refembling himfelf) proffers to fight with that either of Lopez or Valdona, which was sufficient reason for one Gentleman of Honour to give, and for another to take; but when he fees that this proffer of his will neither secure De Perez fear, nor confirm his content then, as a Noble and generous Gallant, he freely exchangeth Rapiers with him, gives De Perez the longer, and contents himself to fight with the shorter, whereat De Perez rests satisfied, and well he may, fith this action and his receit thereof, doth as much testifie Don Juans glory, as his own dishonour and shame; and now they again approach each other to fight.

At their first comming up, Don Juan runs a firm thrust to De Perez breast, but he (bearing it up with his Rapier) runs Don Juan in the cheek towards his right ear, which draws much blood from him, and he in exchange runs De Perez thorow his shirt-sleeve without hurting him: At their second meeting they again close without hurting each other, and so part fair without offering any other violence: At their third assault De Perez runs Don Juan thorow the brawn of his left arm, who in exchange requites him with a deep wound in his right side, from whence issued much blood; and now they breathe to recover wind, and to the judgments of Lopez and Valdona, (as also of their Chirurgions) they hitherto are equal in valour, and almost in fortune. So although these spectators do of both sides earnestly entreat them to de-

fift and give over, yet they cannot, they will not, be so easily or so foon reconciled each to oa ther. So after a little paufing and breathing, they (with courage and resolution) fall to it afresh, and at this their fourth encounter Don Perez gives Don Inan a deep wound in his left shoulder, and he requites him with another in exchange, in the neck; and although by this time their several wounds hash engrained their white shirts with great effusion of their scarlet blood, yet they are so brave, so generous, or rather so inhumane and malicious, that they will not yet give over, as if they meant and refolved rather to make death fear them, than they any way to fear death: but their fifth close will prove more fatal, for now after they had judiciously traverfed their ground, thereby to deceive each other of the disadvantage of the Sun; whiles De Perez directs a full thrust to Don Juans breast, he bravely and skilfully warding it, in requital th reof, runs him clean thorow the body, a little below his right pap, when closing nimbly with him, and purfuing the point of his good fortunes he whips up his heels, and so nails him to the ground, when he had not the strength to begg his life of Don Juan, and God knows he much grieved that it was not then in his power to give it him, for this his last wound being desperately mortal, he presently dyed thereof, having neither the remembrance to call on God, much less to beg mercy of him for his finful foul; but as he lived abominably and prophanely, so he died miserably and wretchedly. And although I confess it was too great an honour for him to receive his death from so brave a Noble Gentlemans hands as Don Juan, yet it is a most singular providence and remarkable punishment of God, that he dyed by the hands of his own lascivious Sifter's Husband, and which is yet more, by his own fword, as if God had formerly decreed, and purposely ordained, that the felf same-Sword should give him his death, wherewith so lately and so cruelly he had bereaved that harmless innocent young Gentlewoman Mathurina of her life; although in regard of this his fowl and lamentable murther, he (with lefs honour and more infamy) every way deserved to have died rather by a halter than a Sword; But Gods Providence is as unsearchable as facred.

Don Juan having rendred thanks to God for this his victory, he out of his noble courtefie and humanity, lends Lopez his Coach to transport the dead body of his Brother-in Law De Perez into the City; and taking his horse in exchange, he by a private way gets home to his lodging. But this their Duel is not so secretly carried, but within three hours after, all Madrid rattles thereof; who knowing the Combatants to be both of them noble Gentlemen of Portugal, it gives cause of general talk, and argument of universal envie and admiration in all Spaniards, especially in the nobler fort of Souldiers and Courtiers. When the very day after that Don Ju n had caused this his Brother to be decently buried, Lopez repairs to his Chamber to him, and in a fair and friendly manner enquires of him if he please to return any Letter of this his friends death and of his own victory to Santarem, to Don Idiaques his Father, or the Lady Marfillia his wife, and that his best service herein shall attend and wait on his commands: Don Juan thanks Lopez for this his courte fie, but tells him, that for some reserved reasons he will send no Letter to either of them, but otherwise wisheth him a prosperous return to Portugal; so Don Juan remains in Madrid, and Lopez returns for Santareva, and there from point to point relates them the issue of that Combat, as the victory of his Son Don Juan, and the death and burial of De Perez; adding withall, that he was so reserved and strange, that he would write to neither of them hereof. At the relation and knowledg of this mournful news Idiaques cannot refrain from much forrow, nor Marfillia from bursting forth into bitter tears and lamentations thereat: for feeing her dear and only Brother thus flain by the hand of her own unkind Husband; by foling him the knows the hath loft her right arm; and he being dead the knows not to whom to have recourse, either for counsel, or affiftance, or consolation. And yet as much as he sorrows and the grieves at this disafterous accident, they notwithstanding are yet so far from thinking it a blow from Heaven, or from lo king either up to God, or down to their own finful hearts, consciences, and fouls for the fame, that without making any good use, or drawing any divine or profitable moral thereof, they still continue their beastly pleasures and damnable Adultery and Incest together, as if there were no God to fee, nor no deferved torments or misery reserved to punish it. But they and we shall immediatly see the contrary.

To the great grief of our hearts, and compunction of our fouls, we have in this History seen wretched Idiaques (by the instigation of the Devil) to poylon his Wife the Lady Honoria; and likewise his Daughter-in-Law Marsillia to have caused her Brother De Perez to have cruelly murthered her waiting-maid in the street; as also by the Providence of GOD Don Juan to have slain the said De Perez in the field: and our curiosity and expectation shall not go far, before we shall see the just Revenge and punishments of God consignly to

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surprise wretched Idiagnes, and graceless Marsillia for the same; for his divine Justice contending with his Sacted Mercy it hath at last prevailed against these their foul and bloody crimes, so now when they are in the middest, yea, in the height and jollity of all these their for I delights and fecurity, like an unlooked-for florm and tempest, it will suddenly befall them. Life hath but one way to bring us into this World, but Death hath infinite to take us from it: and what is this but a true argument and reason of Gods glory and our misery; of his power, and of our frail y and weakness? And therefore because we are as repleat of fin as he is of fancticy, and as subject to imperfections, as all perfections are both properly co-incident and subject to him; It will be an act of moral wisdom, and of religious piety in us, rather to glorific than examin his facted Providence; and rather to admire than pry into his divine decrees and resolutions. And because his correction and punishment of all fins, especially of this crying and scarlet sin of Murther, is as just as secret, and as inscrutable as just; therefore to draw towards the period of this deplorable History, God is first pleased to exercise and begin his Judgement on miserable Marsislia, and then to finish it in wretched Idiaques. But his divine Majesty is likewise pleased and resolved both to impose and make as great a difference in their punishments, as he found a parity and conformity in their crimes.

It is Ma fikia's pleasure (or to say more truely, the providence and pleasure of God) that the rides from Santarem to Coimbra to visit a fick Gentlewoman her Ccusin-German, who dwelt there, being only accompanied with her man Andrea on horse-back, and her foot-boy Piscator to attend her; and as the comes within a small half-League of that Town, having fent away her man Andrea before, and her foot-boy Piscator being a very little distance behind her, there suddenly flarts up a Hare between (or close to) her horse legs, which so amazed her horse, (which was as hot and prowd as the Gentlewoman his Mistress whom he bore) as comming off with all four, he throws her to the ground, and kicking her with his hind feet at her fall. he strikes her in the fore head, and so dasheth out her brains; God so ordaining that she had not the power to speak a word, much less the grace or happiness to repent her of her horrible sins, Adultery, Incest and Murther. And thus was the lamentable and fearful end which God gave to this graceless young Lady, the which I cannot as yet pass over, without annexing and remembring one remarkable point and circumstance therein, in which the Justice and Mercy of God to both sexes. and all ages and degrees of people, doth miraculously resplend and shine forth; for that very horse which threw and killed her, was the very same which she formerly lent to her Brother De Pirez, and whereon he rid to Saint Saviours, when he (by her instigation) killed her waiting Maid Maburina. Good God, how just, and wonderful are thy decrees! Dear Lord, how

immense and sacred is thy Justice!

But this is but the forerunner, and as it were but the entrance into a further progression of this History: For as her foot-boy Piscator, extreamly wept, and bitterly cryed, at the fight of this mournful and Tragical death of his Lady and Mistress, God had so decreed and provided, that the next that passed by, and who were forrowful spectators thereof, where two Corigadors (or Officers of Justice) of the City of Coimbra, riding that way in their Coach to take the air; Who in compassion of the deplorable death of this fair unknown young Gentlewoman, they descend their Coach, and having enquired and understood of her forrowful Footboy what the was, they then with much respect and humanity cause her dead Corps to be decently laid in their Coach, which they shut, and so mounting their Servants Horses they return again to Coimbra. From whence they fend her Man Andrea, in all possible post haste to Santarem, to acquaint his Master and her Father-in-Law Don Idiaques with the lamentable death of his Daughter-in-Law Marsillia, and to pray him to repair speedily thither to them to take order for her burial, Andrea is no sooner departed for his Master, but these two Corigadors consult on the fatality of this accident, and very profitably consider for themselves, that the horse who killed her, and all her apparrel and jewels, by the custome and royalty of their City, were devolved and forfeited to their jurisdiction; to which effect they cause her Rings, Chains, and Bracclets to be taken from her, and then her pockets likewife to be carefully fearcht for Gold and Jewels; so as murther cannot be long concealed or undetected. We may therefore here behold the wonderful Providence, and fingular justice of God, for in one of her pockets they find, folded up in a rich cut-work handkerchief, the last letter which her Husband Don 711an had written and sent her from Madrid; at the fight of this letter one of these Corigadors is defirous to have it read publikely: but the other (being more human and respective to the concealing of Ladies fecrets, which many times prove that of their honours) he contradicts it, till at left God enlightning their judgments, and prompting and inspiring their hearts, that the perusal of this Letter might (peradventure) import and report something which might

might tend to his fervice, and conduce to his glory; they fall then on a medium betweet both their opinions, and fo withdrawing themselves to a private Chamber, they there secretly o'reread this letter, wherein with admiration and amazement they understand of the obscene Adultery and Incest of Idiaques with this his Daughter-in-Law Marsillia, which was the cause of her Husband Don Juan his absence from her in Spain: But at length when they proceed farther therein, and so fall upon these words of Don Juan to her in this his letter; I do as much grieve as I both doubt and fear thou rejoycest at thy handmaid Mathutina's death; and as Lam ignorant of the manner, so if my Father and thy self have been the cause thereof, you have then all the reasons of the world to believe, that God nill in the end pun sh it to your confusion: Then (led by the Spirit of God) they both concurr in one opinion, that this their Adultery, and this Murther of Mathirina did not only firmly reflect, but equally take hold both on Idiaques and Marfillia, and therefore that this her late deplorable and dylasterous end, was only a blow from God, and the very true fore-runner, and undoubted Harbinger of his own to come. When refolving to feize and imprison Idiaques as soon as he should arrive thither to Coimbra; they hushing up this Letter and business in their own bosoms, do then hold it fit to send for Marsillia's foot man Piscator to come to them, which he speedily doth. They carefully enquire of him, if his dead Lady had not sometimes a waiting Gentlewoman named Mathurina, he answered them yes, and that she was lately murthered in the streets of Saint Saviours, and that her murtherers were as yet unknown: They demand of him again whose Daughter she was; he informs them that her Father is a Gentleman who dwells in Saint Saviours, and that his name is Seignior Pedro de Castello: which being as much they fought for; putting their fervants to watch over this foot-man, that he might not escape to give the least inkling of their demands to his old Master Idiagnes, they presently fend away Post to Saint Saviours for Castello, and (in honour to Justice) these two Corigadors, as Christian Magistrates, having put all things in order for the vindication of the truth of these deplorable matters, that very night Idiaques arrives at Coimbra, and descends from his Coach to the house of one of these Corigadors, where the dead body of his daughter Marsillia lay; at whose mournful fight, as soon as his passionate grief and sorrow had caused him to shed and facrifice many rivolets of tears, when he least dreams or thinks thereof, these two Corigadors cause him to be seized on, and instantly commit him close prisoner, without acquainting him with the cause hereof; where all that night his guilty heart and conscience (as so many Fiends and Furies) affuring him that it was for poylonning of his own Lady Honoria; there horrour and terrour, grief, and despair, and anguish, do act their several parts upon the Theatre of

The next morn Castello (Mathurina's Father) likewise arrives at Coimbra, to whom the Corigadors communicate this Letter of Don Juan to his wife, which he fent her from Spain, wherein they tell him the murther of his Daughter Mathurina seems probably and strongly to reflect upon Idiaques, and his Daughter-in-Law Marsillia, when they farther acquainting him with her tragical death, as also with his imprisonment, Castello (with a world of tears and . cries) exclaims, that undoubtedly they were the authors, if not the actors of his Daughters lamentable murther, and so very passionately and sorrowfully craves justice of them on Idiaques for the same, which they are as willing to grant and perform, as he to desire: So after dinner in the publike Tribunal of Justice, they send for Idiagues, legally and juridically there to appear before them; where this forrowful Father (with much passion, and more tears) doth strongly accuse him for the murther committed and perpetrated on his Daughter Mathurina; the which Idiaques with many high and Hout answers denieth: He alledgeth many oily words and sugred and silken phrases, to justifie and Apologize his innocency: Which these Corigadors (led by the finger of God) hold rather to be far more ayrie than folid, and far more plausible than real or true; so they (still remembring his Son Don Juans Letter to his Wife Marfillia) do (without regard to his quality or age) adjudge him to the Rack. The which Idiaques (fearing infinitely more the murther of his own Lady Honoria, than that of Mathurin:) endures the tortures and torments thereof with a fortitude and resolution far beyond his strength and age, and with an admirable constancy stands firmly to the denial of this fact and acculation; so seeing the Rack taken away, and himself from the Rack, he is therefore very confident and joyful, that his danger is likewise o'repast and o'reblown: But these vain hopes of his will yet both deceive, and in the end betray him; for as yet his conscience hath not made peace with God. For the griefs and forrows of his mournful Father for this lamentable murther of his Daughter, have now mide him both industrious in this solicitation, and religious in this his profecution against Idiaques towards these Corigadors: to whom again he becomes an earnest, and yet an humble Petitioner, that they will

give him eight dayes time more to fortifie his accusation, and that all that time he may still remaine Prisoner without Bail or Surety; which they finding reasonable, and consonant to allequity and law, they freely grant him. When Castello having God for his Counsellor, and whom in a small time Idiaques thall find for his judge, calling to mind some words of his deceased Daughter touching the suspicion of poysoning her old Lady by her Husband, to make way for this match with Don Juan, he doth no more accuse him for murthering of his Daughter Mathurina; but some two daies after, he frames and presents a new Inditement and accusation to his Judges against him, for poyloning his old wife the Lady Honoria. Which these Judges admiring and wondering at, they then partly, nay almost considently believe, that there is some great crime, and foul fact in this business against Idiaques. Which God will in fine detect and bring to light, by the folicitation and industry of this honest poor Gentleman Castello. So rhey admit again of his second Inditement against him, and by vertue hereof convent him before them

at their Tribunal of Justice. Idiaques understanding hereof, his guilty conscience now denounceth such thundering peals of fear and amazement to his appalled heart and trembling foul, as they will give no peace either to himself or to them, and the Devil, who had ever heretofore promised him his best aid and affidance, now flies from him, and leaves him to fland or fall to himfelf: And here it is that his courage begins to fail him, and that his fear and shame is almost resolved and ready to proclaim himself guilty of this his last and worlt accusation, the poisoning of his own Wife the Lady Honoria: But again the hope of life is yet so sweet to him, as the fear of death is displeasing and bitter, and therefore (with a wretched resolution, and a miserable confidence) he again artificially endeavoureth to blear the eyes of these his Judges, with his chiefest Eloquence, and sweetest Oratory; who having given him his full carreir to speak in his own defence and justification, when they perfectly knew he yet spake not one valuable word or reason, either to defend or justifie himself; Then one of these clear-fighted Corigadors (in the behalf of both them)

returns him this grave reply and pious exhortation.

That as they have not the will to accuse him, so they have not the means or power to excuse him, for being (at least) accessary to both, or either of these murthers, of his Lady Honoria, or Mathurina; that the sudden death of the first, and the violent and untimely one of the last, the voluntary absence of his Son Don Juan in Spain, with his killing of Perez there, and now the searful and lamentable end of his Daughter-in-Law, Marsillia (whose body is yet unburied and her blood scarce cold) left a dangerous reslection, and a pernicious suspicion on his life and actions, at least of Adultery and Incest, if not of Murther (whereof his Son Don Juans Letter which he writ to his Wife Marsillia, which they have there to shew, is a most firong and pregnant witness) and that the least of these crimes are capable to ruine a greater personage than himself. That he could cast no thist of delusion before Gods eyes, though he artificially endeavoured and labored to cast a veil before theirs. That the shedding of innocent blood was a crying Sin, which despight of forcery and of hell, would (in Gods due time) draw down vengeance to Earth from Heaven on their Authors. That if he were guilty of his accusation, he had no better plea then confession, nor safer remedy than repentance. That contrition is the true mark of a true Servant of God, and though we fall to Nature and Sin as being men, yet we should tife again to grace and righteousness as being Christians. That to deny our crimes, is to augment them, and consequently their punishments, both in Earth, and in Hell; and that he was not a Christian, but an Infidel, who would attempt to fave his life with the loss of his foul, with many other religious exhortations concurring and looking that

But all this notwithstanding, Idiaques his Faith and Conscience, was yet so strong with Satan, and therefore so weak with God, that he left no excuse, policy or evasion uninvented to blear the eyes of these Corigadors, and so to make his innocency to pass currant with them. But his eloquence and affeverations cannot prevail with the folidity of their Judgments, for God will not fuffer them to be led away with words, nor feduced or deluded with shadows: But from the circumference of circumftances, they now flie to the centre of truth, and to the Author and giver, yea to the life and foul thereof, God. So they again adjudg him to the rack for his fecond accusation of Murther, as they formerly had done to him for his first. At the pronouncing of which sentence, If we may judge of his heart by his face, he seemed to be much afflicted, appalled and daunted, which his Judges perceiving, before they expose him to his torments, they in honour to his Age and quality, but far more to Truth and Justice, (whom they know to be two Daughters of Heaven) they now hold it a point of Charity and Piety to fend him two Divines to his Prison to work upon his Conscience and Soul,

which they do: And God in the depth of his goodness, and the richness of his mercy, was so mercifully propitious and indulgent to him, that he added fuch efficacy to their perswasions, and power to their exhortations, as at the very fight of the rack, he with tears in his eyes, then there confessed unto them, That he was innocent of Mathurina's murther, but guilty of poyfoning his own wife the Lady Honoria, for the which he faid he most heartily and forrowfully repented himself. Whereupon his Judges (and the rest present) admiring with wonder and praising God with admiration for the detection of this his fowl, bloody and lamentable crime, they pronounce fentence against him; I hat for expiation thereof, he at eight of the clock the next morning, shall have his head cut off at the place of Common execution in that Town, when Idiaques, who (yet adhered so much to Satan) that he could never be devested of his fins before he were first deprived of his finful life, doth yet still flatter himself with some further hope of life, and so he appeals from the judgment and sentence of this Court of Coimira to that of Santa em, as being native and refident thereof; as also because he committed his murther there, for which they (not his competent Judges) adjudged him to death: Whereat although the Corigadors of Coimbra for the preservation of the priviledges of their Court and Town, do obflinately oppose and vehemently contest it, yet at last well knowing, and being conscious with themselves, that smaller Towns and Courts in Portugal are bound and subject to depend of the greater; They therefore making a vertue of necessity, and contenting themselves to give way to that which they cannot remedie, do ordain that Idiaques should be conveighed and tryed

way to that which they cannot remedie, do ordain that Idiaques should be conveighed and tryed at Santarem.

But yet before they suffer him to depart their Town, they in honor to Justice. in wisdom to themselves, and in reputation to their Town and Court, do seriously and religiously charge him in the name and fear of God to declare truly to them, whether his unburied Daughter in Law Marsilia were not likewise accessary with him in possioning his Wise, the Lady Hono-

ria, which at first he strongly denies to them. But then they send away for the two Divines who had formerly dealt with him and his Conscience in Prison, who exhort him to carry a white and candid foul to Heaven, and threaten him with the torments of Hell fire if he do not. When with fighes and tears, he confesseth it to them, and that it was he himself who administred that poylon to his wife, but that his Daghter-in-Law Marsillia bought it for him. So these Judges (upon the validity of this free and solema confession) in detestation of this her lamentable crime, do reverently resolve to second, and glorifie God in his Judgements towards her, and therefore they presently condemn her dead body to be burnt that afternoon in their Market-Areet, the common place of execution, which accordingly is then and there performed in presence of a great concourse of people, who infinitely rejayce that God so miraculously destroyed the life, and their judges the body of so execrable a female Monster. By this time we must allow, and imagine that old Letcher, and new murtherer Idiaques (by vertue of his appeal) is brought to his own City of Santarem, and I think either with a ridiculous hope, or a prophane and impious resolution to see whether God will punish him there with death, or the Devil preserve and save him from it. He hath many friends in this Court, who are both great and powerful, and therefore builds all his hopes of life, on this reeling quickland, this snow, this nothing, that his great estate of money and lands will undoubtedly act wonders with them for his pardon. But fill he hopes, because still the Devil deceives him; He is arrived here at Santarem, where this fair City which might heretofore have proved his delight and glory, is now referved for his shame, and appointed and deflined for his coofusion; They cannot brook the fight, much less the cohabitation and company of fuch monsters of nature, and devills incarnate of men, who glory in making themtelves guilty of these fowl finns, and crying crimes, Adultery, Incest, Murther. So that Idiaques (who hath made himself a principal of this number, and a monster of Art in these sins) thinking here in Santarem to find more mercy and pity during his life, shall find less of both of them after his death. For the criminal Judges of this Court who reverence and honour

Justice, because Justice doth daily and reciprocally perform the like to them, do confirm the sentence of Combra, that the next morning he shall lose his head, but in detestation and exercation of these sowl and bloody crimes, they add this clause and condition thereto, that both his head and body shall be afterwards burnt, and his alhes thrown in the Air, which gives matter of talk and admiration, not only to Santarem, but to all Portugal. And thus most pensively and disconsolately is Idiagness reconveyed to his prison, where Church-men are sent him by the Judges of that Court, to direct his soul in her slight and transsignmentation from earth to

Heaven, whom they find (or at least they make) very humble, mournful, and repentant.

According to which sentence he is the next morning brought to the place of execution, which

which for the greater example and terrour to others, and of ignominy to himself, was before his own house, wherein he had acted and perpetrated all his enormous crimes. Where the Scaffold is no sooner erected, but there slock an infinite number of people from all parts of the City, to be spectators of this last Scene of his Tragedy. He came to the Scaffold (between two Friers) in a sute of black Tasseta, a Gown of black wrought tufft-lasseta, and a great white set Russ, which yet could not be whiter than his broad Beard: At his ascent on the Scaffold, his Grave aspect and presence engendered as much forrow and pity, as his beastly crimes did detestation in the hearts and tongues of the people, to whom (after he had a short time kneeled down and

prayed) he made a short speech to this effect.

That although the poyloning of his own Wife, and his adultery with his Sons wife, were crimes fo odious and execrable, as had made him unworthy any longer either to tread on earth, or to look up unto Heaven, yet although he deserved no favour of his Judges for his body, he humbly repented, and begged some of God for his soul; and for the more effectual obtaining thereof, he zealously prayed all those who were present to joyn their prayers to his. He confessed that it was Marsilia's beauty, which first (at the instigation of the Devil) drew him to that adultery with her, and this poyloning of his own wise Honoria, whereof from his heart and soul, he now affirmed he implored remission of God, of the Law, of his Son Don Juan, and of all the world; and prayed them all to be more godly and less sinful, by his example: and so kneeling down and praying a little while to himself, he rose up, and putting off his Gown, Russ, and Doublet, which he gave to the Executioner, he binding his head and eyes with his Handkerchies, bad him do his office, which he presently performed, and with one blow of the Sword, made a perpetual double divorce betwirt his head and his shoulders, his body and his foul: when presently, according to his sentence, both his head and his body were then and there burnt and consumed to fire, and his ashes thrown into the Air.

And this was the deplorable life and death of De Perez, Idiaques, and Markilia, of whom the spectators (according to their several humours and affections) spake diversly, all condemning the bloody cruelty of De Perez towards innocent Mathurina, and of Idiaques towards his vertuous wife Honoria. Again, some pitied, and others execrated Markillia's youth, beauty, and lust; but both sexes, and all degrees of people (as so many lines terminating in one Center) magnified the providence and Justice of God, in so miraculously and condignly cutting off these mon-

sters of nature, and bloody butchers of man-kind

And if the curiosity of the Reader will yet farther enquire, what afterwards became of Don Juan; The reports of him are different: for at first I heard that his discontent and grief was so great, yea, so extream for the death of his Parents and Wife, that he cloistered himself up a Capuchin Fryar in their Monastery at Madrid: So contrariwise I have since credibly been enformed, that he shortly after these disasters left Spain, and still lives in Santarem in Portugal in great honour, welfare, and prosperity; But which of these his resolutions are most inclining and adherent to the truth, it passeth beyond my knowledg, and therefore shall come too short of my affirmation.

GOD's



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

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Harcourt steals away his Brother Vimory's Wife Masserina, and keeps her in Adultery; She hireth Tivoly (an Italian Mountebank) to poylon La Precoverte, who was Harcourts wise; Harcourt kills his Brother Vimory, and then marries his widow Masserina; Tivoly is hanged for a Robbery, and at his Execution accuseth Masserina for hiring him to poylon La Precoverte, for the which she is likewise hanged. Noel (who was Harcourts man) on his death-bed suspected and accuseth his said Master for killing of his Brother Vimory, whereof Harcourt being sound guilty, he is broken alive an a wheel for the same.

Man being the workmanship, and Figurative Image of God, what an odious sin, year what an execrable crime is it therefore, for one (out of the heat of his malice or sums of his revenge) to poyson, or murther another, sith Nature doth strongly impugn, and Grace (with a high hand) infinitely contradict it. Therefore, were not our hearts and understandings either wholly deprived of common sense, or our souls of the gracious assistance and favour of God, we would not thus so furiously and prophanely make our selves guilty of these infernal sins, but rather (with our best endeavours) would seek to avoid them as Hell, and (with our most pious resolutions) to hate and detest them as the Devil himself, who is the prime Author and Actor thereof. But some such Monsters of Nature, and Disciples of Satan there are here on Earth. A fearful and lamentable Example whereof, this ensuing History will shew us. The which may all good Christians read to Gods glory, and remember to the instruction of their Souls.

There is a Parish termed Saint Simplician, a mile from the City of Sens, in the Dutchy of
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Burgundy

Burgundy (which is honoured with the Title and See of an Archbishop) where (within these few years) there dwelt and died an aged Gentleman, (more Noble by birth, than rich in his Estate and Demains) termed Monsieur de Vimory, who left only two sons behind him the eldest named Monsseur de Harcourt, and the second Monsseur de Hantemont, who were two very Proper, young Gentlemen, excellently well bred and qualified, as well in Arts as Arms, or in any other vertue or perfection which was requifite, both to shew and approve themselves to be the Sons of their Father. And (to content my Reader with their characters) Harcours was tall but not wel-favoured, but of a mild and fingular good disposition; Hantemont was of a middle stature, neatly timbred, of a sweet and amiable countenance, but by nature hasty and head-strong; Harcourt had a light Auburn beard, which (like a Country Gentleman) he wore negligently after the Oval-cut; Hant most had a coal-black beard, which (Courtier: like) he wore in form of an invalled Pyramides , Harcourt was thirty two years of age, very chaste and honest; Han emont was twenty five, but many times given to women, and ready to be debauched and drawn away by any, though but of an indifferent quality and complexion, To Harcoure (the eldest Son) their Father gave his chiefest Mannor-house, with eight hundred Crowns of yearly Revenew and all his Goods and Chattels, To Hantemont (his fecond Son I he gave his second Manor-house, worth four hundred Crowns yearly, and fifteen hundred Crowns in his purse, by his Testament: Estates which though it came short of their blood, yet it exceeded that of most of the Gentlemen their neighbours, and is held in France at least the double, if not the treble of as much here with us in England. So having neither the happiness, nor the care to be accompanied with any Sifter or other Brothers, they interchangeably Iwear a first League of brotherly love and dear affection each to other, which by their Vertues and Honours they swear shall never receive end, but with the end of their lives. They many times consult together for the conduction and improving of their Estates, which they promise to manage with more frugality then lustre, and with more solid discretion than vain oftentation or superfluity, and not to live in Paris, or to follow the Court, but to build up their residence in the Country. To which end they cut off many unprofitable mouths, both of fervants, horses, and hounds, which their Father kept. They likewise vow each to other to be wonderful chary and careful in their marriages, as well fore-feeing and knowing it to be the greatest part of their earthly felicicity or misery. So here we may see and observe many fair promises, rich designs and resolutions, and many sweet covenants voluntarily drawn up between these two brothers, which if they make good and perform, no doubt but the end thereof will be successful and prosperous unto them; or if otherwise, the con-

But before I wade farther in the stream and current of this History, I must first declare, that by the death of Vimory the Farher, and by the custom of France, we must now wholly abandon and take away the title of Hantemont from the second Brother, suturely to give him that of Harcourt the eldest, and that from Harcourt the eldest, to give him that of Vimory their Father, for (by the right and vertue of the premised Reasons) these are now become their proper names and appellations, which the Reader is prayed to observe and remember.

A year and half is not fully expired and past away fince their Father past from Earth to Heaven, but the eldest Brother Monsieur de Vimory being extreamly ambitious and covetuous of wealth, and understanding that a rich Counsellor of the Court of Parliament of Dijon, named Monsieur de Basigni was dead, and had lest a very rich widow (of some forty years of age) named Madamoyselle Masserina, he earnestly seeks her in marriage. She is of short stature, corpulent and fat, of a coal-black hair, and if fame towards her be a true and not a tatling goddess, she hath, and still is, a lover of Venus, and a Votarels who often facrificeth to Cupids lascivious Altars and Shrines. Harcourt is very averse and bitter against this match for his Brother. They have many ferious Confultations hereon: He alledgeth to him the inequality of her age and birth in comparison of his, her corpulency, the ill-getting of her Husbands goods, who was held to be a corrupt Lawyer, and (as the voice of the world went) who gained his wealth by the tears and curfes of many of his ruined and decayed Clients; and when he faw that nothing would prevail to diffwade his Brother ir m her, he rounds him in his ear, that it was spoken and bruted in Dijon, that she was not so chaste as tich, not so continent as covetous; Fimory is all inraged hereat and chargeth Harcoure his Brother to name the Reporters of this foul scandal vomited forth (quoth he) against the vertues and honour of chaste Masserina; Harcourt replies, that he speaks it wholly upon same, no way upon knowledg, much less upon belief; so Finzory being wilfully deaf to his Brother's advice and requests, (and preferring Masserina's wealth

to her honesty) he marries her. But she is so wife for her felf, as first (both by promise and contract) she ties him to this condition; that he shall receive all her Rents, which are some twelve hundred Crowns per Annum, the to put her ready money to Ufe into whose hands the pleafeth, and he also to have the one half of the interest money, but the Principal still remain in her own right, propriety and possession, and as well in her life as death, to be wholly

at her own disposing.

Not long after Harcourt being at the great Wedding (of a Gentleman his Coufen German) at the City of Troyes in Campagne, he there at the balls (or publick dancing) espies a most sweet and beautiful young Gentlewoman, whom he, presently fancieth and affects for his Wife: He enquires wast theis, and finds her to be named Matenoy felle La Precoverte, Daughter to an Aged Gentleman of that City, tearmed Monfieur de la Vaquery. Harcou t courts the Daughter, feeks the Father; finds the first willing, and the fecond defirous : but at last he plainly and honestly informs Harcourt, that his Daughters chiefest wealth, are her vertues and beauty; that he bath not much Land, and less money; that he hach two great suits of Law, for store of Lands, depending in the Parliament of Dijon, which promife him store of money, and that he will futurely impart a great part thereof to him, if he will marry his Daughter, the which (for the prefent) he tells him, he is content to make good and confirm, both by bond and contract. Harcourt loves his fair young Miltress La Precoverte so tenderly and dearly, as he is ready to espouse her on those tearms, but he will first acquaint his brother Vinary therewith, and take his a lvice therein Vimory informs his brother Haccourt that he knowes Monseur de Vaquery, of Trayes, to be a very poor Gentleman, that most of his lands are morgaged out, and in great danger never to be redeemed; that his Law-futes are as uncertain, as the following thereof chargeable. Harcourt extols the besuty of La Precoverte to him to the skie; Vimory replies, that beauty fades and withers with a small time, and that those who prefer it to wealth, are many times enforced to feed on repentance in stead of content and joy, and to look poverty in the face in Read of prosperity. But Harcourt having deeply fetled his affe Lion on La Peccoverte, he rejecteth this true and wholesom counsel of his brother, and so marries her: When forgetting his former promise to his brother, he in a finall time turns a great Prodigal, abandoneth himfelf to all filthy vices, and beaftly course of life, and as a most debauched and graceless Husband (within one year) he for no cause quarrelleth very often with this his fair and dear Wife, than whom, neither Champagne nor Burgundy had a more beautiful or vertuous young Gentlewoman; she was of stature tall and flander, of a beight flixen hair, a gracious eye, a modelt countenance, a pure Lilly-rofest complexion, of a mild nature, and sweet disposition, respectfully courteous to all the world, and exceedingly devout and Religious towards God, as perpetually making it her pract fe, delight and glory to confunc a great part both of her time and of her felf in praver and in the fervice of God.

And although the were formerly lought for in marriage by many as good Gentlemen as Harcourt, yet the could fancy none, nor affect any man for her Husband but himfelf. Never Wife was more careful or more defirous to please a Husband than she, and as (for one whole year) it was her former content and joy to fee him to be a provident, kind, and loving Husband to her, so now it is her matchless grief and calamity to see his good nature perverted, his Refolutions transported, and his affections drowned in debauched and vicious Company. She leaves no sweet advice, nor courteous Requests and Perswasions unattempted to reclaim him from their his foul vices of Drunkennels, Swearing, Dicing, evil Company, and Whoredom; for of no less sins in quality, nor fewer in number, she (with extream grief and forcow) fees him to be guilty. Burall this will not prevail, no not her infinite tears and fighs which many times the spends and sheds to him both at boord and bed, yea, and sometimes on her knees, but still (with a wretched violence and finful impetuosity) he goes on in his vicious courses, and ungodly life and conversation; neither caring for his health, or his estate and means, but wilfully negleds the first, and prodigally wattes and confumes the second, whereat she wonderfully grieveth and lamenteth. She often requesteth Vimory his brother, and La Vaquery her Father to perswade and divert him stom these his ungodly courses and enormous vices, which threatens no less than the utter ruin, and inevitable shipwrack of all their fortunes: but they likewise cannot prevail, although his brother Vimory (with whom they live and sojourn) every hour and time he sees him, do strongly deal and labour with him to that effect: For now he giving no limits to his vices and prodigalities he fells away his Lands peece meal, whereat his brother Vimory stormeth very much against him, and his vertuous sweet Wife most pitifully; weepeth and lamenteth. But as a base Gentleman, and a most unkind and ungrateful Husband

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Husband, he laughs at her tears, smileth at her sighs, and contemneth and scorneth both them and her self. And it now falling out, that La Vaquery her Father I sing both of his Law suits at Dijon, where they (by the votes and sentence of that Court of Parhament) are adjudged against him, whereby he was utterly ruined both in his hopes and estate for ever; Harcourt hereat so slights and neglects his Wise, as he terms her beggars brat, threatneth to send her home to Troyes to her Father, and setting all at random, cares not what becomes either of himself or her, who poor sweet Gentlewoman is so extreamly afflicted, and as it were weighed down with all these calamities and miseries (especially with the vices and discourtesses of her Husband) as in her heart she daily wisheth, and in her soul hourly prayeth unto God, that she were out of this life, and in Heaven, infinitely lamenting, and a thousand times a day repenting that ever it was her hard fortune to see her Husband, and her world chance to marry him. But how to remedy or redress these her miseries she knows not.

For now do her Husbands vices and prodigalities make him daily grow poorer and poorer, in so much (as in less than three years) he is become the shame of himself, the contempt of his enemies, the picy of his Friends and Kinssolks, and the extream grief of his sweet and dear Wife, so that he hath well near spent all, and almost lest nothing to maintain himself, much less to maintain her, whose griefs are so great, and forrows so infinite, as her Roseat Cheeks look now thin and pale, her sweet eyes are become obscure and dim, yes, and in so pitiful and lamentable a manner, that she falls exceedingly sick, and her discontent and disconsolation is almost so remediles, as she would, but cannot be comforted, for that her Husband, whom she thought would have proved the argument of her Joy and Prosperity, is now become the cause of endless grief, and the object of her matchless calamity and misery. Thus staving her forrows, sighs and tears, to be diminished through time, or dissipated and defaced by God. The order of our History invites and conjures me now again to speak of this her base and debauched Husband, who hath many beastly and bloody parts to act here-

Whose lewd life and prodigalities enforcing him now to behold poverty, because heretofore he disdained to look on frugality and providence: Seeing his wealth wasted, his lands either sold or morgaged, himself forsaken of his Brother and Friends, his reputation lost, his debts great, his Creditors many, and who now began to grow extream clamorous and scandalous to him: He knows not which way to look, or how or where to turn himself, to find out some invention and means to repair the decays and ruines of these his miserable fortunes, and so to bear up and forew himself again into the eyes and repute of the world. When his necessity gaining upon his heart and nature, and Satan upon his Conscience and Soul, he knowing his Brothers wife Majserina to be rich and wanton, he will become so unfaithful to his own wife, so ingrateful and treacherous to his own Brother, and so d shonourable and ignoble to himself, as to attempt to gain her affection from him, and to draw her to his own lewd and lascivious desires, whereen his irregular hopes did more than partly grow confident, because he flatters himself with this true, yet foolish belief, that as he was seven years the younger, so he was twice seven times a properer man than his Brother. When taking time at advantage, as his Broth r and her Husbahd Vimory were rid to Dijon, he finding her in a wonderful pleafant humour, and exceedingly disposed to be merry, when (God knows) his own sweet and sorrowful Wife, was (according to her frequent custom) disconsolately at her prayers and book in her own chamber, and her door shut to her, then, then, I fay, he taking his faid Sister-in-Law Masserina to a window in a private Parlour, he there (for himself, or the Devil for him) breaks his mind to her, and is so far from shame, as he glories to make her acquainted with his deep affection, and lascivious suit to her: Neither doth he fail of his h pes, or they of his voluptuous defires, for he finds this his Sifter in Law fo dishoneftly prepared, and so lustfully resolved and disposed to grant him his defires, that fealing her affection to him with many smiles, as he did his to her with more kisses, the is fo impudent, fo graceless, as at this his very first moeion, the vows to him the hath not the power to deny him any thing, and therefore most cheerfully and willingly gives him her heart and her felf, and he doth the like to her, which they mutually ratifie and confirm between them with many private kiffes, and amorous dalliances, as also with many secret protestations, and solemn oaths: But because Satan is, therefore God will not be present at this their vitious contract, and lascivious combination.

This Harcourt and his Sister-in-Law Masserina, having no regard to their honours or reputations, to their hearts or consciences, to their Souls or to God, he pollutes his Brothers bed in possessing his Wises body, and makes it both his delight and practice to desile and contaminate his glory, in that of her shame, and of his own insamy. And now his pockets and purse are

again fill'd and cram'd with coin, for he gives her kiffes for her gold, and the returns him gold for his kisses. Hereupon he puts himself again into new and rich apparel, but yet is so base, unkind, and ingrateful to his own sweet and vertuous Wife, that he will give her neither gold nor new apparel, but permits her to go in her old. But to add more mileries to her milery, and more new griefes and calamities to her old (because the is equally an eye-fore both to himself and to her) he will no longer permit her to live with him, that he may the more often and the more freely and securely familiarize with his old Silter, or rather now with his new love Maferina. So (without any regard to her birth, or respect to her youth and vertues, or without confidering that God hath made her his Wife, and therefore the other half of himfelf) he fends her home to her Father at Troyes, giving her but a poor little Nagg, and a ragged foot bo, only with fo much money as could hardly carry her thither, giving her neither money nor apparel, nor any thing else which was befeeming or fit for her, although through the black and obscure clouds of his vices and ingratitude, the bright and relucent Sun-beams of her excellent perfectious and vertues in her felf, and of her constant affection to him, will for ever most radiantly resplend and shine to all the world, especially to those who had the honour to know her living, or who shall now or hereafter read her History after her death. And never were those her sweet perfections and vertues either more conspicuous and glorious in her, than now at her enforced exile, and forrowful banishment and departure from her Husband: For although he were cruelly unkind, or unkindly cruel to her, yet knowing and confidering him to be her Husband, the therefore holds it her duty and conscience, still to attend and wait on him as his Wife, and not, either fo foon or fo fuddenly to separate her felf from him. When her eyes fee, her judgment knows, her heart doubts, and her foul fears, that then more than ever his vices wanted her prayers, and his fins her vertues and presence, to seek to rectifie and reform them. But although the descended so low from her self to him in her affection and humility, as with bitter fighs and tears to cast her self on her knees, to beg and request him, that (as by the laws of marriage and nature, and of conscience and grace) she was obliged and bound, fo that the might enjoy the content and happiness to live and die with him, being infinitely contented, and extreamly defirous, as the then affirmed (and again and again repeated and confirmed to him) to participate and bear her part and share, as well in his poverty as prosperity, yet he (as an ignoble gentleman, and a base and victous Husband) having wholly taken away his heart and affection from this his sweet and vertuous Wife La Precoverte, and fully and absolutely given it to his lascivious Sister-in-Law Masserina, he (Isay) is so hard-hearted, ingrateful and treacherous towards her (as without any respect to her tears, or regard to her prayers) he will no way permit her to live with him in St. Simplician or Sens, at his Brothers, nor yet vouchfafe to be pleafed to go and live with her at Troyes at her Fathers: But here we may obferve his malice in his disdain, and his disdain in his malice towards this dear and sweet young Gentlewoman his wife, (of whom God knows, and the world fees, he is no way worthy) for he will grant her neither of these her two most reasonable and loving requests, but indeed (rather as a Devil than a min, and a Tyrant than a Husband) he with thundering looks and speeches, commands her away his fight and prefence, without once giving her fo much as one poor kils, as he was bound in affection, or (which is yet lefs) a poor farewell at their parting, as he was obliged both in Conscience and Christianity. So this sweet disconsolate Gentlewoman (in a manner breaking her breast with her fighes, and drowning her cheeks with her tears) only with her poor little Nag and ragged Foot-boy, is by her flinty-hearted Husband turned out of his Brother Vimories house at Saint Simplician, and so in this stender manner, and base equipage enforced foftly, discontentedly, and forrowfully to ride home to the poor Gentleman her Father at Troyes, yea, and fuch was the malice, and policy of Harcourt, her cruel Hasband, that this sudden departure of hers was purposely acted when his Brother Vimory, and his Wife Mafferina were at another Mannor house of his some eight leagues off, to the end, that they might not see, or take leave of her, nor she of them. So allowing our sweet and forrowful La Precoverte by this time at Troyes with her aforesaid Father, I will for a time there leave her, to the exercise of her patience, to the piety of her prayers, and to the pleasure and providence of God.

Now doth cur disloyal and treacherous Harcourt, at his pleasure frolique it out in Saint Similician with his lascivious Sister-in-Law and Strumpet Masserina, yea they are now grown so impudent, so careless, so graceless, in these their obscene dalliances, that if Vimory the Husband and Masser do not, yet his servants cannot chuse but take deep notice and exact and perfect Knowledg thereof; Only he observes a late alteration in his Brother's fortunes; that he is become far braver in his Apparel than accustomed, and hath more store of Crowns

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in his Pocket at his command than heretofore, both to play and spend at his pleasure. Only from whence this his golden Mine should proceed he knows not; except having heretofore made some progression, and experiments in the Chymical Science (or mystery of Alchymy) he had now found the Elixir of the Philosophers-Stone; but his curiosity in this Quary proceeds no surther, much less the Judgment, but least of all his Suspition or Jealousie.

But the graceless Vanity and Ambition of Harcourt will yet fly a pitch and degree higher in the air of ingratitude and treachery towards his Brother Vimory. For a little gold cannot redeem his Lands, nor make up the money and great breaches of his former prodigalities, neither will a few kisses and embraces of that luftful Dame his Sister Masserina appeale his unchast appetite, or fatisfie his infatiable luft, and lascivious defires. Wherefore at one time and cast, to fer nature and honour at stake, and so commanding his heart and thoughts to trample on both of them. without any respect or regard to either, he contrives and assumes this vitious and treacherous resolution, that having already taken the actual possession of her body, he should then likewise do so of her gold, yea of all her whole estate, and so fly away with her, whose Estate (through his long dishonest familiarity with her) he now knows to be great, yea far greater than his Brother Vimory her Husband either ever knew or dreamt of; Wherefore with much superficial affection, and artificial flattery and infinuation, he no fooner breaks this motion to her, but her luftful heart corresponding with his, and her lascivious defires likewise aiming and intending that way, the freely gives him her consent thereunto, and to that end the very secretly draws in all her monies and gold, rogether with all her Plate, Rings, and Jewels, most carefully and privately packs it up, and so they fly away together, In a morning when her Husband and his Brother was with his Servants gone forth a Hawking and Hunting for all that day, he without ever making his Wife, or the her Husband once acquainted therewith. Vimory is amazed, and La Precoverte extreamly perplexed and afflicted at the trangeness of their (undreamt of) base clandeltine departure: And although (in regard of his affection to his Wife) he were once resolved to fend and make after them for their stay and apprehension; yet at last, to avoid the universal scandal of the world (which thereby in stead of stopping one tongue, would affuredly let loose many) he leaves the success of this treacherous Accident to Time, and the due reward and true punishment thereof to God. Now the first place of safety and shelter which Harcourt and Masserina fly unto, is the strong City of Geneva (which depends not of France or Savoy, but of God and it felf) where they take two Chambers, and live together, having no Servant at all to attend or follow them, but only Noel, who for many years before had been, and still was his man. But to live here in Geneva with the more privacy and affurance (because they observe it to be a City exceeding, politiquely, vermoully, and religionsly governed) they find out this excuse for their stay, that he is heir to some lands (which by the death of an Uncle of his) is devolved and fallen to him, in the estate and durchy of Millan (betwixt Pavia and Alexandria:) whither he goes to fell it away, in regard (as he falfly alledgeth) that both this Gentlewoman (whom he refolves to leave there, and prefently upon his return to marry) and himself are Protestants, and for a month or six weeks, this falle gloss, and true imposture passeth currant with those of Geneva, whom all that time they freely permit and fuffer to enjoy the Laws and Priviledges of Hospitality in their City (and the sooner and with far less suspition and doubt) because they observe, that they very often frequent their Sermons and Churches, although in their hearts and devotions, God knows, they both are directly Roman Catholicks. But at the end of this small time, understanding that the two Syndicks, and the rest of the Magistrates of that City began to pry more narrowly into their stay, and more nearly into their actions; Then they thinking to mock God and their fouls, and so to make Religion on y to be a cloak to over-veil their villany, he then and there resolves to marry her before he go to Millan, which indeed affords sweet musick to the heart, and melody to the thoughts and mind of this lascivious dame Masserina, the which she esteemed to be the chiefest felicity she could defire upon earth, excusing the alteration of this his resolution upon her fickness and indisposition (which also was as false and counterfeit, as the pretence of their Protestant Religion was seigned and hypocritical) and to that end he acquaints the Ministers and the Ancients of the Church therewith; But they being as regular in their actions as he was exorbitant, and as pious in their intentions as he was prophene in his, question him to shew some authentical Certificate from that Protestant Church or Churches in Poicton, where they averr they formerly dwelt, that they were both of them Protestants by Religion, and that their Marriage was honourable and no way clandestine; affirming to him, that it was against the Rules of their Religion, the Constitutions of their Church, and the Laws of

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their City, to do otherwise, either to them, or to any strangers whatsoever: Which Harcoure well perceiving, he now comes too short in his Arithmetick, and having none to show them in that nature, he tweats under the saddle, and so slacks his importunacy therein, and puts it off with a specious excused dilatory delay; When acquainting his Masserina therewith, they both are equally afflicted and grieved, thus to see their hopes nipt, and their expectations and defires of Marriage frustrated, and blassed in the very bud and blossoms; and now they see that their abode and stay in Geneva, neither can, nor must be long. But here besides them another unlooked

for accident, which will speedily transport them thence.

It is the pleasure and mercy of God, that Noel (Harcourts man) is not a little grieved in heart, and afflicted in mind, to fee his Mafter guilty of this foul and treac ierous crime, in stealing away Masserina his Brother's Wife, and entertaining and using her at his own. He knows how infinitely this their adultery is displeasing to God, and odious to men, and how opposite and repugnant it is to Grace and Nature. Wherefore holding it a trouble to his mind, a vexation to his heart, and a scruple to his conscience any longer to attend and follow them, because he is affured, that the divine Justice and vengeance of God, will never permit them to go long either undetected or unpunished. He calling to his remembrance the sweet vertues and chastity of his Mistris La Precoverte, and (by opposition and Antithesis) comparing them to the foul vices and whoredoms of Masserina, he out of his duty to the first, and detestation to the second, though a bad servant to his Master, yet was a good Christian to God, gives his Mistris La Precoverte very secret intelligence, of his Masters lascivious residing and living here in Geneva with Mafferina, whereof he fends her word, he is a very forrowful and unwilling eye witness, and so leaves the reformation thereof, first to God, and then to her felf. Our vertuous sweet Gentlewoman La Precoverie, is wonderfully afflicted and grieved, at this foul crime of Adultery betwixt her Hueband, and his Sister Misserina, whereat her chaste heart towards him, and her pure and religious foul towards God, makes her fend many tears to Earth, fighs to Heaven. Once the thought to acquaint her Brother Vimory herewith, but then fearing that his just choler might peradventure exasperate him against her Husband, she again assoon for sakes that opinion and intent, as holding it more discretion and safety to be filent herein towards him. And yet confulting her griefs and afflictions with God (whose sacred advice and affistance how to bear her self in this action and accident she religiously implores) she at last deems it a part both of her affection, duty, and conscience, to use her best zeal and endeavours, to reclaim them from this their abominable, and beaftly courte of life. And in regard her poverty, weakness, and fickness will not (according to her defires and wishes) permit her to ride over to them in person to Geneva, the therefore commits and imposeth that charge to her pen, to write both, to her Husband Harcourt, as also to his lewd Silter, or rather his lascivious Strumpet Masserina, to see if her Letters (by the permittion and providence of God) may prevail with their hearts and fuls to reform and draw them home, the which the purpofely and expresly sends by a confident Messenger, and with the greatest secresse she possibly can devise.

Her Letter to her Husband intimated this.

LA PRECOVERTE to HARCOURT.

Y Our flight and Adultery with that graceless Strumpet Masserina, is so displeasing to God, as I cannot but wondtr that his divine Justice will permit Geneva, or any other place of the world, to contain you without punishing you for is; yea, when in this foul crime of yours, I consider her by my felf, and you by your Brother Vimory, I find that his grief proves my shame, and my shame his grief, and that you and her are the true causes of both. I have examined my thoughts and actions, my heart and foul, and cannot conceive that I have any way deferved this your ingratitude towards me, and therefore fail not to certifie me why and wherefore you have undertaken this vitious and lewd courfe of life, which in the end will affuredly produce thy mifery, as now already it doth your infamy, except your contrition to God, do speedily redeemit. And in regard that you are my Husband, and that I both hope and believe it to be the first fault in this kind and nature, I therefore bold you more worthy of my picy than of my hatred, and of my prayers than of my curses. So if you will abandon your deboshed Sifter, and come home and live with me who amthy chafte and forrowful wife, my arms and heart shall be as open as ever they were, both to receive and forgive you, yea, I will wholly forget what is past, and prepare my self to welcome you home, with a thousand smiles and kisses, if you will resolve and remember her ceforth to live me as much, as formerly (without cause or reason) you have neglected and hated me. LA PRECOVERTE.

Her Letter to Masserina bewrayed these Passions.

LA PRECOVERTE to MASSERINA.

To langer Sifter, but lemd Strumpet, was it not enough for thee to abuse thine own Huband, but that thou minst likewise bereave me of mine, who is his own and only Brother: as is a single sin and ingratitude, could not content thy lascivious lust, to satisfie thy inordinate delires: but that thy impiety to God, and prophaneness and objectity to thy self, should make thee guilty of so foul a crime as Adultery, and which is worse, of such a soul and base Adultery as comes very near to the worse kind of Incest; whereof thy thoughts and heart can inform thee, and thy Conscience and soul assure thee, it will hereafter make thee as truly miserable, as now thou falsely thinkess thy self happy wherefore triumph not, to have made my grief thy glory, and my affliction thy selfcity, for God (who is as just, as powerful) will require my wrongs in thy Person, and when thou least dreamest the eof, his Divine punishments will sharply scourge and revenge thy lascivious pleasures, except thou deject and prostrate thy self at the feet of his sacred Mercy with true convittion, and at the Altar of his saving Grace with unseigned repintance for the same, by restoring my Husband to me, and thy self to thine, and by making thy peace with God, who mso highly and hainously thou hast therein offended; which if thou do, thou mayest then re-establish thy fortunes, and redeem thy reputation, or else for ever assuredly ruine both them and thy self. So if I see thee to imbrace this chaste, and to follow this vertuous and religious course, I will again assume the name of a Sister, and leave that of a Strumpet, towards thee, yea, I will whilly sorget these thy (almost unpardonable) wrongs and disgraces which thou offerest me, and for ever bury them in perpetual silence, and eternal oblivion.

LAPRECOVERTE.

Her Messenger arriving at Geneva, he first finds out Noel, and then secretly delivers these two letters to Harcourt and Masserina, who much musing and more wondring thereat, withdrawing themselves into their Inner Chamber, they there break up the seals and peruse them; Whereat their hearts were galled, and their Consciences so netled and slung, as they cannot refrain from blushing for meer shame, and then again, from not looking pale with meer anger thereat. Thus looking stedfastly each on other, their own guiltiness doth for the time present, somewhat afflict and perplex them. Harcourt wondreth at his Wife's boldness in writing to him; and Masserina is not a little dismayed and daunted, to see that her Husband bath not written unto her. Harcourt is discontented with his Wife's peremptory Letter, Masserina is apprehensive and fearful of her Husbands filence, when again changing their conceits and thoughts, which inconstantly alter, and extravagantly range, without any intrinsecal peace, or tranquillity; Harcourt thinking of his Brother Vimories filence, attributes it to contempt and hatred, and Mafferina contemplating and ruminating on her Sister La Precoverte's choler, reputes it to extream grief, forrow and indignation; But at last consulting together hereon, they both of them concurr and fall upon this resolution; that to colour out their lascivious life, they by their answers to her, must over-veil it with much seeming chastity, and pretended sanctity and piety. And the better to prevent any danger which may proceed from Vimory's filence, or revenge, they must remove from Geneva, and speedily resolve to forsake and leave it; When fear giving life to their despair, and despair adding wings to their fear, they call for pen and paper, and each return La Precoverte their several answers by her own messenger who had strict charge and command from her, to fee them, but not to dare once to speak or exchange a word with either of them, the which (according to his duty) he very honeftly and punctually performed, only to shew her gratefulness to honest Noel, the gave precise order to him to render him many hearty thanks from her for his true respect and fidelity towards her, which she would never forget nor leave unrecompensed, and yet all this while neither Harcours nor Masserina were and way suspitious that it was their man Noel, which gave La Precoverte intelligence of their residence in Geneva.

Harcourts Letter to his Wife was in these termes:

HARCOURT to LA PRECOVERTE.

Do not rashly and unjustly torment thy self with jealousie at my absence, for thou shalt find as much joy thereof at my return, as now thou believest and searest the contrary. I have wowed to accompany

accompany my Sifter-in-Law Mafferina to our Lady of Loretto, which is the best Saint of the best Country of the world, Italy, (whither we are now fetting forwards from this town of Geneva;) to which boly Lady and bleffed Saint, her Oraison for her Husband, and mine for thee, are and shall be as repleat of pure affection and piety, as thou imaginest they are of iniquity and prophaneness. True it is, I committed an errour in not acquainting thee with my departure, which I perceive thou esteemest a crime; but when shortly I shall be so happy to enjoy thy sweet company and presence, then my just reasons will justly enforce thee both to know and acknowledg, that that pretended crime of mine is less than an errour, and this errour less than nothing. And thou wilt be yet farther inquisitive why, or from whence our Journey was first derived. I praylet these general tearms content thy fear, and satisfie thy Jealousie, that it win ber devotion and Conscience to God, not my desire or affection to ber which gave life and birth to it; therefore I hold it rather an unmerited craelty, than a condign penance; either for my heart to be tied to ask forgiveness of thee, or my foul of Godfor this thy pretended crime of mine, whereof I am as innocent as thy Fear and Jealousie deems me guilty. Therefore I allow of thy picty, I accept of thy Prayers, yea, and I rejoyce in thy affection to entertain, and thy refolution to welcome me home with thy smiles and kisses when I come, the which shall be, if not so shortly as thou expectest or I desire, yet as soon as Reputation and Good speedshall permit.

HARCOURT.

Mafferina's Letter to her Sifter-in-Law carried these Lines.

MASSERINA to LA PRECOVERTE.

Y departure and absence bath neither wronged mine own Husband nor abused thine, for it is my pure zeal to God, and not any lascivious lust in my felf which drew me to this devotion to see Loretto, and him (through his goodness) to the resolution bonourably to accompany me thither, and therefore my heart defies that foul fin of Adultery, and my foul detests that odious one of Incest, whereof I am far m re innocent than thou thinkest me guilty. I am sorry for thy grief, and I grieve for thy affliction, and am fofar from triumphing in the one, or glorying in the other, as I have given that to my thoughts with passion, and this to my mind with compassion, although I confess I have small reason 20 place it soncer me, in regard thy fealousie is the sole author, and my sidelity and chastity no may the cause thereof; wherefore I am so far from fearing, as I love Gods Justice, because as in other sins, I have offended his Divine Majesty, so I am sure that in this I have no way incurred or merited bis indignation, and do most freely refer my fortunes and reputation to bis sacred pleasure, but not to thy fecret discontents and ill-grounded choler from which (by the plea of a just proviso) I have all the reasons of the world to appeal, as also for that foul scandal and infamous Epithet of a Strumpet, which I thought thee too vertuous once to conceive, much less to name, but least of all for one Sister-in-Law (without eause or reason) to give to another: But thou art La Precoverte, therefore I forget this ingrateful crime of thine, and I am Masserina, therefore I freely and absolutely forgive it, and to do thee as much right as thou hast done me wrong, I will silence it in eternal obscurity and oblivion.

MASSERINA.

And is it not worthy of our observation, or rather of our detestation, to see how impiously these prophane wretches deny this their Adultery towards God, and also to La Pricoverte, whom they have so hainously offended therewith, and which to Heaven and Earth, to God and his Angels, and to their own hearts and Consciences are nevertheless as apparent as the Sun in his brightest Meridian, yea, had they not wilfully fled from God, and presumptionsly abandoned themselves to Satan, to contrive such irreligious excuses, and to frame such ungodly Apologies for these their foal crimes and offences, and so to make hypocrisie the veile of their Adultery, and the cloke to cover it from the light and light of the world: And is it not a ref lution worthy of a haltar in the world, and of Hell-fire in that to come, to attempt marriage, when the wife of the one, and the Husband of the other, are in perfect firength, and full of life and health, (especially Masserina's Husband Vimory) as but right now to their shame, not to their glory, they understand by La Precoverte's Letters to them. To the Magistrates of Genova, they are firm protestants, and as they pretended, so they then (as they constantly affirmed) intended to live and die. To La Precoverte in their Letters they are found Roman Catholicks, and in the sublimity and singularity of their zeal travelling towards the Lady of Loretto, in devotion. O wretched Christians, or indeed rather O miserable wretches, thus with your hypocrifie to think to deceive God, when therein you only deceive your own selves and Souls. For can there be a greater misery found by us on earth, or sent us by the Devil from hell than to, make Religion (which of it felf is a precious and foveraign Antidote) to become a fatal

drug, and a pernicious ingredient to poylon, not to preserve our souls, and so only to delight our earthly humours and affections, and to please our carnal desires, and concupiscences? Of all forts of men (after the Atheist and the Murtherer) the Hypocrite is the veriest Devil upon earth, and he is so much the more wretched and execrable, in that he guilds over his speeches, life and actions with the seeming shew of piety and devotion, when God and his ulcerated conscience know, that he is nothing less. To be luke-warm in Religion, is to be prophane, not Religious: And as wine mixt with water is neither wine nor water, so he that is of two Religions is of neither. For God who is still jealous of his own honour, and of cur salvation, will not only have our souls, but our hearts to serve him, and not only our hearts, but also our tongues to glorisse him, that is to say, all our actions, and all our affections, not a piece of our heart, but he will have our whole heart; and not an angle or corner of our soul, but our whole soul; For in matters of his Divine Worship and Service, (which consults in that of our faith, and of his glory) he will not admit of any Rival or Competitor; nor be served, in any other manner, than as he hath taught us by his sacred Word and Commandements, and instructed us by his holy Prophets, and

ble fled Apoltles.

But again to Harcourt and M. Serina: Whofe lascivious hearts and lewd Consciences not permitting them to rest in assurance, or reside in security any where, the very day after they had dispatched the messenger with their Letters to La Precoverte, (holding Geneva no place for them, nor they for Geneva) they truss up baggage, and so with much secrecy leave it, and direct their course to the great and famous City of Lyons (some two and twenty leagues thence) and which is the frontier Town of France, and there they think to shrowd themselves among that great affluer ce and corfluence of people which inhabit and aboad there from divers parts: and they make choice to live in this frontier City, because it is near to Savoy, where if any danger should chance to betide or befall them, they might speedily and safely retire themselves there, and solay hold on the Law and priviledg of Nations, which is inviolable through out all the world. At their arrival at Lyons they take their Chambers and residence neer the Arsenal, though for the two first nights they lie in Fanders street. They have not been in Lyons fifteen dayes, but there befel them an accident very worthy both of our observation, and of their remembrance, which was thus; A Gentleman of the City of Tholonge named Monfieur de Blaise, having some five dayes before treacherously killed his eldest Brother Monsieur de Barry in the high way as they travelled together, upon a quarrel which fell out between them, for having debauched and clandestinely stollen away his said elder Brother De Barry's wife from him, and conveyed and transported her away with him: There, was a privy fearch then made in Lyons, when that same night Harcourt and Masserina were upon suspition apprehended for them, and laid in fure keeping. But the next morning before the Seneschall and Procureur Fiscall, they justified sheir innocency, by many who knew De Blaise, and so were cleared, but yet it gave them both a hot Camifado and fearful Alarum, and left an ominous impression in their hearts and minds, whereof (for the conformity of the circumstances of this action with their own) had they had the grace to have made good use, they had not (hereafter) made themselves so samously infamous, nor consequently this their Hitlory so prodigiously deplora-

Harcourt and Masserina whiles they stay here in Lyons, (as guilt is still accompanyed with fear) do seldome go forth of their Lodgings, and when they do, they (for their better safety) disguise themselves in different Apparel; and for her part she goes still close masked, and musfled up in her Taffata coyffe. Yea, both of them make it their practice to frequent the fields often, but the Churches and ftreets seldom as if their foul crime of Adultery had made them unworthy the Communion of Gods Saints, and consequently all good company too worthy for them. He exceedingly fears his Brother Vimory's filence and revenge, and the highly envieth and disdaineth her Sister in Law La Precoverte's jealousie, and still that disgraceful word of Stiumpet (which the upbraided her with and obtruded to her in her Letter) strikes and fincks deeply in her heart and remembrance; in such fort, that it so possesseth her thoughts with malice and takes up her mind with choler and fierce indignation, as the vowes her felf not thus to let it pals in filence, or to vanish and dye away in oblivion, quite contrary to that which her late Letter to her Sister La Precoverte promised and spake. And here it is that the Devil sirst begins to take possession of her heart, and by degrees to seize upon her soul, and to make her wholly to for sake God. For knowing La Precoverte to be Wife to her Brother in Law and lover Harcourt, I whom the affects a thousand times dearer than her own Husband, yea, than her own life) she is therefore so great a beam to her eye, so sharp a thorn to her heart, and so bitter a corrofive to her content, as the not only assumes bad thoughts, but bad blood against her: For

vowing

vowing that none shall share with her in his affection, she forgetting her Conscience and Soul, Heaven and God, is speedily resolved to cause her to be poysoned, her enraged malice being capable of no other excuse or reason but this, that it is impossible she can reap any perfect felicity or content in earth, till the have dispatcht and sent her to Heaven To which end the infinuates her self into the acquaintance of two Apothecaries of that City, and deals with them sea verally and secretly to effect this hellish business, for the which she promised either of them a hundred crowns of the fum in hand, and as much more when they have effected it, and fifty more to defray the charge of their journey. But the Devil hath made her so crafty and subtle, as the still retains from them, the name Masserina and the place Troyes where the party dwelt; there are good and bad men of all Countries, Faculties and Professions; these two Apothecaries are as honest as she is wretched, and as religious and charitable as she is profane and bloody; fo the one denies her request with disdain and choler, and the other with charity and compassion, alledging her many pieus confiderations and reasons to disswade her from this foul and bloody act, the execution whereof, though tacitely, yet infallibly threatneth (favs he) no less than the utter subversion of her fortunes, and the ruine and confusion of her life in this world, if not likewise of her soul in that to come: So she being hereat a little galled and slung in Conscience, to see that this great City of Lyons affords poylon, but no poylorers, to act and finish this her bloody project: The Devil hath yet notwithstanding, made her so curious in her malice, and so industrious, and resolute in her revenge, as enquiring whether they were any Italian Emperick, or Mountebank in that City (whom the thought might be made fit and flexible to her bloody defires and intents:) The is advertised, that there departed one hence some eight dayes fince, who is gone to refide this Spring of the year at the Baths at Pougges, a mile from the City of Nevers, his name being Seignior Bap ista Tivoly, (whom I conjecture may derive his firname from that pleasant small Town of Tivoly, some twenty small miles from Rome, wherein there are many Cardinals country Palaces, or houses of pleasure) being very skilfulin Minerals, and in extracting the spirits and quintessence of divers other vegetives; of a vainglorious, and ambitious humour and disposition, and yet of a very poor estate and means, and fuch a one, as indeed Mafferina holds every way a fit agent and instrument for her turn and purpole.

She is glad of this advertisement, and will neither give nor receive any truce from her heart, or herheart from her revenge, before the hath feen and spoken with Tivoly. The which to effect. The to Harcourt pretends a sudden ach in her right arm, and so upon good advice tells him that the is very defirous to go to the Bathes of Pougges by Nevers, there to stay some fifteen or twenty dayes at farthest; Harcourt (no way once dreaming of her inveterate malice, and far less of her revengeful and bloody intents towards the safety and life of his wife La Precoverte) approves of her resolution and journey, but intreats her to be wonderful careful of her self, her health and fafety, and proffereth to accompany her himfelf; She with many kiffes, dearly thanks him for his care of her and affection to her herein; answereth him that his stay in Lyons will make her journey the more safe and short, so she accepts of the man for the master. and only takes Noel along with her, who respects her so well, as he cares not for her fight, much less for her company: She arrives at Nevers, and (impatient of all delay) the next morning finds out Tivoly at Pougges, being a very tall man, of a coal black-beard, and of a wan and fullen countenance, the by his Physiognomy judgeth that her hopes will not be deceived of him; The second day she breaks with him about her hellish business, and finds him tractable to her devillish intents: They proceed to this lamentable bargain, and she is to give him one hundred Crowns in his hand, and a faithful promise of a hundred and fifty more when he hath effected it, as also fifty Crowns for the charge of his journey, the which she limits at fifteen dayes, so having setled this her business, the now names the party to Tivoly, whom she will have him to poylon, La Precoverte to be the woman, who refides and dwells with her Father MonBeur le Vaquery, a poor Gentleman in the City of Troyes in Champaign, and the a young Gentlewoman of some twenty years of age, of a flaxen hair, and very fickly. When giving him a small Saphyr Ring from her finger, she therewith swears him both to the performance, and to the fecrefie of this murther, the which, armed by the Devil, he doth. When being exceeding glad of this his bloody imployment, which brings him store of gold, the which he esteems the Elixir of his heart, and the felicity and glory of his life, and which indeed, was the main busihess that brought him on this side the Alps, from Italy to France. Thus without any fear of God, or thought of Heaven or Hell, these murtherous and damnable miscreants have concluded and shutup this their bloody bargain. Our poor sweet La Precoverte, having received her Husbands Letter from Geneva, and confidering the Contents thereof, as also that of her

Sifter-in-Law Masserina, she knows not what to think either of their Letters or of themselves, she sees her Letter to promise much zeal and devotion to God, and his much affection to her, and yet remembring his former unkindness, I may say cruelty, towards her; as also the manner of their base and clandessine departure, then she thinks the first to be false, and the second feigned, and therefore conceives she hathfar more reasons to despair than to hope either of their Innocency, or their Return; But this is her resolution, Harcourt is her Husband, therefore she will still love him dearly; She is his Wise, and therefore she will for ever pray for him, and his prosperity religiously. Thus hoping, and many times (with many heavy sighs and bitter tears) wishing and desiring his happy return and vertuous reformation, she in his absence lives pensively and forrowfully with her Father, rather as a widow than a wise, and such is her miterable estate, and poor and forrowful fortune, that she well knows not, whether she may more grieve or rejoyce that God hitherto hath given her no Child: For, ah me, she is so invironed with afflictions, so incompassed with calamities, so assaulted with sickness, and so weighed down with sadness and disconsolation, as she reputes her life worse than death, and either wisheth her Husband at home with her, or her self in Heaven with God.

But alass, alass, dear sweet young Gentlewoman, little dost thou think or dream (now thou desirest death) what a hellish plot there is contrived and intended against thy life by these two bloody Factors and Agents of the Devil, Tivoly, and thy Sister Masserina: O Masserina, Masserina, the disgrace of thy name, the infamy of thy family, the shame of thy time, and the scandal of thy sex. O how I want words not tears, to condemn thy cruel rage, and to execrate thy infernal malice and sury, thus to resolve to imbrew thy guilty hands in the innocent blood of thy chasse and vertuous Sister-in-Law, La Precoverie! For was it not fin and lust enough for thee to have heretofore bereaved her of the love and presence of her Husband, but that thou wilt now be so wretched and inhumane, as likewise to rob her of her life? O grief, O shame, O pity, that thou shouldest once dare to think thereof, much less to attempt it, I mean so lamentable a crime, and so bloody a fact, which assure thy self, as there is a God in Heaven, will never go long

unpunished on Earth.

But I must proceed in this sad and mournful History, and therefore with an unwilling and trembling resolution, I am enforced to declare that this limb of the Devil, Tivoly, rides away to Troyes, where he speedily and secretly makes profession of his Empery. When understanding that Monsieur de le Vaquery is constantly in the City, he (with an Italian impudence and policy) foon skrews and infimuates himfelf into his company. And as it is the vanity of our times, and the weakness and imbecillity of our judgments (in any profession whatsoever) still to prefer and respect strangers before our own Countrymen; so Monsieur de le Vaquery, hearing this Italian to devour Latin at his pleasure, and rather to vomit than utter forth whole Catalogues of Physical phrases, which he had stollen, not learnt from Aristot'e, Galen, and Paracelsus, his ignorance believes him to be very learned, and therefore he holds him a most fit Physician to cure his Daughter La Precoverte of her Consumption, whereinto (as before) she was deeply and dangeroufly fallen, by the unparalleld griefs and forrows which the conceived for her Husbands former unkindness to her, but more especially for his present absence and flight with his sascivious Sister Masserina. So (in a most unhappy hour) her Father Le Vaquery mentioneth it to Tivoly: Which (being the only occasion and opportunity he gaped for) he freely promifeth him his best art and skill for her recovery, and the next day goes home to his house with him, and visiteth his Daughter: He finds her to be weak, lean, and pale, the which serves the better for his turn, to colour out this his bloody purpose to her. When (if there had been any humanity in his thoughts, any grace in his heart, or any spark of religion or piety in his soul) the very fight of this sweet, this harmless, this beautiful young Gentlewoman would have moved him to compassion, and not with hellish cruelty to resolve to poyson her. But his sinful heart, his seared conscience, and his ulcerated and virulent soul had (in favour of gold) made this compact with the Devil, and therefore he will advance, and not retire in this his infernal refolution. He feels her pulse, casts her estate in an Urinal, receives thirty Crowns of her Pather for her cure, and so bidding her to be of good comfort, he adminifireth her two Pills, three mornings following, whereof (harmless sweet Gentlewoman) within three dayes after the suddenly dyes in her bed by night: Tively affirming to her forrowful Father and Friends, that before he came to her, the violence and inveteracy of her Confumption, had turned all her blood into water, and exhausted and extenuated all the radical himours of her life; which opinion of this base and bloody Italian Mountebank, pass'd currant with the simplicity of his belief and their judgments: So he burieth his Daughter, and with her his chiefest earthly delight and joy. Within three dayes after that this forrowful

and lamentable Tragedy was acted, this Monster this Devil incarnate. Tiv ly leaves Troyes, and posts away to Nevers, where he ravisheth Masserina's heart with the joyful news and assurance of La Precoverte's death and burial, of whom he receives his other hundred and fifty Crowns, the which according to her promise, the fails not presently to pay him down. And here again they solemnly swear secrecy each to other of this their bloody sact.

Wretched Masserina feasting her heart with joy, and surfeiting her thoughts with content to see the rival and competitor in her loves, La Precoverte thus dispatched and sent to Heaven; She now thinking to domineer alone in her Harcourts heart and affection, esteems her self a degree neerer to him in marriage, that so of his sister she may become his wife. For this is the felicity and content whereat her heart aimeth, and the delectation and joy wherein her desires and wishes terminate. But her husband Vimory's life doth dash these joyes of hers in pieces, as soon as she conceives them, and strangles them, if not in their birth, yet in their cradle. She finds Nevers to be a pleasant City, and Pongges a delightful little place to live in, and when the Spring is passed and the great confluence of people retired and gone home, to be a place of far more safety for them than Lyons. Yea, and she affects and loves it far the better, because here it was she sufficiently the safe and understood of La Precovertes death, which as yet for a time she closely conceals to her self; Wherefore she sends Noel (her man) to Lyons to his Masser, and by her letter prayes him speedily to come and live with her at Nevers which she affirms to him is a pleasant City, and that there she attends his arrival and company with much affection and impatiency.

Harcourt, to please his sweet-heart Sister Masserina, leaves Lyons, and comes to her at Novers where with thanks and kiffes, the joyfully welcomes him, telling him that these bathes of Pongges, hath perfectly freed her of her ach; but in her heart and mind, the well knowes, it is the death of La Precoverte, and not those bathes, which hath both cured her doubts and secured her fears. They have not lived in Nevers and Pougges above three weeks fince his arrival, until they there (but by what means I know not) understand of La Precoverte's death, whereat he feems nothing forrowful, but the extreamly glad and joyful. And by this time, which is at leaft a whole year fince their flight and departure, from Saint Simplician and Sens, they in their Travels and other gifts and expenses, have confumed and expended a pretty fum of their money. In all which time, we must understand that Vimory hates his Wife and Brother so exceedingly, as he (in contempt of their crimes and detestation of their treacherous ingratitude) scorns either to look or fend after them; but the only revenge which he useth towards him in his absence, he pretends a great fum of money to be due to him from him, and in compensation thereof, seizeth upon the remainder of his lands, and by O:der of Justice gathereth up, and collects his rents from his Tenants, to his own use and behoof. Which extreamly grieves Harcourt, and afflicts Mafferina, who (by this time) feeing in what obscurity and considering in what continual fear and danger they live in : As their lascivious affections, so their irregular desires, and irreligious refolutions, look one and the same way, which is to send her Husband, and his Brother Vimory to Heaven after his Wife La Precoverte, yea so resolute are they in these bloody intentions and defices, as they wish and pray for it with zeal, and defire it with passion and impatiency. And now their malice is grown fo resolute, and their resolution so graceless in the contemplation and conceiving of this bloody fact, as they bewray it each to other. Mafferina vows to him that she can reap no true content, either in her life or conscience, before, of his Sister he make her his Wife; Nor I, replies Hare wet, before my Brother Vimory be in Heaven, and I marry thee and be thy Husband here in earth. When (as a bloody Courtesan and Strumpet) she gives him many. thanks and kiffes for this his affection to her, and malice to his Brother Vimory for her lake, when (working upon the advantage of time, occasion and opportunity) She tells him that in her opinion the shortest and surest way is to dispatch him by poyson. Harcourt dislikes her judgment, and plot, as holding it no way safe in taking away his Brothers life to entrust and hazard his own at the courtefie of a stranger (at which speech of his, she blusheth and palleth, as being conscious and memorative of what the had lately caused to be perpetrated by Tivoly.) Therefore he thinks to acquaint and imploy his own man Noel in this bloody business, and proffereth him two hundred Crowns, and forty more of yearly pension during his life, if he will pistol his Brother Vimary to death as he is walking in the fields. But Noel is too honest a man, and too good a Chri-Hian to Hab at the Majesty of God, in killing Man his creature and Image, and absolutely denies his Master, and although he be a poor man, yet he rejects his offer, as resolving never to purchase wealth, or preferment at so deer a rate, as the price of innocent blood; whereat his Master bites his lip for discontent and anger. So conjures him to perpetual secrecy and silence of this proposition and business, which Noel promiseth, but swears not. Hereupon Harcourt to approach proach nearer Sens, He and Masserina leaves Nevers, and very secretly by little journies (and the greatest part by night) come to Misson, and there his heart strikes a bargain with the Devil, and the Devil with his Soul and resolutions, to ride over himself to Sens, and there with his own hands to pistol his Brother Vimory to death in the fields, or if his Bullets miss him, then to sinish and perpetrate it with his own Sword. O wretched Gentleman, O exectable Brother, thus to make thy Hope and Charity prove Bankrupt to thy Soul, and thy Faith unto God!

But nothing will prevail with Harcourt, to diffwade him from this bloody bufiness, Whereunto the damnable treachery and malice of Masserina impetuously precipitates and haftens him onwards, although it be against her own Husband. So he leaves Mascon, and in a disguised beard, and poor sute of Apparel, comes to Saint Simplician, purposely leaving Sens, a little on his left hand. Where waiting for his Brother Vimory, at the end of a pleafant Wood of his, a little mile from his house, where he knew he was accultomed to walk alone by himself solitarily; He personating and acting the part of a poor begging Souldier, and conterfeiting his Tongue as well as his Beard and Apparel, with his Hat in his hand (espying his Brother) he goes towards him with an humble resolution, and requesteth an Alms of him. Which Vimory feeing and hearing, he in meer charity and compassion of him. because he saw him to be, though a poor, yet a proper man, and which is more a Souldier, draws forth his purfe, and whiles he looks therein for some small piece of filver , Harcourt (as a Disciple of the Devil) very softly draws out his little Pistol out of his left sleeve (which he covered with his Hat) and having charged it with two Bullets, he lets fly at him, and so shoots him in the trunk of his body a little under the heart of which two wounds he present ly fell dead to the ground, being as unfortunate in his death, as his Brother was miserable and diabolical in giving it him : for he only fetched two groans, but had neither the power or happiness to speak one word. And the Devil (in the catastrophe of this mournful Tragedy) was so strong with Harcourt, as his malice towards his Brother Vimory, exceeded not only malice but rage and fury it self, for fearing he was not yet dead, he twice ran him thorow the body with his sword. When leaving his breathless body all goring in his hot recking blood, he with all possible celerity takes his horse (which he had tied out of fight, to a tree, not far off) and so with all possible speed gallops away to his now intended Wife Masserina at Mascon, who triumphs with joy at his relation of this good news, the which to her, yea to them both, is equally pleasing and delectable. But God will not permit that these wretched joyes and triumphs of theirs shall last long.

This cruel murther of Monseur Vimory is some two hours after known at his house and Parish of Saint Simplician, as also in the City of Sens, and so dispersed over all Burgundy, and the Murtherers narrowly fought after, but in vain; Harcourt and Mafferina meet with these reports at Mascon, but yet they hold it discretion and safety, a small time longer, to conceal themselves secretly in that Town, and so to suffer the heat of this newes to pass over, and be blown away. But at the end of two moneths Harcourt (setting a milk-white face upon his bloody Fact) arrives at Sens, and from thence to his Mannor-house of Saint Simplician, which now by the death of his Brother Vimo y, who dyed without iffue, wholly devolved and fell to him. Who having formerly played the Deuil in murthering his faid Brother, he now as infernally playes the Hypocrite in mourning for his death, making so wonderful an outward shew and demonstration of forrow for the same, as he and all his servants being dighted in blacks. A month after he fends for his good Sifter-in-Law Mafferina, who comes home to him, and they feem so absolutely strange each to other, as if they hid never seen one another during all the long time of their absence, and she likewise seems to drown her self in her tears, and is likewise all in blacks for the death of her Husband; But God in his due time will pull off this their false mask, and detect and revenge both their horrible Sins of Adultery and Murther. Now as close as they conceal this their dishononrable flight and departure, yet it is discovered and found out, and held so odious, so foul, to all the Gentlemen and Ladies their Neighbours (who yet know nothing of their Murthers) as they distain to welcome them home, or (which is less) to see them, which they both are inferced with grief to observe, as holding it to be the reflection of their own disgrace and scandal. The which henceforth to prevent, they within two Months after, fend for their Ghostly Fathers, as also for two Jesuits, and the Vicar of their Parish, and acquaint them with their defires and resolutions to marry: But these Eccleasticks affirm it to be directly opposite to the Rules and Canons of the holy Carholique Roman

Church, for one Brother to marry the Widdow of another, as also against the written Law of God; and therefore they utterly seek both to persuade and dissipate them from it, as being wholly unlawful and ungodly, and so result to Consent thereto, much less to perform it without a dispensation from the Pope, or his Nuntio now resident at Paris. They cause the Nuntio to be dealt with about it, but he peremptorily resulted it; But in favour of money, and strong friends, within three months they procure it from Rome, and so they are speedily married; now thinking, and withat believing and triumphing, that this their Nuptial knot hath power to deface and redeem all their former Adulteries, and now wholly wiped off their disgrace and scandal with the World. And therefore in their own vain and impious conceits, are secure, and abound in wealth, delight and pleasure; But as yet they have not made their peace with God.

Come we therefore first to the detection and discovery of these their bloody crimes of murther, and then to the condign punishments which they received for the same: Whereof the manner briefly is thus. 'Tis many times the pleasure and providence of God, to punish one sin and by another, yea and sometimes one fin for another, the which we shall now see apparent in in this bloody and hellish Italian Mountebank Tivoly, who repairing to the great Fair of Sens, and there beginning to profess his Empery to a rich Goldsmiths Wife of that City named Monfeur de Boys, he the third day stole a small casket of Jewels and Rings from him out of a Cupboard, (the lock whereof he cunningly pickt, and shut again) valued at four thousand Crowns, and the same night fled upon that robbery towards Mascon, thinking there to put himself on the River of Soan, and so to slip down to Lyons, and from thence over the Alps into Italy. De Boys makes a speedy and curious research for his thief, whom as yet he could not find, or discover; when bearing of this Mountebank Tivoly his sudden departure and flight, he takes him to be his thief, purfues him in perion, and within four leagues of Mafcon apprehends him, (having to that end brought two Provofts (or Sheriffs) men with him in their Coats, with their Piltols at Saddle-bow, to affilt him), De Boys finds many of the Jewels and Rings about Tivoly, and divers others wanting, the which he could never recover: So being brought back to Sens, he was first imprisoned, and then examined by the Senshall and the Procurer Fiscal: When having neither cause, nor colour to deny this robbery of his, he therefore freely confesfed it, the Devil still affuring, or rather betraying his hopes, considence, and judgment; That it is very possible, and he thinks very probable and feasible to corrupt his Judges with some of the Jewels which he had closely conceal'd and hid about him; But, he shall speedily see the con-

For they seeing this Italian Emperick (by his own consession) guilty of this great and remarkable robbery, they condemn him to be hanged the very next day for the same. So having a Cordelier (or Gray) Fry r, fent him that night to prison to prepare his foul for Heaven; He the next morning (according to his fentence of condemnation) is brought to execution: Where on the Ladder, he (to free his Conscience and Soul) doth constantly and sorrowfully confess, that he had formerly poyloned Madamoyfelle La Precoverte, daughter to Monsieur de la Vaquery of Troyes, and that he was hired to do it by the Lady Masserina, of whom at Pongges he received two hundred and fifty Crowns and a small Saphyr Ring to perform it, as also fifty Crowns more, which the gave him for his charges from Nevers to Troyes, and to he dyes in the constant confession of this his foul and lamentable murther; and is hanged for his Robbery: And his body afterwards burnt for destroying and poyloning of this young Gentleweman La Precoverte, whom many Gentleman and Ladyes there present well knew, and exceedingly bewaited, for the goodness of her sweet nature and pure beauty as also for the excellency of her honourable perfections and religious vertues; And although the Spectators of this wretch Tivoly his death expected some speech from him, at the taking of his last farewell of this world, yet (besides his former confession) he spake nothing, but mumbled out some few words to himself, which were not understood; And thus he lived wretchedly as he dyed miserably, giving no testimony of his contrition or forrow to the World, or any spark of grief, or repentance, towards .

Now before his body was fully confumed to Ashes, This our Wretched and bloody Gentlewoman Masserina, together with her old Lover but new Husband Historite, are (by order of the Judges of Sens) apprehended and taken Prisoners in their own house of Saint Simplician, as they were walking and kissing together, without any thought of danger, much less of death, They hereat look each on other with grief and assonishment, especially Masserina, who understanding (by some of those that apprehend them). That

it was the Italian Mountebank Tivoly, who at his Execution accused her, but not her Hus-band Harcourt for having and causing him to poylon her Sister La Precoverte, she then sees her self to be a dead Woman, and no hope lest her in the World of her life, but every way a firm affurance and confidence of her death; yet seeing Tivoly dead, she resolves to stand upon her Justification. She is all in Tears at this her lamentable disaster, curseth the name and memory of Tivoly for ruining her, with himself, and now, when it is too late, she blames her self of indiscretion, for neglecting, and not dealing effectually with Tivoly in Prison, to conceal this her sact and name.

As for her Husband Harcourt, he (knowing himfelf absolutely innocent of this murther) he grieves not for the death of his first Wife La Precoverte, but now extreamly mourneth and lamenteth to think of this, of the second Wife Masserina, for live, he fears the cannot. He bids her yet be of good comfort, and wispereth her secretly in her Ear, that he will give all his estate and means to fave her life, or esfe that he will dye with her; the thanks him with a world of fighs and tears, and rounds him as privately in his Ear with many deep Oaths and Asseverations, that her tongue shall never dare to speak any one word or fyllable to her Judges, which shall tend to the prejudice of his reputation, fafety or life, and so they are by their apprehenders separated; and when severally conveyed to the Prison of Sens, Masserina is first arraigned by the Judges, where (according to her former resolution) she (not with tears but with high words and speeches) stands upon her Innocency and Justification, they inform her how strongly Tivoly at his death declared she had given him two hundred and fifty Crowns, a Saphyr Ring, and fifty Crowns more to pay his charges at Pongges, and how he at her instigation, and in favour of this her Gold porsoned La Precoverte at her father Monsieur de Vaquery's house at Troyes, she terms Tivoly witch and devil, yea worse than a thousand devils, thus to accuse her falfely of this murther of her fifter Precoverte, whereof the vowes to God and the world, to Earth and Heaven, that The is as innocent as that damned Italian was guilty thereof; but the Judges (notwithstanding all these her great fumes and cracks) do presently condemn her to the rack, the which as soon as the faw and confidered the sharp nature of those exquisite torments, then God was so merciful to her foul by his grace, though the was not fo heretofore to her body by the perpetration of her foul fins, that the would not permit her tender dainty limbs to be exposed to the mifery of those cruel tortures, but then and there confesseth her self to be the author of poysoning La Precoverte her filter, as Tivoly was the actor thereof, when being here by her judges farther demanded whether her last Husband Harcourt were not likewise accessary with her in poyloning of his first wife La Precoverte, she with much affurance and constancy clears him hereof, and is so kind and loving to him, as she speaks not a word to them, of his pistolling to death of her Husband his Brother Vimory: So for this foul and bloody fact of hers, the is condemned to be hanged the next morning and for that night again returned to Prifon, where The and her forrowful Husband, make great fute to the Judges that they may for a thort time fee and speak one with the other, but it will not be granted them; When Harcourt being as confident of his own life, as he was of his wife's death, makes fecret proffer (by some friends of his) to the Judges, of all his Lands, and demanded to fave his wife, but they (refembling themselves) do so much fear God, and reverence and honour the sacred Name of Justice, as they are deaf to his requelts.

The next morning (according to her sentence) she is brought to the place of her Execution, but (at her earnest and importunate request) so early, that very sew people were present at her death, where being ascended the Ladder, she there again cursed the name, and execrated the memory of that wretched Villain Tivoly, and wished much prosperity and happiness to her Husband HARCOURT, when turning her Eye about, and seeing a Cosen German of his there present, named Monseur de Pierpoint, she calls him to her, and is so vain at this last period (as it were) of her life, as the takes off her Glove and Bracelet from her right hand and Arm, and prayes him to deliver it to his Cosin and her Husband Harcourt, and to assure him from her that she died, his most loving and constant Wise, which Monseur Pierpoint saithfully promised her to perform; then a Subordinate Officer of Justice being there to see her dye, tells her that he was now commanded by the Judges his Superiours, to tell her, that she being now to leave Earth, and so ready to assend into Heaven, they prayed her in the name and sear of God to declare to all those who were present, if her Husband Harcourt, yea or no, had any hand, or were knowing or accessary with her in the poysoning of his first Wise La Precoverte, and that she should do piously and Christianly to

discover the truth thereof, which would undoubtedly tend to Gods glory, and the salvation of her own foul: When the folemnly vowed to him, and to all the people, that her Husband Harcourt never knew, nor in thought, word, or deed, was any way accessary, knowing, or confenting with her or Tivily, in poyloning of his Wife, and this which she now spake was the pure truth, as she hoped for Heaven; and now after a few tears, she most vainly and idly fell prayfing and commending of him, especially how tenderly and dearly he loved her, with other ridiculous and impertinent speeches tending that way, which I hold (every way) unworthy of my mention and repetition; but had not the grace, either to look up to Heaven, or to God with repentance, or the goodness to look down into her own heart, conscience or foul, with contrition and forrow for all those her foul Adulteries and Murthers; Neither to pray to God for her felf, or to request those who were present to pray to God for her: And so she was turned over, all wondring and grieving at her bloody crime, and therefore some few lamenting or forrowing for this her infamous death: But the there speaks not a word, or the shadow of a word, either of her Husband Harcourts piftolling to death of his Brother her first Husband Vimory, or of her knowledg thereof or confent thereunto.

Now though Harcourt seemed outwardly very sorrowful for this shameful death of his wife Mafferina, yet he is inward y exceeding joyful, that her filence at her death, of murthering his Brother Vimory, hath preferved his life with his reputation, and his reputation with his life; Whereupon being that day freed and acquitted by the Judges of Sens; both of his pretended crime, as also of his imprisonment; He composing his countenance equally betwixt joy and forrow, returns to his house of Saint Simplician, where now thinking himself absolutely discharged and cleared of all these his former Adulteries, as also of his late cruel murthering of his Brother, He within two, or at most within three months after his wife Masserina's Execution casts off his mourning apparel, (which he wore for her death) and neither thinking of his foul or his confcience, or of Heaven or Hell, he flants and froliques it out in brave apparrel, and because he is now fortunately arrived to be chief Lord and Master of a great estate both ind and Money, therefore he thinks it not his pride, but his glory, and not his vanity but his generolity to dight and put himself now into far richer Appartel than ever formerly he had done, whereof all the Gentlemen his Neighbours, yea, all the City of Sens, (with no little wonder) took especial notice thereof: Yea, he is so far from once dreaming or thinking either of his murthering of his Brother Vimory, or of the deplorable and untimely ends of his two Wives, with as much vanity, and with far more hafte than discretion or consideration, he now speedily resolves to take and marry a third. But his hopes will deceive him, because God in his sacred justice & judgment will deceive his hopes.

For, when he thinks himself secure and safe, not only from the danger, but likewise from the suspition of any fatal or disasterous accident which can possibly betall him; then, the triumphant power of Gods revenge will both fuddenly and foundly furprise him. His honest man Noel, (with an observant eye, and a conscionable, and sorrowful heart) hath heard of La Precoverte's poysoning, and of Vimory's pistolling to death, and hath likewise seen the hanging both of Tivoly, and of his last Mistris Masserina. In all which several accidents, as one way he wondreth at the malice of Satan: So another way he cannot but infinitely admire and applaud the just judgments of the Lord: He likewise knows what his Master Harcourt is to him and he to his Master, and in time of his service and attendance under him, what different and several passages of business and secrets have past between them: He hath remarked far more vices than vertues in his Master, whereat he much grieveth, but he was infinitely more enforced than defirous either to see or know them, and this again doth exceedingly rejoyce him: He well knows that fidelity is the glory of a servant, and yet it is a continual sentible grief to his heart, and vexation to his soul, to see that his Master serves God no better: He doth not defire to know things (which concern his faid Master) whereof he is ignorant, but doth wish and pray to God that he were ignorant of many things which he knows, and of more which he fears; and being very often perplexed in his mind with the reluctation of these different causes and their as different effects, he cannot but in the end satisfie himself with this resolution; That as Harcourt is his Earthly Master, so God is his Heavenly Master. But here betides an unexpected and unwished Accident to this Noel, which will speedily try of what temper and metal both himself, his heart, his conscience and his foul is made, and what infinite disparity there is betwixt Earth and Heaven.

By the pleasure and visitation of God, he is suddenly taken extream sick of a pessilent seaver, but not in his Master Harcourts house, but in his own Fathers house, who dwelt some

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four leagues thence at a parish called Saint Lazire, and his Physician yielding him a dead man, he, as a religious Roman Catholick, takes the Excream Unction, and then prepares himfelf to dye: But he is so moral, and so good a Christian, as (the premises considered) he resolves to carry his conscience pure, and his Soul white and unsported to heaven. He prays his Father therefore, that he will speedily ride to Sens (in whose Jurisdiction Saint Lazare was) and to pray two of the three Judges to come over to him, for that he hath a great Secret to reveal them now on his death-bed, which conduceth to the glory of God, the service of the King, and the good of his own Soul. His Father accordingly rides to Sens, and brings two of those Judges speedily with him to his Son's beds-fide, to whom (in presence of three or four more of his lather's Neighbours) he, very fick in body, but perfectly found in mind, tells them, that his Mal fter Harcourt would (heretofore) have had him piltol his Brother Vimory to death, and proffered him two hundred Crowns in money, and fourty Crowns Annuity during his life to perform it, but he refused it, and knowing the said Monsieur de Vimory to be since murthered by a Pittol, he therefore verily believes that it is either his faid Master, or some other for him, which is guilty of that lamentable murther, the true detection whereof (he sayes) he leaves to God and to them, and within half an hour after, (yea before they were departed his Father's house)

Hereupon, these Judges wondring at the providence of God, in the evidence of this dying man for the discovery of this lamentable mutther, They speedily send away their Officers who apprehend Harcourt in his own house of Saint Simplician, carowing and frolicking it in his best Wine, in Company of three or four of his deboshed Consorts and Companions, and so they bring him to Sens: Where lying in Prison that night, the next morning the Judges of that City cause him to be arraigned before them; and charge him with pittolling of his Brother Monsieur de Vimory to death, which (fortified and armed by the Devil) he frongly and foutly denies; they read his man Noels dying Evidences against him, to prove it : So they adjudg him the fiery torment of the Scorpions, for the vindication of this truth, the which he endureth with a wonderful fortitude and constancy, and still denies ir. When their heart being prompted from Heaven, and their fouls from God, That he was yet the undoubted murtherer of his Brother, they the fecond time adjudged him to the rack, whereon permitting himself to be fastened, and the tormenters giving a good touch at him, God is more merciful to his foul, than his Tortures are to his body, and so with tears in his eyes, he confesseth that it was he which Pistolled his Brother Vimory to death, and which afterwards ran him twice thorow the body with his Rapier: Whereupon for this bloody and unnatural fact of his, His Judges (without any regard to his extraction or quality) condemn him the next afternoon between four and five of the Clock, to be broken alive on the wheel at the publick place of execution: Some few Gentlemen his Kinsfolk folicite his reprival, because as yet they despair not of his pardon, but their labours prove vain, and they purchase no reputation in seeking it, for now all Sens and the adjacent Country cry sie on him, and on his foul and enormous Crimes of Adultery and Fratricide.

So the next day, (at the hour and place appointed) he is brought to his Execution, where a mighty concourse of people, both of Sens, and the adjacent Country, flock to see this Monster of nature take his last farewel of this World. Being mounted on the Scaffold, in a Tawny Sattin fute with a Gold Edge, He confesseth himself guilty of murthering his Brother V. mory, and yet be grieves far more for the death of his last Wife Masserina than he doth for that of his first. La Preceverte: He demands forgivenels of God, and the World, for this his foul crime of Fratricide, and prayes all who are there present to pray to Almighty God for the salvation of his foul, and that they become more charitable and Religious, and less bloody and prophane, by his example. So commending his foul unto God, his body to the Earth from whence it came, and marking himself three or four times with the fign of the Cross, he willingly suffers the Executioner to fasten his Less and Arms upon the Wheel, the which as soon he breaks with his Iron

Bar; until he have seized upon death, and death on him.

And thus was the wretched lives, and miserable, and yet deserved deaths of these our cruel and inhumane, graceless Murtherers; and in this manner did the Triumphs of God's Revenge justly surprize them to their stame, and cut them off to their Consusion. May we read this History to Gods glory, and as often meditate thereon to our own particular reformation and instruction.



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XVIII.

Romeo (the Lacquey of Borlary) kills Radegonda, the Chamber-maid of the Lady Felisanna in the street, and is hanged for the same; Borlary afterwards hireth Castruchio (an Apothecary) to poyson her Husbond Seignior Planeze: for the which Castruchio is hanged, and his body thrown into the River, and Borlary is beheaded, and then burnt.

IT is a thouland griefs and pities, to see that Christians, who are honoured with that glorious title and appellation, should so wilfully and wretchedly lose it, by imbrewing their guilty hands in the innocent blood of their Christian Brethren, and thereby to bereave our selves of that rich ornament, and inestimable Jewel, which God (in his Son Christ Jesus) hath lent us for the planting of our Faith; and given us for the extirpation of our prophanes, and rooting out of our Impiety. But this is the subtle malice, and malitious subtilty of Satan, (the professed enemy and Arch-Traytor of our souls) as also of his infernal Agents and Factors, who thereby make themselves fire-bands and incendiaries of their own felicity and safety. And because the examples of the wicked, do strike apprehension and fear to the godly, and that the punishment and death of murderers, doth fortiste the Charity, and soment and consist the Innocency of the living. Therefore (for that Reason, and to this end) I have purposely given this next history a place in my Book, wherein we shall see Choler, Malice, and Revenge, to act many deplorable and bloody parts; Let us read it with a jealous fear and a Christian fortitude, and so we shall assured by hate this soul and crying Sin in others, and religiously, and constantly avoid it in our selves.

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The foundation of this Hiftory, is laid in the fair and famous City of Verona, (antiently a great Colony of the Romans, fince a free Effare of itself, but now dependent and subject to the Estate and Seignior of Venice) wherein there lately dwelt an old Gentleman being a widower, and one of the chiefest and noblest families of that City, named Seignior Fabrician Miniata, who was sich in Lands, but exceeding wealthy in money, (whereof he had put a great and remarkable Sum in the bank of Venice) he had one only Child, a daughter of some eighteen years of age, named Dona Petifanna, who was wonderful fair, and a most lovely sweet Greature, tall and stender of stature, of yellow golden hair, and languine damask Role Complexion; Now as her beauty was every way answerable to her birth and extraction, no less were her singular vertues and sweet perfections to her beauty, and as wealth, beauty and vertue concurring and meeting together, are three powerful lures, and attractive Adamants to draw the defires and affections of many noble Gentlemen to feek her in marriage; So two of her chief Suttors and who chiefly flattered their hopes to enjoy this fiveet and precious Jewel of nature, and who stood in best possibility to bear away her affection and her felf, was Seignor Thomas Planeze, a brave young Gentleman of the Neighbour City of Mamova, of a sweet presence, and proper comely feature, of some twenty five years old, not very rich, yet endued with competent means to maintain himself like himself, but infinitely well bred, and adorned and honoured with all those generous parts and endowments which are requisite to make the Gallants of our times compleat; and the other, Seignior Juan de Borlary, a very rich Gentleman of the same City of Verona, a proper man of countenance, but of personage somewhat crook-backt, and much Camber-leg d, and drawing towards sourcy years of age; but of education, conditions and qualities so ignorant and uncivil, as he seemed to be rather a Citizen than a Gentleman, or indeed, more a Clown than a Citizen, and yet otherwise of metal and courage enough. And that we may the more apparently see, and perfectly know, upon what tearms they both stand, as well in the opinion of the Father, as the affection of the Daughter, Miniata is infinitely defitius of Borlary for his Son-in-Law, but not of Planeze, and Felifanna is exceedingly affected to take Planeze for her Husband, but not Borlary; which they both perceiving, whiles Borlary intends to feek the affection and confent of the Father before that of the Daughter; Planeze shapes a contrary courfe; refolves to feek and prefer that of the Daughter before the Father. The regard of Borlary his wealth, and of Planeze's poverty with a covetuous Miniata, like a furious stream, or impetuous Torrent, bears down all other regards and considerations before it. But the confideration and respect of Borlary his deformed personage, and then that of Planeze's fweet feature and deportment with amorous Feli anna, as a delicious charm, and heart-ravishing extafie, sweeps away all other regards and respects whatsoever. The Father bids Borlary to be couragious and cheerful, and then he shall not fail to have his Daughter for his Wife; But the Daughter wills Planeze to be discreet and constant, and then she will not fail to take him for her Husband; Miniata to shew his love to Borlary, forbids Planeze his house and the company of his daughter; Felisanna to reveal her dear and servent affection to Planeze, affureth him he shall often enjoy both her fight and company, but confidently if not peremptorily, prohibits Borlary to approach her presence. Thus whiles Borlary often frequenteth and converseth with the Father publikely, no less, or indeed far oftner doth Planeze privately, and whiles the first hath more cause to dispair, than reason to hope of her affection and consent to be his wife: The fecond hath all the reasons and causes of the world, not only to hope, but to assure himself thereof; But the patience of a little time, will shortly resolve our curiosity, whereunto these different affections will tend, and what the event and issue will be of these their opposite intentions and resolutions.

But because the ambition and wisdom of Borlary will make it conspicuous and apparent to his Mistris, That there is much difference betwixt him and Planeze, as there is between her self, and her Chamber-maid Rodegonda; He therefore seeing that he cannot hitherto gain her by the perswasion of her Father, now hopes and attempts it by this her maids solicitation; as holding her to be a sit instrument for the compassing of his desires, and a proper Agent for the persecting and crowning of his wishes, because his best genius and intelligence informeth him, that she hath a great power and bears a great stroke and sway with her Mistris: But we shall shortly see, and he too soon find the contrary, and that these his ill grounded hopes and undervaluing attempt of his, will both deceive his ambition, and betray his wisdom and judgment. Now to gain this her chamber-maid Radegonda to his will, that thereby with the more facility and cheerfulness, she may obtain him her Mistris, her favour, and affection: He bribes her with silver and gold, and many other

gifts, if not too costly for his giving, yet I am sure too rich for her receiving, and in requiral thereof the with her tongue promifeth him her belt power and affiltance towards her Millrifs, but in her heart intends the contrary, which is directed to betray him; He fends likewise by her to his love, and her Mistrifs, divers curious rich Presents and two Letters, and prayes her to take time at advantage, and so to deliver them to her from him; the which likewise she faithfully promileth, but yet intends nothing less, so she holds it rather a vertue than a vice, to keep these Presents for her felf, and to give the Letters to his Corrival Planeze, to whom (by solemn Oath) the had formerly ingaged her best art and power, and her chiefest affistance. Which policy, or rather which fallacy of hers is not fo fecretly born betwixt Planeze and her felf, but Borlary (by fome finister accidental means) hath perfect notice thereof, which he takes so unkindly at Radegonda's hands, as (consulting more with passion than reason) his heart is so instanced with Choler, and his resolution with revenge against her, that (impatient of all delayes) he sends for her one afternoon to meet him at th' Amphitheatre, and from thence goes with her to the next ffreet to a friend's house of his, where ascending a Chamber, and bolting the door within side to shim, he (with choler and threats) chargeth her with this her ingrateful infidelity and treachery toward him; when drawing all the truth from her, by making her felf a witness against her felf, as well of the delivery of his Letters to Planeze, as also of keeping her presents for her self, and that her Mistrifs and he are solemnly contracted each to other: He there, in meer revenge to her, and in malice and dildain to her Miltriss, pulls off her head attire, and very basely and violent-Iv cuts away all her hair, and throws it into the fire, notwith Randing that Radegonda first fell onher knees, and with infinite tears and prayers belought him to the contrary: But as he hath made it an act of his revenge to Radegonda, and of his disdain to her Lady, his unkind Mistris Filifanna, so he now likewise resolves to make it one of his justifications to the world. Poor Rade-gonda is all in tears and choler at this her digraceful accident received of Borlary, and no less, but rather far more is her young Lady and Mistrils Felifanna, the grief of the one ingendring the choler of the other, yea this ignoble and malicious fact of his doth fo deeply strike in her heart and mind, and so extreamly exisperateth her against him, as she makes her lover Plazeze acquainted therewith, who (notwithstanding her Father's prohibition) was then descended his Coach, and ascended the Parlour to visit her. Planeze wondreth and grieves at this incivil and base indignity of Borlary towards Radegonda, which he every wayes sees can no way but reflect on the other part of himself Felisanna, and so consequently on himself: When (being in her presence) the passions of his affection, and the fumes of his revenge so far eclipse and transport his judgment, as he freely proffereth her his Sword, and felf, to right Radegonda's wrong on the person and life of Bonlary, the which courtesie and noble affection and respect of his, Felifanna takes most lovingly and kindly of him, but yet loves him so tenderly and dearly, that by no means the will permit him to ingage; much less to hazard himself in this trivial quarrel; which being (as the affirmed) more feminine than masculine, did therefore more properly belong to her own deciding and requital, the which (in that regard) the prayed him wholly to leave and refer to her felf.

Berlary (by some of Miniata's domestique servants, whom in favour of mony he hath made to be his friendly Spies and intelligencers) hears hereof, and especially takes notice of Planeze's forwardness to sight with him for the quarrel of a poor Chamber-maid, so seeing that he could hope for nothing but for despair in his affection from Felisanna, he takes this so ill from Planeze, (who although he be his rival and competitor, yet being in a manner but a stranger to him) that he cannot, he will not be out-braved by this Mantovesse in any point of courage or valour, and therefore to prevent his insulting and daring generosity, and to give him a touch and tast of his own: He the next morning by his Lacquie Romeo sends him this Chal-

lenge.

BORLARY to PLANEZE.

IN regard thou couldst not content thy self to be reave me of the Lady Felisanna, who'e sweet beauty and vertues are by far more dear and precious to me chan my life, but that (with much ostentation and malice) thou likewise makest it thy Trophee and Glory, to offer her the sacrifice of my death, only for the trivial respect of her Chamber-maids hair; Therefore because thou makest so small only for the trivial respect of her Chamber-maids hair; Therefore because thou makest so small an esteem of my life; my reputation invites, and mine honour conjures me to see what care thou wilt an esteem of my life; my reputation invites, and mine honour conjures me to see what care thou wilt an esteem of my life; my reputation of thine own. To which end, I pray thee to meet me to mortion (betwint five and six of the clock in the asternorn) with thy single Rapier without seconds, with in the system without the Vinisensa-gate of this City, where I will attend thy arrival, with much

much zeal and im patiency: Thou art Noble enough to be so generous, and I generous enough to try if thou wilt appear, and approve thy self so Noble.

BORLARY.

The Lady Felifanna well knowing Romeo to be Borlary his Lacquie, and feeing him deliver a letter to her lover Planeze, which the feareth to be some challenge, the thereat (adorning and beautifying her Lilly cheeks with a Roseat blush) prayes him to tell her what Borlary his letter contained; When (his own honour getting the supremacy of his affection towards her) he tells her, that B reary therein only requested him, to meet him the next day in the Domo (which is the Cathedral Church of that City, dedicated to Saint Athanasius) the which he is now going to grant him in his answer. But Felisanna, still jealous and fearful, prayes him to shew her those two Letters, which he pleasantly puts off with some kisses, and yet her blood and heart so freezeth within her with fear, as the useth the best power of her art, and the chiefest Art of her affection, to conjure him not to fall out, much less to fight with Borlary, at their meeting in the Church. Planeze tells her, he is too religious to be so prophane, to distain and pollute that sacred place with the effusion of Christian blood, because it is the Temple of Prayer, the house of God, and therefore every way fitter for a peaceful atonement and reconciliation, than for a contentious quarrel. Now (as the malice of men is finite, but of woman infinite) Felifanna leeing her Planeze going to write his Letter, revenge and choller being then extravagantly predominant in her looks and refolutions, the hastily steps down into a Chamber next to the Garden, where the fends for Borlary's Lacquie Romeo, and caufeth three of her Grooms (whom the had purposely placed there) by force and violence to cut off his right Ear; which they presently do, notwithstanding that he used a thousand intreaties and prayers to her to divert her from this her unworthy and malicious fact, and then hastily departing from him, she spake this to him: Tell thy Master Borlary, that I have caused thine ear to be cut off, to requite the affront and disgrace which he offered me in cutting off my Chamber-maid Radegonda's hair.

Planeze having secretly to himself read Borlary his challenge: He thinks so honourably of himself, and so disgracefully of him, as he not a little wondereth to see, that he hath the courage to write to him, much less the resolution to fight with him; When grieving that he cannot now have the felicity and honour to make tryal of his valour to himself, and affection to his Mistriss upon a more generous Spirit, and nobler Personage than Borlary, he accepts his challenge and in this answer promiseth him to meet him and perform it, the which he honourably conceals from Felifanna's fear and jealousie, and so fealing up his Letter, he goes down to deliver it to Borlary his Lacquie, and resolves to dispeed and hasten his return, but contrary to his expectation he finds this Lacquie Romeo bitterly florming and weeping; and so demanding the cause thereof, he then and there by a Gentleman his servant, is first informed of the Lacquie's difgrace, and of the manner thereof as we have understood; Planeze is wonderfully grieved at this disafterous accident, but love prescribes so powerful a law to his discretion, as he is inforced to bear up with the time and so to diffemble it, and when in the language of a Victory and a triumph Felifanna acquaints him therewith; he holds it discretion, rather to wink at it, and dissemble it with filence, than to remember it with choler or reprehension towards her; So he to acquit his ignorance, reputation, and honour herein towards Borlary, calls his Lacquie again, and vows and protesteth to him, as he is a Gentleman, that he is free from being any way knowing or accessary to this his disgrace and disaster, and bids him to assure his Master from him, that he is every way Innocent hereof, the which he would have fignified to him in writing, but that his Letter was sealed before he knew it, and so giving him some crowns to wash down his anger and

forrow, he then takes leave of him.

Romeo fayes little but thinks the more, and ashe disdaineth to bewray any appearance of grief

hereat, so he cannot cloak that of his choler nor overvaile or smother that of revenge, in their state effects, which time will too soon produce.

Romeo in great haste and more choler, arives to his Master Borlary's presence, gives him Planeze's Letter, who very speedily and hastily breaking up the seals thereof, finds therein these lines.

PLANEZE to BORLARY.

I Acknowledg it to be rather thy misfortune than my merits that induce the fair and vertuous Lady Felisanna to give her affection to me, and not to thy self, the which as a rich treasure, and pretious Jewel I do not only esteem equal to my life, but a thousand degrees above it, and therefore it

mas with much affection and zeal to her, and with no oftentation or malice to thy self, that I tendred her my best service, to right her of the ignoble wrong which thou didst offer to her Chamber-maid Radegonda. In which regard, because thou purposely givest a sinister construction to my intent t enin, and art so ambiciously resolute to hat ard thy honour and life in hope of the loss of mine, I do therefore freely and cheerfully accept of thy Challenge, and my impatience and zeal shall anticipate thine before I perform it; wherein if my Rapier give not the lye to my blood, my mustortune to my Rapier; thou shalt sind me enough noble and generous to attempt this duel for thy sake, and to sinish those of greet adapter for the Lady Felisanna's sake, who I freely profess is the Emires of my affections, and till death shall be the Queen Regent of my desires and wishes.

PLANEZE

where

Borlary hath no sooner perused and ore-read this Letter of Planeze, but finding his challenge accepted, he is exceeding glad and joyful thereof, as if his glory consisted in his shame, and his safety in his danger: Then his Lacquie Romeo acquaints him with his disgrace, acted, saith he, wholly by Dona Felisanna, and no way as he vows and thinks by the consent or knowledg of Planeze, and so relates all that he and she charged him to report unto him: The which Borlary hearing and understanding, he extreamly storms to see his own affront and disgrace, offered and brought home unto him in that of his Lacquie: When having other affairs and business in his head, he contents himself for that time to give him some Gold, thereby the sooner to make him forget the loss of his Ear, which his locks better than his looks could now overvaile and cover.

These two inconsiderate Gentlemen, (being infinitely more ambiti us to preserve their honours than their lives, and more careful of their reputation towards the foolish people of the world, than of their fouls towards God) are now fitting of their Rapiers and Chirurgions, to dispatch this their rash enterprise and irreligious business, and it is not the least part of Planezes discretion and care to play the Mercury, and now to blind the Argus eyes of Felisanna's fear and vigilancy, and how to see a beginning and end to this duel with his generosity and same, that he be no way disturbed or prevented by her in the performance thereof: The prefixed hour being come, Borlary (with his Chirurgion) as Challenger, comes first into thefield, I mean into the Meadow, the designed place and theatre where they intend to act this their bloody Tragedy, and he hath not stayed half a quarter of an hour, but Plan ze the Challenged arrives there likewise with his Chirurgion: When their malice is so furious, and their courages so inflamed each against other, as passing over their saluting ceremonies without a ceremony, they putting themfelves into their shirts, do both of them draw, and so approach each other. At their first comming up, Planeze runs Borlary through the left thigh, and Borlary him in the right shoulder, and the fight of their scarler blood upon their white shirts doth rather revive than quench their courages. At their fecond meeting, Borlary runs Planeze into the right arm of a large and deep wound, and Planeze dies not in debt for it, but requites it with a dangerous one in the small of his belly, which went near to prove mortal, for it fetcht much blood from him, made him begin to faint and stagger, so being both of them well near out of breath, they make a stand to breathe and take the benefit of the air, but their hearts and animofity are so great, as they will not yet defilt or leave off, but now begin afresh to redouble their blows and courages, and here they traverse their ground to gain the advantage of the Sun: With far more advisement and discretion than before. Now at this their third coming up, Bo lary presents Planeze with a furious thrust, but he very actively and nimbly wards it off him, and in exchange runs Borlary into the neck, a little wide of his throat-bowl : Whereat Planeze instantly closing with him, he fairly attempted to whip up his heels, but that Borlary his strength prevented Planeze's agility: When each having the other by the collar of their shirts with one hand, and their Rapiers in the other, as they are striving and strugting together, God (more ont of his gracious goodness and mercy, than of their desires and wishes) is pleased that neither of them shall for this time dye. For the Earl of Lucerna rideing post (with three Gentlemen in his company) from Venice rowards Turin, chanced to espie and see them in the meadow, almost all covered over with sweat, blood, and dust, when he and they leaping from their Horses, he very honourably and charitably runs to them and parts them; offering them his best power and a pretty parcel of his time, to end and shut up their differences in a friendly atonement and reconciliation, but so inveterate and strong (by this time) is their malice each to other, as he found it no way feafeable but impossible to effect it : So this brave and honourable Earl contents himself, to reconduct and see them safe into the City,

where privately leaving them to their future fortunes, he again takes horse away. Our two Duellists having first thanked him for his noble Courtesse towards them, but otherwise they are exceedingly grieved to see the Victory pul'd out of their hands, for the vanity and impiety of either of them flattered and bounded their hopes, with no less ambition and felicity than each their own life, and either of them the death of his adversary. But as they are grateful to the Earl of Lucerm for this his honourable courtesse towards them; yet they are so irreligious as they look not up to Heaven, nor once have the grace to think on God, much less to thank his divine Majesty, for now so mercifully and so graciously withdrawing them as it were from out the very jaws of death; but still they retain their malice, and cherish and soment their revenge each to other, especially Borlary to Planeze, for it is a continual private grief and a secret Corrosive to his content and mind, to see that he is inforced to wear the Willow-Garland, and that Planeze must bear away his fair and beautiful Mistriss Felisanna from him: But we will for a little time, leave them to their thoughts, and their thoughts to God, and so again speak of Romeo, the Lacquie of Borlary, who as a wretched and most execrable villain comes now to act a bloody and wosul part in this History.

For we must here understand, that this lewd Lacquie Romeo, is so extreamly incensed with choler and intraged with malice against the Lady Felisama for the loss of his Ear, as (being seduced and incouraged by the Devil) he was once of the mind to have murthered her in the street, the very first time he had met or seen her; but then again respecting his Master Borlary whom he knew affected her tenderly and dearly, he forsook that opinion of his, and resolved to wreak his wrath and indignation upon her three servants, who were the Actors of cutting off his Ear, as she was the Author thereof; But then again remembring that he knew them not, nor any of them for that they were all purposely masked and disguised; He then swaps a bargain with the Devil, and the Devil with him, that the storm of this his malice and revenge should assuredly fall on Radegonda her Chamber-maid, from whom it originally proceeded, and from this resolution he is so execrably prophane and bloody, as he vows that neither Heaven or Earth, God or

Man shall divert him.

But as Envy cannot prove so pernicious an enemy to others as to her felf, so Revenge will in the

end affuredly make us miserable, as first it falsly promised to make us happy.

Romeo continueth still resolute in his rage, and implacable in his revenge towards Ridegonda (and yet poor innocent harmless foul, she was not so much as guilty of a bad thought, much less of a bad action or office towards him, and therefore left deferving this his revenge;) when waiting many nights for her, as the issued forth in the street on her Ladie's errand, he at last in a dark night found her, and there flew her with his Rapier, giving her four feveral wounds, whereof he mought have spared the three last, because the very first was mortal, and thereupon betook himself to his heels, and fled through the streets, where the people flocked together at the report and knowledg of this lamentable Murther, but God is so exasperated at this foul and lamentable fact of his, as (in his Star-chamber of Heaven) he hath ordained and decreed, that Romeo shall instantly receive condign punishment for the same, as not deserving to survive it. For running through the Areets to provide for his fafety and life, he at last took the River of Addice, near the old Castle, where thinking to swim over to the other-side, or to hide himself in fome of the Mill-boats, he was discovered by the Sentinels (for the watch was already set) and the news of this murther was by this time refounding and ecchoing in all parts of the City. The Souldiers of the Castle suspected him to be the murtherer, they send a Boat after him and apprehend him; so by the criminal Judges he is committed to Prison for that night, and being the next merning accused by Seignior Miniata by way of torture, and the Lady Felifanna his Daughter by legal order for the murthering of her Chamber-maid Radegonda, he without any thought or fear, or flew of forrow or repentance, freely confesseth it, for the which he is presently condemned to be hanged, and the same day after dinner he was accordingly dispatched and executed, notwithstanding that his Master Borlary used his best friends and power, yea and proffered two hundred zechins to save him. Thus we see there was but one poor night between Romeo's taking away Radegondaes life and losing of his own, and between her murthering and his hanging. At his execution he spake not a word either of the loss of his Ear by the Lady Felifanna, or of that of Radegondaes Hair by his Master Borlary, whereat both of them exceedingly rejoyce, and no less doth Planeze. But for the other speeches which this bloody Foot-man delivered on the Ladder at his execution, they were either fo ungodly, or so impertinent, as the relation thereof no way deserves my pen, or my Readers knowAnd here to leave the dead Servant Romeo, return we again to speak of his living Master Bonlary: who after he had spent much time and labour, and as I may say, ran his invention and wit out of breath, to seek to prevent that Planeze might not marry the sair Felisanna, hath notwithstanding, to his matchless grief, and unseparable forrow seen that it is all bootless and in vain, for by this time she, through the importunity of her tears & prayers hath obtained her Father Miniataes consent, to take and enjoy Signior Planeze, for her Husband: when to both their hearts delight and content, they are solemnly married in Verona, and in that height of pomp and bravery as is requisite to their noble rank & quality, When Planeze the more to please his new wise leaves Mantona, and wholly builds up his residence in Verona with her, and in her Father Miniataes house, who never hated him so much heretofore, as now he deeply affects and loves him, and to say and write the truth he well deserved that affection of the Father, and this love of the Daughter, sith the lustre and vertue of his actions made it apparent to all Verona, yea to all Italy, that he proved a most kind and loving Husband to the one, and a nost obedient and respective Son in Law to the other.

Now although Felifanna be thus marryed to Planeze, yet the affection of Borlary to her is still fo far from fading or withering thereat, as it reviveth and flourisheth at the sight of her pure and delicate beauty; for those golden tresses of her hair, those resplendent rays of her sparkling eyes, and those delicious Lillies & Roses of her cheeks do act such wonders in his heart, and his heart in his resolutions; that his lust eclipsing his judgment, and out-braving his discretion, he cannot, he will not refrain, to try if he can yet procure & get her to be his friend though not his wise; and so suturely to obtain that courtesse from her by the by, which formerly he knew it impossible for him to get by the main. To which end his affection or rather, his folly giving no truce to his thoughts, nor peace to his mind, because both the one and the other were still ranging and ruminating on Felisannas sweet Idea, and delicious feature; He enters into a consideration and consultation with himself, whether he should bewray his amorous slame to her by himself or by some other, or either by his pen or his tongue; when after he had proposed & exchanged many poor reasons & trivial Motives Pro and Con, he at last resolves on the last, which is to do it by Letters, when hying himself to his Closet, he traceth her these lines, which by a considert friend of his he forthwith sends her.

BORLARY to FELISANNA.

I Will crave no other witness but my self, of my fernent love and constant affection to thee; for none can better testifie, how I always made it my chiefest Care and Ambition to make the dignity of my zeal answerable to that of thy beauty; and that this might be as truly immortal, as that is divinely rare, and rarely excellent, which to confirm, I have fealed it with some blood, but with more tears, so that although thou hast given thy affection from me to Planeze, yet my heart and soul tells me it is impossible to give mine to any but to the Lady Felisanna. And because thou canst not be my wise, therefore I pray be pleased to resolve to live my friend, as in requital I do die thy Servant. I consess I am not worthy of thy affection, much less to enjoy the smeet fruit thereof, thy sweet self; yet because I cannot be more thine than I am, therefore I pray thee make thy self as much mine as thou mayest be. Thy heart shall not be a truer Secretary to our affections then my tongue, and for the times and places of our meetings, I wholly refer it to thy will and pleasure, which mine shall ever carefully attend, and religiously obey. I send thee my whole heart inclosed in this Letter, and if thou vouch safe to return me a piece of thine in exchange, Heaven may, but Earth cannot cross our affection.

BORLARY.

The Lady Felifanna receives this letter with much wonder, & ore-reads it with more contempt and Choler, for if the discained Borlary and his affection when the was a Maid, much more doth the now when God and her Husband have made her a wife: Once the was of opinion to have thrown this his letter into the fire, & have answered it with discain & filence. But then again considering the vanity of his thoughts, and the obscenity of his desires, the conceived he might (peradventure) impute her filence to a degree of consent. & therefore, though not in affection to him, yet in discretion and love to her honour, the resolves to return him an answer, when knitting her brows with anger, dipping her pen in Gall and Vinegar, and setting a sharp edg of contempt & Choler on her resolutions, she hastily frames this Letter, & gives it to his own Messenger to deliver it to Borlary: whose heart steering his

course betwixt hope and fear till he receive it: he first kisling it, and then hastily breaking up the seals thereof, finds that it speaks this language.

FELISANNA to BORLARY.

If thou want any witnesses of thy folly, not of thy assection, thy obstinate and vain perseverance berein, of one makes me capable to serve for many. And if thou hadst been as truly careful and ambitious of thine own honour, as thou fals pretended to be of my poor heauty, thou wouldest not so often have sacrificed thy shame to my glory, nor so so still have cast away thy blood or tears on my contempt: How thou intended to dispose of thy self, I neither desire to know, nor care to understand. But as I have given my soul to God, so God hath given my heart to my Hushand Planeze, from whom neither the malice of Satan or power of Hellshall withdraw it; and therefore as I am Felisanna, I detelf thy lustful suit, and as Planezes wise, I deste both it and thy self; And thus to be thy friend, thou shalt find me thy friend, but for such servants as thy self, I leave them to their own proper Insamy and Repentance. I make God the Secretary of my actions, and my Hushand of my affections, therefor it shall please me well when I understand that thy tongue will recant thy solly, I repent thy discretion towards me: in seeking to erect the Trophees of thy lascivious lust upon the ruins of my pure and candid honour: And I assure thee, that if hereafter thou inspire and fortisse not thy heart with more religious, and less simple desires and affections, that Earth can and Heaven will make thee as truly miserable, as now thou falsy thinkest thy self fortunate.

FELISANNA.

Borlary at the reading of this Letter of Felifanna, is so galled with grief, and nettled with forrow, to see his refusal sent him in her disdain, as he knows not to what passions to betake himself for ease, or to what Saint for comfort, for the consideration of her coyness & cruelty, makes his despair to gain so much on his hopes, that once he was minded absolutely to forfake her, and to court her affection no more, but then again his luftful heart and defires, remembring the freshness of her beauty, and the sweetness of her youth, he held himself a coward, every way unworthy to enjoy to fair a Lady, & fo fweet an Angel, if he retired upon her first denial, especially because as those Cities & Castles, so those Ladies & Gentlewomen who entertain a parley, are already half won. In which confideration because it many times proves an error in Nature; but still in judgment, to flatter our selves most, with that which we most hope for and defire; He therefore once more resolves to hazard another letter to her, as having some reasons to believe, that his second may perchance obtain that from her which his first could not, for that he knows that most Ladies and Gentlewomen pride themselves with this felicity, to be often sought, and importunately sued unto by their lovers, wherefore refolving once more to try his fortune, and her courtefie, he by his former Messenger greets her with these lines.

BORLARY to FELISANNA.

Thy sweet and excellent beauty hath enkindled so fervent a flame in my beart, that thy late disrespect and contempt of me in thy Letter, is it not sufficiently prevalent to make me, or so soon, or so sleightly to for sake thee. For although thou term my love folly, and my affection obstinacy, yet until thou cease to befair, find it not strange, if it be impossile for me to cease to be assectionate : Neither do I sacrifice my shame to thy Glory, or cast away my tears on thy contempt, sith I perform it more out of duty then complement, and rather out of true zeal than false hypocrifie. And as the strongest Cities and Castles by the rule of War, so the fairest beauties by that of love, deserve to be honoured with more than one affault and fiege; and that Cavalier cannot justly be termed, either a Gentleman, a Soldier, or a Lover, who will refolve to be put off with the first repulse, especially from so sweet and so beautiful an enemy as thy self: Neither can't any way breed infamy or repentance in me to be servant to so dear, and slave to so fair a Mistress, because the excellency of thy beauty is every way capable both to confound sense, and to subvert and overthrow Reason. Be then but as courteous as thou art fair, and as kind as I am constant, and thou shalt find that I only desire to erest the Trophees of mine bonour and glory upon those of thy content, to sacrifice my best life at the shrine and altar of thy beauty, and to devote and prostrate my best zeal and service to the feet of thy Commands: which if thou please to grant me, Earth will not make me miserable, but Heaven fortunate.

BORLARY.

The Lady Felifanna having received & ore-read this fecond Letter of Borlary, as one way the laughs to fee the constancy of his folly, and indifcretion, so another way the storms, and yet grieves to see her self to be both the object & the cause thereof; When returning to the

party who brought it her, the thinks to vent part of her choler on him, taxeth his audacity and rashness herein, & strictly conjures him to bring her no more of Borlary his letters ; yea, the is to far transported with passion and choler against Borlary for sending them to her, as now the refolves to answer this with filence, & henceforth to burn all other which are fent or brought to her from him, because if his folly make him culpable of sending, she will not futurely make her felf guilty of receiving any more. But here again, her thoughts are taken up with fear, and her heart surprized with resolution and doubt, whether (yea or no) she should shew these his two letters to her Husband: For her affection is so tender, so faithful, so constant to him: because the likewise knows that his is reciprocally so to her, that she will rather displease her self, than any way discontent him, or administer him the least cause whatfoever, to run the hazard of his displeasure or indignation. For as by concealing them from his knowledg, the knows this bufiness will be for ever hush'd up in silente, & perpetually buried in oblivion; So contrary wife, if either through Borlary his malice to her, or indifcretion to himself, it should any way come to her Husbands ear, then she thinks she should give him a just cause of exception and offence against her; Wherein, if the subtilty of the Devil should once put his foot, or the malice of any of his members, their tongues or fingers, then his jealousie might call her Honour and Fidelity in question, & make him suspect & fear her to be dishonest, though heretofore (in heart and foul) he confidently knows & believes the contrary: she farther knows, that there is nothing so easie, as to entertain jealousie, nor so difficult, as to expell it; and therefore, that it is not enough for us to prevent a scandal, but likewise to remove the original cause thereof; sain she would conceal these soolish Letters of Borlary from her Husband, but yet the doubts it, and willing the is to acquaint him therewith, & yet the fears it. And although her chaftity and innocency perswade her to perform the last, yet her discretion and judgment encourage and prompt her to execute the second; & here our beautiful and vertuous young Wife is perplexed as a Traveller, who meets with two different ways, and knows not which is the best for him to take: and her heart and thoughts here in this accident, is as a ship at Sea, at one time surprized and met with two contrary winds and tides. For preferring her honour to her life, and her affection to her Husband, & his to her before any other earthly respect or felicity whatsoever, she in the intricacy and ambiguity of these doubts, wisheth that Borlary had slept when he writ and sent her those letters, or she when she received and read them. But at last consulting with reafon and Religion, with her Soul and God, then her chastity gives a commanding law to her fear, and her innocency to her doubt, So first hoping, and then praying, that nothing herein might breed bad blood in her Husband, or disturb the tranquillity and fincerity of her marriage; the watching a fit opportunity, thews her Husband the first Letter of Borlary to her, with her answer thereof; & then his second Letter, the which she informs him, she answered with filence and contempt, adding withal; That had she a thousand lives, as she hath but one, she would cheerfully facrifice and lose them all, before she would be guilty of the least thought to distain the honour of his bed, or to break her facred vow of Love and Chastity, which in presence of God and his Church, she religiously made and gave him in Marriage.

Planeze at the hearing of these speeches, and the reading of these Letters, doth at one instant both blush and pale, for as he looks pale with envy towards Borlary, to see how sectetly and subtilly he endeavoureth to ruin his honour in that of his wises; so he blusheth for love towards her, to see how sweetly & chastly she had demeaned her self in her answer to him, as also what a wise & loving part it was in her so punctually & fully to acquaint him therewith; when in requital hereof he gives her many praises and kisses, extolls her chastity and vertues to the Sky, and condemns Borlary his lustiful vices to Hell. And although (for the present) she finds some incongruity in his speeches, and observes some preturbation in his looks; yet he makes his affection so apparent to her, and dissembleth his hatred and choler towards Borlary so secretly and artificially; that his wife Felisama wholly reposing her self upon her own integrity, & her Husbands discretion, she (sweet innocent Lady) little dreams or thinks of any disaster which will ensue hereof, much less what dismal effects threaten to proceed from this inconsiderate act of hers, in acquainting her Husband with those Letters. But she will have time enough to see it to her grief, and know it to her sorrow; yea, she will find occasion enough to repent, but never any means how to remedy it, except it be too

late, and which then will meerly prove Phylick after death.

Planeze (as we have formerly understood) is extreamly incensed against Borlary, thus to attempt to bereave him of his sweetest Joy, which is his wife's affection, and she of her most

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precious Jewel, her chastity: And although (both in reason and Religion) he had far more cause to rejoyce than to grieve at this accident, in regard he was both affured and confident that his Wifes chaftity triumphed o're Borlary's luft, & her glory was apparent in his shame; for as objects, so actions being best distinguished by their contraries, therefore through the obscure clouds of Borlari his obscene concupiscence, that of Felisannas Angelical chastity, as a bright relucent Sun, thined forth most radiantly and sweetly with far more vigor & glory, yet Planeze being a man composed of corrupt flesh & blood, and therefore subject to passions, and those passions to errors and imperfections; So he takes a course and resolution herein contrary to all judgment, and to all reason, yea, diametrically opposite to the rules of Nature, and precepts of Grace. For although his heart be upright in the opinion of his wifes chastity and honour, yet as the dearest and purest affections cannot be exempted of some shadow or spice of fear, so although his heart looked directly on Borlari with malice, he cannot possibly refrain, nor retain his thoughts, from glancing squint-eyed on his wife with jealousie. And although he knows it to be a most ignoble ingratitude, & irreligious impiety in him, thus to call her honour in question, or (in the best sense) to revoke it to doubt, by making any publick shew of suspition or distaste to her, or by seeking any private revenge on Borlari, yet because her beauty and vertue is a thousand times dearer to him than his life; and the purity and integrity of her affection to him as dear as his foul: He therefore thinks he shall not prophane his good opinion of her, nor offer her merits or his own reputation any wrong, if he resolve to right both her and himself on Borlary, when consulting not with reason or charity, but with their opposites, malice and revenge, he will not be at peace with his heart, nor at truce with his thoughts, before he have fought with Borlary, albeit (indeed) his delict and offence towards him, more deserved his scorn than his care, and was every may far more worthy of his oblivion, than of his remembrance. To which end (by a Chirurgion which he had made choice of) he fends him this challenge.

PLANEZE to BORLARY.

Thy crime is so foul, and so apparent unto me, in seeking by thy two lascivious Letters to distain my bonour in that of my wifes chastity, as nothing but thy life is capable to expiate it, or mine to deface and forget it: Wherefore, if thou have as much courage as thou wantest grace, bring thy self, thy Rapier, & thy Chirurgion with thee to morrow at six of the clock in the morning in the City Ditch without the outer Gate, which looks towards Brescia, and there my self and my Chirurgion (who is hearer hereof) will silently and honourably wait for thee. And if thy obscene heart retain yet any spark of generosity, or thy vicious brain of judgment, thou wilt resolve to perform this my request, and to excuse my resolution herein, sith it is wholly derived from thy lascivionsness, and receives its life and birth from thy treachery.

PLANEZE.

Borlary receiving and perufing this Challenge of Planeze, he is much grieved and forrowful, to see that Felisanna had so little discretion for her self, and so much hatred against him, to thew her Husband thefe his Letters, and except the meant to make her felf the prefent author, and the cause of her future affliction and misery, he knows not else what she intends hereby. But for Planeze his spleen & resolution against him, Borlari knows it to be both just& well grounded in the best sense, & in the worst to be yet a requital of that Challenge & Duel he formerly fent & presented him: Only he doth a litle admire(if not wonder) that he should now again make trial of his valor and courage, whereof he so lately had experience, and tafted. And although he had far more reason to rest assured than doubtful, that this second Duel of theirs would not prove fo fortunate as their first, but would rather terminate in one, if not in both of their lives; He yet loves Felifama so dearly, albeit she hate him extreamly, that he will by no means refuse to fight with her Husband once again for her sake, yea, & to kill him for his own, if possibly he can, the Devil making him strong in the vanity of this belief and confidence; that if it prove now his good fortune to kill Planeze, that he can then requite and limit his victory with the reward of no less happiness and felicity, than by his death to obtain his widow for his own wife. But this is to write upon the water, and to build Castles of vain hopes in the Air, which the least breath of God's mouth, or wind of his nostrils will easily reverse and blow away. For this is to consult and resolve with Satan, and not with God; and, therefore no marvel, if he see his lascivious desires to come too short of his ridiculous hopes, and both his hopes, and defires herein to end in as much true mifery, as they began in false hope of felicity and joy.

So Borlary having made a turn or two in his Garden to resolve upon this business, which fo much imported both his honour and life: He at last, with joy in his looks, and courage in his countenance, turns to Planeze his Chirurgion, whom after he used respectively and courteoufly, he secretly rounds him thus in his Ear; Tell Signior Planeze from me, that I will not fail to meet him to morrow morning, according to his request and expectation, and so he dismisseth him, who as soon returns this answer of Bonlary to Planeze, whom he now finds staying for him in the Church of the Augustine Friers, but God knows, with no intent or devotion to pray, or to invoke his Divine & Sacred Majesty to divert him from this his intended bloodyenterprize, but rather to reconduct home the Lady Felifanna his wife, who harmless sweet Gentlewoman, was there in that Church, upon the Altar of her heart, proffering up the most religious Prayers, and zealous Orisons of her foul unto God, without once surmifing or thinking what a mournful and dangerous part her husband was refolved to act the next morning to the prejudice of her content, it not to the utter diffolution and ruin of her Matrimonial joy and felicity. But her Husband Planeze bears this business, and these his intentions to fecretly from his wife, as it was impossible for her to have any suspition, much

less knowledg of this his next days intended Duel.

The night, which brings rest to others, hath not power to give it to our two inslamed Duellists. For the consideration of their honours and their lives, of their quarrel, and the cause thereof, doth equally possess their brains, and pre-occupate and prevent their eyes of their sleeping faculties. So preferring their danger to their safety, their resolution to their rest, and the field to their beds, they (under other pretexts) are not long from it, I mean from the City ditch, the prefixed place of their rendez-vous: Which Planeze first entreth, & there makes half a dozen of turns before he have any news of his Contendant or Adversary Borlary, whereof he doth not a little male, yet he no way despairs of his coming, because (by late experience) he knows him to be couragious and valiant. But to put Planege his muling out of doubt, and his doubt out of question, in comes Borlary all unbraced and untrusted, and afar off elpying Planeze in the ditch before him; He (ashamed of this advantage he had, because of long stay) with his Hat in his hand, prays him to excuse this error of his; affirming it to be the fault of his watch, but not of his heart, which he alleged should ever go true with his Honour and Reputation. When Planeze returning his Complement by approving of his Apology, (without any further expostulation) they draw, and here fall from words to blows.

At their first meeting, Borlary gives Planeze a wound in the right arm, and Planeze requites him with another in his right lide, which if his Rapier had not met with a rib, it had then undoubtedly ended the quarrel with his life. But although it make him lofe much blood, yet he hath strength and courage enough not to die in his debt for it, only he defireth Planeze, that they may breathe a litle, the which he generously granteth. At their second coming up, Planeze prefents a thrust to Borlary, but he wards it, and runs Planeze into his left thigh, of a deep wound, and yet they will not give over, although their Chirurgions do earnestly pray them to defift, as having now already here sufficiently testified their courage and valour. At their third meeting & joyning,, Planeze gives Borlary a lick o're the fore-head, which makes his blood stream down his face and eyes, and Borlary fully incensed and prepared to requite it, drives a fair thrust to Planeze his breast, but he very dexteroully and fortunately wards it, beating down the point of Borlary his Sword into the ground, and then with much agility, leaps to him, and whips up his heels, who falling upon his own Rapier breaks it in two pieces, at which unlooked for difaster, Borlary seeing his naked breast exposed to Planeze his bloody Rapier, and confequently his life to lie at his mercy, (without once firlying or endeavouring to grapple with his enemy) he (more defirous to live with shame, than to die with honour) defcends so far from true and noble generosity, as he begs his life of Planeze; when (although many hot and jealous spirits would gladly have taken hold of this advantage, & wreaked the utmost of their Gall and Spleen upon the missortune of this accident) yet Planeze is so truly noble and generous, as disdaining to fight with an unarmed man, and to to eclipfe or blemish the lustre of his reputation in killing him who beg'd his life of him, and when it lay at his pleasure to give or take it, as he throws away his Rapier, making him promise, and swear he will never henceforth attempt against the honour of his wife; Planeze very freely and chearfully gives him his life; and to thew himfelf the more, generous in this his courtefie, lends him his hand to raife him upon his feet, for which infinite kindness, Borlary yields him many thanks: When mussling up their faces with their Cloaks, they part very good friends, & fo get themselvs into two of the nearest houses of the suburbs, very secretly

and filently to dress their wounds, and at night they return to their houses. Where our dear and fair Felisanna understanding the manner and cause of this combat betwixt her husband and Borlary, it is impossible for me to define whether she wept & sighed more for the loss of her Husbands blood, or rejoyced and praised God for the saving and sparing of his life.

Yet this Combate of theirs is not so secretly acted, but in less than two days, all Verona hath news, and prattles thereof. When measuring the first Duel of Planeze and Borlary by the second, and the second by the first. They extoll Borlary his courage to sight with Planeze, but infinitely applaud the noble courtesse & generosity of Planeze, in giving Borlary his life, when it lay in his power and pleasure to have taken it from him. And as most commended the Lady Felisanna for disdaining to make shipwrack of her honour on the Scylla and Charybdis of Borlary his list, and for not facrissing her chastity to his lascivious affections and desires; So, in general, all Gentlemen and Ladies condemn her of indiscretion, in shewing his Letters to her Husband, and acquainting him with his suits and defires, it having been sufficient for her secretly to have given him the repulse and denial, and her self the glory. Again, there want not divers, especially the younger fort of the Nobility and Gentry of Verona, who tax Borlary of cowardize, in shamefully begging his life of Planeze, when either his good fortune in strugling, or his piece of Sword in his defence, might, peradventure, have preserved it. Thus every one speaks according to his own fancy and affections.

Borlary having loft so much blood for the affection which he bore to Felisanna, & received and reaped nothing from her but disdain and hatred, he is not a little grieved & vexed hereat. But when he understands that he hath now made himself the laughter of all Verona, in this his cowardly begging his life of Planeze, and that his reputation doth therefore univerfally fuffer in this action, he is then as it were pierced to the heart with forrow, and to the foul with shame. He knows it were far better for him to be born a Clown, than to be held and esteemed a Coward, and that having once purchased that base title, he shall difficultly ever lose it. Yea, wheresoever he goes, he hears and sees, that his Superiors, his Equals, and his Inferiors, not only prattle at his shame, but point at his infamy herein, so that he is (in a manner) a shame to all Gentlemen, and therefore almost a shame to himself. But see here the vanity and impiety of this inconfiderate Gentleman, and if it be not worthy the readers curiofities, yet it will deferve his compassion and pity, to see what use, or rather what abuse he makes of this his imaginary dishonour: For neither with reason, which is the soul of his heart, with Religion which is the life of his foul, doth he once look up to Heaven to thank God for so mercifully protecting, and so miraculously preserving of his life in these two Duels, when he as it were, flood on the brink, and in the very jaws of death, and when betwixt his life and his death there was nothing but the point of Planeze his Rapier, and of his pleasure. No, no, Borlary is too much a man, to be so much a Christian, and too much the member of Satan, to be so much the child of God: For having formerly given up his heart to the turpitude of lascivious desires and lust; now as a limb and agent of the Devil, he will wholly abandon it to infernal rage and hellish revenge; for knowing Planeze to be both the Author and object of his dishonour, and the instrument and cause of his disgrace, he therefore retains this Diabolical and bloody Aphorism in his heart; that as long as he lives, it will live with him, and when he dies it will die with him; and therefore to refresh his honour out of his infamy, his heart wholly facrificing to malice, and his thoughts and refolutions to revenge, he most ingratefully and desperately, resolves to murther Planeze, or at least to cause him to be murthered.

Lo, here the woful estate, and wretched resolution of this execrable Gentleman Borlary, and what a monstrous ingratitude and prodigious cruelty is this in him to conspire his death, of whom (in a manner) he but lately now received his life, he little knows, or (which is worse) he will not know, that revenge still proves as pernicious, as pleasing to their Authors, and that murther endeth in as much true misery, as it begins in false content and joy; for it is a bitter oblation and odious sacrifice to the Lord, who is the God of peace, and the

Father of all unity and charity.

But the Devil is so familiar a guest, and so frequent a councellor to Borlary, that he wretchedly vows and execrably swears, that Planeze shall no longer live but die. Once he was of opinion, either to pistol or ponyard him in the street by night, but then again, seeing the imminency of that danger in the missfortune of his Lacquy Romeo, he rejects it as ruinous, and resolves on poyson, which he thinks is the shortest and safest way for him to send him for Heaven, and thinks none so sit for his purpose to give and administer it to him as Planeze his

Castrucio

own Apothecary Castrucbio, being the more confident in this his choice, because he knew him to be a wonderful poor man, and withal, extreamly vitious and debauched, as neither fearing nor caring for God, but more an Atheist than a Christian, and more a Devil than a Catholick, and therefore believes that a little money will act wonders in his heart and refolution. Neither doth he fail in his judgment, or deceive himself in the hopes of his choice; for he no sooner proserreth him three hundred Duckatons, to poyson Pianeze (one half in hand, and the other when it is performed) but he accepts thereof, engageth himfelf (by half and oath) speedily to dispatch and finish it, and so like two Factors or turies of Hell, both of them swear secresie each to other herein.

Borlary longing, and Castruchio desiring to finish this Tragedy on Planeze, that he might likewise touch the last one hundred and hity Duckatons; The Spring approaching, wherein Planeze every year for the prefervation of his health, was accultomed to take Phylick of Castruchio, he no sooner sent for him to that effect, but first purging, then bleeding him, he then artificially perswades him to take a Vomit, the next morning, whereunto Planeze easily consents, so he administreth it to him and therein infusing poyson, he within six days after dies thereof, when Castruchio demanding hisother one hundred and fifty Duckatons, Borlary speedily pays it him with much content, joy and delectation: But let the first know, and

the fecond remember, that it is the price of innocent blood.

The order of our History leads us now (as it were by the hand) to our forrowful young Widdow Felisanna, who poor foul, (not dreaming any way in the world either of poyfon or of Borlary) is ready to weep her felf to death, that the must survive and cannot die with her dear and sweet Husband Planeze, and that as one bed, so one Grave might contain them, yea her grief is so great and her forrow so infinite for the loss of this her other part of her self, that neither her Father; Kinsfolks or friends can possibly comfort her; for still she fees him before her eyes, as if he were not buried in his Grave, but in her heart, or that it was wholly impossible for him to die as long as the lives: which excess of forrovvs fighs and tears of hers so withered the Roses and Lillies of her beauty, and so eclipsed the lustre of her sparkling eyes, that to the eyes and judgments of all those who saw or knew her, she became so pale and lean as she was no longer Felisanna, but only the poor sick Anatomy of Felisanna.

We have seen this wretched Gentleman Borlary, and this excerable Apothecary, Castenchio, commit this horrible murther upon the person of noble and generous Planeze, and we shall not go far, before we shall see the facred Justice, and just punishments of God to surprize and overtake them for the same; For God is now resolved to triumph o're those bloody milcreants, and although they have so closely acted and perpetrated this their lamentable murther, as there are no earthly eyes to detect, nor witness to give in evidence against them for the same : yet our good and gracious God, who is the true searcher of our hearts and reins, will to his glory and their confusion bring this to light, by an accident worthy of our deepest consideration, and of our most serious and religious observation: The manner

whereof is thus.

This wretched Apothecary Castruchio, having received his other hundred Duckatons of Borlary (as we have formerly understood) for ministring this bloody business, and being (as we know) of a most vicious and debauched life, he had already in his riots and prodigalities fpent and confumed all his Estate: And now this three hundred Dukatons which he received of Borlary for performing this bloody business, makes him by many degrees far worse than he was before; for (as by Gods facred & fecret providence) it was impossible to prosper with him, so his prophane vices and sins, and his beastly pleasures and prodigalities made it confume and melt away as Snow against the Sun in such fort, that it seemed to him, that he was a thief to himself, and that one of his hands and pockets hourly couzened and betrayed the other; and although for a time he bore this his vicious course of life very close and fecret from the eye and knowledg of the world, whereby his credit far exceeded his Estate. So after the committing of this foul murther, both his estate, credit, and all went to wrack & spoil, for he left nothing either unspent or unpawned, and which is yet worle, he fell into many arrerages, & debts which at last grew so clamorous (especially when his prodigal & beastly life of whoring, drunkenness and dicing, came to be divulged and spread to the world) that by three of his greatest Creditors he is arrested and clapt into Prison, and his Shop seized on by them, which they find as empty of drugs, as his Matters heart was of pity, and his foul of piety: And as it is the nature (or rather the mifery) of Prisons, that where one man vertuously improves his life and actions there, a hundred do vitiously ruin themselves, so

Caltruchio being one of this last number, he there watteth and confumeth all that he hath, or which he can possibly procure, and in a few weeks reduceth himself to so extream poverty and beggery, that he is clapt into the common Gaol among the poorest fort of Prisoners, who live by the alms & charity of well disposed people, his clothes being all tottered and torn, having no bed to lie on, nor hardly bread to fuffice nature, or to maintain life, being abandoned of all his friends & acquaintance, who will rather fee him starve and die than relieve him: Aud yet in all these extremities, & at the very lowest ebb of these his wants and miseries, he will yet neither look down into his Conscience, heart and soul with forrow, nor up to Heaven or to God with repentance for all his foul fins and vices, especially not for this his cruel and lamentable poyloning of Planeze, which are the true reasons and the efficient causes of these his miserable calamities and afflictions, yea his wants and miseries are so great and infinite here in Prison, that none whosoever will come thither to see him, much less to pity him, and least of all to relieve him. Only Dorilla (a filthy old Baud of his) more out of importunacy to her, than of her courtesie or charity to him, although she disdain to go her felf into prison to tee Castruchio, yet the is contented sometimes to fend him her Son Bernardo, a boy of some fixteen years of age to go his errands, so his necessity making his invention pregnant & clear-fighted, after he had tried all his friends & acquaintance with Notes & Letters, which return till empty filted, his memory at the last falls & pitcheth on Borlary who (for the bloody reason formerly mentioned) he thinks the only fit man of the world to redress his wants, and to relieve his weather-beaten fortunes, and to him he often sends Bernardo with many pitiful requests and intreaties for mony, but to write to him he dares not.

Borlary confidering that he hath far more causeand reason to love Castrucbio than to hate him, for that (by vertue of the premises) he sees his own life to lie at the mercyof his tongue, although he rather wish him in Heaven than in Prison, yet being extreamly covetous, & yet holding himself both in conscience and discretion bound to relieve him; he therefore sends him some small sums of money, but no way enough to buy him Clothes, or to maintain his former prodigalities, but rather hardly sufficient to maintain life in him, much less to cherish or pamper him. And so often doth Castruchio send the boy Bernardo to Borlary for mony, that at last being weary thereof, and resolute to part with no more mony (God here makes his covetousness partly the means to chalk out a way to his own consustion) and is resolved neither to speak nor to see Bernards, to that effect gives order to his servants: when little Bernards seeing that he wears out his time, and his shoos in vain, to hunt after Borlary, whom he knows will not be spoken with by him, he tells Castruchio that he provide himself of another Messenger towards Forlary, for he will go no more to him, because he sees it is wholly impessible for him to speak with him; and at this discourtesse of Borlary, Castruchio doth now bite his lip with discontent, and hang his head for anger, and from henceforth he begins to affume bad blood, and to conceive dangerous thoughts against him, but as yet the confideration of his own fafety or danger makes him patient and filent; But God will not have him to continue follong, for almost presently we shall see his patience burst forth into violence and impetuofity, and his filence break out into extream choler and indignation against him.

His old Baud Dorilla, (as an expert Hag of her finful profession) as often as she hears or knows, that Castruchio had any mony from Borlary, so often she would come to the Prison to him, and speedily carouse and contume it with him; but when by her Son Bernardo she sees his purse shut, that sountain exhausted, and that her boy could no more see Borlary but a woodden sace, I mean his door shut, then she (resembling her self) again for sakes Castruchio, and will neither see him nor come near his Prison, so that at last he not seeing Bernardo, nor once hearing from Borlary in three weeks, or well near a month together, and being ready to perish, starve and die under the heavy burthen and pressure of his wants, he earnestly sends for Dorilla to come to him, and causeth her to be informed, that if she will come to him and deliver a letter to a friend of his, he will speedily send him some store of mony, and then she shall have a share and part thereof, so when no other respect or consideration will, then this of money again brings this old filthy Beldam Dorilla to the Prison to Castruchio, who having provided her a Bottle of Wine, and sive Gazettaes to drink by the way (thereby the more carefully to affect his business, he exceedingly incensed with choler and revenge against Borlary for this ingratitude towards him) writes him this angry Letter, and deeply chargeth Dorilla with speed, care, and secresie to deliver it into Borlary his own hands and to no other,

which Letter of his spake this language.

CASTRUCHIO to BORLARY.

Thou know si that for three hundred Duckatons which thou gavest me, I poysoned Scignior Planeze in a Vomit, and wilt thou now be so hard and cruel-hearted against me to suffer me to die in Prison for want of so small a sun mas twenty Dackatons? I am made of the same siels and blood as thou art, and althingh my fortunes be low plunged, y t my heart is so high-scated and elevated, that I give thee to under stand that I will rather emsent to be hanged than staved. Wherefore because my Iragedy will infallibly prove thine, if thou mean to prevent the one, and to secure thy self from the other, fail not speedily to send me the said twenty Duckatons by this bearer Dotilla, whom I have entrusted with my Letter salt-scaled (and so mass thou with thine) but for the secret therein (which thou m test of) she is wholly ignorant of it: In performing me this courtese thou shalt not only tye my tongue and pen, but my heart and soulto silence, or else not. Amidst thy wealth remember my poverty, which if thou forget, God hath reserved me to make thee know, that thou does not use; but abuse it, and therein thy self.

CASTRUCHIO

Dorilla receiving this Letter from Castruchio, she puts it into her purse and promiseth him her best care and fidelity for the delivery thereof to Seignior Borlary, although she confesseth that The neither knew him nor his house: But see here the providence and mercy of God which clearly resplends and shines in the deportment and action of this beastly old Bawd, for she meeting with some of her Gamesters and Gossips in the threet (though contrary to the custom of Iraly) away they go to a Tavern, where they all swill their heads and brains with Wine, especially Dorilla. So the day being far spent, her business for Castruch o is ended ere begun; for she forgetting her self cannot remember his Letter, but as fast as her reeling legs will permit her, away she speeds towards her own house, which was some half a mile off in the City. But when she was in the streets and had a little taken the Air, then she calls Castruchio's Letter to mind, and her promise to him to deliver it, but to whom (through her cups) she hath quite forgotten; for the cannot once hit on the name Borlary. But at last remembring the Letter to be in her Putse and she by this time in the midst of the City, she takes it out in her hand, and seeing a fair, yet forrowful young Lady to stand at the street door of her house all in mourning Artire, and no body neer her, after the had done her duty to her, the reacheth her the Letter, and humbly requesteth her to tell her the Gentlemans name to whom it was directed, when God out of the Profundity of his Power and Immensity of his pleasure, having so ordained and ordered it, that this fair young Lady was our sweet Felisanna, (who for the death of her dear Husband Planeze, hath dighted her felf all in mourning attire and apparel, thereby the better to make it correspond with her heart:) Who reading the superscription thereof, and finding it directed to Seignior Borlary (by some motion or inspiration from Heaven) her heart could not refrain from fending all the blood of her body into her face, when demanding of this woman, From whom this Letter came : Dorilla (as drunken in her fidelity and innocency, as the was guilty of drunkenness) tells her, that the Letter came from an Apothecary who lay in Prison, named Castruchio: At the very repetition of which name, our Felisanna again blushed, and then paleth, as if God had some news to reveal her by this Letter, because she remembreth that this Castruchio, as we have formerly understood was the very same Apothecary who gave her Husband Planeze Physick a little before his death; Whereupon she praying Dorilla to come with her into her house, because she purposely and politiquely affirmed she could not read written-hand her self, but would pray her Father to do it; she leaves her in the outer Hall, and her self goes into the next room, where breaking up the Seals of this Letter, the at the very first fight had knowledg that her Husband was poylored, and by whom, and that God had now miraculously revealed it to her through the ignorance and drunkennels of this old woman, the for meer grief and forrow, is ready to fall to the ground in a swound, had not her Father and some of his servants, who over-hearing her passionate out-cries, come speedily to her assistance; which yet could not awake Dorilla, who had no sooner sate her self down in a chair in the Hall, but being tophe wy with Wine, the presently fell asseep. Miniata rousing up his fainting and sorrowful Daughter, brought her again to her felf; and seeing her in a bitter agony and passion of forrow, demands of her the cause thereof: When the brinish teas trickling down her vermilion cheeks, the croffing her arms, and fixing her eyes towards Heaven, had the will, but not the power to speak a word to him, but reacheth him the Letter to read; Miniati perufing it, is as much aftonished with grief, as his Daughter is afflicted with forrow

at this poyloning of her Husband and his Son-in-Law Planeze; fo inquiring of her who brought her this Letter, the after many fights and paules tells him, that it was the mercy and providence of the Lord, who fent it her by a drunken woman, who was forth in the Hall: They both go to her, and finding her falt fleeping and inoring, Miniata pulls her by the fleeve and wakes her. and then demands of her, before his Daughter and servants, Where, and from whom the had this Letter; who as drunken as this Bawd is, the is constant in her first speech, and confession to Felifann, that the had it from Castruchio an Apothecity who lay in Prison, but the had forgotten to whom the was to deliver it, and then prayes them both to deliver and give her back her Letter again. But Miniata feeing and knowing that it was the immediate finger of God which thus strangely had revealed this murther of his Son-in-Law Planeze, he calls in two Gentlewomen his next Neighbours to comfort his Daughier Felifanna, and to leaving Dorilla to the Cund of two of his fervants, he (with two other Gentlemen his Neighbours takes his Coach, and having Castruchio's Letter in his hand, he drives away to the State-house, where he fines out the Podestate and Presect of the City, and thewing them the Letter which revealed the poys ning and Poyloners of Planeze his Son-in-Law, they (in honour to Justice, and out of their respect to the sorrowful Lady his Daughter) take their Coaches, and return with Miniata home to his house: Where they first examine the Lady Felisanna, and then Dorilla, who is constant in her first Deposition. Whereas these grave and old personages, wondring and admiring, that a Gentleman of Borlary his rank and quality, thould make himfelf the guilty and bloody Author of fo feul a murther; they likewife (admiring and bleifing Gods providence in the detection thereof) do presently send away their Isbiers (or Sergeants) to apprehend Borlary; and so they go to their Forum (or feat of Justice) and speedily fend away for Castruchio, to be brought from the Prison before them: Who at the very first news of their accusation of him, and the producing of his Letter to Borlary, curfeth the person and name of this old Bawd, Do illa, who is the prime Author of his overthrow and death, and then confesseth himself to be the Actor, and Seignior Borlary to be the Author, cause, and instigator of this his poyloning of Planeze; but never puts his hand on his confcience and foul, that the strange detection of this lamentable murther came directly from Heaven, and from God.

The Sergeants (by order from the Podestate and Prefect) find Borlary in his own house ruffling in a new rich sute of Apparel, of black Sattin, trimmed with Gold-buttons, which he that day put on, and the next was determined to ride to the City of Bergano, to feek in marriage a very rich young widdow, whose Husband lately died, drowning himself (as it were) in pleasure and security, without so much as once thinking of his poyloning of Planeze, or how he was revealed to be the Author thereof by Castruchio his Letter, fent unto him by Dorilla; He is amazed and aftonished at this his apprehension, now beating his brest, and then repenting (when it was too late) that ever he imbrewed his hands in the innocent blood of Pla-So both himself and Castruchio are brought to the State-hou'e, where the Podestate and Prefect first examine them apart, and then confront them each with other. Where finding, that neither of them deny, but both of them do confess themselves guilty of this foul murther, they pronounce sensence of death against them, and condemn Borlary to have his head cut off, and then his body to be burnt, and Castruchio to be hanged, and his body to be thrown into the River of Addice, whereen he was first taken, the which, the next morning, was accordingly executed. All Verona's, as it were, but one tongue to talk and prattle of this foul and lamentable murther, and especially of Gods miraculous detection thereof by this drunken Bawd Dorills, who having heretofore often brought Caffrechio to whores willingly, now at last the brings him to the Gallows against her will. In the morning they are brought to their execution, where there flock and refort a world of Spectators from all parts of the City. And although the charity of their Judges fend them Priests and Friers to direct their souls for Heaven; yet this miserable wretch, Castruchio seeming no way repentant or sorrowful for this his foul Fact, uttered a short prayer to himself, and so caused the Top-man to turn him over, which he did, and within two hours after his body was thrown into the River. But for Borlary, he came to the Scaffold better resolved and prepared; for with grief in his looks, and tears in his eyes, he thereupon delivered this short and religious speech.

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telan: That he was infinitely for rowful for all these his enormous crimes, for the which he religiously asked forgiveness, first of God, and then of the Lady Felifanna, and likewise prayed all those who were there present, to pray unto God for his soul; that he was more careful of his reputation towards men, than of his salvation towards God; and that his neglect of Prayer, and of the participation of the bleffed Sacrament of the Eucharift, was the original cause of this his mifery. So again, commending himfelf to the prayers, and recommending his finful, yet forrowful foul into the hands of his Redeemer, the Sword of the Executioner at one blow made a perpetual divorce between his foul and his body, which pious and courreous speech of his, was as great a confolation to the vertuous, at his death; as that of Castruchio was a terrour to the vitious Spectators and Auditors: So to confirm the fentence, the dead hody of Borlary is presently burnt.

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Execuble Sin of Murther, HISTORY XIX. y flavor design and a manufacture (variance) to the state of the state

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Execuble Sin of Wurther, HISTORY XIX.

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GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XIX.

Beaumarays and his Brother Montagne, kill Champigny and Marin (his Second) in a Duel; Blancheville (the widdow of Champigny) in revenge thereof, bireth Le Valley (servant to Beaumarays) to murther his said Master with a Pistol, which he doth; for the which Le Valley is broken on the Wheel, and Blancheville hanged for the same.

Lon Earth, or look up to Heaven, when we stab at the majesty of God, in killing and murthering Man, his Image: a bloody crime, so repugnant to nature, as reason abhors it, a scarlet and crying sin, so opposite to Grace, as God and his Angels detest it. And yet if ever Europe were stained or submerged with it, now it is; for as a swift current, or rather as a surious torrent, it now slows, and overslows in most Kingdoms, Countries and Cities thereof, insomuch as (in despisht of divine and human Laws) it is now (almost) generally grown to a wretched custom, and that almost to a second nature. A satal example whereof, this ensuing History will report and relate us. Wherein God's Justice hath so sharply and severely punished the perpetrators the reof, that if we either acknowledg God for our Father, or our selves for his children and servants, it will teach us to be less revengeful, and more charitable by their unfortunate ends, and deplorable judgments.

I will now relate a fad and bloody History, which betided in the fair City of Chartres (the Capital of the fertil Country of Beausse) so famous for her sumptuous Cathedral Church, dedicated to the blessed Virgin Mary, as also for that Henry the sourth (that great King, and unparalleld Captain of France) during the combustions of the League, was (despight of the League) crowned therein. In which fair and pleasant City, as there still dwell some Noble-

men and many Gentlemen, in respect of the sweet air, and goodly Champaign Countrey thereabouts (second for that to no other in Frances) So of late years there resided two rich and brave young Gentlemen, well descended, being both of them heirs to their two deceased Fathers. The one of them named Monfieur de Campigny, and the other Monfieur de Beauma. rays, and their Demains and Lands lay within seven Leagues of this City, in the way towards Vendosme. Now the better to see them in their true and natural Characters; They were both of them tall and flender, and of fair and fanguine complexions, and very near ar an age: For Champigny was twenty fix years old, and Beaumarays twenty four, and yet the last had a beard, and the hist none; and of the two, Champigny was by far the richer, but Beaumarays the nobler descended. Now to lay this History upon its proper jeat, and natural foundation, we must understand that there was a very rich Counsellor of the Presidial-Court of Chartres, named Monfieur de Rofaire, whose wife being dead, left him no other child. but one fair young Daughter, of the age of some eighteen years, named Madaymoyselle de Blancheville, very tall and flender of stature, and of a wan and pale complexion, and a coal black hair and eye-brows, and of deportment and gesture infinitely proud, coy, and imperious, to whom at one time both these our two Gentlemen, Champigny and Beauma ays were importunate Sutors, and passionate Rivals to marry her, insomuch as the one of them could difficultly be ablent from the Fathers house, and Daughters company, but the other was prefent, which ingendred some malice, but more emulation between them. But in the end (after a whole years re-search and more) as the Willow was destined and reierved for Beaumarays, so was the Laurel for Champigny; for, to his joy, Blancheville's defire, and her Fathers content he marries her. Whereat Beaumarays, knowing his birth to be more noble and his breeding far more generous than that of Champigny) though not in outward shew, yet in inward fense) was extreamly discontented and forrowful, but to remedy it he could not.

In fuch, and the like refuling accidents, diferetion is ever far better than pallion, and contempt than care. But Beaumarays cannot, or at least will not, be of this temper. He forfakes reason to flie to choler, and so loseth his real and solid judgment, in the Labyrinth of her imaginary beauty. For, being at supper in company of some five or fix Gentlemen, where mention was made of Blancheville, he transported with malice and revenge toward her, forgat himself fo far, as (between jest and earnest) to let fall these indiscreet and rash words. That she was more disdainful than chaste: a speech which he shall have time enough both to remember and repent. The honour of Ladies and Gentlewomen ought still to be dear and precious to all Gentlemen of Honour, because their loss thereof can seldom be repaired, but never fo well or fo fully recovered, but that there fill remains fome stain or blemish thereof. This undeferved scandal of Beaumarays to his Quondam-Miltriss, Blancheville, falls not to the ground, for the iniquity of our times, and the depravation of our manners are fuch, as there are few companies without a Fool or a Traitor to their friends, and some are accompanied with both. Monsieur Marin, a Gentleman of Chartres (more vain than honest) will make himself one of this last number: for he being ambitiously desirous to skrew himself into the favour and familiarity of Blancheville (whom from her infancy he affected and loved) reports and tells her this speech of Beaumarays, whereat she is exceedingly incenfed and exasperated: But for that time (as a true woman) she dissembles her malice and revenge towards him, and so rakes up the memory thereof in the embers of silence; but yet with this condition and refervation, that hereafter she will take time to make it slame forth (towards him) with more violence and impetuolity.

In the mean time, there falls out an unexpected and untimely difference between her Husband and Beaumarays, whereat she is so far from grieving, as she rejoyceth: Beaumarays quarrelateth with him for his priority and precedency of seats in the Church (as being both of one Parish) as also for that he takes the holy Bread first, and goes before him in all Processions, as pretending it due to him by his right of extraction and propriety. Champigny is of too high a grain to yield that to him which he never yielded, and is therefore resolute to justifie his equality of birth and consequently not to wrong his Ancestours in himself. When seeing Beaumarays passionately bent to maintain and preserve that which he had undertaken, he slies to Justice, and so presently puts him in suit of Law for the same in the Presidial Court of that City. Blancheville (whose pride in her self exceeded her birth, and whose malice and revenge towards, Beaumarays, at the least surmounted her discretion and reason) brings no water to quench, but only to instance this quarrel betwixt him and her husband, when seeing them already entred into a deep process of Law; she disclaiming to see her self thus abused, and her husband thus wronged by him, can reap no truce of her thoughts, nor they any peace of her choler, before she have written him these lines.

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BLANCHEVILLE to BEAUMARAYS.

As it not enough for thee to have heretofore wronged mine honour in thy sa se and scandalous of peeches to Monsieui Marin, and others, but thou must now attempt to disgrace my Husband in the Church? And because these crimes of thine are so unjust and odicus, as they deserve acknowledgment and satisfaction from a far better Gentleman than thy self; therefore I speedil, expect the performance thereof from thee, either by thy Letter or Presence, which if thou deny us, we will make thee know, what it is, to abuse thy self and us, in points of these high natures; whereof the sinft cannot, the second will not admit of any other excuse or expiation. But to write thee now the truth of my mind; as thou hast heretofore vented me the malice of thy heart, I have not as yet acquainted my Husband herewith, or with this my Letter. Consider therefore seriously with thy self, what thou hast to do herein, for the vindication of my honour, and thine own discretion, and as soon as I receive thine answer and resolution, I will not full speedily to return thee mine.

BLANCHEVILLE.

Having written this her Letter, she is irrefolute with her self, by whom to send it him; but at last the sends it by her Chamber-maid Martha, to whom only the intrusteth this great secret, and chargeth her to deliver it to Beanmarays his own hands, and to crave his answer thereof. Mariha being a witty fair maid, of some two and twenty years of age, goes to Beaumarays house, and speaks with a young man of his, named Le Valley, who tells her, that his master is now butie with two Gentlemen in his Study, and that she shall immediatly speak with him as foon as they depart. In the interim, his eyes cannot refrain from amoroufly gazing and rangeing upon the excellency of her bluthing beauty, and upon her sweet Vermilion cheeks, great rolling eyes, and flaxen hair, wherewith his heart at the very first encounter, is surprized and ravished. Here Le Valley kisseth and rekisseth Mariba; and entertains her with much prattle, and many pleasant love-speeches, yea, then and there loves her so dearly, as he vows she shall remain his mistres, and he her servant till death. So some half an hour after, the two Gentlemen take leave of his master, and then Le Valley brings Martha to him, who orderly delivers him her mistresses Letter and message : so he wondring at the last, receives the first, leaves her in the Hall with his man Le Valley, and so steps to his Study, and with much admiration, and more laughter, peruseth this Letter. Here he accuse the his own ndiscretion, in speaking against Blancheville's chassity, and exceedingly condemneth Marins treachery in revealing it to her. Once he was of opinion to have returned her his answer by Letter, but at last scorning her and that resolution, he then contrariwise resolves to answer her with silence, and so steps forth to Martha, and with a difdainful frowning look, bids her tell her mistress from him, that her malicious, proud, and foolish Letter shall have no other answer from him, but contempt and silence. Martha yet holds it her duty to pray him for his answer in writing to her mistress, but Reaumarays his first resolution is his last; so she departeth from him infinitely discontented. But the mafter is not fo unkind to Martha, as his man Le Valley is courteous; for he being deeply enamoured of her beauty, brings her the one half of her way home, and goes into a Mercers thop, buys her a fair pair of Gloves; and as the pledg of his future affection, bestows them on her, the which (without farther excuse or ceremony) she thankfully accepteth, and promiseth him to wear them for his sake, Martha returning home to her Lady and Mistress, she delivers her Beaumarays his answer, verbatim as he told it her, but no Letter. Blancheville seeing her felf thus wronged and flighted of him, in that he disdaineth to give her any satisfaction, and which is worke, that he peremptorily refuseth and scorneth to answer her Letter; She is so strangely transported with malice and tholer towards him for the same, as she vows to cry quittance, and to be revenged of him; but as yet she knows not in what manner to perform and perpetrate it; only the again refolves, not as yet to acquaint her Husband therewith, but to attend and watch for some defired opportunity.

Two years are almost past away, wherein Beaumarays and Champingny (to their great cost and charge) do vehemently contest in Law about their Church quarrel for precedency, but they do it far more out of malice towards themselves, then any way out of piety towards God. And as most of the great Judicial Courts of France are too too frequently oppressed with Law sures of this nature; so I may affirm with as much truth as pity, that this is a satal rock, whereon many hot contentious French spirits do most inconsiderately suffer ship-wrack. At the end of which time (as the loss of one party proves still the gain of the other) the Presidial Court of Chartres pronounceth sentence in savour of Beaumarays, adjudging

him the precedency in the Church, and condemning Champigny in five hundred Crowns, charge and dammage, to Beaumarays. This thundering sentence so prejudicial and contrary to Champigny his proud wive's hopes and expectation, drives him into extreme choler, and her out of all patience towards Beaumarays. He bites his lip with grief, and his wife is enflamed with rage at the report and knowledg hereof: And although he were once minded to appeal from this fentence of the Presidial Court of Chartres, to the Court of Parliament at Para, yet being powesfully diverted by his best friends, he as soon abandoneth as embraceth that resolution: He cannot see Beaumarays but with envy, nor his wife hear speak of him, but with infinite malice and detestation. She is all bent on revenge towards him, and with her speeches and actions, both day and night precipitates her Husband onwards to it. And now her old grudge and malice against him begins aftesh to revive and flourish, and now she thinks it a very fit time and opportunity, to acquaint her Husband with Beaumarays his base and scandalous speeches against her honour, the which with much passion, and many tears she effects, and also shews him the Copy of her Letter, which she sent him by her maid Martha, whereunto she informs him, he disdainfully returned her no answer, but contempt and silence. Champigny is so deeply incensed hereat against Beaumarays, as his wife needs not many words or circumstances to induce and perswade him to revenge it on him: When presently he being as incapable of delay, as of berter advice and counsel, he finds out Marin, who (more in love to Blancheville, than in hatred to Beaumarays) confirms as much to him, as he would have him affirm. Now, as Blancheville thinks that her Husband Champigny will question Beaumarays by the Law of Justice, for this his crime towards her: He (as a valiant and generous Gentleman) flies a higher pitch, and afsumes a contrary resolution, to do it by that of his sword. When having prayed and procured Maria to be his Second, and they both agreeing to fight on horse-back, he (consulting with nature, not with grace) the very next morning by Seron his foot-man, fends Beaumarays this Challenge.

CHAMPIGNY to BEAUMARAYS.

A Sthy knowledg is Judg. So Monsteur Mariti is Witnest, what base and ignoble speeches thou hast falsty v mitted forth against the honour and chastity of my wife. And because crimes of this nature are still edious to men, and execrable to God, and no way to be rolerated by a friend, much less to be digested and suffered by a Husband: Therefore thank thy self, if (for reparation hereof) thy folly now call on my valour, to invite thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine, with your Swords on korse-back, on I wesday next, betwixt six and seven in the morning, without the North-hedg of the very first Vineyard beyond the River, where you shall find we will attend you, and comparing the equity of my cause, to the injustice and insidelity of thine, it makes me fully consident, that the issue of this Ducl will prove glorious for me, and shameful and ruinous for thy self.

CHAMPIGNY.

Seron (-according to his charge and duty) finds out Beaumarays in his own house, and very fecretly gives him his Master's Letter; who much musing thereat, steps to the window, and there privately reads it to himself: When blushing and smiling to see the bold folly of Champigny, the solith molice of his wife Blancheville, and the base treachery of Marin towards him; he is so couragious and generous, as he disdains to be out-braved by any man whatsoever in the point of honour, (which he esteems far dearer and precious than his life;) especially by Champigny, who he holds to be much his inferiour in valour and blood. He therefore trips to his Study, and writes Champigny this Letter, the which he returns by his soot-man in answer of his.

BEAUMARAYS to CHAMPIGNY.

AS I will not make my felf Judg, so I desire not to be Witness either of thy wifes chastity or unestity. It is sufficient for me to leave her to her felf, and her self to thee. Marin shall have time
to repent his treachery towards me, and thou to exchange thy jealousie into Judgment. But beI see thy choler now exceeds all the bounds of reason, for that thou art so inconsideratly and rashacious, to seek and preserve the wifes honour with the loss and ruin of wine; know therefore, that
is had maintain it equally with my life, I cheerfully accept thy challenge, and do hereby give
ounder stand, that I mis h my second, will at the time and place appointed, meet thee and thine on
selves, where we doubt not but to acquit our selves, as our selves, and to make thee and thine acknowledge, that our mords are composed of a good temper, and our hearts of a better; and consequently,
that you may, perchance, met with your superiours, as well in valur as in blood and extraction.

BLANCHEVILLE to BEAUMARAYS.

As it not enough for thee to have heretofore wronged mine honour in thy fa' fe and scandalous of peeches to Monsticus Masin, and others, but thou must now attempt to disgrace my Husband in the Church? And because these crimes of thine are so unjust and odicus, as they deserve acknowledgment and satisfaction from a far better Gentleman than thy seif; therefore I speedily expect the performance thereof from thee, either by thy Letter or Presence, which if thou deny us, we will make thee know, what it is, to abuse thy self and us, in points of these high natures; whereof the sinstead cannot, the second will not admit of any other excuse or expiation. But to write thee now the truth of my mind; as thou hast heretofore vented me the malice of thy heart, I have not as yet acquainted my Husband herewith, or with this my Letter. Consider therefore seriously with thy self, what thou hast to do herein, for the vindication of my honour, and thine own discretion, and as soon as I receive thine answer and resolution, I will not fail speedily to return thee mine.

BLANCHEVILLE.

Having written this her Letter, she is irrefolute with her self, by whom to send it him; but at last the sends it by her Chamber-maid Martha, to whom only the intrusteth this great secret, and chargeth her to deliver it to Beanmarays his own hands, and to crave his answer thereof. Mariha being a witty fair maid, of some two and twenty years of age, goes to Beaumarays house, and speaks with a young man of his, named Le Valley, who tells her, that his master is now butie with two Gentlemen in his Study, and that she shall immediatly speak with him as foon as they depart. In the interim, his eyes cannot refrain from amoroufly gazing and rangeing upon the excellency of her blushing beauty, and upon her sweet Vermilion cheeks, great rolling eyes, and flaxen hair, wherewith his heart at the very first encounter, is surprized and ravished. Here Le Valley kisseth and rekisseth Marcha; and entertains her with much prattle, and many pleasant love-speeches, yea, then and there loves her so dearly, as he vows she shall remain his mistress, and he her servant till death. So some half an hour after, the two Gentlemen take leave of his master, and then Le Valley brings Martha to him, who orderly delivers him her mistresses Letter and message : so he wondring at the last, receives the first, leaves her in the Hall with his man Le Valley, and so steps to his Study, and with much admiration, and more laughter, peruseth this Letter. Here he accuseth his own ndiscretion, in speaking against Blancheville's chastity, and exceedingly condemneth Marins treachery in revealing it to her. Once he was of opinion to have returned her his answer by Letter, but at last scorning her and that resolution, he then contrariwise resolves to answer her with silence, and so steps forth to Martha, and with a difdainful frowning look, bids her tell her mistress from him, that her malicious, proud, and foolish Letter shall have no other answer from him, but contempt and silence. Martha yet holds it her duty to pray him for his answer in writing to her mistress, but Reaumarays his first resolution is his last; so she departeth from him infinitely discontented. But the mafter is not fo unkind to Martha, as his man Le Valley is courteous; for he being deeply enamoured of her beauty, brings her the one half of her way home, and goes into a Mercers shop, buys her a fair pair of Gloves; and as the pledg of his future affection, bestows them on her, the which (without farther excuse or ceremony) she thankfully accepteth, and promiseth him to wear them for his sake. Martha returning home to her Lady and Mistress, she delivers her Beaumarays his answer, verbarim as he told it her, but no Letter. Blancheville seeing her felf thus wronged and flighted of him, in that he disdaineth to give her any satisfaction, and which is worse, that he peremptorily refuseth and scorneth to answer her Letter; She is so strangely transported with malice and choler towards him for the same, as she vows to cry quittance, and to be revenged of him; but as yet the knows not in what manner to perform and perpetrate it; only the again refolves, not as yet to acquaint her Husband therewith, but to attend and watch for some desired opportunity.

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him the precedency in the Church, and condemning Champiany in five hundred Crowns, charge and dammage, to Beaumarays. This thundering sentence so prejudicial and contrary to Champigny his proud wive's hopes and expectation, drives him into extreme choler, and her out of all patience towards Beaumarayi. He bites his lip with grief, and his wife is enflamed with rage at the report and knowledg hereof: And although he were once minded to appeal from this fentence of the Presidial Court of Chartres, to the Court of Parliament at Para, yet being powerfully diverted by his best friends, he as soon abandoneth as embraceth that resolution: He cannot see Beaumarays but with envy, nor his wife hear speak of him, but with infinite malice and detestation. She is all bent on revenge towards him, and with her speeches and actions, both day and night precipitates her Husband onwards to it. And now her old grudge and malice against him begins afresh to revive and flourish, and now she thinks it a very fit time and opportunity, to acquaint her Husband with Beaumarays his base and scandalous speeches against her honour, the which with much passion, and many tears she effects, and also shews him the Copy of her Letter, which she sent him by her maid Martha, whereunto she informs him, he disdainfully returned her no answer, but contempt and silence. Champigny is so deeply incensed hereat against Beaumarays, as his wife needs not many words or circumstances to induce and perswade him to revenge it on him: When presently he being as incapable of delay, as of berter advice and counsel, he finds out Marin, who (more in love to Blancheville, than in hatred to Beaumarays) confirms as much to him, as he would have him affirm. Now, as Blancheville thinks that her Husband Champigny will question Beaumarays by the Law of Justice, for this his crime towards her: He (as a valiant and generous Gentleman) flies a higher pitch, and afsumes a contrary resolution, to do it by that of his sword. When having prayed and procured Maria to be his Second, and they both agreeing to fight on horse-back, he (consulting with nature, not with grace) the very next morning by Serou his foot-man, fends Beaumarays this Challenge.

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Book IV.

He hath no fooner ended this his Letter, but he presently begins to think of his second, when calling to mind, that his own younger Brother Le Montagne, (a young Gentleman of some twenty years of age) is brave and valiant, and that he hath already fought two Duels, and in both of them come off with honour, he sends for him to his closet, and there shews him Champigny his challenge, and his answer thereunto, and demands of him if he have any stomack to second him at this feast, his Brother Montagne highly applauds his generous resolution for accepting this challenge, thanks him for the honour and savour he now doth him, in making him his second; vows, that if he had many lives as he hath but one, he is ready to secrifice them all at his feet and service; and couragiously tells him, he should have taken it for a sensible affront, disgrace, and injury, if he had made choice of any other then himself: So they both prepare their horses, Swords, and courages against the approaching time, and no less doth Champig y and Marin.

Beaumarays and his Brother Montagne conceal this business from all the world; and Champigmy bears it so close and secret, as he makes not his ambitious and malicious wife acquainted therewith, but in favour of his love to her beauty, and reputation to himfelf, fmothers it up in filence. Tuesday morning being come, our four impatient champions are in the field at their Rendezvous; first arrived Champigny and Marin, and presently after them, Beaumarays and his brother Mintagne, all of them being bravely mounted upon neighing and trampling courfers . At their entrance, Marin comes with a loft trot toward Besuma ays, thinking to apologize himfelf to him; But Beaumarays is so brave and generous, as he is deaf to his speeches, and will not hear him, but tells him, that it is Swords, not Tongues, which must now decide their difference, and prove him innocent or guilty: So Marin missing of his aim, he returns again upon the same trot to Champigny, and now, according to the order and nature of Duels, it is ordered between these four desperate Gentlemen, that their principals shall search the seconds, and the seconds the principals, to see whether their doublets were any more then Sword proof, but they might well have faved themselves that labour, for they are all of them too noble and valiant, any way to taint their reputations and honours with the least shadow or tincture of cowardize; fo they cast off their doublets, divide themselves, and then draw, and the first that must and will try their fortunes, are Champigny and Beaumarays (who being some fourscore paces off) they give spurs and rains to their horses, and part as swift as the wind, or rather so surrously and suddenly, as two claps of thunder, or slashes of lightening: At their first encounter, Beaumarays runs Champigny through his thirt-band, into the right fide of his neck, and Champigny him into his left moulder, whereat reciprocally inflamed as Lyons, they make short turns with their horses, and so fall to it amain with their Swords, when again Beaumarays gives Champigny two other wounds, and he returns him one in counterexchange, whereof neither of them being mortal, they again divide themselves to breathe, which having done, and both of them as yet unfatisfied, they met the second time: at which cloze, Champigny misseth Beaumarays, and burts his horse in the neck, but Beaumarays gives Champigny a lick with his sword ore his forehead, (which bled exceedingly) but yet they are too couragious to desil, asscorning, rather than caring for the number of their wounds. They to it again the third time, which proves as firtunate for Besumara, s, as fatal to Champigny; for as his horse stumbleth on his fore feet, Beaumarays in his bending, runs him thorow the body, a little above his left Pap, where his Sword meeting and cutting the strings of his heart, he presently, in a fainting and faltering language, spake these his last words; Beaumarays, I forgive thee my death, and God be merciful unto my Soul, and with the same, fell stark dead from his horse to the ground; When Beaumarays, as a noble Gentleman, leapt presently from his horse to his affistance, and so did his own second, Marin, but their charity and care to him was in vain, for already life had forfaken his body, and consequently, his soul was fled to his place: So he lies there gored in his blood, and whiles Maein was covering of his breathless body with his Cloak, Beaumar ays sheaths up his Sword, and with hands and eyes elevated to Heaven, rendreth thanks to God for this his victo-

No sooner hath Montagne congratulated with his Brother Beaumarays for his good fortune, but with a heart and courage worthy of himself, he calls out to his Rival Marin, and bids him prepare to fight; When his Brother Beaumarays notwithstanding his loss of much blood, doth infinitely desire to spare his Brother Montagne from fighting with Marin. and so to perform it himself. But Montagne is too couragious and generous either to understand this motion, or to relish this language from his Brother, and so in hot words and high terms he peremptorily tells him: That he came to fight with Marin, and fight he would: whereupon his Brother Beaumarays gives him his prayers, commits him to his good fortune, and so with his Cloak musseled about him sits down a Spectator to their combat: When Mon-

tagne remounting his Steed, he calls out again to Marin and bids him to prepare to fight. Marin no way appalled or daunted with the unfortunate disaster of his principal, but rather the more exasperated and incouraged thereat, he as a valiant Gentleman vows to sell and requite his death dearly on the life of his adversary Montagne : to which end they divide themselvs and draw, and so part each towards other, I know not whether with more swiftness or courage; At their first encounter Marin runs Montagne into the small of the belly of a flight wound, and in exchange he cuts Marin a great flash on his left cheek, which hangs down and bleeds exceedingly; When presently closing again, Montagne runs Marin into the right thigh, and he him in requital into the right arm, and then they divide themselvs to take breath, and for all these their wounds being as yet incapable to appeale or satisfie their courages, they presently determine again to fall to it with bravery and resolution; When behold the Marquels of Bellary (the Titular King of Ivetot) with two Lords his fons, and their train paffeth that way from Chartres to go to Paris, and feeing two Gentlemen on Horseback in their shirts with their Swords drawn, he judgeth it a Duel, when he and his two Sons gallop into the little meddow joyning to the Vineyard to prevent and part them, but they came too late; for Montagne and Marin feeing them swiftly galloping towards them, they to prevent them) with more hast than good speed, set Spurs to their horses the sooner, at this their lecond meeting Montagne warding Marin's sword, and putting it by, doth at the very same instant run him thorow the body a little below his Navel, of which mortal wound he fell presently from his Horse dead to the ground, uttering only these words: O Montagne, thou hast slain me: Thou hast slain me, God receive my Soul: and then and there without speaking a word more immediately died.

No sooner hath Montagne wiped and sheathed up his Sword, but his joyful Brother Beaumarays gallops up to him, and cheerfully congratulates with him for the same : When instantly the Marquess of Bellary, & the two Lords his Sons, arrive to them though a little too late; They are altonished to see two proper Gentlemen lie there slain in the field, and reeking in their hot blood; when turning to Beaumarays and his Brother Montagne, whom they knew, they congratulate with them for their victories, and the Marquels, as briefly as his time & their wounds will permit, enquires of them the cause of their quarrel, and the manner and particulars of their combat, whereof being fully informed and fatisfied by them, he fends the dead bodies of Champigny and Marin to Chartres in his Coach; And understanding by Beaumarays and his Brother Montagne, that for the preservation of their safeties and lives, they were refolved to leave Chartres and Beausse, and so thwarting o're Normandy by Evereux and Lesieux, to imbark themselves for Caen, and thence to pass the Seas into England, till their friends in their absence had procured their grace and pardons from the King, as also that they were destitute both of Chirurgions to dress their wounds, and of a guide to conduct them thither; He very nobly gave them his own Chirurgion and guide, and promifing them likewise to labour with the King to the utmost of his power, for their peace, he passeth on his Journey, and commits them to their best fortune. A singular, yea, an honourable courtelie of this brave old Marquels of Bellary, whose deserts and fame I should much wrong, if

I gave not the relation and memory of his name a place in this History.

Whiles thus the Marquess of Bellary is travelling towards Paris, and Beaumarays and his brother Montagne posting for Caen, come we briefly to Chartres, which now resounds and rattles with the report and iffue of this combate, where Gentlemen and Citizens, and all(according to their passions and affections) speak differently thereof, some condemn the vanity of Beaumarays, others the folly and treachery of Marin, but all do highly extoll the courage and generofity of Champigny and Mintagne. But leave we them to their censures, and come we again to speak of Blancheville, who takes the news of this untimely death of her Husband so tenderly and forrowfully, that she is ready to drown her self in tears; It is not only a grief to her heart to see, but a terrour to her conscience, to know, that her Husband Champigny, and her friend Marin, have both of them lost their lives for her lake, and when again the falls on the confideration and remembrance, that the first died by the hand and sword of Beaumarays, her mortal enemy, and the second by that of his Brother Montagne, then she is again ready to burst her heart and brest with sighing thereat. She is so uncapable of Counfel, as the will hear of no confolation, nor speak of any thing but of her malice and revenge towards Beaumarays; and to write the truth, this implacable wrath and revenge of hers to him, takes up all her thoughts and speeches, her contemplations and actions, and both her time and her felf. To which end the converts most of her Corn and Wine into money, goes to Paris, casts her self at the King's feet, and to the feet of that great and illustrious Court of Parliament for Justice, against Beaumarays, the murtherer of her Husband, the which again and again, the aloud refounds and ecchoes forth to their ears; yea, her rage is lo great, and her malice so outragious towards him, that notwithstanding his

body is absent, yet she spends five hundred Crowns in Law to have him according to the Law and Custom of France to be hanged up in effigie: But although her suit be just, yet by reason of his great friends in Court) the tees her self so unfortunate, that she cannot obtain it. Whereupon, after twelve months vain stay in Paris, and a profuse expence of money, she (with much grief and sorrow) secretly vows to her self, that if ever he return again to Chartres, or which is more, into France, that she her self will be both his Judg and Executioner, by revenging her Husbands death in his, and from this hellish resolution of hers, she

deeply iwears, that neither Earth nor Heaven shall divert her.

Now, to follow the natural fream and tide of this History: We must again bring Beaumarays and his Brother Montagne on the Stage thereof: For the Reader must understand, that their wounds being dreffed and tecured, having bestowed both their horses on the Chirurgion and guide, the two servants of the aforesaid Marquels of Bellary, and likewise written him a thankful Letter for his honourable courtelie extended to them, and therewith likewife prayed him to folicite the King for their Grace and pardon in their ab'ence, they privately (without any followers) embark themselves upon an English Vessel at Caen, and so with a prosperous gale arrive at Rie, and from thence take horse for London, where they settle up their abode and refidence, from whence Beaumarays fends to Chartres for two of his foot-men, and his Brother Montagne for one of his, which come over to London to them some fix weeks after, and bring their Matters word how earnestly and violently their adversaries follow the rigour and severity of the Law against them in Paris, but especially against Beaumarays; they receive these advertisements from their servants and friends, rather with grief than contempt, and therefore to prevent their malice, and their own difgrace and danger, they often write from London to Paris, to the Marquesse of Bellary, and like wise to the Bishop of Chartres (their dear friend and Kiniman) to haften their pardons from the King: So that Noble Lord, and this Reverend Prelate, pitying their danger and absence as much as they wish their satety and return, take time at advantage, and the King in a well disposed humor, and so do most effectually and powerfully acquaint his Majesty, how these two absent Gentlemen and Brothers, Beaumarays and Montagne, were without just cause or reason, provoked to this unfortunate combat by their adversaries, that they were the Challenged, not the Challengers: that heretofore they had never committed any act unworthy either of their honour, or of themselves: That they had formerly received many wounds in his Majesties Wars; and that their valour and courage was such, that in these times, which threatned more trouble then promised peace, they would undoubtedly prove happy and necessary members for his service, with many other prevailing motives and reasons conducing that way, which at last so weigh down the heart and mind of the King, that he freely conceded and gave them their pardons under his great Seal, the which to make the more authentical, they caused them to be enregistred and confirmed by the Court of Parliament of Paris, and thereupon both the Marquess and Bishop joyntly and speedily write to them thereof from Paris. And after some sew months of their stay in London, they send them over these their Pardons, which are delivered to them by the Earl of Tillieres, then ordinary Embassadour there for this present French King, Lewis XIII, the which they receive with infinite honour, content, and joy.

This good news of theirs makes them now like the air of France, better than that of England. So they speedily pack up their baggage, leave London, and with all celerity poste away to Dover, Calia, and Paris. Where being arrived, the first thing they do, they find out the Marquels of Bellary, and the Bishop of Chartres, to whom they owe their peace, as they do their lives to the King: to whom they express a thousand demonstrations of unthankfulness for this their honour and favour shewed them. They likewise burn with defire to testifie so much to the King, when the Marquels, seconded by the Bishop, presents them to his Majesty, who falling to his feet, he gives them his Royal hand to kiss. They can better express their thankfulness in deeds than words to him, and in language of their swords, than in that of their tongues: Only they tell his Majesty, that having received their lives of his meer clemency and Royal favour, they most humbly therefore implore him to grant them the favour and honour, that they may spend and end them in his service. He allows of their zeal and humility, and to redouble his favour, he gives them again his hand to kiss adding farther to them, that it is rather likely than impossible, that he shall shortly have occasion to use

their Swords and service, and so dismisseth them.

These our two Brothers remain a month in Paris, wherein almost daily they render their thankful respects and service to the Marquess and Bishop, at the end whereof leaving their duties, and receiving their commands, they take horse and return home for Chartres, (from which by reason of their disaster they have been so long absent) where all their Kins-

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folks and friends welcome them home with infinite delight and joy, yea, almost all Chartres and the Gentlemen thereabouts, exceedingly rejoice of their tortunate and fafe returns. Only the Parents of Murin do envy Montagne deeply, and Blanchwille the forrowful and incenfed Widdow of Champigny hates Beaumarays deadly. As for Mintagne, the makes fuch good means and friends, that in less than two months he obtains a perfect reconciliation of the first; but although Beaumzrays have made many fair overtures and proffers of atonement by his friends to the fecond, yet in fix months he fees it wholly impossible for him to procure it of her, and which is worse, she is still outragions and revengeful towards him, that he thinks he never shall; for she disdains to see him, and scorns to hear of him: and still her malice and indignation against him, makes her constant in her former hellish and bloody resolution, that by one means or other she will e're long murther him, as he hath her Husband: A fearful and most execrable resolution, every way unworthy the heart of a Gentlewoman, and far more the foul of a Christian.

In the former part of this Hiltory we have understood the affection of Le Valley (Beaumarays his man) to Martha, Blancheville's Chamber-maid. In the middle thereof we have remarked and feen the implacable intended malice and revenge of Blancheville towards Beaumarays. And we shall not go far before the end hereof will inform us what mournful fruits,

and deplorable effects, these different accidents and persons will procure us.

As there is no love to that of a man, so I am of opinion, that there is no malice comparable to that of a woman, & if the truth deceive not my judgment herein, I believe we shal shortly see the Antithesis of this Position made good and verified in the persons of Le Valley, and Blancheville. For whiles Le Valley is lovingly thinking and inventing all possible means how he may marry Martha; so is Blancheville maliciously pondering and ruminating with her felt how or by what means or agents the may murther Besumarays. Thus we fee that the heart of the first it is full of kindness and courtefic, as the mind and resolutions of the second is of cruelty and blood. Now the Reader for his better information, will I hope remember, that in all this time of two years and upwards, fince Le Valley first saw and spake with his sweet-heart Martha, in his master's house, that there hath past many love tokens between them, but as yet he could never draw her consent to marry him, for still she tells him that she loves her mistress so dearly, that she will not depart from her service, nor wed any man, without her free consent, and therefore that they have far more reason to doubt than to hope of this match between them, confidering the lamentable accident and disaster which hath past between their Masters. Le Valley seeing he must first win the mistress, before he can wed the maid, with his sweet-hearts advice, resolves to seek Blancheville's consent thereto, the which he doth in fair and orderly terms. Blancheville who, had formerly heard an inckling how dearly Le Valley affected her maid Martha in the way of marriage, now by this motion thereof to her self, she is fully confirmed thereof. When observing more passion than judgment, as well in his affection to her maid, as in his speeches to her self; she presently (being industrious in her malice, and vigilant in her revenge towards Beaumarays) forgets God and all Goodness; abandoneth all Chriflianity and humanity, and so the Devil brings hera plot, or else her own heart and head setcht it from Hell, She thinks that this poor servant Le Valley, is a fit agent and instrument for her, either to poyson or pistol his Master Beaumarays to death, and that his love to her maid Mirtha, and his confideration of her fresh youth and beauty, is a fufficient bait, and powerful lure to make him undertake and perform it, and hereon she fettles up her bloody resolution. To which end Blancheville having already sufficiently woven this treachery in her heart, and closely and finely spun it in her brains, she politickly gives Le Valley more hope than despair, that he shall shortly marry her maid Mareha; only the tells him the must confer with her, to see how the stands affected to him, and that if he repair to her again at the end of the week, the will then affuredly give him such an answer, as she doubts not but will content and please him, or else the fault shall be his: But to conclude her speech, she chargeth him not to speak or utter a word hereof to his master Beaumarays, all which Le Valley faithfully promiseth her to perform. He goes from the miltress to the mild, and reports what she hath told and spoken, so these young folks flatter themselves, that they very shortly shall be man and wife. Blancheville (whose heart and mind runs wholly upon a bloody revenge towards Beaumarays) no sooner understands that Le Valley is gone forth her doors, but the fends for her maid Martha into her Chamber, where no way acquainting her with her bloody intent and policy) she chargeth her to fwear that the will never marry Le Valley without her free confent, and that in the end the shall not repent the following of her advice and counsel herein, which Martha solemnly doth, whereof this mulicious and vindictive Dame is exceedingly glad and fatisfied. Nn 2

The end of the week being come, away comes Le Valley to his sweet heart Martha, to know if she'be shortly resolved to marry him, who having been perfectly taught her lesson, tells him plainly, that the will be his wife, conditionally that he can gain her mittress Blancheville's confent thereunto, but never without it. Whereof he being exceedingly joyful, he giving her many kiffes, intreats her to bring him to her Mittress, and that he hopes to receive pleasing news from her, to both their contents. Blancheville (with much longing impatiency) attends his comming, and receives and welcomes him into her Closet with a cheerful countenance, where bolting the door, this hellish Erynnis (not Heavenly Vrania) passionately tells him, that it shall be impossible for him ever to enjoy or marry her maid Martha. except he first swear to her to perform a fecret business for her, which infinitely concerns her content and service. Le Valley desires to know of her what it is, but the first fwears him to fecrecy herein, both from Martha, and from all the world, the which he freely swears: Then Blancheville (with hypocritical, yea with diabolical tears in her eyes) being instructed and prompted by the Devil, representeth unto him, how foully his Master Beaumarays had first wronged her chastity and honour, then abuted her Husband in the Church, and afterwards killed him in the field, and therefore that he should not only marry her maid Martha, but that the would likewife give him three hundred Crowns of marriage money with her, if for her fake, and at her request) he would kill his said Master, either by Poyson, Ponyard, or Pistol, of which sum she told him he should have the one half in hand, and the other when he had performed it; the which if he refused to do, she swore by her part

of Heaven, that he should never marry her, nor come near her.

Le Valley is amazed and aftonished at this bloody proposition and request of hers, the which the might well perceive by the distraction of his looks, and the perturbation of his countenance. He tells her, that although he loves Martha far dearer than his life, yet he cannot find in his heart to kill the poorest Christian in the world, much less so good and so dear a Master as Beaumarays was to him. Blancheville (being now as subtil in her malice, as the was malicious in her revenge towards Beaumarays) thews Le Valley the three hundred Crowns in fair Gold, which was far more than ever before he had feen; Tells him what a dear friend she will ever remain to him and his wife, and (in a word) leaves no lure unpractiled, nor charm unattempted, to draw him to the enterprize of this deplorable, and to the execution of this hellish fact. But finding him as frozen as she was fiery therein, she bids him to take a weeks time to confider thereof, then to bring her his last resolution, & withal to remember his oath of fecrecy herein from all the world, both which points he constantly promiseth her to perform. As he descends the stairs from her, his sweet-heart Martha comes presently to him to know the mind and resolution of her Mistress, whom he thinks good then to fatisfie with this pleafing answer, that he hopes a small time will work and compass both their desires, So after a few kisses and embraces, they for that time take leave each of other. He is no fooner returned home, but his heart is as penfive and forrowful, as his mind and brain is perplexed and troubled for the cause thereof. He consults with himfelf, and his resolutions are as different as his desires. He cannot as yet had in his heart to kill his Master, and yet he can resolve rather to die, than to lose Martha his Mistress. True it is, that the fight of the Lady Blancheville's Gold doth act wonders in his heart, but far more the fight and remembrance of Martha's fweet youth and delicious beauty: So the first tempts him exceedingly, the fecoud extreamly, and the Devil in both of them infinitely; yet not with standing, his faith and soul are so strong with God, that hitherto he cannot confent to be drawn to imbrue his hands in the innocent blood of his Master. But here befalls an unexpected accident which violently precipitates and throws him headlong on the contrary resolution.

His Master Beaumarays (not for want of any respect or love to Blancheville, but because he perfectly knew she extreamly hated him) having formerly charged his man LeValley, that he should not frequent her house, nor no more dare to seek her maid Martha in marriage the which he considently promised him he would. He now understands that contrary thereunto, his man Le Valley the very day before was there, and continued still an earnest suitor to her; so he hereupon calls him to him, and gives him sive or six sound boxes on the Ear, for his disobeying him, and vows that if he ever any more return thither, and seek Martha in marriage, he would utterly cashier him, and wholly discharge him from his service. Le Valley not accustomed to receive blows of his Master, was so extreamly incensed hereat, as disdaining the blows for his Master, and his Master for the blows sake, they engender such bad blood in him, as he presently strikes a bargain, first with his choler, then with the Devil, that he would now adhere to the request of Blancheville, and so speedily return his Master a sharp requital and bloody revenge for the same; and indeed from that

time forward he never looked on him but with an eye of hatted and deteilation.

So without farther delay, the same night as soon as his Master was gone to bed, he trips away to Blancheville's house, informs her at large what had past betwixt his Master and himself, and therefore assures her that he is fully and constantly resolved to murther him within three or sour days, if she would perform her promise to him, to give him the three hundred Crowns, and that also within a Month after he shall marry Martha, whereat Blancheville being beyond measure joyful, the faithfully and solemnly swears him the performance thereof, when (as a pledg of the rest) she presently pays him down the first hundred and sifty in Gold, the which Le Valley joyfully purseth up. But the Receipt thereof shall cost dear.

From the intended matter of the murther of Beaumarays, these two agents of Satan and Hell, Blancheville and Le Valley, proceed to the manner thereof, the proposeth that infernal drug, poyfon; but he rejecteth it, as dangerous to be bought, and difficult to be applied. And because the dislikes to have him ponyard'd, therefore they both conclude and agree, that he shall pistol him to death: and this is their definitive, cruel, and hellish resolution. Le Valley having thus dispatcht his business with Blancheville, and taken leave with kisses of his sweet Martha, (who poor foul is as innocent, as they two are wholly and solely guilty of this deplorable conspiration) he puts a cheerful countenance on his revengesul heart, so returns home, and the very next day gets his Master's pocket Pistol, which he loads with a brace of Bullets, and watcheth every day and hour for a defired opportunity to fend him to Heaven. So the third after Monlieur Montagne going abroad a hawking with his Brothers Hawks and Spaniels, and taking almost all his men-servants with him, and leaving Le Valley to wait and attend on his Master, then and there this fatal occasion answered his prodigious expectation. For that very fore-noon, his Master Beaumarays comming from the house of Office, he calls up Le Valley to him in his chamber to trus his points, which wretched Villain he is busie in performing, but alas, in a most barbarous and bloody manner: For as that good and Noble Gentleman thought of nothing less than of his danger or death, then this monster of nature fingering his hind points with his left hand, very foftly drew his Pistol out of his pocket with his right, and then and there (with an infernal courage and audacity) shot him into the Reyns of his back, nearly opposite to his heart, whereof he presently fell down dead to the ground, without having either the power or happiness to utter one prayer or word

what oever, but only two or three (mall fainting, or indeed dying groans.

This bloody and execrable wretched Le Valley, seeing his Master dead, he triumphs in his good fortune, to fee what a brave Butcher he had proved himfelf in fo speedily and neatly dispatching him. When to put the better varnish on his villany, and so to make it appear to the World, that his Master was his own Murtherer, he taketh the Pistol and placeth it in his dead right hand, & layes the Key of the Chamber upon the Table, and the door having a throng Spring-lock puls & thuts it fast after him. When again, to make his innocency the more clear & conspicuous to the world, he speedily & secretly taking a horse out of the Stable, a Hawk on his fift, and a Spaniel at his heels, and so very joyfully gallops away to the fields, where (after some hour at least, or hour and half at most) he finds out Monsieur Montagne, and tells him his Master dispatcht him to him with a fresh Hawk, which was his best and chiefest Gashawk. They Hawk all day together, and LEVALLET (as accustomed) is very officious and diligent to Monsieur MONTAGNE, who towards night returns home to Chartres, having (between them all) taken eight Patridges, and one Phesant. He arrives at his Brother's house, where missing him, he gives the Phefant & four of the Patridges to the Cook to drefs for their Supper, when afterwards again missing his Brother Beaumarays, and enquiring for him, the menial servants of the outhouses tell him they saw him not to day. Supper being preparing, and the Table covered, he fends up Le Valley to look him in his Chamber, who returns him this answer, that his Master is not there, but the door is shut: Montagne marvelleth at his Brother's long & unaccustomed absence, and so do all his servants. They find his Cloak, Rapier and Belt, hanging up at a pin in the Hall, and therefore deeming him not far, but at some neighbour's house, he sends Le Valley one way, and the rest of the servants to other places to find him out; but whiles they seek after him, Le Valley (favoured by the night) trips away speedily to the Lady Blancheville's house, and there most briefly and secretly acquaints her how bravely he hath dispatched his Master that forenoon. She cannot contain her felf for joy of this fweet news, nor express it to him in less than a kifs, he says he will tell her the relt to morrow night, and then come and receive the remainder of her promise to him, the which the again and again fwears to him, the will perform it with a furplufage and Nn 3

formerly

advantage, so he kisseth his sweet-heart Martha, and again dispeeds himself home: Where he and the rest of the servants who were sent into the streets, return Montague no news of their Master his Brother: Supper being more than fully ready, his long missing of him, doth at last bring him much doubt, and some suspition and fear of his welfare. It runs till in his mind, that he may be yet afleep in his Chamber; wherefore he ascends thither with Le Valley, and others of his fervants, who call aloud, and bounce amain at the door, but they hear no answer nor speech of him, the which doth the more augment his doubt, and redouble his fear of his Brother: At last he commands them to force and break open the door, but it being exceeding thick and throng, they cannot. Montagnes tender care of his Brother, doth by this time infinitely increase his fear of him, which at last so powerfully furpriseth him, that he presently commands a Ladder to be erected to his Brother's Chamber window towards the Garden, and fends up one of his Lacquys with a Torch to look into the Chamber, the Lacquy forced open the Cafement, and then throat in his Torch first, and his head after, which he speedily withdrawing very passionately crieth out: That his Master hath murthered hunselt with his Pistol, and lies there dead all goared in his blood. Montagne at this lamentable news tears his hair, weeps, and cries out amain for forrow thereof, and so do all his servants. Among whom Le Valley is observed to be one of the most, who weeps and crys mightily thereat. Montagne being almost as dead with grief and forrow hereat, as his Brother Beaumarays was with his wounds; he bids the Lacquy to tear down the Casement, and to enter and unlock the door, which he doth : So he with Le Valley and the rest of the servants, ascend and enter the Chamber, where to their unexpresfible grief and forrow) they fee this mournful and murthered personage, with the discharged Piftol fatt in his hand, and the key of the Chamber-door on the Table, as hath been already expressed. Once Montagne thought that his Brother might be robbed and killed by Thieves, but feeing all his Trunks fast locked; and then opening his Study door, and finding all his Gold, Silver and Jewels there in good order, he abandons that fulpition and Jealoufie, and then both he and they all believe, that he hath absolutely murthered himself. The report of this Tragical and forrowful accident founds loud through the streets of Chartres. Montagne fends for the Kings Attorney, and the Fifcal to fee, & Chirurgions to vifit his dead Brothers body, they all concur and agree in opinion with Montagne and his fervants, and fo generally affirm and conclude, That Beaumarays hath (with his little Pillol) shot himself into the back with a brace of Bullets, whereof he died, which is sweet mulick and melody to Le Valley, but his wormwood and gall comes after. And now Montagne with all requilite order, state and decency, solemnizeth his Brother's Funerals, and not only all Chartres but all Beausse, and all Gentlemen who knew him, yea, the Bishop of Chartres, the Marquels of Bellary, and the King himself much lamented and bewailed the unfortunate loss of this noble and valiant Gentleman.

The grief and forrow of Montagne for his Brother's untimely death, is the joy and felicity of Le Valley and Blancheville; for as he triumphs, so for her part, she is so extreamly delighted and ravished with this sweet news, as at their next meeting (which is the very next night) the gives him his hundred and fitty Crowns, and because he hath dispatched his Master Beanmarays so speedily and secretly, she therefore takes a Diamond Ring off her finger (worth one hundred crowns) and likewise gives it him: When to make good her oath and promise to him (as also to make his pretended joy compleat) the very same day month after, marrieth him to her maid Martha. But marriages that are founded and cemented with innocent blood, never have prosperous ends. Now is Blancheville proud in her revenge for the death of her mortal enemy Beaumarays, & now likewise is Le Valley (in his conceit & mind) rapt up into the third heaven of joy, in injoying his fair and sweet wise Martha; and neither of them hath the conscience to think of, or the grace to repent this soul and bloody fact of theirs; Which, (when they least dream thereof) we shall see God in his sacred mercy in Justice, will speedily detect, revenge and punish as the sequel thereof will declare and inform us.

As the matter and manner of the detection of this lamentable murther of Beaumarays proceeded primarily from God, fo it did fecondly from his forrowful Brother Montagne, who wanting all other witnesses and evidence (& wholly guided by facted power, and swayed by divine influence) was led to it by four remarkable circumstances and considerations, every way worthy of our knowledg, and retention. The first was his finding and perusing of Blancheville's Letter to his Brother Beaumarays (which formerly we have seen) wherein he observed a wonderful deal of inveterate malice towards him from her: The second was Le Valley's sudden marrying of her Chamber-maid Martha, by the which he conceived, that that suspicions strongly resected on her, and this on him: The third was from the sight of the Diamond-Ring which Le Valley wore on his singer (being the same which we have

formerly seen Blancheville to give him) for Montagne believing that he had stoln it from his dead Brother, his Matter, he challenged him for it by order of Law, when Le Valley to clear himself of this pretended thest, was inforced to inform both him and the Judges, that it was given him in marriage with his wife, by the Lady Blancheville her Mistris: the which confession of his, indeed added much suspition and jealousie of them both to the heart and mind of Montagne, as believing that it must be some extraordinary tye and service, which thould make Le Valley capable to deferve to great a bounty and reward of her. But the fourth and last consideration was far more powerful and prevalent with him than all the three former, to ground his suspition against Le Valley for this murthering of his Brother, and wherein the Reader may deservedly admire and wonder at the celestial providence and justice of God, which most miraculously and divinely appears herein; for the same day two months after the murther of Beaumarays, and the same day month that Le Valley married his Wife Martha, it pleased the Lord (in his secret pleasure and justice) to send him a Gangrene in his right hand; which beginning to extend and spread, his Chirurgions, to save his life, advised his said hand to be speedily cut off, which was accordingly performed.

This sudden cutting off Le Valley's right hand, by advice of his Chirurgions, brings terror to him, fear to Blancheville, and aftonishment and admiration to Montagne, who (led by the immediate spirit and finger of God) doth now confidently believe, that it was that hand of his which pistolled his Brother to death, and that it might be rather probable than impossible, that Blanch ville might be the Author, and he the Actor of this cruel murther. Wherefore grounding this his strong suspition upon the piety and innocency of his Brothers life and disposition, as also on his own tour former premised serious considerations and circumstances, he neither can nor will take any contrary Law or peace of his thoughts; But goes to the Seneshal, and King's Attorney of that City, and accuseth Le Valley to be the mur-

therer of his brother Beaumarays.

The wife and prudent Judges, advertised the Presidial Court thereof likewise: So they presently caused him to be apprehended and imprisoned for the same; they charge him with this cruel murther committed on the person of his Master, but he stoutly denies it with many fearful Oaths and Imprecations: But his Crime being greater than his Apology, they adjudg him to the wrack, where in the midst of his tortures, God so deals with his heart and prevails with his foul, that he confessed, it was he who murthered his Master Beaumarays with a Pistol charged with a brace of Bullets, and that he was hired to perform it by the Lady Blancheville, who gave him three hundred Crowns in gold, and a Diamond Ring to effect and finish it. At the relation and confession whereof, Montagne and the Judges exceedingly admire and wonder, and being by them again demanded if his Wife Martha were not likewile accessary with them in this murther, he freely and constantly told them that she was nor, and that he would take it on his death, that she was every way as innocent, as himself and Blancheville her Mistris were guilty thereof.

The Judges of this Court speedily send Serjeants away to apprehend Blancheville, who is so far from the apprehension or fear of any danger, as the dreams not thereof: They find her in her own house playing on her Lute, and singing in company of many Gentlemen and Gentlewomen her friends: The Serjeants seize on her, and tell her her accusation and crime, whereat she is amazed and weeps exceedingly, and no less do those who are with her: She is brought before her Judges, who strongly accuse her for being the Author of this cruel murther of Beaumarays, and acquaint her with Le Valley's full and free confession thereof, as we have formerly understood: When here, sometimes with tears, and then again with passion and choler, the tells the Judges, That Le Valley is a devil and a villain thus to accuse her falfly: That the never gave him a Ring, or three hundred Crowns to do it, and takes God

to witness that she is not guilty, but wholly innocent of that murther.

But this poor and passionate Apology of hers will not pass current with her Lyncie-eyed Judges who cause her to be confronted with Le Valley, who stands firm to his former accuiation against her, and yet her faith is so weak with God, and so strong with Satan, as with many cries and curses the again and again cries out and protesteth of her Innocency: They produce her Ring and part of her Gold, but the boldly denies, and floutly for fwears both: So they prefently adjudge her to the Rack, whereto with much constancy she permits her self to be faitned: But at the very first touch and wrench thereof, her dainty delicate limbs not able to brook those exquisite torments, God was pleased to be so gracious and merciful to her foul, as the prefently (with many tears) cries out that the was the guilty Author of this horrible murther, and so in all points and circumstances concurs and agrees with Le Valley's depolition and accusation against her: Here her Judges again demand of her if her Maid Matha were never accessary or consenting with her and Le Valley in this their bloody Fact, but she vows to them, that upon peril of her Soul, she was absolute ignorant thereof, so hereupon this our inhumane Lady Blancheville is again loosed from the Rack, and brought away to the Tribunal of Justice, and so likewise is Le Valley, where Miniagne and the King's Attorney presently crave judgment of the Presidents against these two Murtherers, who after a long and religious speech which they made, both to them and to all who were present upon this bloody tack and crime of theirs: They conclude and adjudg Le Valley, the very next day to be broken on the Wheel alive, and Blancheville then likewise to be hanged, which gave matter of Universal speech and admiration to all Chartres and Beause.

We have seen the perpetration and detection of this inhumane and lamentable murther. committed by these two unfortunate Wretches Le Valley and Blanchiville: And now (by the mercy and justice of God) we are come to see the Triumphs of his Revenge to fight against them in their condign punishments for the same. They by their Judges are that afternoon returned again to their prisons, and the same night are there effectually dealt with by Divines, who (out of Christian Charity) direct and prepare their souls for heaven. So the next morning, about ten of the clock, they are brought to the common place of Execution in Chartres, where a world of people attend to be Spe Ctators of these their unfortunate ends, and deplorable Tragedies: And first Le Valley ascends the scaffold, who is sad and penfive, and fays little else in effect but this, that it was partly Blancheville's Gold, but chiefly his love to her Maid, his Wife Martha, which first drew him to murder his dear Matter Beaumarays, whereof he affirmed he was now heartily repentant and forrowful, and befought the Lord to pardon him; He here took it to his death, that his faid Wife Martha was every way innocent of this murther, and therefore befeeched Monfieur Montagne to be good and charitable to her after his death, whom he likewise prayed to forgive him, when uttering a few Ave Maries to himself, and often marking himself with the sign of the Cross: He was by his Executioner prefently broken on the Wheel, whereof he immediately died.

Le Valley was no sooner dispatched, but up comes our Femal Monster Blancheville on the Ladder, whose youth and beauty drew pity from the hearts, and tears from the eyes of most of her Spectators: in her countenance she was very sad and mournful, and yet I am enforced to confess this truth of her, (that in the last Scene and Act of her life) her Pride and Vanity so far usurped on her judgment, her piety, and her soul, that she came here to take her last leave of the world, apparelled in a rich black razed Sattin gown, a crimson damask Petticoat laid with white Sattin guards, a rich cutwork falling band, her hair all strewed with sweet powder, decked with white Ribband Knots and Roses, and a snow-white pair of Gloves on her hands, so she there craves leave of the people to speak a sew words before she dies, which with a well composed countenance, and behaviour, she doth in these terms.

She faid that her dear and tender affection to her Husband Champigny occasioned her deadly hatted and malice to Beaumarays, and that as soon as he had slain him in the field, she in revenge thereof instantly resolved and vowed to send him to heaven after him: she affirmed that she was now forrowful from her heart and soul, that she had caused Le Valley to kill this his Master; also that she was so unfortunate and miscrable, as now to see him die for her sake and service, in requital whereof she gave all her apparel, and some of her Plate and Jewels to her old Maid, now his new Wise Martha, whom she affirmed in presence of God and his Angels, was no way guilty or consenting to this lamentable murther, which she befeeched the Lord to pardon and forgive her: she likewise befought Montague and Martha to forgive her, and entreated all who were present to pray to God for her soul: she conjured all Ladies and Gentlewomen who were forrowful eye-witnesses of her untimely death, to beware by her unfortunate example, and so to hate Malice and Revenge in themselves as much as she loved it: When again praying all her Spectators to pray to God for her, she after a sew Pater-nosters, and Ave Maries was turned over.

And thus was this lamentable, and yet deferved death of these two bloody Wretches, Le Valley and Blancheville, and in this sharp manner did God justly revenge and punish this their horrible crime of murther: Whose untimely and unfortunate deaths lest much grief to their living Parents and Friends, and generally to all who either saw or knew them. May we read this their History, first to the honour of God, and then to our own Instruction and Resormation: That the sight and remembrance of these their punishments may deter us

from the impiety and inhumanity of perpetrating the like bloody crimes, Amen.



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XX.

Loren to murthereth his wife Fermia: He some twenty years after (as altogether unknown) robbeth his (and her) Son Thomaso: who likewise (not knowing Lorenzo to be his Father) doth accuse him for that robbery; for which he is hanged.

Those who (by the pernicious instigation and satal temptation of Satan) do wisfully imbrue their hands in innocent blood, and so make themselves guilty of Murther, are no longer men, but have prodigiously metamorphesed themselves into the nature and quality of Devils. And as after this their crime, they are worthy of all true Christians detestation; so most commonly (without Gods saving grace and mercy) their hearts are so obdurated with impenitency of security, and their souls seared up and abandoned to all kinds of atheistical prophaneness and impietry, that they are so far from thinking of God, as they believe there is no God; and so far from searing of his Judgments and punishments, as they are desperately consident they have not deserved any: But because their hearts and actions are as transparent to Gods eyes and knowledg, as Gods decrees and resolutions are invisible to theirs, therefore (despish this their blindness and the Devils malice and subtilty to obscure and conceal it) this would will afford them no true peace, nor this life produce them any persect tranquillity. But wheresever they go or live, their guilty thoughts and consciences, as so many hellish blood-hounds, will incessantly pursue and sollow them, till in the end they drag them to condigne shame, misery, and consusting personage, whom it mournfully presents to our view and consideration. Let us read it in the feat of God, that we may weigh that benefit by it which becomes good Christians to make.

It is not the meanness of the personages, but the greatness and eminency of Gods Judgments, which hath prevailed with me to give this History a place among my others : The which to draw from the head-spring, and original, we must understand, that in IT ALT, (the Garden of Europe, as Europe is that of the whole World) and in the City of Genoua, (feated upon the Mediteranean Sea, which the Italians for the sumptuousness and stateliness of her buildings, do justly stile and intitle, Proud Genova) near to the Arsenal upon the Key, there dwelt (of late years) a proper tall Young Man, of a coal-black-hair, some twenty five years old, named Andria Lorenzo, who by his Trade was a Baker, and was now become Mafter of his Profession, and kept both his Oven and Shop for himself; wherein he was so industrious and provident, that in a short time he became one of the prime Bakers of that City, and wrought to many Ships and Galleys of this Estate and Seigniory: He in few years grew rich, was proffered many wives, of the Daughters of many wealthy Bakers and other Artificers of Genova: but he was fill covetous, and so addicted to the world, as he could fancy none, nor as yet be refolved or perswaded to seek any Maid or Widdow in Marriage, fith he knew it to be one of the greatest and most important actions of our life, and which infallibly draws with it, either our chiefest earthly felicity, or mifery.

But as marriages are made in Heaven, before consummated on Earth; So Lorenzo going on a time to the City of Savona, which (both by Sea and Land) is some twenty little miles from Genona; and heretofore was a free City and Estate of itself, but now swallowed up in the power and opu'ency of that of Genova; he there fell in love with a rich Vintners Daughter, her Father named Juan Baptista M ron, and the Fermia Moron, who was a lovely and beautiful young Maiden, of some eighteen years of age, being tall and slender, of a pale complexion, and a bright yellow hair, but exceedingly vertuous and religious, and endowed with many fweet qualities and perfections; who although the were fought in marriage by divers rich young men, of very good families of that City, with the world of whom (either for effate or extraction) Lorenzo might no way compare, yet the could fancy none but him, and he above all the men of the world the I fecretly in her heart and mind) defired might be her Husband. Lorenzo (with order and discretion) seeks Fermia in marriage of her Father Moron, who is too frong of purse, and too high of humour to match his Daughter to a Baker, or to any other of a mechanical Profession, and so gives him a flat and peremptory denial. But Lorenzo finds his Daughter more courteous and kind to his defires, for the being as deeply enamoured of his personage, as he was of her beauty and vertues, after a journey or two which he had made to her at Savona, the confents and yields to him to be his wife, conditionally that he can obtain her Fathers good will thereunto, but not otherwise; which Lorenzo yet feared and doubted would prove a difficult task for him to compass and procure; for her Father knowing Fermia to be his own and only child and Daughter, and that her beauty and vertuous education, together with the confideration of his own wealth and estate, made her every way capable of a far better Husband than Lorenzo. As also that his Daughter, in reason and Religion, and by the Laws of Heaven and Earth, was bound to yield him all duty and obedience (because of him she had formerly received both life and being,) therefore he was refolute that Lorenzo should not have his Daughter to wife, neither would be ever hearken to accept, or consent to take him for his Sonin-Law.

Lorenzo having thus obtained the heart and purchased the affection of his sweet and dear Fermia, he now (out of his servent desire and zeal to see her made his wife, and himself her Husband) makes it both his ambition and care (according to her order) to draw her Father Miron to content thereunto, wherein the more importunate, humble, and dutiful he (both by himself and friends) is to Moron, the more imperious, averse, and obstinate is he to Lorenzo, as distaining any farther to hear of this his sute and motion for his Daughter. But Lorenzo loves the Daughter too tenderly and dearly thus to be put off with the first repulse and denyal of her Father, and so (notwithstanding) he again persevereth in his sute towards him, with equal humility and resolution: He requesteth his consent to their affections with prayers; and his Daughter Fermia (having formerly acquainted her Father with her dear and inviolable love to Lorenzo) she now prays him thereto with tears: But (as one who had wholly wedded himself to the singularity of his own resolution and pleasure) he again proudly resulten him with dissain, and peremptority rejecteth her with choler and indignation, and so secretly vows to himself, and publickly swears to them that he will first dye, and salute his Grave, before ever he will permit him to marry his Daughter. Which unkind answer and thundring resolution of his, proves the extream grief of his Daughter

Fermia

Permia, and infinite affection and forrow of her lover Lorenzo, who hereupon are enforced to bear up with the time, yea and to make a vertue of necessity, by separating their bodies, but not their hearts and affections. So he returns to Genona, and she lives and remains with her Father in Savona, having no other comfort left them in their absence, but hope, nor no other consolation, but sometimes to visite ach other with their Letters, which they do.

Old Moron now finds his young Daughter Fermia, far more pensive, reserved, and sorrowful than heretofore, and therefore although he grieve to see her affection intangled with this Baker Lorenzo, yet he rejoyceth to see, that he comes to Savina, as also to understand that his
Daughter hath no way ingaged her self to him in promise of marriage, but with the condition of
his free will and consent thereto, which as heretofore, so now again, he deeply swears, he will
never be drawn or perswaded to grant. And the sooner and better eternally and fully to dash
these their irregular loves and affections, he thinks it sit for him to provide and requisite to present his Daughter with another Husband. To which end he gives her the choice of two or three
proper young men, and of very good families in Savona, but she will have none of them, for
her affection is so deeply fixed, and constantly settled on Lorenzo, that say her Father what he
will, or do he or they what they can, he can hardly draw her to see, much less to speak with
any one of them: Whereat he calls her foolish Gigglet, and fond Girl, and swears that he
will wholly renounce her for his Daughter, and absolutely disinherit her, and leave her a beggar, if she marry Lorenzo, and then and there shies from her in rage and choler, and leaves
her to her self, to entertain her disconsolate and sad thoughts, with a world of sighs and
tears.

As for the Letters which pass from Genona to Savona, and that are also returned from Savona to Genona, between these our two Lovers, Lorenzo and Fermia, deeming them impertinent to this their History, I have therefore purposely excluded, and for order and brevities sake omitted them: The which entertained their time, and took up their affections and patience so long, that three years are now past and blown over, since they first saw each other, and since Lorenzo first motioned Moron for his consent to marry his Daughter, during all which long tract of time, which to these our two young Lovers seemed at least so many ages; the Reader is prayed to understand and take notice, that Lorenzo hath made five or six journeys from Genona to Savona, to see his Fermia, and hath importunately requested her Father Moron for his consent, and that at least many times she likewise hath imployed all her Parents and friends towards him, yea, and hath been more often on her bended knees to him to beg it, but all these their requests and

folicitations towards him prove vain.

When Lorenzo at last considering and remembring, that he had used all the lawful means he could possibly invent, and Fermia all her best indeavours and inventions which lay in her mortal power to draw her Father Moron to their defires and withes of marriage, and that neither they, nor all the world, could prevail with him, he thinks it now high time (as well for the fetling of his fortunes and trade, as also for the confirmation of his hearts content) to lay close siege to his Fermia, that (notwithstanding her Fathers refusals) she would consent and yield to marry him, and fo very secretly by night to leave him and Savona, and to come live and die with himself in Genova, telling her, that although he had never a Duckaton of marriage-mony with her from her Father, yet that God had given him estate and means enough to maintain her and his family, in full and plentiful prosperity, and that he would be a thousand times more tender and careful of her than of his own life. Thus with a world of fweet words and fugred promites and perswafions, this sweet and fair young maiden (contrary to her former wholfome, virtuous, and obedi-, ent resolutions) is at last, drawn and tempted away by him, now to prove disobedient to her Father, yea, and to for sake and flie away both from his house and himself. So Lorenzo having to that end secretly provided himself of a fine small Frigot, of four Oars on each side, he therewith comes by night into the key of Savona, (which the policy of Genouesses, have dammed up, and made uncapable of ships of burthen, that thereby all the trade and commerce by Sea, may arrive to their own Capital City, where giving notice to Fermia of his being there, their the dead time of the night, when her Father and his servants were fast asseep, and all things being hushed up in silence, seemed to conspire to her rash and inconsiderate escape, she by the Garden-door, issued forth to Lorenzo, who there received her with much joy, and many kisses, and so conducts her to the Frigot, where the wind proving very fair, they holfe up sail, and early the next morning are at Genova; where Lorenzo conducts her to Saint Saviours Church. and there very secretly espouseth and marries her. But, O Fermia, how I pity thy youth and beauty, thy innocency and indifcretion, thy few years, and many vertnes, thy affection and misfortune, and thine ignorance and credulity, fo rashly and disobediently

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to flie from Savona to Genoua, and to take away thy self from thy Father, purposely to give thy self in marriage to Lorenzo, for which indiscreet and disobedient fact of thine, it is not unpossible for thee to see this ensuing position verified and confirmed in thy self, That there is nothing

so easie in young people as to commit errours, nor so difficult as to repair them.

Whiles thus our young matried couple celebrate their nuptials in Genoma with delight and joy, old Moron the Father, grieves and storms thereat in Savona, for the sudden slight of his Daughter: When searing and believing that Lorenzo had stollen her away, he secretly makes enquiry thereof at his house of Genoma, from whence he hath perfect notice, that she is there, and matried to him; whereat he passionately converts his grief into choler, both against her and him, and (in regard of this their disgrace and dishonour offered him) most constantly vows to himself, and to all who are near him, that they shall never touch nor enjoy the value of one Duckaton of all his Estate and wealth, as long as he or they live, and that he will not once send after them, nor ever hereaster see them, which sharp vow and bitter sentence against our Lorenzo and Fermia, we shall be enforced to see him too carefully to keep, and too severely and punctually to perform

Some ten dayes after this marriage of Lorenzo and Fermia, when their wedding joyes and pleafures had given them some truce and time to consider of their worldly affairs, because they know and repute it folly, to think to be able wholly to live by love, Lorenzo considering the injury and disgrace which he had offered his Father in Law Moron in this action, and therefore very desireus yet now again to seek his consent and good will to this their marriage, that thereby he may participate and share of some part of his wealth, he determineth shortly to ride over to Savina to him, and with his best respects and duty to comply and labour with him for a reconciliation; and yet nevertheless, he thinks it very sit, and holds it most expedient, that his wife in the mean time, should first excuse her self to her Pather by her Letter, the which she doth in these

terms.

FERMIA to MORON.

A Lthough the cause and manner of my departure from you and from your house me me more mor-thy of your indignation han of your pardon, yet when you shall please to remember that you are my Father, and my felf your child and Daughter, and that God and his holy Church, hath of Lorenzomy friend, now made him my Husband; and also that for the term of three whole years, I with tears and prayers, came many times prostrate to you on my bended knees to obtain your consent thereuntogthen I hope you will at least excuse, if not wholly forget and pardon this errour of mine: Or if these reasons be not powerful enough to intercede with your displeasure, I most humbly beseech you further to consider, that herein I have neither blemished nor disgraced your reputation with any point of dishonour; For as I came to my Housands bed a pure Virgin, so I will live and die with him a chast Wife; and that as this clandestine slight and marriage of mine was the first, so it shall be the last act of my disobedience towards you. Some small portion of your wealth at our first beginning, will do my Husband and self a great deal of good in our trade: but this I leave, as at your consideration, so to your pleasure; Only in all humility and duty (as low as the earth or lower if I could) I defire your bleffing to me, and implore your prayers to God for me, the which in religion you cannot, and in nature I hope you will not deny me. My Husband will shortly second this Letter of mine to you with his presence, and will then commit that task to his tongue, which I have now obediently imposed and commanded to my pen: my prayers and hopes, and his promises and vertues do assure me, that (in his respects and service to you) you shall ever find him to be as much your servant as your son-in-Law. God ever prosper your age with health, and bless your health with prosperity.

FERMIA.

Moron received this Letter in Savona, and understanding by the Messenger who brought it, that it came from his Daughter Fermia, from Genona, he was at first in such a fret and sume of choler thereat, as he once thought to have thrown it into the fire, without vouchsasing to read it: But after he had made three or four turns in his Parlour, and so somewhat abated the violence of his passion and choler, he then procures so much time from his pleasure, and so much patience from himself, as he breaks up the seals thereoff and peruseth it: the which as soon as he had performed, he in presence of the messenger who brought it, teats the Letter in pieces, and then (all enraged with choler) throws it into the fire, when again turning himself to him, he had him tell the Gigglet his Daughter. That her carriage had been so hase, disobedient, and ingrateful to him, that he dissaided to return her any answer to her Letter, and was very forry that he had somuch discended from himself, as to have received and read it; When without once enquiring of him how his Daughter did, yea, without giving the Messenger

any reward, or, which is less, without making him drink, he hastily and cholerickly slingsfrom him, and will no more see or speak with him; who returning to Genoua, and reporting to Lorenzo and his Wife what cold entertainment his Letter and himself had of her Father Moron in Savona; the grieves and storms thereat publickly, and he privately, and at their first relation and knowledg of this her Fathers unkindnels in answering her Letter with filence, they look each on other with their countenances, composed partly of discontent, and partly of forrow, and for her part, the cannot refrain from tears, till at last, her Husband Lo enz, Heps to her, when (as much to diffipate her grief, as to diffemble his own) he gives her many smiles, and comforts her with these speeches.

That according to her promife (in her Letter) to her Father, he will the next week go over to him, and then will bear himself fo respectively towards him, that he hopes his presence shall purchase his Affection, which her Letter could not: so she hereat remains better satisfied than her Husband contented with this harsh carriage, and unkind resolution of their Father towards

Now some eight dayes after, Lorenzo rides over to Savona, (handsomly clad, and rather above than below his quality) and putting up his horse in an Inn, he a little before supper-time goes to his father-in-Law, Morons house, where inquiring of his servants for him, they tell him he is above in his chamber, when defirous to fee and speak with him, one of them steps up to him, and informs him thereof; Whereat Moron flarting up, as if he had been suddenly awaked out of a dream, he at the first mention and name of Lorenzo, but especially of that of his son-in-Law Lorenzo, bolts himself fast in his chamber, and then calling up his servants to him he statly chargeth them to deny his being within to Lorenzo, and as foon as he is gone forth, to that the doors against him, and at any hand, not to admit him into his house, for that his pleasure and resolution is, neither to fee nor speak with him. Lorenz, bites his lips at this baffle of his servants, first, to say their Master, his Father-in-Law, was within, and then in one breath to contradict and deny it. When for that time he holds it discretion to depart, goes to his Hostary (or Inn) to Supper, and returns thither again speedily after, but finds the same answer. So then fearing the truth, that his Father-in-Law was (infallibly) within, and yet would not be within, he returns to his lodging, and in much choler, betakes himself to his bed: But this discourtesse of his Pather-in-Law will not permit him any found rest, but only affords him many broken discontented flumbers. The next morning, very early, he returns thither again, to see and speak with him, but the first proved the last answer of his servants, whereat Lorenzo (all nested with choler and anger) takes horse, and rides away for Genoua.

Allow we him by this time returned to Genoua, where he truly and fully relates to his wife Fermia the discourtesie of her father towards him, from point to point, as we have formerly understood, which (poor fweet foul) exceedingly grieves her heart, and infinitely perplexeth her mind and thoughts, but how to remedy it she knows not; for as she knows, she (by her disobedient flight and marriage against her Fathers confent) hath committed a great fault towards him, fo now the fees, that (of necessity) the must own and make the best of it: When he comforting his wife with encouragement, and the reciprocally encouraging him with comfort, they refer the issue of this their fathers pleasure or displeasure unto God; but yet rather hoping than dispairing, that a little time will make him more tractable and flexible to their defires, they pass away their time merrily and sweetly together, he proving a courteous and loving Husband to her, and the a kind and dutiful wife to him. He exceeding provident to get and thrive by his trade, and the as careful in her house and family, to fave what he gets, and thus in fix months after, they neither go nor ffend to their Father, thinking and hoping, that although it be unlikely, vet it is not impossible but that hereafter of his own free accord and good disposition and nature, he may thortly exchange his displeasure into courtese, and his malice into affection towards them: But as yet, they still find the contrary, for in all this time, he never fends to them, nor fo much

as once hearkens after them.

At the end of fix months Lorenzo prayes his wife Fermia to ride over to Savona to see what alteration this long time hath wrought in her Pather's affection, and so recommends ber portion from him to her care and remembrance, but refolves not to write to him because of his unkindness to him at his last being at Savona. Fermia (more in obedience to her Husband, than out of her own willingness or desire) accepts of this journey, but still she fears that she shall find her father to be one and the same man in his discontent and displeafure against them. But yet in regard she is his own flesh and blood, his only child, and therefore a great part of himself, she yet flatters her self with this hope, that he cannot be so unnatural to her, as he was unkind to her Husband. She comes to Savona; but look what en-

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tertainment her Husband Lorenzo found from her Father, the same in all respects and points doth the, and no otherwife : For he will neither speak with her, no nor fee, nor permit her, either to lie, eat, or drink in his house, but most uncourteously and unpaturally causeth his doors to be falt thut against her; yea, and to add cruelty to his unkindness, he is extream angry with his servants, for daring to admit her to speak with him, and with her Aunt Alcyna (his own Sister)

for receiving and lodging her.

Our sweet Fermia the Daughter is extreamly perplexed, afflicted, and grieved at this her Father's bitter unkindness and cruelty towards her, the which she seals with many sighs, and confirms with infinite Rivolets of tears which trickle down her beautiful cheeks, as so many pearled drops of dew on blushing and fragrant damask-Roses: When again employing her aforesaid Aunt Alcyna, and likewise intreating father-Bernardin de Monte, her father's own ghostly Father, to perswade him in her behalf, which they do. But at last seeing the requests of the one bootless, and the spiritual exhortations of the other vain and to no effect, then, as she came from Genoua to Savona, with some hope and joy, so the is again constrained to return from Savona to Genoua, with infinite grief and despair; Where from point to point (betwixt Anger and Tears) she relates to her Husband Lorenzo the unnatural discourtesie which her Father had offered her: Whereat, as before, so now he again diffembleth his discontent thereof, and with many sweet Speeches, and some few Kisses, seeks to comfort and pacifie her: But still the remembrance hereof, Hicks deep in her mind, and yet far deeper in his thoughts: for the knowledg of his Father-in-Law Morons discourtesie first offered to himself, and now to his Wife in Savina, being known and reported to many of his Neighbours and Friends in Genoua, they scoff and taunt at his foolish Ambition, in marrying and stealing away his Wife, and in all Companies which he frequenteth, they give him this quip, that he had done far wifer to have married a poor Trades-mans-Daughter in Genoua with a small portion, than a rich Vintners in Savona with nothing: Which foolish and malicious speech of theirs, falls not so easily from his Memory as from their Tongues, but leaves an impression therein. For from henceforth Lorenzo of a wise man, proves himself a fool; of an honest man, a knave; and so of a good Christian to God, an extream bad Husband both to his Wife and himself: For now seeing the mountains of his hopes of a Rich Wife turned to Molehils, and they to nothing through his Father's displeasure and unkindness to them, he looks not on his Wife with so kind and respective an eye as heretofore, although poor harmless young woman, she knows far better to lament and grieve, than how to remedy her Fathers cruelty towards them: But this is but the beginning of his ingratitude and her unfortunacy, for before a whole year be past fince their Marriage, her Husband fo far forgets his love to his Wife, his regard to himself, and his reputation and credit to the world, as he first begins to slight her, and then to neglect both himself and his profession: And here now it is, that Idleness begins first to enter into his Hands, Vice into his Heart, and Sininto his Soul; and here it is, that he first falls into bad courses, and wicked Company, from whence in the end (I fear) will proceed nothing but shame, repentance, milery and confusion of all fides.

He who formerly prayed often with his Wife and Family in his house, and was a devout and religious frequenter of his Church, now he is so dangerously fled from God, and so desperately following of the Devil, as he scorns the Chuch, and will neither pray himself at home with his Wife, nor (which is worse) permit or suffer her to do it at home with her Family: He hath forgotten her dear affection and constancy to him, and how the hath incurred her Father's indignation for making him her Husband, and her felf his Wife: He hath forgotten his former oaths and promifes of his tender affection and constant love to her, and how that in life and death he would live and die more hers than his own; He hath forgotten how for his sake, and for the fervent love the bore him, that the forfook divers rich young men of Savona, who were every way his Superiours in Birth, Wealth, and Profession: Or else if he did remember it, he would not thus flight her by day, or lie from her by night in lewd and lascivious Company, spending both his time, his means, and himfelf, upon Panders, Bawds, and Strumpets; from which ungodly life and finful conversation, neither her prayers, intreaties, requests, perswasions, fighs or tears can possibly reclaim him; but he lets all things run at random and confusion without order, care, or confideration, so that within the compass of one whole year and a half, his Trade is neglected, his Credit crackt, his Reputation loft, his Estate spent, and nothing left, either to maintain himself, or relieve her, but Grief, Sorrow, Despair, and Milery. She sets all his best friends, and most vertuous acquaintance to convert him from this his abominable life, yea, she holds it more shame than fin, to acquaint his Confessor therewith, who taking a fit time, deals roundly with him for his Reformation, and fails not to paint out his fins and vices, as also their deserved punishments in their foulest and most hideous colours: But still her Husband Lorenzo is so

strongly linked to the Devil, and so firmly wedded to his beastly vices and enormities, that all the world cannot divert or diffwade him from them; and still he is so far from abandoning and forfaking them, as he adds new to his old: For the Devil hath now taught him to delight in curfing and swearing; for in his speeches and actions, he useth many fearful oaths and desperate execrations: He begins to revile her, and to give her foul language, terming her beggar, and her Father Villain, and that he is bound to curse them both, because (saith he) they have beggared him; when God and his finful foul and conscience well know, that there is nothing more untrue or falle: For if his piety towards God, or his care and providence of himself and his family had equalized hers, he had then made himself as happy as now he is miserable, and she as joysul, as now we see her disconsolate and forrowful, and then no doubt, but time and God would have drawn her Father Moron to have bestowed some portion on him with his Wife, whereas now the knowledg of his impious life and lafcivious prodigalities doth juftly occasion him to the contrary. Again, here befalls another accident which brings our forrowful Fermia, new Grief, Vexation, and Tears: for the fees her felf great, yea quick with child by her Husband Lorenzo, fo as that which the once hoped would have been the argument of her joy, now proves the cause of her affliction and forrow; for his vices hath scarce left her wherewith to maintain her felf; and therefore it grieves her to think and confider, how hereafter she shall be able to maintain her child when God in his appointed time shall fend it her; for he hath so consumed his estate, and spent, fold and pawned all their best houshold stuff and Apparel, that almost they have nothing left to give themselves maintenance, hardly bread: But yet still how lewd and irregular soever Lorenzo be, his vertuous and forrowful wife Fermia ferves God duly and truly, and spends a great part of her time in prayer, still beseeching the Lord to give her patience, and to forgive her Husband all his foul fins towards him, and cruel ingratitude towards her felf: When, in the midft of this her poverty and mifery, once she thought to have left her Husband in Genoua, and to have cast her felf at her Fathers feet in Savona, that he would pardon, receive and entertain her: But then again confidering his flinty heart and cruelty towards her, and that he would rather contemn than pity her youth and mifery, but especially calling to mind her duty to her Husband, and her Oath given him in marriage, in the presence of God and his Church, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer; Then, I say, the consideration and remembrance thereof, is so strong a tye to her Conscience, and so strict an obligation to her soul, that she thinks his vices and poverty, bath now more need of her affiftance, prayers and company, then of her absence; fo, as a vertuous wife, and a religious Christian she will not consent to forsake and leave him, but resolves to stay and live with him, to fee what the Lord is pleased to impose on her, and (for his fins and hers) what afflictions and miferies he hath ordained and decreed for them: And yet being defirous to draw hope and comfort any way, because she finds grief and dispair from all parts, she resolves to acquaint her Father with her calamities, as also (earnestly and humbly) to pray him to relieve them, the which the doth in this her forrowful letter to him, which the fends him fafely to Savona.

FERMIA to MORON.

I Now find to my grief, and know to my shame and Repentance, that my disobedience in marrying Lotenzo against your consent and without your blossing, is the reason why God hath thus punished me with a bad Husband in him, whose fervent offection to me is so soon forgotten and frozen, and whose vertues in himself are so suddenly and sinfully exchanged into vices, that his produgalitie hath spent and consumed all his estate, and left not wherewith either to give himself or me maintenance: In which regard because my afflictions are so great, and my miseries so infinite, that I rather deserve your pity then your displeasure; Therefore if not for my sake who am your living Daughter, yet for my mothers sake and remembrance, who is your d ad wife; either give my Husband means to set up his old trade and for sake his new vices in Genoua, or else take me home to live with you again in Savona: And if you will not in Nature respect me as your Daughter, yet in compassion entertain me as your Handmaid, and I most humbly and religiously befeech you think and consider with your self, to what great wants and necessitie I am now reduced, sith I write you this my Letter rather with tears than Ink: God direct your hears to my relief and consolation, as mine is eternally devoted to your service, and consecrated to his glory.

FERMIA

Her Father Moron after a long consultation and resuctation with himself, whether he should read or reject this Letter of his Daughter; He at last (having formerly understood of her Husbands prodigality, and her poverty and misery) breaks up the Seals thereof and perufeth it, and surely if there had been any spark of humanity or reason, or of good nature or pity in him at all, his former knowledg of her miseries and now this present assurance

and confirmation thereof, should have perswaded him to grant her, if not the first, yet the second of her requests, which was to receive her, and give her maintenance: but he is still so hard-hearted to her as he will neither relieve her wants, nor pity her afflictions, but (more out of hatred than affection to her) thinks he hath done enough in sending her not his Love, but this sharp Letter in answer of hers.

MORON to FERMIA. IF thy Husband provenot to thy liking, thou hast just reason to thank thy self, and condemn theine own temerity & disobedience in choosing him, & if his affection be so soon for gotten or frozen to thee: it is a just punishment of God, because thine was so first to me, whereof as that is the effect, so doubtless this is the prime, and original cause thereof, and as his vices and prodigality hath spent all his Estate, to I have not so little judgment, (though thou so small under standing) to think that mine shall redeem it, which (upon the whole) were then to imitate and second him in his folly, and consequently to make my self guilty in consuming it. And because thou fleddest with him without my knowledg from Savona to Genoua, and didst there marry him without my consent, therefore it is neither thy Grief nor Misery, or thy shame & repentance, which shall induce me either to respect or pitty thee as my Daughter, or which is less, to relieve & entertain thee my handmaid, you both are young enough to work & labour fr your living, as thy mother and my felf did for ours, and therefore know thy youth deferve no compassion from my age, and if this will not satisfie theesthen the best advice and counsel which I can or will give thee is that thou continually direct thy prayers to God, for thy relief and consolation: And herein thou milt then serve thy self, please me, and glorifie him: And as thou regardest my Commands, or diffrest my blessing, let mene, ther see thee, or hereafter hear any more of thy vain and foolish MORON.

Letters. The receit of this her Fathers unkind and cruel Letter to her, doth at one time kill both her hopes with despair, and her heart with grief: or if that do not, then the mad tyranny, and new cruelty of her debauched Husband doth: for now contrary to nature, beyond reason and opposite to Grace, he many times beats her; she is all in tears hereat, useth all possible means to reclaim him from his new vices to his old vertues: She continually perswades him fairly with exhortations, fweetly with fighs, and deerly with tears, yea poor fweet young woman, the many times casts herself at his feet, and with her arms crossed, her hands elevated rowards Heaven, her hair dishevelled and dangling about her cheeks, and her pearled tears bedewing the Lillies of her mournful and disconsolate countenance, begs him to forsake his vices to himfelf, and his undeferved unkindness and cruelty towards her: But all this is in vain, for he proves deaf to her requests and prayers, and blind to her fighs and tears. He hath no longer mony to buy Corn, and is fo far from felling any bread to others, as he hath scarce enough to give to himself, and to his great bellied-wife: and as for his servants he is inforced to put them all away: His vanity to himfelf and cruelty to his wife is too too lamentably notorious and remarkable; for when he wants mony, he beats her, if the will not prefently supply his wants, and furnish his expences. Now in the middest of all these her griefs and miseries, God fends her a fair, young Son, of whom the Father is not worthy, no nor of his vertuous wife who bore it: For had not the care, affection, and charity of her Neighbours been far greater than that of her Husband to her, both the mother had miscarryed, and the child perished in the tharp throws and agony of her delivery; and the name of this her little Son, whom the caufeth to be christened in a very poor manner and ceremony, is Thomaso: For she is so poor as she hath nothing but rags to cover him with, and therefore with much grief and shame, she begs poor linnen clouts of her Neighbours to keep him clean and fweet: when it is waking, the looks and kiffeth it often with joy, but when it fleeps or fucks, then she grieves that it is so unfortunate both in a wicked father, and in a poor disconsolate mother, who hath more means to lament and pitty than milk to feed and nourish it: She often shews her husband his child, and importunately begs him henceforth to have a more provident care of himself for his childs fake, and of his child for his own fake. But he as a lewd Husband and too degenerate a Father doth neither love nor care for either, but hates both of them, yea his vices and cruelty makes her forrow so infinite, that she reputes herself a burthen to her self, and a thousand times wishesh she were in Heaven; And one time among the rest after her Husband without cause had given her many bitter words and some sharp and cruel blows, her child being in its Cradle, he gone forth, from choller the falls down on her knees to prayer; the which to foon as the had ended, and her child awaking and crying, the takes it up in her arms, and mournfully fitting down on the floor by her bed fide, (the weeping as fast as her poor infant Babe fucked) having bolted her Chamber door, was over-heard by one of her Neighbours (twixt whom and her felf there was but a Wainscot enterclose and partition) to pronounce these (or the like) forrowful speeches to her self.

O poor Fermia, it had been an infinite happiness for thee if thou haddest never seen thy husband

band Lorenzo, or perished & funk in the Sea when thou fleddest with him from Savona to Genona, before he was thy Husband. For furely thou half great cause to think, and reason to believe, that this cruelty of his towards thee, is a just plague and punishment sent thee from God, for disobeying thy Father, in marrying without his consent and blefling; with whom when thou livedst fingle, thou hadst so much felicity and joy, as thou knewest not what belonged to forrow and misery, and now living a wife to this thy Husband, thou art inforced to taste so much grief and misery, as thou knowest no more what belongs to joy and felicity. Then thou diddeft furfeit with the choice of the costlict meats and viands, and now thou art ready to starve meerly for want of bread: Then thy apparel was rich, but now rent and torn: Then thy beauty made thee fought in marriage by divers, and now thy griefs and forrows having defaced and withered it, thou art contemned and hated of him who married thee. For can thy griefs be matched, or thy a tions and forrows paralleld, when thou haft a Husband who neither fears nor ferves God, who will neither go to Church or pray himfelf, or permit or fuffer thee to do it; and who is fo far from loving thee, as he loves nothing better than to hate, revile, and beat thee: For (aye me) he drowns himself and his wits in wine, and keeps whores to thy Nose, spends all his estate upon them, and upon Bawds, Panders and Drunkards (the off-scum and Caterpillers of the world) with whom he consumes his time and himself, making night day, and day night in these his beastly revels, and obscene voluptuousness, and upon whom he hath spent so much, as he now hath nothing lest either to spend, or maintain himself and thee; yea, thy miseries are so great, and thy assisting ons and forrows fo sharp and infinite, that thou hast no parent left to succor or relieve thee, and which is less, no friend who will assist or comfort thee. Poor young woman, and disconsolate forrowful wise that thou art, it were a bleffed happiness, and a happy bleffing for thee that thou wert unborn or unmarried. Alas, alas, thymother died too foon for thee when thou wert young, and therefore she cannot, and thy Father lives, (and is exceeding rich) yet hates thee to much as he will not affift and relieve thee. And as all thy Kinsfolks refuse to lend or fend thee any comfort in these thy wants and calamities; so those who professed themselves thy friends in thy prosperity, will not now either see thee in thy poverty, or know thee in thy milery. When again and again looking on her pretty babe, and giving it many tender kisses, then (her tears interrupting her words, and her fighs again cutting her tears in piecees) she continueth her speech thus: And thou my sweet babe, what shall I say to thee, fith almost I can do nothing for thee, for I have no food to give my felf, how then can I give milk to thee? and yet I love thee so dearly and tenderly, that although thy unkind & cruel father hate me so deadly, yet I will starve before thou shalt want, yea, I will cheerfully work, and (if occasion serve) beg my self to death to get sustenance and necessaries for the preservation of thy life. For live thou my sweet babe as happy as thy poor mother is miserable & unfortunate: And if I die before thee, (as I hope I shall not live long) say thou hadst a mother who loved thee a thousand times dearer than her own life, and who was rich in care and affection, though poor in Estate and means to maintain thee. And if I leave thee nothing behind me, (because I have now nothing left me either to give or leave thee) yet I will give thee my bleffing, and leave thee heir to these my most religious prayers, That God in his divinest favour and mercy will not pour down his wrath and punishments on thee, but thou mayeft live to be as happy in thy vertues, as I fear thy Father will be miferable in his vices; and as true a fervant and instrument of God's glory, as (with grief and tears) I see he is of his own disgrace and dishonour.

Neither is our vertuous Fermia deceived in the close of this her passionate and presaging speech towards her Husband, for he continues his odious and ungodly course of life both towards God and her, and now (as well in his fresh as his drunken humors) makes it his practice to revile, and his delight and glory to beat her; who notwithstanding yet thinking and hoping to work some good in him, through the sight of this poor infant his Son: She often shews it to him, and with sighs and tears prays him to leave off this his sinful life towards God, and these his cruel courses and actions towards her self. But he is still the same man, yea, he is so wretchedly debauched and vicious, as he will not endure to think of making himself better, and to say the truth, I believe and think that the Devil cannot possibly make him worse; the which his poor forrowful wise perceiving, as also that her child being now by this time almost two years old, she hath not wherewithal in the world to maintain it in meat or clothes, she is inforced to make a vertue of necessity, and so works exceeding hard with her Needle, thereby to give life to her self and her pretry young Son; and yet say she

what the will with fighs, and do the what the can with tears, her Husband still forcibly takes away the two parts of the poor profit, and small revenew of her labours, both from her felf. and her little Son Thomaso, not caring if they starve or die, so he have to maintain his vicious expences among his leud Conforts and Companions; yea, her miferies and wants are now for great, and her affection to her child so dear and tender, that when she hath no means to set her felt to work, nor can procure any from others, then (though to her matchless grief and thame) the descends to far from her felf, as shamefully and secretly in remote streets and Churches, she begs the almes and charity of some well disposed people for their sublistence and maintenance. But at length, when the fees that her Husband is informed & acquainted therewish, and that he is so inhumane in himself, and so cruel-hearted to her and her Son, that he likewise takes these small monies away from her; which in effect is to take bread out of their mouths, and life out of their bodies): then not knowing what in the world to do, or which way to wind or turn her felf any longer to maintain her Son, which (by many degrees) she loves better than her felf, she resolves to write to her Father to take him home to him at Savona, and maintain him, which she doth by this her ensuing Letter, which carried him this humble language and petition.

FERMIA to MORON.

The increase of my Husbands vices are those of my wants and miseries, which are now grown so extream and infinite, that I have not clothes nor food left to maintain my self, or my poor little Son Thomaso, nor scarce to give life to us. And considering that I am your Daughter (yea your only child) methinks both in Nature and Christianity, that my Father should not see me driven to these sharp and bitter extremities, without relieving me, especially, because as heretofore, so now my sighs begg it of you with humility for charities sake, and my tears with sorrow for Gods sake. Or if yet your heart will not dissolve into pity, or relent into compassion towards me, at least let it towards my poor and pretty young child, whom now with prayers and tears I beseech you to take from me and maintain, though not as agreat part of me, yet as a little piece of your self, and whom God (in his sacred power and secret providence) may (for his honour and glory) reserve to be as much bappiness to you, as I your forrowful Daughter, and his poor Mother see my self born to affliction and misery: God will requite this your charity to him, and thereby I shall the sooner forget your unnatural unkindness and cruelty towards my self. And so may you live in as much prosperity, as I fear I shall shortly die in extream indigence and misery.

FERMIA.

Her Father Moron receiveth and peruseth this third Letter of his Daughter Fermia, whereat being yet nothing moved in charity, or touched in compassion towards her, but only towards her young Son (and his grand child) Thomaso, he returns her this short Answer.

MORON to FERMIA.

I See thou art both wilful and obstinate in disobeying my commands, with thy Letters; wherein I believe thou takest more glory, than either I conceive grief at the relation of thy wants, or sorrw at the repetition of thy miscries, the which I am so far from relieving, as I only pity it that I am thy Father but not as thou art my Daughter. And yet because thy young Son Thomaso is as innocent as thou art guilty of my displeasure and indignation, therefore give him to this bearer whom I have purposely sent, to receive him of thee, and I will see whether it be the pleasure of God that I shall be as happy in him as I am unfortunate in thy self, and if in his sacred providence he hath ordained and decreed that he prove as great a comfort to thy age, as thou art a cross and calamity to mine, which if it prove so, then give God the only praise and glory, which is the best use and requital which thou canst make, or I desire.

MORON.

Our poor and defol te Fermia having received and over-read her Fathers Letter, although

the be wonderful forrowful at the perfeverance of his cruelty towards her felf, yet she is infinitely glad and joyful at his compassion and kindness towards her young Son, whom apparelling the very best that possibly she could (which God knows is ragged, mean, and poor) she with a thousand sighs, tears, prayers, blessings, and kisses) gives him to her Father's Meifenger, to whose affection and education, as also to God's gracious protection and preservation, she religiously recommends him; when (to her exceeding grief and sensible affliction) she sees it out of her possible power once to perswade her Husband Lorenzo either to kiss or to see him at his departure, as if it were no part of his affection to bless it, or of his duty to pray to God to bless it, much less to kiss it at parting. A most unkind and unnatural part of a father to his sweet and pretty young Son. Which strange and discourteous ingratitude of his, it is not impossible for us to see God as strangely both to requite and revenge.

Sorrowful Fermia having thus sent away her little Son Thomaso to her Father Moron at Savona, she the very same night dreams in her poor Bed and house in Genova, that she shall never be so happy to see him again; when being awaked, and remembring this her forrowful and sad dream, she for meer grief bitterly weeps thereat, and although she would, yet she cannot possibly forget or suppress the remembrance thereof, or once put it out of her mind; so that thinking her self fortunate in placing this her little son with her Father, and his Grandsather, she is now very pensive and forrowful for his absence, because she can no longer see him, play with him, and kiss him, and is infinitely disconsolate and mournful when the thinks of her dream of him. In the mean time her lewd Husband grows from bad to worse, so that her co-habitation is but a bondage with him, and her marriage and wedlock but an indenture of slavery, and a contract of misery under him. Such is her incomparable

grief, such her unparalleld afflictions and calamities.

Five years our dilconsolate Fermia lives in this misery, and miserable poverty with her Husband, and yet all the whole world cannot perswade her Father Moron to take her home to him and maintain her. She hath no consolation left her but prayers, nor remedy but enforced patience; fo she arms her self with the last, and adorneth her self with the first. She was contented to beg for the maintenance of her little Son Thomaso, but now being eased of that burthen she will give it over, so she works hard to get her hard and poor living, which yet the cannot get to fast as her Husbands spends it prodigally and lasciviously. Her care and vertues make her the pity, as his lewdness and vices make him the scorn and contempt of their Neighbors. So while the fits at home close at her needle in poor apparel, he idly wanders abroad until he have brought his apparel to rags, and himself almost to nakedness. And here it is that wretched Husband Lorenzo now first begins to harken to the Devil, yea, to prove a very Devil himself, towards this his dear and virtuous Wife; for he enters into a confultation with himself that if he were once rid of his Wife Fermia, he might marry some other with a good portion to maintain him, and so again set up his Trade of Baking, which now had forfaken him, because he had vitiously and unthriftily forsaken it. When his faith being as weak with God, as his infamous life and vices were odious to the world, he affumes a bloody and damnable resolution to murther her, and hereunto the Devil is still at his elbow to provoke and egg him onward, and continually blows the coals to this his malice and indignation against her: So neither his mind or heart, his conscience or soul can divert him from this fearful enterprize, and lamentable bloody business. The which to perform and perpetrate, he on a great holiday (which was the purification of the bleffed Virgin Mary) takes her with him into a Vineyard some half a mile from the City of Genova under colour to recreate themselves, and to take the air, which God knows, she poor soul, takes for a great, because an unaccustomed favour and courtesie at his hands, where she most lovingly and willingly goes with him, and there feigning himfelf fatt a fleep, and she (innocent harmless young woman) then and there slept soundly, and every way being as devoid of fear, as he was of grace, he with a barbarous and diabolical cruelty, (feeing the coast clear) foitly rifeth up and cuts her throat, without giving her the power, time or happiness to utter one word before her death: Where leaving her weltering and goring in her blood, he speedily and politically enters Genova by a contrary gate, thereby to avoid all suspition of this bloody and damnable fact.

The very same night this her breathless murthered body is found out by some of Genova, who accidently walked that way, and they causing it to be brought to the City, it is known by some of Lorenz's Neighbours, to be his Wife Fermia, whereat to add the better cloak to

his knavery, and shadow to his villany, he seems to be wonderfully sad, and passionately forrowful for the fame, and so requesteth the Criminal Officers, both in and about the City to make curious refearch and enquiry for the murtherers of his Wife, which they do; but this hypocritical fadness and false forrow of his, though (to the eye of the world) it prevail for a time, yet (to that of God's Mercy and Justice) in the end, it shall little avail him: fo he gives her a poor and obscure burial, every way unworthy the sweetness of her beauties, and the excellency of her vertues. Her Father Moron hath speedy notice of this deplorable death of his Daughter, who confidering how the had cast away her self upon so bad a Husband as Lorenzo, though outwardly he feem to be wail and lament it, yet inwardly he much cares not for it; and for her little Son Thomaso, his few years despenceth with his capacity from understanding, much less from lamenting and mourning for this disasterous end of his Mother. A month after the cruel murther and burial or this vertuous, yet unfortunate young woman Fermia, her bloody and execrable Husband Lirenzo, (is yet fo devoid of grace) as he goes to Savona to request his Father in Law Moron, to give him some maintenance, in regard he had no portion from him with his Wife his Daughter, as also to fee his Son Thomaso. But Moron by his servants, sends him a peremptory refusal to both these his requests, and so will neither see him, nor suffer him to see his Son, but absolutely for ever forbids him his house: Whereat Lorenzo all in choler leaves Savona and returns to Genova, where felling away his wife's old Clothes to provide him new, he feeks many Maydensand Widows in marriage, but the same of his bad life, and infamous carriage and deportment with his late Wife, is so fresh and great, that they all disdain him; so that utterly despairing ever to raise himself and his fortunes by marriage, he forsakes and leaves Genova, inrolls himself a Bandetti, and for many years together practileth that thievish profession, to the which we will leave him, and speak a little of his young and little Son Thomaso.

Old Moron Trains up this his Grand-child Thomaso, very vertuously and industriously, and at the age of fourteen years, bids him chuse and imbrace any trade he belt liketh: When Thomaso exceedingly delighting in Limming, Graving, Imagery, he becomes a Goldsmith, & in four or five years after, is become a fingular, expert and skilful work-man in his trade: His Grand-father loves him dearly and tenderly, & intends to make him his heir; but Thomajo(led as I think, by the immediate hand and providence of God, or out of his own natural inclination) being of a gadding humor to travel abroad, and fee other Cities and Countrys, and having a particular itching defire to fee Rome, (which he understood is one of the very prime and chief places of the world for rich and curious Goldsmiths). He finding a French thip of Marfeilles (which by contrary winds stopt in the Road of Savona bound up for Civita Vecbia, very secretly packs up his trunk and trinkets, and so goes along in that ship: Now as soon as his Grand-sather Moron understands hereof, he very much grieves at this his rash and fudden departure: So Thomaso arrives at Civita Vechia, goes up to Hostia by sea, and thence on the River Tiber to Rome, where he becomes a fingular ingenious Goldsmith, and thrives so well, (as after a few years) he there keeps shop for himself, and constantly builds up his residence. In all this long tract and progression of time, which (my true information tels me) is at least twenty four years; his Father Lorenzo continues a thievish Bandetti in the state of Genova and Luca, where he commits so many leud robberies and strange rapines, deprædations and thefts, as that country at last becomes too hot for him, and he too obnoxious for it, so he leaves it, and travelleth into Inscany, and to the fair and famous City of Florence, which is the Metropolis thereof, where with the monies he had gotten by the revenues of his robberies, he again fets up his old trade of a Baker; in which profession he knew himfelf expert and excellent, and here he setleth himself to live and dwell takes a fair commodious house, and looks out hard for some rich old Maiden, or young Widdow to make his new Wife; But God will prevent his thoughts, and frustrate his designes and desires berein: For, as yet his bloody thoughts have not made their peace with his foul, nor his foul with his Allfeeing and righteous God for the cruel murthering of his old Wife Fermia, which as an imperuous from and fierce tempest, will suddenly betal him, when he least dreams or thinks hereof, yea, by a manner fo ffrange, and an accident fo miraculous, that former ages, have feldom, if ever parelleld, or given us a president hereof; and wherein the Power and Providence, the Mercy and Justice of God resplends with infinite lustre and admiration; and therefore in my poor judgment and opinion, I deem it most worthy of our observations, as we are men, and of our rememberance as we are Christians.

Charles, now Cardinal of Medices, going up to Rome to receive his hat of this present Pope

Urban VIII. and Cosmos the great Duke of Florence his Brother (in honour to him and their Illustrious blood and family; whereof they are now chief) refolving to make his entry and abode in that City of Rome to be stately & magnificent; He causeth his House and Frain in all points to be composed of double Officers and Servants, to whom he gives rich and costly liveries, and among others our Lorenzo is found out, elected and pricked down to be one of his Bakers for his own trencher in that Journey, where in Rome he flints it out most gallantly and bravely in rich Apparel, and is still most deboished & prodigal in his expences before any other of the Cardinals menial Servants, without ever any more thinking or dreaming of the murthering of his Wife Fermia, but rather absolutely believes, that as he, fo God had wholly buried the remembrance of that bloody fact of his in perpetual filence and oblivion: but the Devil will deceive his hopes. For now that lamentable murther of his cries aloud to Heaven, and to God for vengance, wherein we shall behold and see, that it is the Providence and Pleasure of God, many times to punish one sin in and by another, yea, and sometimes one fin for another, as referving it in the fecret Will and inferutable Providence, to punish Capital offenders, whereof Murtherers are infallibly the greatest, both when, where, and how he pleaseth; for earthly and finful eyes have neither the power to pry into his heavenly decrees, nor our mind and capacity to dive into his divine actions and resolution, becaute many times he accelerateth or delayeth their punishments, as they shall stand most fit and

requifite for his Justice and their crimes.

When therefore, the Panders and Strumpets, and the new pride and bravery of our Lorenzo had eaten out all his money and credit in Rome, and that (to his grief) he now faw, that by no possible means he could procure or borrow any more there, being infinitely unwilling to let his vice and prodigality strike sail, and so as he vainly and soolishly thinks to disgrace his Lord Cardinal's fervice instead of honouring it : He once was minded and resolved to steal some gold out of the Argentiers or Pay-masters Trunk. But then consulting with his judgment and discretion, and finding that attempt to be full of danger, ingratitude, and infamy: He buries that resolution as soon as it was born, and then gives conception and life to another, which was to fleal some pieces of Plate out of a young Goldsmiths shop there in Rome with whom he was familiarly acquainted, & whose shop and company, he (with divers others of his fellows) very often haunted and frequented fince his coming to Rome: The which watching, and taking his time he doth, and from him takes away two fair rich guilt Chalices, & a curious small gold crucifix fet with a few Saphires & Emeralds, all amounting to the value of four hundred and fifty Duckatons. This young Goldsmith (whose name we shall anon know) is amazed at this great loss, when being guided and directed by the immediate finger of God, he knows not to whom suspect or accuse for this robbery but Lorenzo the Cardinal of Florence his Baker: whom he faw, and observed did very often and too familiarly frequent his shop, and far the more doth he fortifie and increase this his suspition of him, because then making a curious inquiry and research of his former life and actions, he found both the one and the other in all points fo vicious and debauched, as we have formerly understood, only the murther of his wife Fermia excepted, which as yet none but God and himself knew: Whereupon well knowing that he lay not in his Lord Cardinals Palace, which as all others are priviledged as fanctuaries, but in a Taylors house near adjoyning: he with an Officer fearched his Chamber and Trunk, wherein he found one of his Chalices, but not the other, or the gold Crucifix, which Lorenzo immediately had fold both to pay his debts, and to put some double Pistols in his pockets for his vain and prodigal expences; when hunting after this his thief Lorenzo, he presently finds him, commits him to prison, and accuseth him to the Captain and Judges of Rome: Who upon knowledg and fight of one of the Chalices found in Lorenzo's Trunk, and also upon his confession of having fold away the other, and likewise the Crucifix of gold, they condemn him to be hanged the very next day for the same. Lorenzo (bitterly weeping and suming at this his disaster) doth most humbly sue and petition the Lord Cardinal his master to beg his life of the Pope, who confidering him to be a base Companion, and no Gentleman, and his fact (during this his fervice) to be very foul and teandalous. He is too Noble and wife to attempt or undertake it, and therefore becomes deaf to his requests; Whereupon Lorenzo is that night returned to his prison, where he hath leisure though not time enough to think upon his conscience and foul, upon the basenesse of this his robbery, and the foulnesse and bloodinesse of murthering his wife Fermia.

The next morning he is brought to his death, at the common place of execution at the Pp ?

Bridge-

Bridg-foot, in a little walled Court close to the Castle of Saint Angelo, where a world of people flock from all parts of Rome to fee the Cardinal of Florence his Baker take his last leave of the world, being the night before prepared by a Frier, in his fouls journey towards Heaven, as foon as he ascended the Ladder, he there confesseth this his robbery : And likewise that his name was Andrea Lorenzo, and that he (about some twenty and three years since) murthered his own wife, named Fermia Moron in a Vineyard neer Genova: whereof he faith he will no longer charge his foul: The which the young Goldsmith (whose name was Thomaso Lorenzo over hearing) he presently burst forth into tears, and very passionately and forrowfully crys out, that this man on the Ladder is his own Father; and that Fermia Moron was his own Mother, and therefore he with a world of fobs, fighs, and tears prayeth the Officers, and then the Executioner of Justice to forbear, and leave the prisoner for a small while, which accordingly they do: When at the descent of his Father from the Ladder, Thomaso (in presence of all that huge number of people who were present) throws himself at his feet, and seeming to drown himself in his tears for forrow, confesseth himself to be his Son, and acknowledgeth Fermia Moron to be his Mother, and therefore prays him to forgive him this his innocent ingratitude towards him, in feeking his death of whom he had received his own life: And although the confideration of his Mother's lamentable murther doth pierce him to the heart with grief, yet knowing him likewise to be his Father, & himfelf his Son, he freely and willingly offers the Captain of Rome, and the Judges all his Estate to fave his Father's life, but this his robbery is fo foul, and that former murther of his fo inhumane and lamentable, yea so odious to God and the World, and so execrable to Men and Angels, that none will prefume to dare to speak in his behalf: So the next day Lorenzo is hanged, having first freely forgiven his Son Thomaso, and entreated him likewise to forgive him for murthering of his Mother, and for any other thing elfe, he at his death faid little; But curfed the name and memory of that miserable and covetous wretch his Father in Law Moron, whose unkindness and cruelty he said had occasioned and brought him to all this mifery. But he spake not a word of his grief or sorrow for having murthered his wife Fermia Moron; Only he faid and believed that this his untimely death was a just revenge and punishment of God to him for the same.

The common fort of the spectators and people of Rome, seemed to tax the Cardinal of Florence his Master for not saving this his Bakers life; but the wifer and more religious sort, applauded his generosity and piety for not attempting it from the Pope: but all do admire and wonder at God's sacred providence and divine Justice in making the Son the cause and instrument of his Father's hanging for murthering of his Mother, the which indeed gave cause of speech and matter of wonder at Rome, Genova; Savona, and Florence, yea, to all Italy. And thus was the wicked life and deserved death of this bloody Villain Lorenzo, and in this manner did the Justice of the Lord triumph o're his crime in his punishment. And as for his Son Thomaso (the Goldsinith) after this infamous and scandalous death of his Father, he could no longer content himself to live in Rome, but returned to Savona to his Grandsather Moron, who received him with many demonstrations of Joy, and affection,

and after his death made him sole heir to all his wealth and Estate.

To God be all the Glory.

FINIS.

the notice of the safe apartone editor

THE

TRIUMPHS

OF

GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

The Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

EXPRESSED

In Thirty several Tragical Histories, (digested into Six Books), which contain great variety of mournful and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Moral, and Divine.

Book Fifth.

Written by JOHN RETNOLDS.



LONDON,

Printed by A. Maxwell for William Lee, 1670.

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Book Fifts.

Written by 90 HN KEYNOLDS.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

(And truely Noble)
FRANCIS, LORD RUSSELL,

Baron of Thornehaugh, and Earl of Bedford.

Right Honourable,

Hen I had the honour to refer, to that Valiant, Wise, and Honest Nobleman, Arthur Lord Chichester, Baron of Belfast (whose Sublime merits do here justly deserve and challenge this Testimony from my Duty, that he was too good for Earth, and therefore is now so soon crowned a Saint in Heaven) Ithen had first the happiness to know and to be known of your Honour at your Cheswick; In whom (because I ever hold it a far less crime to speak the truth, than either to silense or dissemble it) I then found so many Prints and Stamps of true Honour, and Characters of ancient Goodness and Nobility, that (with a pleasing content and delectation) I was enforced to be again and again enamoured of Vertue and Honour for your sake, and reciprocally, to love and respect your Lordsbip for both their Sakes. Since when, (out of your generosity, not my expectation or deserts) your Honour was pleased to confer a favour on me, the which though you forget, yet the remembrance thereof I will (with equal Zeal, and Ambition) Strive to make as eternal, as I know my self to be mortal and transitory. You are a Religious Christian, and atrue-hearted Englishman; and therefore as it is your Glory, so it is our Happiness, that you are both a constant Lover of God and his Church; and a firm and faithful Honourer of your Prince and Country: and you are now Lord Lieutenant (under our Gracious Soveraign) of that famous County of Devon, and fair and honourable City of Excelter, to which I owe my nativity; and in both which the Russels (Earls of Bedford) your Noble Ancestors have condignly left behind them many honourable Trophees of their Valour, and sweet and precious perfumes of their Vertue.

These Premises being so powerful in truth, and so considerable and prevalent in reason, Itherefore flatter my self with this hope, that your Honour will attribute it rather to Duty, than Presumption in me, If I now publickly attempt to profer and sacrifice up something to the Honour of your illustrious Name, and to the Dignity of your resplendent Vertues: Missing therefore of that desired happiness (by some rare or elaborate piece) sufficiently to testisse to your Lordship and the whole World, what you are to me in the height of Honour, and what I am, and desire to be found of you in the lowness of Observance and Humility; It will therefore be no less my Feticity, than your Goodness, if you vouch safe to accept and patronize this my Fifth

Qq

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Book of forraign Tragical Histories, and also please to permit them to travel and seektheir Fortunes abroad in the World, under the auspicious Planet, and authentical Passeport of your Noble Protection: Wherein you may behold and see, how foundly, how sacredly the Justice of God meets with this crying and scarlet Sin of Murther, which (in these our depraved, and sinful times) in contempt of the Laws of Heaven and Earth, make so lamentable and so prodigious a progression; and how sharply and severely it (deservedly) punisheth (those Butchers, and Monsters of Nature) the perpetrators thereof; And if I may borrow (for I desire not tousurp) any part of your Lordships hours of leasure, to give first to the Knowledg, and then to the Contemplation of these Histories, and the several Accidents which they report and relate; Ishall then triumph in my good fortune, as having obtained that Honour and Favour, which I ingenuously acknowledg, I am far more capable to de sire than deserve.

Icome now to implore pardon of your Honour for this my Presumption, in inscribing and adventuring so mean a more to your Noble acquaintance. And I have ended this my Epistle, as soon as began, to assure you, That I will ever (religiously) pray unto God to accumulate all prosperities and blessings on your Honour; as also on your most Vertuous Countels, and successively on your Honourable and Flourishing Posterity, who now promise no less than a happy and famous perpetuity to your thrice

musting good for Earth, and therefore is now to tone crewined as

Noble Name, and Family.

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JOHN REYNOLDS.

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Devon, and fair and louourable city of Exceller, to which I one negativity; and in both which the Russels (Earls of Bedford) your Noble sweethers have seedignly left behind them many himograble Trophees of their Valours, and speet and

These Premises being so powerful in truth, and so considerable and prevolencing reasons. It herefore states my lest with this hope. that your Honous will are usue it rather to Duty, than Prelumption in me. If I now induckly afremetto probabilish Jacob up concerbing to the Honour of your abuterious Name, and it is to the govern or elaborate piece) Jufficiently to tell me to your Lordings and to a selectionist see are some in the height of Honoury and what is me are a set to be some see tone in state lander of Observance and dumilitys is not the year because and he verby than your Goodings, if you countiffe course and a second of the which



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXI.

Baptistyna and Amarantha poyson their eldest Sister Jaquinta, after which Amarantha consects ber servants Bernardo and Pierya, to stifle her Elder Sister Baptistyna in her Bed; Bernardo stying, breaks his neck with the fall of his Horse. Pieria is hanged, so likewise is Amarantha, and her body after burnt. Bernardo being buried, his body is againtakenup, hanged to the Gallows by his feet, then burnt, and his Ashes thrown into the air.

THE Golden times being past, what doth this Iron or slinty age of ours produce, but Thorns for Roses and Brambles for Lillies, I mean bloody and barbarous acts in stead of deeds of Compassion and works of Charity, Not but that Christianity (as a fair and glorious vail) covereth the face of Europe, as the sirmament of Heaven doth that of Earth; and that (by the mercy of God) there are now great variety of learned and Godly Preachers, who (by the sanctity of their lives, and the purity of their Doctrine) spend the greatest part both of their time, and of themselves, to propagate Vertue and Piety in us, and consequently to root out vice and Sin from among us. But it is the vanity of our thoughts, the corruption of our deprayed Natures, the infirmity of our Judgments, the weakness of our Faith, the coldness of our Zeal, and our neglect of prayer, which sometimes (O that I might not say too too often) transporteth our selves beyond our selves, and our resolutions and actions beyond the bounds of reason, yea and violently carrieth us to desperate and inhuman attempts, which this next deplorable History will so apparently and perspicuously verificantous, that we shall difficultly read it without sighs, nor understand it without tears; at least if we have but the sparks of so much Charity in our hearts, and Piety in our Souls, as the unfortunate Authors, and miserable Actours hereof wanted.

Dau h-

If Tufcany be the beauty and glory of Italy, then Florence (the capital City thereof) must needs be that of Tuscany; or else it could not so justly and generally deserve that true and excellent Epithet of Faire. It is a City which hath given both Life and being to the Illustrious Family of the Medicis, (or, as some affirm, they to it.) The world Grounds about it are Vineyards, and the best are dainty Meadows, and delicate Gardens, or rather their Gardens are Meadows for their spaciousness, and their Meadows are Gardens for their fertility and beauty. It is divided and croffed in two parts by the famous River Arms, and that River again by two flately Bridges curiously imbelished and adorned with many Marble and Alabaher Statues. The Streets hereof are well paved, broad and long; the Buildings (for the most part) rather Palaces than private Houses, and the Temples for sumptions and beauty, nothing inserious to the best, and richest of Italy, especially the two most sumptuous and unparallel'd Chappels of the Baptistaria, and Saint Lorenzo, as also the Domo, and Campanella (which is the Tower) thereof, it being a most magnificent and stately Cathedral Church, which not only catcheth our eye with wonder, but surprizeth our thoughts with admiration, as all our English Noblemen and Gentlemen Travellers, do (peradventure) know far better than my self: I say, in this rich and sair City of Florence, near the Church of the Dominican Friers, in the latter daies of the great Duke Ferdinand, there dwelt an ancient, vertuous, and generous Cavalier, named Seignior Leonardo Streni, descended of a noble Family, near to the City of Pistoia, where his Ancestours lest him many fair Demeans, and a very rich Patrimony, the which (through his Frugality, Vertue, and Wildom, the true foundation of the chiefest Houses, and best Families of Italy) he managed and improved so well, that within the space of twenty years, he became exceeding rich and opulent. But near about this time, that the sweetness of his content might receive fome check of bitter affliction, to shew him that man is subject to God, and that there is no perfect or permanent felicity here on earth, his Lady Alcidina died, which brought him much forrow and affliction, having only yet this Joy and Confolation left him, that he had by her in marriage, three proper young Ladies to his Daughters, named Jaquinta, Bajtistina, and Amarantha; who albeit, he hoped would prove the stayes and comforts of his Age, yet they will futurely afford him far less felicity, and more milery than he can expect, or my Readers (as yet) any way conceive or imagine: the which, to approve and verefie, they are by me prayed to understand, and remember, that these two youngest Daughters Baptistina, and Amarantha, are wonderful fair and beautiful, of a reasonable tall stature, very streight and slender; but faquinta, the eldest Daughter is of a brown complexion, short, and crook-backt, but she hath this fleight, that her Tailor's art ferves to overvail the defects, and to cover the deficiency of her Nature : and the her felf hath the skill to put on fresh tincture and complexion on her face, vices which the purity and simplicity of former Ages were not acquainted with, or else purposely disdained and hated, although the Pride and Vanity of these our times do ambitionsly allow and practife them. Again, faquinta is proud and stately, Baptistina cholerick, fullen, and revengeful; and Amarantha (to the eye and judgment of the World) pleafant and courteous. Have we but a little patience, and we shall shortly see each of these three Sisters, appear in their true colours, and in very different wayes to act their feveral Parts upon the Stage and Theater of this their History.

Streni feeing himself a widdower, not so much favoured of God to have any Son to enjoy his Name and Lands, and all his three Daughters to be now capable of Marriage. He (as a provident and loving Father) holds it a great point of affection and discretion in him now to leave his Mannour House of Cardura near Pistoia, and to betake himself to live and reside in Florence, hoping thereby with less difficulty, and far more advantage, to look out and provide fit Husbands for his Daughters, answerable to their Rank and Degree; which Disposition and Resolution of his pleased them well, and administred them cause of great content and joy, sith it is now grown to a custom, and an habit, that young Ladies and Gentlewomen do infinitely desire to live in great Towns and Cities, where they may see, and be seen; and especially in those of Italy, more then in any Country of the World, where the whole Nobility and Gentry make all their aboad and residence, the which indeed is one of the main points, and essential reasons, why their

Cities are so rich, populous, and fair.

Thus we see Streni and his three Daughters by this time come to Florence, and dwell (as I have formerly said) neer the Monastery of the Dominican Friers, where his Wealth, Brith, and Port, cause him to be Visited and Frequented of the best and noblest sort of that City, and as the time of his residence, so the number of his acquaintants encreaseth, for vertue is capable to purchase Friends every where, and his wealth and

Daughters beauties like fo many powerful Lures and Adamants draw many young gallant Gentlemen to his House to see and serve them: Where although Baptistyna and Amarantha, are beloved and sought in marriage of many, yet their Father is resolute to marry their eldest Sister Jaquinta sirst; wherefore when any Noblemen or Gentlemen come to his House, the is to be seen, and courted, but Baptistyna and Amarantha are mewed and salt locked up in a Chamber. They grieve hereat, but they can neither alter nor remedy this their Fathers resolution, for his word most be their Oracle, and his will their Law. Now before I proceed farther in the dilation of this History, as I one way commend Streni his resolution to marry his eldest Daughter sirst; so yet, in approving his discretion for her preferment, I must nevertheless taxe his want of affection, in hindring that of his two youngest Daughters; For as it was a courtesse of him to have Jaquinta seen of Suters, so it was a degree of discresses; I may say, of cruelty, in him to confine Baptistyna and Amarantha as Prisoners to their Chambers, when divers of them came purposely and honourably to his House, both to see

and feek them in marriage.

But Jaquinta (armed with her Father's love and authority) grows extreamly imperious and stately: She triumpheth in conceit to see her self preferred of her Father before her Si-Hers. She sees her two Sisters Baptistyna and Amarantha are sued and sought for in marria age by divers Cavaliers, and the very confideration hereof grievs, and the remembrance afflicts her: but withal the observes, that they dare not disobey, or contradict their Fathers command to affect or speak with any, and therefore the very knowledg and remembrance hereof again rejoyceth her. As it is a happiness for us to purchase friends, fo it is a misery to lose them. Her Sisters love her, but she loves not them: they are as unworthy of her harred, as the is of their affection. Nature (indeed) hath given her the prerogative, and priviledg, but yet the should consider, that they are her Sisters, and not her Servants, and that their blood is hers, and hers theirs. It is an argument of indifcretion and infolency, for one brother or fifter to think themselves better than another, But many Gentlewomen who are Sisters, esteem pride a second beauty, or at least an excellent Grace and Ornament to them, and therefore, to prefer and elevate themselves, they care not how they disparage and deject others. The beauty of Baptif yna and Amarantha is an eye-fore to Jaquinta. The tree of malice never produceth good fruit: It is still a happy vertue for us to check and vanquish our own vices. She knows that many Gentlemen love them, but fees and observes with grief that none affect her. Her defire to marry is so immodestly licencious and boundless, as she could willingly refolve to accept of any Gentleman for her Husband, that would be content to take her for his wife : but incontinency proves still a pernicious Counsellor to young Ladies and Gentlewomen. Now as Cantharides fly Hill to the fairest Flowers; fo she sees (and indeed infinitely bites the lip, and grieves to fee) that all Lovers and Sutors flie to one of thefe her two Sifters, and wholly abandon and forfake her felf: but being a woman, the wants not an invention to apply a present remedy to this her discontent and choller. She must have her Sifters beauties and braveries eclipfed, that hers may appear more bright, and resplend and shine with more suffre and glory : She knows that Crystal seems precious when Diaz monds are not in place; to which end, the very passionately, and yet subtilly works upon the affections of her Father, and obtains of him, that as her years, so her apparel may excel and exceed that of her Sifters, the which he inconsiderately grants her; and this she receives and conceives to be a step to her advancement, and an obstacle to theirs. So if they formerly grieved to fee themselves imprisoned in a Chamber, whiles she to her content and pleasure rejoyceth both to fee, and to be feen of Gentlemen; So now their discontent thereof grows into choler, and their choler into rage, to fee this their elder Sifter Jaquinta not only to step some degrees beyond them, but likewise many beyond her self in her apparel.

It is ever a wise and discreet vertue in Patents to distribute their favours and affections equally to their children, or if they chance to affect one better than others, at least that they be so reserved and cautious, as to conceal it secretly to themselves, that the rest may neither perceive nor know it. That Streni sought to matry I quint a before Baptistyna and Amarantha (as I formerly have said) he did well: but yet to make them lose when they might find and gain a fortune, was withal to be indiscreet, if not unnatural. Mens sancies and affections in marriage are many times counselled and led by the Eye, as the eye is by the Heart. Some will prise and affect beauty without vertue, others vertue without beauty; but where both meet and concurr, it doth not only please, but delight, and so joyntly sympathize to make each other excellent. Many of the best and noblest Cavaliers of Florence love Baptistyna and Amarantha, but not faquinta; or if they seem to court faquinta, it is but with a reserved hope, and intent to enjoy the sight and company of Baptistyna and Amarantha, but as jealousse and

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malice have alwayes four eyes instead of two; so it is at least a torment, if not many deaths, to Jaquima, to see her two Sisters to live and be beloved of all Suters, and her self of none; the which to prevent, and so to stop the progress of their Triumphs, and consequently of her own discontent and affliction, she (not desirous to have two such Stars of beauty to appear, and shine together in the Firmam nt of her Fathers House in Florence) doin so secretly undermine, and so cunningly prevail with him, as her two Sisters (when they least dream or think thereof) are by his order and command suddenly sent away by Coach to his Countrey House of Caraura, near Pissoia (whereof we have already made mention) notwithstanding all their requests, sighs and tears to the contrary, and there by his appointment to be privately and disconsolately shut up, from any access for conversation of any man whatsoever, and under the charge and custody of an eld

ill-fayoured Beldame (sometimes their School-Mistris) named Dona Malevola.

Baptistina and Amarantha, being enforced to banishment from Florence to Cardara, believed that it proceeded as well by the pride and malice of their Sister Jaquinta, as by the severity of their Father; They know not from what Saint to implore aid or assistance, or from what point their Art or Invention to expect for hope for redress hereof; but at length (being constrained to make a Vertue of Necessity) they brook this their disgrace, with as much patience as they may, no way doubting (much less dispairing) but that a little time will work a great alteration in their Estates and Fortunes. But seeing a month past over, and their Keeper Malevola still more and more bent to restrain them of their liberty, without suffering them to see or speak with any stranger, or any stranger with them, they at last recollect, and pluck up their spirits to themselves, and so resolve to write a fair Letter to their Father, and a peremptory one to their Sister Jaquinta, to procure their return to Florence, which they do, and send it by one Bernardo, a a trusty Servant of theirs; That to their Father spake thus,

BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA to STRENI.

IT is with much astonishment and grief to us, that you have so suddenly banished us from your pre-sence, and from Flotence, to live here rather as Prisoners than your Daughters, in your Countryhouse of Cardura; And having the honour to be so great a part of your self, we do not a little wonder, what our Errors or Crimes should be that we must be inforced to be deprived of that felicity, and suffer this mifery. If we have been fought unto by any Noblemen or Gentlemen, it hath been in the way of marriage, and therefore in that of honour, and yet we have still so strictly tyed our fancies to our Duties, and our affections to our obedience towards you, that in the least degree we have not swerv'd from your consent, but have done, and do still inviolably make your Pleasure therein our resolution, and your will and commands our Law. But we are confident that although you are the eause, yet our Sifter Jaquinta is the fole Author of this our forrowful and imm rived Sequestration; Who (peradventure) in regard that her beauty comes short of ours, that her malice therefore must not only exceed the bounds of Reason, but of Nature. And although she alledg her Priviledge and Prerogative of years against us, yet because our blood is as good as hers, and our hearts and education no worse, therefore we befeech jou to be f fav urable and kind to us, that in regard her Malice and Pride bath made her our Accuser, and which is worse our Enemy, that you will not make her our Judg, but that we may speedily re-obtain the happiness to return and live with you in Florence, without which we shall assuredly either live here in Despair, or shortly dye in Discontent and Misery : Which request of ours is so just and equal, as you cannot denyit to us, either in affection or nature, much less inreason or pity. God ever bless you with happiness, and make us happy in your blessing.

> BAPTISTINA AMARANTHA.

Their Letter to their Sifter Jaquinta depainted these passions.

BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA to JAQUINTA.

Aving curiously examined our thoughts and actions, we cannot find the least shadow of cause, much less of Reason. Why thoushouldst sharply exasperate our Father against us, so suddenly to banish and exile us from Florence to Cardura, neither do we think, it is for that we are fairer than

thy self, but that thou art more malicious than us, which bath oecasioned thee, and show precipitated him, to this sharp resolution against us. If thou art desirous of a Husband, let it content thee, that as yet ne no way intend or desire to become Wives to any, and the refere if thou wilt not believe us, at least believe this truth from us, that then hast far more reason to doubt thine own haste, then any way to suppose of fear ours therein: for whiles thou prayest for a Husband, we will first make it our Prayers to God, that we may be capable and happy to deserve good ones. We advise these therefore in Love, and counsel thee in Affection and Charity, to consider seriously with thy self, that we are thy Sisters, not thy Servants, much less thine Enemies; and in that regard that we are as unworthy of thy malice, as unwilling and uncapable to digest it, because the priority of thy sears can no way justly introduce an inequality in our blood: And if thou wilt not inforce us to degenerate from our selves, and configuently from the nature and affection of Sisters, thou shalt do us great right, and to thy self more reason, to cause my Father to recall us home to him, with as much celerity and favour, as he sent us away from him with discourtese and indignation.

BAPTISTYNA. AMARANTHA.

The Lackey Bernarda arriving at Florence, and having delivered these two Letters to Streni and Jaquinta, they breaking up the seals thereof, perused and read-over their Contents; when he smiling to see the indiscretion of these his two daughters, attributed this their disobedience towards him, and their discontent towards their fifter faquinta, rather to ignorance and simplicity, than to malice, and yet he could not but wonder at this their bold and peremptory Letter fent him; But for Jaquinta, the was so galled and netled with her two fifters insolent carriage and Letter towards her, that it exceedingly troubled and perplexed her, but especially, and far the more, for that the feared that their Letter to her Father might cause him to grant their return to Florence, the which to her possible power she would no way willingly permit or suffer, as defacus to rule and and govern her Father alone, and so to raign sole Lady over his humours and house, without rivals and competitors: To which end the goes to him, and in the foftest and sweetest terms which either her Art or Malice could invent, The extreamly incenfeth him against her Sisters, alledging to him that their stay in Cardura was necessary, and their disobedient motion for their return to Florence too insolent and insupportable; and that the hoped with confidence, that he would not permit their malice to unjustly to fall and reflect on her, because the was as innocent as they guilty thereof: and that for any thought and defire of a Husband, the vowed the had none, but that his will and pleasure should in all things be hers, as resolving both to live under his commands, and die in his favour and fervice: Which sugred and treacherous speeches of hers so prevailed and vanquished the credulity of her old Father, yea and so powerfully wrought and trenched upon his affection, that being all in choler against Baptist yna and Amaruntha, he resolves with himself to return them a sharp answer; and commands Jaquinta to do the like, the which they both write and fend back to them by Bernardo, who returning to Cardura, he delivereth his two young Ladies and Mistresses these two Letters, and they speedily and privately retiring themselves to a close shadowed arbour in the Garden, they there with much earnest defire and impatiency, first break up that of their Father, wherein contrary to their hopes, but not to their fears, they find this language.

STRENI to BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA.

I Pit be not purposely to cross your own good fortunes, you would not so rashly and peremptorily have attempted to cross my good intentions and affections towards you, in sending you to Cardura, but mould have brooked it with as much patience as I see you do with discontent; and before this act of your disobilitience, now revealed me in your Letter; I held you for my Daughters, me for mine en mies, and mine house of Cardura to be rather a palace than a prison for you; so if you know how ill those errours of yours become you, you would rather redeem them with repentance and tears than remember them either with the least thought of delight, or conceit or sense of joy. Nay think with your selves what modesty it was, what wisdom it is, for your green youth to presume sor to dare to presume to teach my gray age how or when to choose you husbards; when God knows that neither your years nor your discretion, do as yet make you capable to think of husbands: And if you have any judgment remaining in you, then judge, with tour selves how false and incongruous your reason are, when in words you pretend to obey my commands, and yet in effects you wilfully oppose and contradict them. And having used me with so small respect fee again with how much untruth and envy you abuse your sister Jaquinta, who tamy knowledge is an innecent of those fails as persions of Pride and Malice towards you, as your selves are guilty of them towards

towards her, fith she loves nothing more, and you affect nothing less than humility and charity, their contravies; for, believe me, I find her to be your true friend, and your selves to be the greatest and only enemies to your selves; for otherwise you cannot live in the smallest degree of despair, discontent, or misery, because such is my care of your education and maintenance, that no y ung Ladies of Tuscany, and sew of Italy, of your rank and quality, are brought up in more bravery, delight, and honour; the which my indulgency and affection shall still continue to you, if your disobedience and folly henciforth give me no surther motive to the contrary; and therefore as you tender my blessing, I charge you to make it your delight and practice to think of God, not of husbands, of your love to your sister Jaquinta not of her harred to you; and of your Prayer-books, your Lutes, and your Needles, and not of such vain conceits, and passions, wherewith you have stuffed and farced up your Letter to me, the which toge her with the Copy of this of mine to you, I now inclose and return to your Governess Malevola, that she hereafter may be m re careful of your concustion and carriage, and that you give more hours to discretion and honour, and less to idleness and vanity, to the end that she seeing her fault in yours she may thereby the better survey know how to teach, and you how to learn to reform them. And so I beseech God who hath made y u my Daughters, to biess, and make you his faithful servants.

STRENI.

They having thus perused their Fathers Letter, and seen his spleen and passions towards them they cannot so much accuse him of choler, as they believe they have reason to condemn their sister faquista of cruelty towards them; wherefore with more speed than affection, and with more haste than charity, they likewise break up the seals of her Letter, wherein she greets them thus.

JAQUINTA to BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA.

Am so far from incensing, or precipitating our Father against you, as I vow to God, and to you, that his sending of you from Florence to Cardura, was not only without my consent, but without my knowledg; and for calling in question either the thought of your beauties, or of my husbands, you equilly wrong me, and the truth therein: for it is that most who reof I trouble my heart and mind least: and therefore my haste to marry comes infinitely short of y ur jealouse and fear; and except it be out of your pride and malice, of Sisters to become mine Enemies herein, I know no cause in Nature, and less reason in Grace, why those fulle suggestions of yours should fall within the compass of your conceits, or those untrue scandals within the power of your heart and pen, and it is as vain as ridiculous either for your love or counsel ever to think to make me believe or conceive the contrary. As for the priority of my years, it shall never make me esteem worse of you than of my self; for my conscience to God, and my actions to the world shall still make it apparent, that although you contemn my friendship, I will yet corroborate and cherish yours, and that there shall want no good will or zeal in me, that (acc raing to your desires and expectation) our Father do not speedily reeall you from Cardura to Florence, where your presence shall still be my happiness, and your company my content and felicity: And except your deportments and carriage towards me give me not benceforth suft cause to divert me from this sisterly affection and resolution, I am constantly resolved both to live and die in the same.

JAQUINTA.

Baptist yna and Amarant a having thus read and considered these two several Letters of their Father and Sister Jaquinta, they are infinitely incensed and chollerick to see his discourtesie, and her diffimulation and cruelty towards them, in that they must be enforced to live a solitary country-life in Cardura, whiles she triumphs in pride, and flaunts it out in bravery in Florence; and as they much repine and murmure at his dif-affection, so they infinitely disdain and complain of her imperious courfes and carriage towards rhem, adding no belief to her Letter, but judging it to be hypocritical. They pity the weakness of their Father's judgment, in suffering himself to be so violently transported and carried away by the subtil policy and secret malice of their fister towards them; wherein although their duty and obedience do some way excuse his age, yet their blood and beauty can no way possibly dispence with the pride and malice of her youth, which they hourly see confirmed and made apparent in the unaccustomed Arich and hard usage of their Governess Malevola towards them, which with her best endeavours and ambition sought as well to captivate their minds as their persons, by making herself to be as much their Gaoler as their Governess; but they vow to requite her unkindness, and to revenge their Sister Jaquinta's cruelty towards them: They see her deformity in their beauty, her malice in their love, and her pride in their humility; so they alter the course of their natural affection, and now decline, instead of increasing, in sillerly love and charity towards this their sister. To go retrograde in vertue, is to

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go forwards in vice; for as it is the mark, so it is the duty of Christians, To render good for evil, but not evil for good: Yea all contrary Examples and Axioms are ill taught, and worse practised, and it is to be seared, that the end thereof will produce at least sorrow, if not misery and destruction.

But Baptistina and Amarantha are too young and wilful to make gooduse of their fifter Faquinta's bad affection and malicious carriage towards them; for elle, had they had as much wit as beauty, or as much affection as malice, they would then flie that which they follow, and detell this bloody design and resolution of theirs, which they now intend to embrace and put in practice. They are weary of their Sisters hard usage of them, they cannot digest her imperiousness and pride, and (in all outward semblance and appearance) if they stay from Marriage till she be married, they may all die Maids, and, as our English adage goes, whip Apes in Hell for Company. They prefer their beauty before hers, as much as fine doth her age before theirs; and deeming it impossible for them to have Husbands ere she be a wife, they thereupon abandon all reason and religion, and so at one time begin both to defire and to plot her death; and of these two wretched sisters, Baptistina is the most forward in this their intended deplorable business; for she is so weak with God, and Satan so strong with her, that she says often to her self, The can reap no content in this world, before her sister Jaquinta see another. It were better for us not to fore-see a sin, than seeing it, not to prevent, but perpetrate it. To which end, the purposely lets fall some words to her fister Amarantha, tending and bending that way; but Amarantha is too courteous to be so cruel, and too religious, to be so outragious and diabolical to any, especially to her fifter: Had she lived in the piety, and persevered in the integrity of this opinion and conscience, peradventure, her days had seen better fortunes, and her end been freed from so much misery. It is not enough for us to be vertuous and godly, except we religiously and faithfully continue therein; for constancy in all good and pious actions, makes men and women excellent, and of being wholly mortal, to become (in a manner) partly divine : But (to report Truth in her naked colours) Amarantha is too weak to refift her fifter Battiffima's strong temptations and perswasions. It is an excellent vertue and happiness in us to have our ears still open to good counsel, and shut to that which is evil and pernicious; but Amarantha hoping and defiring to gain a good Husband, makes her in a small time consent to the loss of a bad fifter; and now she sis therefore fully resolved to joyn with Baptisting to make Tagainta away. Good God! what cruelty, rage, and barbarism is it, for two Sisters to resolve to murther their third! But this is not all; for we shall see more blood spilt upon the Theatre of this History, before we see the Catastrophe thereof. These two unnatural young Gentlewomen, having thus swapt a bargain with the Devil, to dispatch their Sister Jaquinta, they now consult on the manner thereof, whether or no they should perform it with Ponyard or Poyson; but at last they agree upon poyson, but disagree which of them shall administer it to her, and if there were any spark of grace remaining in either of these two bloody-minded Sisters, it was in Amarantha; for the cannot find in her heart or conscience to do it, and yet the is so graceless and impious; as she freely gives way to the performance of this bloody Fact; so in the end, they fall upon this ungodly resolution, that lots must decide it : thus the Devil holds, and they as his infernal Factors and Agents, drawthem, and it falls to Baptistina to do it. But here ere they proceed farther in the progress of this lamentable business, and how to execute it; they are now assailed with a doubt and difficulty of no mean importance, for as they hold it requisite for them to perform this murther in Florence, so they know not how to escape from their watchful Governels Malevola from Cardura: But they are Women, and therefore they will be industrious in their malice; they are Ladies, and therefore they will be swift and subtil in their revenge; for having gold (though not their liberty) at their command, they resolve that the first shall speedily procure the second: To which end, they, by their servant Bernardo, secretly hire a Coach for four Duckatoons, the next night to carry them away very closely and privately from Cardura to Florence, and with so many more to corrupt the Gardiner to give him the Key of the Garden Postern gate; both which (with much care, fidelity, and silence) he effecteth, being himfelf only by them appointed to attend, and commanded to accompany them in this their Jour-

These two revengesul sisters having thus given order for their escape, and secretly packed up such things as they held necessary to carry with them, associated as their Governess Malevola was in bed and sast a sleep, who was as innocent as they were guilty of this their clandestine departure, in comes Bernardo about midnight to their Chamber-door, to which giving a soft knock, they presently descend the stairs with him to the Garden, and from thence to the Coach, wherein seating themselves they leave Cardura, and so with great speed drive away

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for Florence, where they arrive at their Father's house, betwixt nine or ten of the clock the next morning: he much wondring, and their Sifter Jaquinta extreamly perplexed and grieved at this their sudden and unexpected arrival, they cast themselves at their Father's feet, and crave his bleffing and excuse, but he receives them with more anger than joy, and so gives them frowns and checks instead of kisses: he hears their reasons of their unlooked-for departure from Cardura, which he rejects both with contempt and choler, sharply reproves their disobedience, and voweth speedily to return them; they answer him, that his prefence is the fole felicity and glory of their life, and that they had rather die with him in Florence, than live without him in Cardura. As for their Sister Faquinta, she dissembles her love to them as they do their malice towards her, for whiles the fecretiy witheth them out of Florence, fo (in counterchange) do they as filently with and defire her in heaven: but after a day or two was past over, then their hypocrific and dissimulation was such each to other, as (to the eye of the world) it feemed they could not be better friends, nor dearer or kinder fifters, then now they were; fo artificially could all of them overveil their malice, and fo cunningly could they conceal their different intentions, thereby the better to compose their countenances and speeches. But when Jaquinta again perceives that the gallants of Florence do afresh repair and slock to her Father's house, purposely to neglect her, and to admire and adore the excellent beauties of these her two younger sisters, then her old jealousie revives, and inflames her new malice towards them; so as with all her power and art, she again secretly tampers with her Father, either to return them again to Cardura, or to contract and espouse them to a Numery, that she might thereby triumph alone at her pleasure, and being then fole Heir to all his Lands and Estate, might wed her self to the greater fortune, and nobler husband, and she wanted neither fighs nor tears to draw him to this her earnest defire and resolu-

This is not so secretly born betwixt their Father and Sister Jaquinia, but Baptistina and Amarantha have present and pregnant notice hereof, the which strongly and fully to prevent, they now (encouraged and animated by the devil) refolve to reduce, and draw their bloody contemplation into action, and so (with more haste than good speed) to dispatch their fifter for heaven, because they loved Florence, disdained Cardura, and above all (from their hearts and fouls) infinitely detelled to spend and end their dayes in a Nunnery; when neither having the fear of God in their hearts, nor his Justice or Judgments before their eyes, Amarantha boys the poylon, and Baptistina administreth it to their fister faquinea in a Lemmon Posset, which they observed she often used to drink in the Summer time, so that some ten dayes after she died hereof, when none but God, besides them, was witness of this their unnatural and bloody businels: So they rejoyce as much as their Father grieves and forrows hereat, and now they are alone, and domineer at their pleasures in their Fathers house at Florence, without Rivals or Competitors: But God is as just as they are finful, and therefore they shall reap but poor and miserable fruits of this their bloody victory. For within less than fix weeks after the deplorable death of 9aquinta, a sudden languishing sickness oretakes and surpriseth Baptistina, so as the white tincture of her face looks yellow, and the fresh Roses and Lillies of her beauty did exceedingly fade, and whither of the Jaundies: A fickness which I think God sent her purposely to punish her for that execrable crime of hers in poyloning her fifter. But the beauty of Baptistina cannot be so much eclipsed or deformed, as that of Amarantha daily grows more deliciously sweet, and sweetly delicious and amiable; so as all those Nobles and Gallants of Florence and Tuseany, who come to seek Streni his Daughters in marriage, do infinitely prefer Amarantha before Baptistina, and passionately desire the first, as much as they now sleight and neglect the second; Baptistina is not ignorant hereof, but sees it with grief, observes it with sorrow, and remembers it with choler and indignation; and yet she seeks and strives to conceal it from her Father, and to dissemble it to her fifter Amarantha. She in this wane of her beauty and joy begins now to participate of her dead fifter Jaquima's living humours and conditions; the is now become the eldest fifter, and therefore will not permit or suffer her younger to be her mate, or equal, much less her superiour; and although her sickness hath deprived her of a great part of her beauty, yet it hath no way diminished, but rather increased and augmented her desire to marry, she envies the fight and fame of her fifter Amarantha's beauty, as much as the lamenteth the decayes, and pittieth the ruins of her own; and, both grieves and scorns to see so many Gallants court and seek her in marriage, and none her felf : Now as pride and malice (for the most part) are inseparable Companions, so her discontent hereat made her so devillishly malicious, as she fecretly vows to her felf, that she could almost find in her heart to make Amarantha as well a Companion of Jaquinta's Fortune, as of her blood: but God then presenting her first murther to her eyes and remembrance, the Devil was not then enough prevalent or power-

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If with her to draw her to conceive or commit a fecond. Thus not being willing to add murther to murther, and so to gallop instead of pacing to hell and destruction, the nevertheless determinately resolves to emulate and imitate the actions of her dead Sister Jaquinta, towards her living one Amarantha; and yet so to wreak her malice and revenge on her, as closely to infinuate, and under hand surreptitiously to prevail with her Father, that she be speedily eclipsed, and again sent away to Cardura, under the guard and custody of Malevola, the which she effectually and briefly obtaineth of him; so our young and fair Amarantha (though infinitely against her will) is now enforced to leave Florence, and suddenly (when she least thought or dreamed thereof) is again confined and banished to Cardura; notwithstanding all her sighs, tears, and prayers to her Fa-

ther to the contrary.

Amarantha (with much forrow and more indignation) being arrived at Cardura, the is not a little perplexed and grieved thereat, but rather exceedingly discontented with her Father, and infinitely incenfed against her Sister Baptistina for the same, as well knowing that it wholly proceeded from her meer pride and malice towards her; the which she now doth not conceal, but make apparent to her old Beldam Governels Malevola, both in her looks, speeches, and actions. she wondreth that her Sister is so inconsiderate of her self, and so imperious and bitter towards her; and how it is possible for her so soon to forget either their joynt crime, or their several dangers, for their so inhumanely and cruelly poyloning their elder Silter Jaquinta; the consideration and remembrance whereof is of fo sharp and bitter digestion to her, as her thoughts vow to her heart, and her heart (wears to the Devil, that the neither can nor will long endure it; yea, the time feems so irksome to her, and her stay in Cardura so infinitely long and tedious, as if hours were years, and dayes ages, that the often thought to steal away from thence to Florence, either on foot or horse-back, and so to have put her self into some disguised apparel, that none should know thereof, before the came to her Fathers house and presence: But at last confidering, that her reputation and fortune might suffer much in this action, she holds it not amis, rather convenient, first to write to her Father and Sister, to see if her Letters may prevail with them for her return, the which she doth, and fends them to them to Florence by her old trusty servant Bernardo.

Her Letter to her Father bewrayed these passions.

AMARANTHA to STRENI.

M obedience hath not deserved so much contempt and hatred, as that (without eause or reason) you should thus again be nish me from Florence to Cardura; and with how much grief and sorrow I digest it. I can better relate with discontine, than conceal with patience: How dear your sight and presence was, and ever shall be to me, if you will not know, and withal remember. God doth; for my soul appeals unto him, and my heart to Heaven, that I made it the chiefest life of my joy, and the sweetest joy of my life; So as if you are not the cause, I am sure my Sister Baptistica is of this (undescribed) cruelty towards me; who out of her pride, ambition, and malice, strives to be as unnaturally imperious to me, as my deceased Sister Jaquinta was both to her self and me. The remedy hereof is every way worthy of you, as you are my Father, and of my self, as God and Nature have made mee your Daughter; for if you will not permit me to respire and breathe the air of Florence, I will shortly hazard my life to enjoy that of Heaven: For already this my enforced exile hath brought me to extream discontent, and that almost to utter despair.

AMARANTHA.

Her Letter to her Sister Bapissina carried this Message.

AMARANTHA to BAPTISTINA.

Couldst thou not be contented to live happy in Flotence, but that thou must needs constrain our Father to make me live miserable here in Cardura? Is our Sister Jequinta's blood already cold, or is the memory as nell as the manner and cause of her death already of thee forgotten, and so raked up in the dust of her Grave? Judg with thy self (if thou art not wholly as devoid of Judgment, as of affection and charity) What a palpable, yea what a gross and sutish, vice it is in thee, hereby to make thy self both guilty of her pride, and Heir apparent to her malice. I remember those ingrateful crimes and vicis of her towards is with pity, and I pity these of thy self to me with admiration, in that thou will not sufferme to live at the courteste of thy tongue, when thou well knowest that thy life stands at the mrcy of mine; Not that I am either so malicious to thee, or Rt 2

fo uncharitable or undiscreet to my self, to wish thee any dysaster or danger to the prejudice of mine own happiness, and safety: For I desire all peace, affection, and atonement betwint us; the which if thou wilt grant me, by causing our Father to recall me home to Florence, he shall then see, and thou assuredly find, that I will be as much thy Handmaid as thy Sister, and that I will far sooner hope and pray for a good Husband for thee, than for my self: but if thou deny me this courtesse, then blame not me, but thy self, if the event and issue of this thy cruelty come too short of thy hopes, and so (peradventure) slie a pitch far beyond thy expectation.

AMARANTHA.

Bernardo being thus charged by his Lady Amarantha, for the fafe and speedy delivery of these her two Letters, as also to procure her Father's and Sister's Answers to them, he rides away to Florence, where he is no fooner arrived at Streni his boufe, but meeting with the young Lady Baptistina, and thinking to deliver her Letter (whether it were out of halte, or misfortune, or both) he delivers her her Fathers Letter, in stead of her own, the which she well observing, she hastily and purposely breaks up the Seals thereof, and filently reads it to her felf; whereat growing first red with choler, and then again pale with envy, she folds it up, and committing it to her pocket, turns to Bernardo, and demands him for her fifter Amarantha's Letter to her felf; for (quoth she) that which I have already read and perused is hers to my Father; when Bernardo (as much amazed at his error, as afflicted at his foolishsimplicity) reading the direction of the second Letter, and finding her speeches and his mistaking true, he then gives her her own Letter, and defires back the other for her Father, as also both their answers thereunto, for his Lady and Mistress Amarantha; whereunto, when the had perused her own Letter, she (with disdain in her looks, and malice in her eyes) tears her Father's Letter before Bernardo's face and then returns him this bitter Answer: Tell that proud Girl thy Migirefs from me, that it is my Fathers pleasure and mine, that she shall stay in Cardura and not see Florence till she receive other order from us; and for any further answer, either from our Father, or my Self, it is both a vanity and a folly for her to expect : And fo (in much choler and indignation) the flies from him, and violently throws fast the door against him. Bernardo not expecting fuch sharp and cold entertainment, and seeing it now wholly impossible for him to have any access to Streni, or answer from Baptistina, he leaves Florence, and speedily returns to Cardura to his Lady Amarantha, to whom he punctually and fully relates the bitter reply, and sharp and proud answer which her filter Baptiffina had given and sent her, and leaveth not a syllable un-rehearsed, but only filenceth his mistaking, in giving of her her Father's Letter in stead of her own, as right now we understood.

Amarantha is all inflamed with choler at this proud and cruel carriage of her fifter Baptiftina towards her, yea, the remembrance thereof, so transporteth her thoughts with envy, and her heart with revenge against her, that she vows she neither can, nor will brook it at her hands; and here, not hearkning either to Reason, or Religion, or to her Conscience, or Soul, the now violently seduced, and exasperated by the Devil, doth refresh and revive her old malice, and resumes her former pernicious resolutions to her Sister Baptistina: She hath neither the wit, much less the grace, to confider, That choler increaseth her own torment and misery, and that if we vanquish not our own malice and revenge, it is more to be seared than doubted, that it will in the end both vanquish and ruin us. She had formerly consented to poyfon her eldest Sister Jaquinta, and now the likewise vows, that she will cause her elder Sister Baptistina either to be poylon'd or pistoll'd to death; but which of these to make choice of, as yet she is irresolute and upon this bloody business her thoughts run incessantly to her heart, as so many lines to their centre. O that so young a Lady, and so sweet a beauty should make her felf accessary and guilty of so soul and inhumane crimes; but this I may write to her shame, and the Reader may please to observe it to his comfort, and retain it to his instruction; That had she had the grace to have been formerly forrowful and repentant for her first Murther, she had then never proceeded so far, as to have made her self guilty of

contriving and refolving a fecond.

Bsptistins hath a Chamber-maid named Pieria, of some twenty sour years old, who was far more fair than rich, as being heir to much beauty, though to no lands, or estate, and having heretofore for some trivial respects, sometimes incurred the anger and displeasure of her Lady, and for the same received many a sharp word, and bitter blow from her, as being a freer Gentlewoman of her hands, than of her purse: She now accidentally chancing to break a fair rich Looking-glass of hers, her Lady doth not only exceedingly beat her, but also without pity or humanity draws and drags her by the hair about her chamber, and

Hist. XXI. Streni, and bis three unfortunate Daughters.

then again and again kicks her with her foot. Pieria's heart is not so ill lodged, nor her extraction and quality so contemptible, but that the is very sensible of this her disgrace, as holding her fault far inferiour to her correction: and therefore, disdaining any longer to serve so cruel a mistress, she very privately packs up her apparel, leaves Florence, and flies to Cardura, foliakes Baptifina, and so resolves henceforth to live and die with her younger sifter An arantha: But as there are many of both these places, who report that it was only her hatred to Baptistina, and her affection to Amarantha, which drew her to this resolution; yet there are divers others both of Florence, Cardura, and Pistoia, who (better acquainted with Pieria and her secrets) have solidly affirmed to me, that it was wholly her affection to Bernardo, which was the truest reason, and Grongest motive thereof, and the event and issue of this History, will confute the first, to confirm this fecond opinion of these her deliberations and resolutions; For, for the term of at least three or four years heretofore, Pieria was known to be passionately in love with Bernardo, and the had imployed many friends towards him, to perswade and draw him to marry her; but he was still as averse, as she forward in this sute: For although he were enamoured of her beauty, and loved her tall and slender personage, yet he hated her poverty, and (because of some small Lands, and means he had) as he thought himself too good to be her husband, so she in regard of her beauty, youth, and chastity, both highly and infinitely disdained to be his strumpet; and indeed the passage and process of these their affections was not from time to time unknown to Amarantha. Pieria is as welcome to Amarantha, as B. pristina is sorrowful for her departure; and the youngest fister now entertains her with as much courtesie, as the eldest formerly retained her with cruelty: As for Bernardo, he inwardly delights though outwardly will not seem to rejoyce in her company, and so gives her his eyes, though not his heart; And for Pieria, her carriage was so modest, and yet withal so respectful to him, as if the endeavoured to make it her chiefelt ambition and glory, that her vertues and chastity should make as true and as perfect a conquest of his heart, as her beauty had of his eyes: As for Baptistina (her quandam-Lady) she is now angry with her felf, as soon as she knew of her departure from her; but when the understands that Pieria is fled to Cardura, and lives with her discontenred fifter Amarantha, then (under hand) the makes ftrong means for her return again to her fervice, intimating to her that the is ready to redeem her former discourtefie towards her, both with acknowledgment and requital. But these her hopes will deceive her, for she will find, that errours are not so soon repaired as committed, and that her want of kindness to her Chamber-maid Pieria may in the end (perchance) prove cruelty to her felf. Pieria is deaf to all these her requests, and endeavours tather to tie her self to Amarantha her new affection, than to Baptistina her old unkindness, as preferring the courteste of the first to the choler and indignation of the second. On the other fide, Amarantha is glad of this resolution of her new maid Pieria; for the Devil being Hill at her elbow, he continually fets fire to her malice, and (as an infernal Incendiary) perpetually blows the coals to her revenge against her fister Baptistina; yea, and now he so captivateth her foul, and extinguisheth her devotion and zeal towards heaven, that I write it with pity and forrow, and not with passion, but compassion, she had neither the power to pray, not the happiness or grace, either to frequent the Church for Gods sake, or to defire Gods presence and affiftance for her own: No, no, Such thoughts of piety were far from her prophane thoughts and mind; for as her best blood, so her best zeal was now corrupted and polluted with revenge towards her fifter. And here, as a wretched Lady and a bloody fifter, the doth yet far worfe: For (by the Devils suggestion) she assumes this horrible resolution, not only to engage and hazard her self, but others therein, as if the took a pride, and conceived a glory, not to thipwrack her felf alone, but to confound and cast away others with her for company in this prodigious and lamentable bufinels of hers. The manner is thus:

She knows, that by reason of her strict exile in Cardara, she must needs employ some Factors and Agents, either to poyson or murther this her Sister Baptistina in Florence; and therefore she thinks none so sit and proper to attempt and perform it, as her old trusty servant Bernardo, and her new Maid Pieria his Sweet-heart, whom so the grees) she purposely draws and obligeth to her by gifts and promises; and her reason for this conceit and opinion of hers, that they will concur with her in this bloody Fact, is derived from this soundation and ground, that Love and Money may easily as wonders in the hearts and minds of those who desire the one, and want the other; as also, for that she perfectly knows, that for many years Pieria hath deeply loved Bernardo, and dearly desired and wished him for her Husband, and that he hath ever affected her, but only disliked her poverty; Wherefore believing that she would do much for the obtaining of this Husband, and he for preferment and gold, she is resolute in making

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this her bloody proposition to them; when, not caring any more to write to her Father, theis now as hafty as bloody in her malice and revenge towards her Sitter; and fo, impatient of delay (and without any further confideration with her felf, or confultation either with her Soul, or with God) the taking time at advantage, first breaks with Pieria about this bloody business, adding withal, that her defire and resolution is to have her Sister Bastistina stifled in her bed. For now the Devil hath cast off her resolutions from Poyson or Ponyard, to which effect, she promiset to gain her Bernardo to her Husband, and to give them wherewithal to maintain themselves well being married, if she will consent with him to undertake and perform her request: Which proffers and promifes of her Lady do found fo sweetly in poor Pieria's ears, and work so deep an impression in her heart, especially that the shall hereby enjoy Bernardo for her Husband whom the loves far dearer than her own life, that being wholly vanquished with the confideration thereof, as also inchanted with the sweet melody of her Ladie's sugred perswassions, the without any sear or thought of God, as an inconfiderate and graceless Maiden, yields to her ungodly and influmane requells; who then swearing her to secrecy, she within a day or two after, likewise boardeth her fervant Be nardo upon this bloody business, the which if he will perform for her, and take Pieria to his wife, the faithfully promileth to give him an hundred and fifty Duckatoons of yearly Annuity, during his life; and to remain their true and conftant friend for ever. At first Bernardo wondereth and staggereth at the hearing of this cruel and lamentable project, as amazed and altonished thereat, as if he were now so good a Christian, that Grace triumphed above Nature in his heart, and God above Satan in his foul, but at last, being deeply enamoured of Pieria's delicate youth and beauty, which he likes well, and of this yearly fum of gold for their maintenance in Marriage, which he loves dearly, he forgetting himfelf, and which is worfe, God; without any further rubs or rumination, gives his Lady Amarantha his free confent and promife to perform both her requelts, as well of the murther as marriage. Whereupon the carries him to her Closet, and there calls for Pieria, and acquaints her with her and her Bernardo's conclusion; so in her presence, they (by joyning of hands) contract themselves each to other, and then they all three do severally and joyntly swear secresie, as also punctually to accomplish this which they have concluded: When this wretched and exectable Amarantha (the falter and stronger to tie them to her defires and their promifes) opens a Casket of hers, and gives each of them fifty Duckatoons in gold, as a pledg and earnest-penny of her love to them; and then faithfully promifeth to reward them with so much more as soon as they have fent her Sifter Baptissing to Heaven; when Bernardo and Pieria (to testisse their thankfulness to her) do both vow and swear, that herein (as in all things else) her will shall be their Law, and that their best fervices and best lives shall for ever be prostrate to her commands. But they shall repent the taking, and Amarantha the giving of them this gold, because it is the price and hire of innocent

This lamentable (because finful) compact, being thus secretly shut up, and impiously concluded between these three wretched personages, then Bernardo and Pieria fall so close and thick to their amorous kiffes, as being defirous to become one in body, as already they are in heart and mind, they request their Lady Amarantha, that she would please to permit them to finish and consummate their marriage, before they perpetrate the murther of her Sister Baptistina; but the (who was clearer-fighted in her malice and revenge to her faid Sifter, than they in their judgments and affections to themselves.) considering that this Seal of their marriage was the great tye and Gordian knot for them to perform and finish her desire, the which, if it were once solemnized, then their devotion and zeal thereunto might (peradventure) afterwards either grow cold, or freez, if not shortly wither and dye away upon the Design; she strongly opposes and contradicts it, as affirming they shall first dispatch her Sister before they marry: the which Bermardo well observing and considering, he thinks it no folly in him to learn by her, and so to make her discretion his; and therefore that this murther being once committed, she might after at her pleasure revoke her verbal Annuity given him, the which to prevent (and so to be as wife in his Covetoufness, as she was cruel and bloody in her bounty) he tells his Lady Amarantha, that according to her defire, he will willingly defer his marriage till then, but withal, humbiy requelts her to give him her promifed Annuity written and figned with her own hand; the which, because the cannot well refuse, the then and there doth in these

terms :

IN consideration, that my servant Bernardo do espouse, and take to his wife my Chanber maid Pie-ria, I do promise that (after the consummation thereof) upon my sidelity and honour, I will yearly give and pay unto the said Bernardo or his Assigns, during all the term of his life, the full and intire Jum of one hundred and fifty Duckatoons of Florence money; And in witness and testimony of this truth, I hereunto subsigne my Name:

AMARANTHA.

A promise and contract written with more blood than ink, or rather not with ink, but wholly with blood, and which therefore God, in his divine providence, may hereafter produce, and bring to light, to serve as a powerful witness, and instrument of his glory, and, peradventure,

to the infamy and confusion of those who gave and received it.

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Amarantha having thus given this promife to Bernardo, and likewise received his and his intended wifes Pieria's oaths in counterchange, the now thinks with her felf, that the must again return Pieria to Florence, and by some slie hypocrisie, to re-invest and screw her anew into her old Lady Baptistina's service, thereby to be the more able and fit to dispatch her. Now as she is maliciously ruminating on this invention, there falls out an accident which feems both to favour her hopes, and to further her defires and expectation berein: For by this time, Baptistina writes over to Malevola to deal fecretly and feriously with Pieria for her return to Florence to her fervice, and that the shall find her welcome to exceed her expectation and defires: So the truth is apparent, that Pieria (instructed by the Premises) now needs not many great perswasions from Malevola, to draw her to consent to this resolution; for as she and her Bernardo receive the first motion of this (unexpected) news with joy, fo Amarantha imbraceth and entertains it with delight; and now their last consultation is held between them, about the conclusion and finishing of this mournful business. To which end, Pieria is dispatched for Florence, and the fifteenth day after, Bernardo is likewise secretly and precisely to arrive there to her by night, and then is the direct and appointed time for them to close and shut up this Tragedy. We must now allow and conceive Pieria to be again entertained of her old Lady Baptistina in Florence, with much courtesse and joy; and for the feal and ciment of this their reciprocal reconciliation, her Lady gives her a new black wrought Silk Gown, and a purple Damask Peticoat, the which (as a treacherous diffembling wretch) she seems to receive of her with much content and thankfulness, the which yet we shall shortly fee her requite with a most inhumane and prodigious ingratitude; for her defire of marriage, and longing for a Husband, makes her think every hour ten, before the fifteenth day be arrived, and for her late Lady Amarantha (who fees by no other eyes, but by those of malice and revenge towards her Sister) she thinks every day an age, before The hear of her dispatch. At the expiration of which time (according to their former agreement) Bernardo arrived by night at Streni his house in Florence, and at one of the clock after midnight, he finds the little Garden door open, and his Pieria there purposely to receive and welcome him; fo they begin their meeting with kiffes. She leads him by the hand to the outer door of her Ladies Chamber, and they two having agreed on the manner how to fliffe her in her bed, the had there to that purpose, provided two pillows, keeps one, and gives him another to effect it: These miserable wretches (for the more secrecy) put off their shoes, and cut the candles; and the darkness of the Moon, and the obscurity of the night seeming to conspire to their conspiracy, they softly enter her Chamber, go one by one side, and the other by the other, where unfortunate Baptistina lying foundly sleeping and snoring, they stifle her with their pillows, and then a little whiles after, thrust a handkercher into her mouth, and their fury and malice was fo fierce and implacable towards her, as the hath neither space to speak, nor power to screech or to cry. Thus she who had formerly povsoned her elder fifter Jagainta, is now also cruelly murthered by the treachery of her youngest fister Amarantha, which makes me cry out and fay: O Lord, as thou are immense in thy mercies, so thou are inscrutable in thy judgments, and that therefore, as we ought not, so we cannot resist his divine power and eternal pre-

Bernardo and Pieria (as two limbs of the Devil) having finished this cruel Murther on Baptistina, they leave her breathless body on her bid, and then withdrawing themselves from her Chamber, they foftly pull fast the door, which had a Spring-lock, and then she fecretly throws in the key within fide, at a private hole, or granny; when her sweet heart and her felf descended the stairs, and with wonderful silence stalk away to the Garden, without the Postern door whereof, his Horse, tyed up to an Iron Ring in the wall, awaited and attended him; where with a multitude of kiffes they part, he faithfully promifing

her to return to her again at Florence within a moneth after at most, and then to marry her: So whiles Pieria now (in the depth and dead of this difmal night) betakes her felf to her bed, and there (as devoid of fear as of grace) fleeps foundly, her Sweet-heart Bernardo, that very obscure night, gallops thorow the streets of Florence towards the gate which leads to Piftoia: Where God (in his all-feeing providence) cauteth his horse to stumble, and fall with him to the ground, whereof he brake his neck, and presently died, and his horse then rising, sles from him Araglingly in the Areets, leaving the breathless Corps of Bernardo in the Areet, having not the happiness either to cry or utter one word at this his sudden and disaster cus death; God having fo ordained and decreed in his Star-Chamber of Heaven, that although for the murthering of the Lady Baptistina he deserved a more shameful end, yet that this poor horse which brought him to Florence, should at the same time and place be his Executioner, as also that there was scarce one hour between his crime and his punishment, between her murther and his own death: An act and example of Gods Justice, worthy of all men to know, and of all Christians most especially to remember: so secret and sacred are the Judgments of the Lord of Hosts! All that night Bernerdo's dead body lay gored in his blood (which abundantly issued forth his mouth) as also in the dirt of the street, unespied of any mortal eye; but assoon as the morning began to appear therow the windows of Heaven, then it was found, and likewife to be done by the fall off a horse; whereof his neck, the beholders faw, was broken: the which the fooner they were induced and led to believe, because they likewise found a horse neer him, stragling in the streets without his Rider: This his dead body is therefore prefently exposed to the Criminal Judges of that fair and famous City, who forthwith, cause his pockets to be searched, where, instead of gold, they, by the direction of God, find the before nominated promile of a yearly Annuity, which we have formerly understood Amarantha gave him: Whereupon, they knowing the Lady Amarantha to be Seignior Leonardo Streni his daughter, and by this Note, confidently believing this dead man to be the same Bernardo, and he to be Amarantha's servant; they (without once suspecting or dreaming of any murther committed by him) hold it a part of their office and duty to acquaint Streni herewith. But the news of this dead found Corps ratling thorow the streets of the City, it devanceth this care of theirs, and so speedily arrives to Streni his house before them; whereat Pieria (looking for nothing less) takes so hot an alarm of grief, fear, and despair, that her guilty thoughts and conscience (like so many Blood-hounds) still pursuing her. She seeing this unlook'd for disaster and death of her Bernardo to be an act of God, and a blow from Heaven, which infallibly predicted both her danger and death; the therefore prefently flies out of doors, and (with much celerity and more fear) betakes her self to the least frequented and most remotest streets of the City for her safety. By this time the Criminal officers are arrived at Strent his house, whom they acquaint with this mournful accident, shewing him this assurance of Annuity, and inquire of him if it be the Lady Amarantha his Daughter's hand, as also the dead corps, and if this were her fervant, who (with a countenance composed of astonishment, fear, and forrow) acknowledgeth to them, that it is his Daughter Amarantha's own hand-writing, and the dead personage to be her serving-man Bernardo: Whereupon they confidently believe, and he forrowfully fears, that this Death of his, and that Affurance of hers, doth either import or include some greater disaster and missortune : Whereupon, they again, modestly, yet juridically, demand of him for his Daughter Amarantha, and her Chamber-maid, Pieria, who returns them this answer; that the first is at his Mannor of Cardura, neer; Pistoia, and the second here in this house, and now serving his eldest Daughter Baptistina: they demand to speak with Pieria, whom he causeth to be sought in all places of his house, but she is not to be found, so he sends to look her in his Daughters Chamber, her Mistress: but his servants return and report, that the door of that Chamber is fast lock'd, and that they can get no speech either of her, or of the Lady Baptistina; which answer of theirs doth exceedingly augment the jealousie of the Judges, and the fear of the Father: So they all refolve to afcend themselves to that Chamber, where they aloud again calling both the Lady and her Maid, and hearing no answer of either of them, they instantly cause the door to be forced open; where (contrary to their expectation) they find the Lady Baptistina dead, and well near cold in her bed, and causing her body to be secretly searched by some Chirurgions and neighbour Gentlewomen, they are all of opinion, that she is undoubtedly stifled in her Bed, and her face very much black and swoln with strugling for life against death. They are amazed, and her Father Streni almost drowned in his forrowful tears at the fight of this deplorable accident and mournful spectacle, and therefore what to fay, or how to bear himself herein, he knows not.

But the Judges upon further knowledg and confideration of the flight of Pieria, the death of Eernardo, and the promised annuity of Amarantha upon their marriage (as it were prompted by God) do vehemently suspect and believe that they all three were undoubtedly consenting and guilty of Baptistina's death, notwithstanding that the key of her chamber was found thrown in within side: So they presently leave this forrowful father to his tears, and, betaking themselves to their seat of Justice, do instantly cause all the gates of the City to be shut, and a strict and curious search to be made in all parts thereof, for the apprehension of Pieria, which (in their zeal and honour to facred Justice) they perform with so much care and speed, as within three hours after she is found out, and apprehended in an Aunt's house of hers, who was a poor woman and a Laundress of that City, named Elea-

nora Fracala. The Judges being prefently advertised hereof, convent her before them, and (by vertue of this annuity) charge both her and her Lover Bernardo to be the Actors, and Amarantha. to be at least accessary, if not the author, with them of murthering of Baptistina; the can , hardly speak for tears at this her examination, because her fighs fill cut her words in pieces; and yet the is to far from grace and repentance, as at first the stoutly denies all, and boldly affirms, That both Amarantha, Bernardo, and her felf, were every way innocent of attempting any thing against Baptistina's life, and that if she were dead, she died only of a natural death by the appointment of God, and no otherwise; and to this answer of hers the Devil had made her fo firong, as the added many fearful oaths and deprecations, both for her own and their justification; but yet (notwithstanding this her Apologie) these grave and clearfighted Judges are so far from diminishing, as they augment their suspicion both of her and them, and so they commit her to prison, and forthwith to the Rack. At the pronouncing of which sentence. Pieria is much daunted, seems to let fall some of her former fortitude and constancie, and to burst forth into many passionate tears, sighs, and exclamations; but they will nothing avail her: For, seeing her pretended busband Bernardo dead, in whom lived the imaginary joys of her heart, the fo fainted, as at the very first fight of the Rack (with fome tears, and more deep-fetcht fighs) the confessed to her Judges, that the and Bernardo had stifled her Lady Baptistina in her bed; but still constantly affirmed that her fister Amarantha was wholly innocent thereof, flattering her felf with this hope, that for thus her clearing of her Lady Amarantha from this crime and danger, the (in requital thereof) could do no less than be a means to procure a pardon for her life: But these hopes of hers will deceive her, and flie as fast from her hereafter, as ever the formerly did from God. So the Judges (in detestation of this her foul and bloody crime) adjudg her to be hanged for the same; but first they send her back to prison, and the very next morning, before break of day, they secretly send away three of their Ishieres (or Sergeants) to Cardura, to fetch the Lady Amarantha to Florence, being very confident (notwithstanding Pieria's denyal) that the likewise had a deep finger and there in her fifter Baptistina's murther.

Amarantha not dreaming in Cardwra what had betided in Florence to Bernardo and Pieria. but flattering her felf with much hope and joy, that by this time they had undoubtedly made away her fifter Baptiftina, and confequently that the should shortly revisit Florence, and there domineer alone, and obtain some gallant Cavalier of her father for her Husband; The in expectance of her fervant Bernardo his return, and of his pleasing news, had that day (as it were in a bravery and triumph) purpolely dighted her felf up in her best attire, and richest apparel; and so betaking her self to her chamber, and to that window which looked towards Florence, the with a longing defire expecteth every minute when he will arrive a when about ten of the clock before dinner (contrary to expectation) the lees three men to enter into the house, apparelled as Florentines, whereat the much museth and wondreth, as not knowing what they, or their coming should import. These three Sergeants having entered the house, they are brought to the Governess Malevola, who brings them to her young Lady Amarantha in her chamber; to whom (with a diffembling confidence) they report to her, That Seignior Sereni her father, hath fent them to conduct and accompany her fpeedily to Florence. Amarantha inquired of them for her Fathers Letters to that effect, whereunto one of the subtillest of them makes answer very slily and artificially to her, that her Father's hafte, and her preferment, would not permit him to write to her, for that he perfeely knew from him, he was now upon matching her to a rich and noble Husband : Her Governess Malevola likewise demands of them, if he had not written to her Self, they anfwer, No, but that he bad them tell her, that he willed her without delay to bring away his daughter Amarantha with her, and themselves to Florence by Coach, and only one Footboy. The Pupil and Governess consult hereon, and the very name of a Husband makes the first as willing, as the second is discontented to go to Florence without a letter; but the

policie of the Sergeants to prevail with the simplicity of this young Lady and old Gentlewoman. that they speedily pack up their trunks, so dine, and then take Coach and Horse, and away for Florence; during which show journey, although the mirth and joy of Amarantha be great, yet the finds to many different reluctations, and extravagant thoughts in her mind, at the ablence and filence of her man Bernardo, as the cannot possibly again refrain from musing and wondering thereat. They all arrive at Florence, where these Sergeants (having learnt their parts well, and acting them better) in stead of Amarantha's fathers house, do clap her up close prisoner in the common Gaol of that Citie, notwithstanding all her prayers and cries, fighs and tears, to the contrary; and then fend her Governels Malevola home to her said father, to advertise him hereof; who tearing the snow-white hair off his head and beard at this sad news, and extreamly fearing the dangerous consequence of this deplorable accident, he (with tears in his eyes, forrow in his looks, and fighs in his speeches) repairs speedily to the Judges, to whom for-rowfully and humbly casting himself almost as low as their feet, he prayes them to think of his age, and of his imprisoned daughter's youth, and that having unfortunately loft his eldest daughter, that they would not deprive him of his youngest, nor cast her life away either upon bare prefumption or circumstance, or upon the wrongful reports and malice of his and her enemies: But these grave and Lynce-eyed Magistrates (who look as deeply into the priviledg and dignity of Justice, as he doth into the passions of paternal affection and nature) cut him off with this fharp reply, That they honour his age, and respect his daughter's youth, that she shall have justice, and that by the Laws of Florence he must expect no more; with which cold answer he returns home to his house, as disconsolate, as he came forth forrowful, being not permitted, but defended, to see or speak with his daughter Amarantha in prison, only he hath permission to bury his murthered daughter Baptistina: the which he performeth with far more grief and for-

row than folemnity.

The truth and decorum of this History must now invite the Reader to visit Amarantha in prifon, who being here debarred from speaking with any, or any with her, except (those milerable comforters) her Sergeants and Gaolers; the now feeing the imminencie of her danger, and fearing the affurance of her death, for that the heard a fecret inckling (from the lower Court, through her chamber window) That her Sifter Baptistina was murchered, her Maid Pieria imprisoned, and she her self vehemently suspected for the same: She therefore now begins to think of her former bloody crimes with repentance, and of these her inhumane cruelties towards her two elder fifters with contrition, and folemnly vows to God, that if his Divine Majestie will now please to save her life, she will henceforth religionsly redeem the first and second with repentance. So in the midft of these good thoughts, though vain defires and wishes of hers, the yet fill flatters her felf with this poor hope, that if her man Bernardo be living, then her promifed annuity to him, written with her own hand is fill fure, and therefore tacitly dead in his custody; and that both he and Pieria cannot any way wrong her, without infinitely wronging themselves, and endangering their own lives: So albeit her Judges have matter of fulpition, yet they can have no cause of death against her; or if peradventure they have, yet that the power of her Fathers greatness and friends are so prevalent in Florence and Tuscany, that if (the worst sall out) he and they can obtain at least her Reprival for the present, if not her pardon for the future. But (contrary to all these her weak and trivial hopes) the very next morning the is fent for before her Judges to a private examination, who (after they had made a grave and religious speech to her) they demand her, first, If she employed not her servant Bernardo, and Pieria to murther her sister Baptistina, the which she firmly and constantly denies: Secondly, If she had not given an annuity of 150 Duckatons during his life to marry Pieria, the which the likewife denies; then they produce and thew it her under her own hand-writing, whereat (they measuring her heart by her countenance) she feems to be so much perplexed with sorrow, and amazed with sear, as she cannot refrain from giving them less words, but more tears; Of which her Judges conceiving a good opinion and hope, and therefore deeming themselves now to be in a fair way, and a direct course to obtain the whole truth of this lamentable business from her) they bethink themselves of a policie, thereby to effect and compass it, which is every way worthy of themselves and their offices, of their discretion and justice. They tell Amarantha, that in regard of her youth and beauty, and of her Fathers age and nobility, they defire and intend to fave her, if the will not wilfully cast her self away; That her fafety and life now confisteth in her plain confession, and not in her perverse denial and contestation, of being accessary and consenting to the murther of her sister Baptistina. That they have proofs thereof, as clear, and as apparant as the Sun: And that they having

caused Pieria to be executed for the same this morning, she confessed it to them at her death, yea and dyed thereon. At which speeches of her Judges, and confession and death of Pieria, this wretched and unfortunate Lady & marantha (feeing her felf so palpably convicted of this her bloody and inhumane crime) being wholly vanquished either with fear toward her self, or choler toward Pieria, the falls on her knees to her Judges feet, and (with a great shower of tears) makes her felf (by her free confession) to be the prime author of her sitter Baptistina's murther; That the had hired Bernardo and Pieria to perform it, and given him an Annuity of 150 Duckatons per annum; and to each of them 50 Duckatons more in hand to that effect, concealing no point or part thereof, as we have already formerly understood: When (contrary to the expectation of her Judges) the most bitterly exclaimed on the name, m mory, and ingratitude of this base wretch Pieria (for so she then termed her) in that she could not be contented to die her felf, but also as much, and as maliciously, as in her power, to think likewise to hazzard her own life with hers. And now our cholerick, and yet forrowful Amarantha (between these two different extreams of hope and fear) layes hold of her Judges late promise and profer'd courtefie to her to fave her, and then and there (with many reverences, tears, and wringing of her hands) most humbly beseecheth them for Gods sake, and for honours cause, to be good unto her, and to give her her life, although the confesseth the is most worthy of death, in being fo degenerate and bloody-minded towards her own Sifter. But they (having by this commendable means, and artificial policy, drawn this worm from Amarantha's tongue, I mean this truth from her mouth) are exceeding for rowful, and as much detest this her barbarous fact, as they pity her descent, youth, and beauty; but well knowing with themselves, that God is glorified in the due and true execution of justice up n all capital malefactors, and especially on murtherers (who are no less than mousters of nature, the disgrace of their times, and the very butchers of mankind) and that the greatness of their quality and blood doth only serve but to make these crimes of theirs the greater: Therefore (Isay) these wise and religious Judges prove deaf to her requelts, and blind to her tears; and so having first caused her to signe this her confession, and then confronted her with Pieria, who now to Amarantha's face confirmed as much as the her felf right now confessed and affirmed, they now in expectation of this her cruel murther, adjudg her likewise to be hanged the next day, at the common place of Execution, in company of Pieria; although her agedsorrowful Father Seignior Streni (being well nigh weighed down to his grave with the extream grief and forrow of these his misfortunes and calamities) proffered the Judges and the great Duke, the greatest part of his estate and lands, to save this his youngest, and now his only Daughter Amarantha: But his labour proved lost, and his care and affection vain in this his suit and solicitation, because those learned Judges, and this prudent and noble Duke, grounded their resolutions and pleasures upon this wholesome and true Maxim, That Justice is one of the greatest Colossus's and strongest columns of Kingdoms and Commonwealths, and the trueft way and means to preferve them in flourishing prosperity and glory, and confequently, that all wilful and premeditated murtherers cannot be either too foon exterminated, or too severely punished, and cut off from the world. So Amarantha with more choler then forrow, and Pieria, with more fear than choler, are now both fent back to their prisons; and that night Streni fends his Daughter, and the Judges fend Pieria some Fryers and Nunns to prepare their souls for Heaven, but (in honour of the truth) I must affirm with equal grief and pity, that both these two semale monsters had their hearts so sealed, and their souls so seared up with impiety, that neither of them could there be perswaded or drawn either to think of repentance or of God.

Whiles thus Florence refounds of these their soul and inhumane crimes, as also of their just condemnations, the next morning about ten of the clock, they are brought to the desin'd place of Execution, there to receive their condigne punishments for the same. Pieria sinst mounts the Ladder, who made a short speech at her death, to this essect; That her desire to obtain Bernardo, for her husband had chiesly drawn her to commit this murther on her Lady Beptistina, and that it was far more her Sister Amarantha's malice to her, than her own, which seduced her to this bloody resolution; and that this her own shameful death was not half so grievous to her, as the unfortunate end of her lover Bernardo, whom she there assisted the world, and took it to her death, that she loved a thousand times dearer than her own life, with many other vain and ridiculous speeches tending that way, and which savoured more of her fond affection to him, than of any zeal or devotion to God; and therefore I hold them every way more worthy of my silence, than of my relation: And so she was turned over. To second whose unfortunate and shameful end, now our bloody and execrable Amarantha (with far more beauty than contrition, and bravery than repentance) ascends the Ladder; who (to make her infamy the more famous) had purposely dighted and apparelled her self-

in a plain black Sattin Gown, with Silver lace, and a deep laced Cambrick Ruff of a very large Set, with her hair unvailed, and decked with many Roles of filver Ribband : At her afcent, ber extraction, beauty, and youth, begat as much pitty, as her bloody and unnatural crimedid deteffation, in the eyes and hearts of all her spectators: When, after a paule or two, she (vainly composing her countenance, more with contempt, than fear of death) there to a world of reople, who slocked from all parts of the City and Country to see her dye (with a wondrous boldness) confessed, That she had not only caused her Sister Bap istina to be stifled in her bed by Bernardo and Pieria, but that her faid Sister Baptistina and her felf had tormerly poyfoned their elder Sister faquinta, and that it was only their imperiousness and pride towards her, which drew her to this resolution and revenge against them both; the which she affirmed, she could now as little repent, as heretofore remedy, and that the more fenfibly lamented, and grieved for the forrows of her Father's life, than for the shame and infamy of her own death: When without any shew of repentance, without any speech of God, or, which is less, without so much as once looking up towards Heaven, or inviting or praying her spectators to pray to God for her soul, she with a graceless resolution, and prophane boldness, conjured her Executioner speedily to performe his office and duty, which by the command of the Magistrate he forthwith did. So this wretched Amarantha was hanged for her second murther, and then by a second decree and sentence of the criminal Judges, her body is after dinner burnt to ashes for her first; who likewise in henour to Justice, and to the glory of God, do also cause the dead body of Bernardo (for two whole dayes) to be hanged by his feet in his shirt at the same Gallows, and then to be cast into the River of Arno. And here the Judges also, to shew themselves, themselves, were once of opinion to have unburied Baptistina, and likewise to have given her dead body some opprobrious runishment, for being accessary with her Sister Amarantha to poyson their elder sister fa. quinta; but having no other evidence or proof hereof, but only the testimony of her condemned dying Sifter Amarantha, whom it was more probable than impossible, the might speak it more out of malice than truth, as also that God had already afflicted a deplorable end and punishment to her, they therefore omitted it. And thus was the deferved ends, and condign punishments of these wretched and execrable murtherers; and in this manner did the just revenge, and sacred justice of God meet and triumph over them and their bloody Crimes.

And now here fully to conclude and shut up this History in all its circumstances: The griefs and forrows of this unfortunate old Father was so great and infinite, for the untimely and deplorable deaths of all these his three only Daughters and Children, that although Piety and Religion had formerly taught him, that the afflictions of this life are the joyes of that to come, yet being wholly vanquished and depressed with all these different bitter crosses and calamities, he less thereoe, and retired himself to a solitary life in Cardura, where he not long survived them, but dy-

ed very penfively and mournfully.

God's



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXII.

Martino poisoneth his brother Pedro, and murthereth Monfredo in the street; He afterwards grows mad, and in confession reveals both these his murthers to Father Thomas his Ghostly Father, who afterwards dying, reveals it by his letter to Ceciliana, who was widow to Monfredo, and lister to Pedro and Martino. Martino bath first his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the same.

Sit is a dangerous wickedness to contrive and plot murther; so much more it is a wretched and execrable sone to finish, and perpetrate it; for to kill our Christian Brother who figuratively bears the image of God, is an act so odious, as Nature cannot excuse, and so diabolical, as no Clemencie can pardon: And yet this age, and this world is but too plentiful and fertil of fuch bloody Tigers, and inhumane monsters, and Butchers of mankind, as if they had not a conscience within them to accuse them, a God above them to condemn them, and a Hell below them to punish them; or as if they had not the sacred Oracles of Gods eternal Word, I mean the Law and the Gospel, and the blessed precepts and doctrine of the holy Prophets and Apostles; yea, of Christ Jesus himself, the great Shepherd, and sacred Bishop of our fouls, to teach us the rules of mercy, meekness, and long fuffering, whiles we live in this vale of mifery here below, and that we must embrace and follow peace and charity with all men, if ever wethink to participate of the true felicity and joyes of Heaven above: But nevertheless (yea directly contrary hereunto) this ensuing History will produce us one, who though sufficiently instructed in the rules of piety and charity, yet be wilfully abandoned the first, and contemned the second, by cruelly and unnaturally imbrewing his hands in innocent blood, for the which we shall see, that he in the end suffereth a severe and shameful death. May we read this History to the glory of God, and the instruction of our selves.

The Scene of this History is laid in Spain, in the famous province of old Castile, and in the fair and ancient city of Burgos, where lately dwelt a noble and rich old Gentleweman, termed Dona Catherina Antunez (a Signame much known, and famous in that city, province, and kingdom) who had by her deceased husband Don Roderigo de Ricaldo, two sons, Don Pedro, and Don Martino, and one daughter named Dona Ciciliana. Her eldeft fon Don Pedro was a gallant Cavalier, of some eight and twenty years of age, tall and well-timbred, by complexion and hair black, and of a swart and martial countenance, who for the space of seven years, served as a voluntary Gentleman under that wife and valiant Commander Don Gonfalez de Cordova in Germany, and against the Lords States of the Netherlands, and fince in the Voltoline and Millane, against the Grisons and French; In both which wars he left behind him many memorable testimonies of his prowress, and purchased divers honourable trophees of true valcur and senerofity; but for any other intellectual endowments of the mind, he was no schollar, but of an indifferent capacity, yet very honest, courteous, and affable, particularly to his friends, and generally to all the world. His brother Don Martino was of some four and twenty years of age, short of flature, very slender, but crook-back'd, of an Aubrun hair, a withered face, a fquint eye; of inclination extreamly fullen, and of disposition and nature envious and revengeful, as defirous rather to entertain a night-quarrel in the street, than a day-combat in the field; but as God is many times pleafed to countervail and reward the defects of nature in the body, with some rich gifts and perfections of the mind, so though not by profession, yet by education he was an excellent scholar, of an active and sharp wit, a fluent tongue, and singularly able either to allure or divert, to perswade or disswade, according as the stream of his different passions and affections led him: Vertues enough relucent and excellent to build a fame, and sufficient to raife an eminent fortune, if his former vices do not too fatally ecliple the one, and deface the other. Their fifter Ceciliana (aged of some twenty years) was of an indifferent height, but growing to corpulencie and fatness, of a black hair, an amiable brown complexion, of a big rolling eye, and the air of her countenance rather beautifully amorous, than modefully beautiful; She was of a nimble wit, of humour pleasant and facetious, yet so reserved in the external demonstration thereof, that through her mothers pious and austere education of her, she (in all outward semblance) seemed rather to be fit for a Numery than a Husband, and more proper to make a Saint than a wife; but as the face proves not fill a true Index of the heart, nor our looks and speeches still a true Sybil of our souls; so how retired soever her mother kept her from the company of men, yet her wanton eye conspiring with her lascivious heart, made her the more defirous thereof: and far the more licentiously, in regard she was strictly forbidden it; so as (not to contradict or dissemble the truth) I am here enforced to relate and affirm, that she imparteth her favours upon two or three young Gentlemen of that city, of her private acquaintance, and is more familiar with them, than modesty can well warrant, or chastity allow of. But there is a young Gallant of this city likewise (more noble by birth, than rich in estate and means) named Don Balthazar de Monfredo, who (deeming Ceciliana as famous for her chaftity, as for her beauty) hears a fingular affection to her; yea, his heart and thoughts are so fervently intangled in the snares of her delicious beauty, that in publike and private, in his desires and wishes, and his speech and actions, he proclaims her to be his Mistris, and himself her servant; and if he affect and defire Ceciliana for his wife, no less doth the Monfredo for her husband; fo that they many times by stealth meet and conferr privately in remote Churches and Chappels, it being rather a prophane than a religious custom of Spain (wherein Heaven is too much made to stoop to earth, and Religion to impiety) for men to court their intended wives, and (which is worse) many times their courtizans and strampets. Ceciliana (oftentimes warranted by her mothers indisposition) can no sooner take coach, to enjoy the pleasure and benefit of the fresh air abroad in the fragrant fields, but Monfredo assuredly meets her, where leaping from his coach into hers (and leaving his Page to accompany her waiting Gentlewoman in his own) they at first familiarly kiss and conferr, and in a few of these meetings at last effectually refolve to give themselves each to other in the sacred bonds of marriage; so he gives her a rich Diamond Ring, and the reciprocally returns him a pair of gold Bracelets, in token of marriage, and they then and there (calling God to witness) very solemnly contract themselves man and wife, yet for some folid reasons, and important considerations, which conduce to the better accomplishing of their defires, they for a time conclude to bear it fecretly and filently from all the world; and it is concluded and agreed between them, that a moneth after, and not before, he shall attempt to seek her publikely in marriage, both of her mother the Lady Catherina, as also of her two brothers, Don Pedro, and Don Martino.

So when this moneth is patt over (which to these our two Lovers seems to be many ages) Manfredo very fairly and orderly feeks her of her mother in marriage, and likewile (in tearms fit for him to give, and them to receive) acquaints her two brothers with his fute and affection to their fifter, and with his best art and eloquence endeavoureth (on honourable tearms) to gain and purchase their consents thereunto. As for her mother, she (preferring wealth to honour, and riches to content) considering the weakness of Monfred's estate, the death of his Parents, whereby the fees him deprived of all future hope to raife his fortunes, doth absolutely deny to bestow her daughter on him in marriage; and the more to bewray her extream distaste of this his sute and dislike of himself, she (with much obstinacy and choler) forbids him her daughter's company, and (with more incivility and indignation) conjures him to leave and forbear her house, telling him she hath already firmly ingaged her word and promife to Don Alonso Delrio, that he shall shortly espouse and marry her. Now although this than answer of hers seem to nip Monfredo's hopes and defires in their bloffoms, yet relying more on the affection and constancy of the daughter, that on the power or resolution of the mother, he again and again (with a most respective and honourable importunity) soliciteth her confent; but he sees it lost labour, because she is resolute that her first shall be her last answer to him herein. As for her brother Don Pedro, he loves his fifter to perfectly, and her content fo dearly, that he finds him to stand well affected to their affections, and in regard of his love to her, and respect to him, that he utterly contemns the motion and mention of Delvio; and therefore faithfully promifeth Monfredo his best assistance towards his mother for the effecting of their defires. But for her younger brother, Don Martino, he finds a contrary nature and disposition in him; for he never loved, but hated his sister Ceciliana, and therefore hates Monfredo for her sake, and loves Delrio, because he hears she hates him, and so animates his mother against them; and thus he gives Monfredo cold answers, and (the sooner and better to convert his hope into despair) tells him plainly that Delrio must and shall marry his sister, and none but he. Thus Monfredo departs, as glad of Don Pedro his love, as he is forrowful for his mother and brother Don Martino's hatred. And here (to observe the better order in this History, and likewife to give the curiofity of the Reader the fuller fatisfaction) it will not be improper, rather pertinent, for us to understand, that Don Debrio was also a well descended Gentleman of the same city of Burgos, rich in lands and monies, but at least fifty five years old, having a white head and beard, of a hard and four favour, and exceedingly Baker-legged; yer, as old as he was, he was so pathonately enamoured of the fresh and sweet beauty of Ceci-Mana, that he thought her not too young to be his wife, nor himself too old to be her husband, but, led more by his lust than his judgment, and encouraged by Dona Catherina her mother, for that his great lands and wealth wholly inclined and weighed down her affection towards him, he often visiteth her daughter Ciciliana, and with his best oratory and power feeks and courts her affection in the way of marriage. But she having her heart fixed on Monfredo's youth, and comely feature, the highly flights Delrio's frozen age, and difdaining to make her felf a May to this December, because she apparently knew, and perfectly believed, that he was every way fitter for his Grave, than for her Bed; for it was Monfredo, and only Monfredo, whom her heart had elected and chosen for her second self and Husband: And suppose (quoth she) that Monfredo be not so rich as Delrio, yet all Castile, yea all Spain, well knows, that by descent and generosity he is far more noble; and that there is as great an Antithesis and disparity between the vertues of the first, and the defects and imperfections of the last, as there is between a Clown and a Captain, a Peasant and a Prince; therefore let my mother fay what she will, Delrio what he can, or my brother Martino what he dare, yet they shall see, and the world know, that I will be wife to none but Monfredo, and that either he, or my grave shall be my husband.

But the Lady Catherina her mother (notwithstanding her daughters averseness and obstinately) tayes her charge and blessing upon her to forsake Monstrado, and take Delrio, urging to her the poverty of the one, and the wealth of the other, what delights and contentments the last will give her, and what afflictions and misery the first do threaten her. But the affection of Ceciliana is still so firmly fixed, and strongly settled and comented on her Monstrado, that she is deaf to these requests, and blind to these reasons of her mother, in seeking to dissinate her from him, and in consenting and perswading her to accept of Delrio for her Husband; and although her Mother follow her in all places as her shadow, and haunt her arall times as her Ghost, to draw her hereunto; yet she still finds her daughter as resolute to deny, as she is importunate to request it of her, vowing that she will rather wed her self to a Nunnery, than to Delrio, whom she said the cannot affect, and therefore peremptorily distainet to marry. Here mother seeing her daughter thus constantly and wilfully to persevere in her obstinacy against

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her defires, the (with much choler and grief) relates from point to point to her fon Don Marrine, what had past between them; whom she knew did as much love Delrio, and hate Monfredo, as her eldest son Don Pedro, hated Delrio, and loved Monfredo for their lister in marrisge. Martino takes advantage of this occasion and opportunity, and thinking to give two blows with one stone, by crossing his sister in her affection, and his brother in his designs and wishes, doth now more than ever incense his mother against her, alleaging that it would be a far greater honour, and less scandal to their name and house, that she were rather married to a Nunnery than a Beggar, and with many powerful reasons, and artificial perswasions, strives to make her inclinable to this project, and flexible to this resolution of his, as indeed in a little time the doth: For the mother being thus wedded to her will, and therein now confirmed by the flie policy, and fortified by the subtile infinuation of her son Don Martino, she hereupon constantly refolves to betake and give her daughter to God and the Church, affirming that the shall never reap any true content is her thoughts, nor peace in her heart, before the fee her cloyftered up, and espoused to a Nunnery. But this compact of theirs is not so closely carried between them. but the vigilancie of Don Pedro (whose affection and care aims to give Monfredo and his lifter content) hath perfect notice and intelligence hereof, the which for a time he holds fit to conceal from them both; when firmly purposing to prevent it, and so to cross his mother and brother. who herein delight and glory to crofs him, he bethinks himself of an invention (worthy of himfelf) how and which way to effect it. He sends for Don Alonso Delvio to the Cordeliers Church, and there relates him the friendship he bears him, that he will not see him run himself into an errour, in feeking his fifter Cesiliana in marriage, whom he knows he cannot possibly obcain; the (to his knowledg) being already firmly contracted to Monfredo, notwithstanding all that his mother and brother Don Martino have said, or can do to the contrary. Delrio heartily thanks Don Pedro for the expression of this love to him, the which he affirms he shall ever find him ready both to deserve and requite; when measuring the time suture by the present, and of Ceciliana's blooming youth by his weather-beaten and blasted age, he vows to Don Pedro, that he will henceforth no more defire or feek his fifter in marriage, nor yet speak with her, or come near his mother or brother; so that business is for ever dashed, and receives an end, almost as soon as beginning. The which Don Martino (out of his deep reach and politick pate) understanding, and knowing that this falling off of Delrio, from farther seeking his fifter in marriage, proceeded wholly from the secret undermining of his brother Don Pedro, he is extreamly in choler against him for the same; and so (with more passion than discretion) goes and chargeth him herewith: Whereupon these two brothers fall at great contention and variance, and many bitter words and outragious speeches here interchangeably pass between them, the repetition whereof I think good to bury in filence, because it matters not much to give it a place in this hittory; only (to deal on generals) I must fay that Don Pedro was high, and Don Martino hot, and that the first spake not so much as he dared, and that the last dared not so much as he spake. But this Tongue-combate of theirs was so violent and blusterous, as the issue thereof redounding to Don Pedro's glory and generosity, and to Don Martino's shame and baseness; and Martino finding that he had more will than power to be now revenged hereof on his brother, he is inflamed with choler and revenge against him for the same, as, confulting with Satan, not with God, he is so revengeful and inhumane, as he wisheth his said brother in Heaven, and from thenceforth plotteth with himself how to finish it, reasoning thus uncharitably and damnably with himself; That he being dead, and his fifter pent and mewed up in a Numery, he shall then be sole heir and Lord to all the lands and offace which his father left

Thus in the heat of his choler, and the fumes of his revenge against his brother Don Pedro, he repairs to his mother, informs her how it is he and his policie which hath beaten off Delrio from seeking his sister Ceciliana in marriage, and that through his close treacherous dealing, he hath prevailed with him for ever to abandon her; yea, he here leaves no invention unassayed to incense his mother against his brother, nor means unattempted to instance her against his sister, by still putting her in mind of his rashness towards Detrio, and for her disobedience towards her self; and here (he remembring his own avaritious end) doth again modestly perswade, and then again importunately pray his mother to constitute her to a Nunnery; whereunto (as we have formerly understood) he knows she is already resolutely bent and resolved: When she (being vanquished with her own desires, and his importunity) promiseth him very shortly to effect it. But sirft she sends for her son Don Pedro, and in a language of thunder, rebukes and checks him for his double crime, in disswading Detrio from so suddenly forsaking his sister, and in perswading so strongly to affect Monsfredo: adding withall, that withstanding his treachery and policy, and her ingrateful disobedience to her, she is in-

violably resolved shortly to send Monfredo to seek another wife, and to give and betake her to no other Husband then a Nunnery. Don Pedro, holding it his duty to entertain this choler and these speeches of his Mother rather with modelty than passion, returns her this answer, that he hath not said nor done any thing to Delrio, but what he can well justific with his obedience to her, and his honour to the whole world; that his affection to his Sifters present condition, and care of her future prosperity, makes him assume this belief and confidence, that Delrio is as unworthy of her, as she worthily bestowed on Don Monfredo, and therefore that it is both pity and shame, that the wealth of the first should be preferred to the nobility and generofity of the second; he prayes her to consider, that as Ceciliana is her Daughter, so she is his Sister, and that he is so well acquainted with her disposition and fecrets, as not to dissemble her the truth, he holds her far more fit to make a Wife than a Nun, and a Nunnery therefore (every way) to be improper for her, and she for it; that he is not ignorant that it is the policy or rather the malice of his Brother Don Martino, which hath wrought these false impressions in her belief against himself, and this her uncharitable resolution against his Sister; for which base treachery and ingratitude of his, if he thought him as worthy of his care, as he knows he is of his fcorn, he would not fail to call him to a firic account for the same, but that Nature and Grace prescribe him contrary rules. Donna Catherina being far more capable to diffafte, than to relish this bold answer of her Son Don Pedro, and contenting her felf to have now delivered him her mind and resolution at full, the leaves him, and finds out his Brother Martino, to whom she punctually relates what had passed between her and his Brother Don Pedro; whereat he is afresh so nettled with choler, and inflamed with revenge against him, as what before he hath desperately plotted and resolved against his life, he now vows and swears shortly to execute, whereat his bloody thoughts (without intermission) aim and tend, and next thereunto he defires nothing so much, as to see his Sister made a vowed and vayled

Whiles thus his Mother and himself are deep in conference, and busie in consultation how to effect and compass these their different designes; Don Pedro goes to his Sifter Ceciliana, finds out Monfredo, and to them both fincerely delivers what had past between his mother, his brother, and himself, in their behalf; yea it is a jest both worthy and well befeeming his laughter) to see how between earnest and jest he tells his Sister (in presence of her lover Monfredo) that the must shortly prepare her felt for a Nunnery, for that their brother Don Martino hath decreed it, and their mother Dona Catherina (worn it: At this pleafant passage and conceipt of Don Pedro, Ceciliana cannot refrain from bluthing, nor Monfredo from smiling: For looking each on other with the eyes of one and the same tender affection and constancy, he smiles to see her blush, and she again blusheth to see him smile hereat, here the tells her brother Don Pedro plainly, and her lover Monfredo pleafantly, that the will deceive her mothers hopes, and her brother Don Martino's defires, in thinking to make her a Cloystered Sister, when again metamorphosing the snow white Lillies of her cheeks into blushing Damask Roses, she with a modest pleasantness, directing her speech to Monfredo (who then lovingly led her in the Garden by her arme) tells him, that his houte should be the Nunnery, his arms the Cloyster; and himself the Saint, to whom (till death) she was ready to profer up, and sacrifice both her affection and her felf; that as she did not hate, but love the profession of a Nunn in others, so for his sake the could not love, but hate it in her felf, adding withal, that for proof and confirmation hereof (if it were his pleafure) the was both ready and willing to put her felf into his protection, and to repose her honour in the confidence of his faithful affection and integrity to-

Monfredo first kissing her, then infinitely thanking her for this true demonstration of her dear and constant affection to him, when again intermixing kisses with smiles, and smiles with kisses, he swears to her, in presence of God, and her brother Don Pedro, that if the Lady her mother wholly abandon her, or resolve to commit her to a Nunnery, he will receive and entertain her in his poor house with delight and joy, and preserve her honour equally with his own life, and that in all things (as well for the time present, as the future) he will steer his actions by the starr of her desire, and the compass of her present brother Don Pedros commands: For which free and faithful courteste of his, Ceciliana thanks him, and no less doth Don Pedro, who in requital hereof makes him a general and generous tender of his best power and service to act and consummate his desires; and so for that time, and with this resolution they part each from other, leaving the progress of their affections, and the success thereof partly to time, but chiefly to God, whom they all religiously invocate to bless their designes in hand.

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Leave we them for a while and come we now again (cursorily) to speak of their mother Dona Catherina, and of Don Martino their Brother, who being the Oracle from whom she derives and directs all her resolutions, she is still constant to her self, and therefore still vehemently bent against her Son Don Pedro, her Daughter Cecilians and Monfredo, swearing both solemnly and seriously, that she will rather dye than live to see him her Son-in-Law: And yet whatsoever Don Martino doth say, or can alledge to her to the contrary, she yet loves Don Alonso Delrio so well, and her Daughter Ceciliana so dearly, that before she will attempt to Cloyster her up in a Nunnery, she hoping to reclaim him to affect her, and to revive his suit of marriage, doth by a Gentleman her servant lend him this Letter.

CATHERINA to DELRIO.

Ans whelly ignorant why thou thus for sakest thy affection and suit to my Daughter Ceciliana, In hence of, before I am resolved by thee, I have many reasons to suspect and think, that it was as feigned as thy Promises and Oaths pretended it to be servent. Sure I am, that as Envy cannot eclipse the same of her vertues towards the world, so Truth dares not contradict the sincerity of my well-mishes and affections towards thee, in desiring to make thee her Husband, and her thy Wife. Her poor beauty (which thou so often sworest, thy heart so dearly admired and adored) hath lost no part of its sustre, but is the same still; and so am I, who have ever wished, and ever will faithfully desire, that of all men of the world, thy self only may live to enjoy it. If thou think her affection be bent any other way, thou does the rooright, but offer a palpable wrong to thy own judgment, and to my knowledg. Or if thou imagine the Portion to be too small, which I promised to give, and thou to receive with her in marriage, thou shalt commend that augmentation from me, which none but thy self shill ever have canse to request, or power to obtain; yea, thou shalt sind, that for the sinishing and consummating of so good a work (which thou so much deservest, and I so much desire) I will willingly be contented to enrich her fortunes with the impoverishing of mine own. If thou send me thine Answer hereunto, I shall take it for an argument of thy unkindness: But if thou bring it thy self, I will esteem it as one of thy true respects and affections to me.

CATHERINA.

Don Martino being solicited and charged by his Lady mother likewise to write effectually to Delrio to return to seek his Sister Ceciliana in marriage, yet notwithstanding drawn thereunts for his own covetous ends, secretly to desire and wish that he might never marry her, but she a Nunnery; he therefore to that effect writes, and sends him a most dissembling and hypocritical Letter by the same messenger, to accompany hers, but he is so reserved and sine, as he purposely conceals the sight and reading thereof from his mother. This Letter of his, which was as false and duble as himself, reported this language.

MARTINO to DELRIO.

My duty ever obliging me to esteem my Mothers requests as commands, I therefore adventure thee this Letter, as desiring to know who or what hath so suddenly withdrawn thee, or thy affection from my Sister Ceciliana. I how canst not be ignorant of my hearty well wishes and love to thee in obtaining her to thy wife; and yet it is not possible for thee to conceive, much less believe the hundredth part of the bitter speeches, which I have been inforced to receive and pack up, from her and my Brother Don Pedro, for desiring and wishing it. I know, that inforced affections prove commonly more fatat than fortun te and more ruinous than prosperous; therefore I am so far from any more perswading thee to see her in marriage, that I leave each of you to your selves, and both unto God. And to the end that mails see how much the Lady my Mother affects thy sute, and distastes that of Monsredo to my Sister, she upon thy forb arance and absence hath vowed unto God, that, if thou be not, he shall not, but a Nunnery must be her Huband. My Mother is desirous to see thee, and my self to speak with thee; but because marriages ought first to be made in Heaven, before consummated on Earth, therefore thou knowest far better than my self, that in all astions (especially in marriage) it is the duty of a Christianto wast on Gods secret providence, and to attend his sacred pleasure with patience.

MARTINO.

Delrio receives and reads these two letters, and (consulting them with his judgement) finds that they look two different wayes; for Dona Catherina the mother would marry her daughter to himself, but not to M nfredo, and her son Mar ino aims, and desireth to have her married to a Nunnery, and not to himself; wherein wealth and covetousness are the chiefest ends and ambition of them both, without having any respect to the young Ladie's content, or regard to her satisfaction; and although the speech which Don Pedro delivered him in the Cordeliers (or Gray Priers) Church, have so much wrought with his affection, and so powerfully prevailed with his resolution, that he will no further seek Ceciliana in marriage, yet in common courtesse and civility, he holds himself bound to answer their two letters: the which he doth, and returns them by their own messenger. That to the Lady Catherina had these words.

DELRIO to CATHERINA.

Hough you suspect my sincerity, yet if you will believe the truth, you shall find, that the affection which I intended the Lady Ceciliana your daughter was fervent, not feigned; and bec use you are desirous to know the reasons why I forbear to sek her in marriage, I can give you no other but this, that I know she is too worthy to be my wife, and believe that I am not worthy enough to be her busband: So though envie (hould dare to be faignorant, yet it cannot possibly be so malicious, either to eclipse the lustre of her beauty, or the fame of her vertues, sith the one is so sweet a grace to the other, and both so precious ornaments to her self, that infinite others besides my self, hold it as great a prophanenels not to adore the last, as a happinels to see and admire the first. For your affection in desiring my self hers, and she mine in marria e, I can give you no other requital, but thanks for the present, and my prayers and service for the suture, How your daughter hath, or will dispose of be affection, God and her self best know; and therefore I shall do her right, and your knowledg and my judgement no wrong, rather to proclaim my ignorance, than my curiofity herein: But this I affure you, that if hers to me had equalized mine to hers, I should then thankfully have taken, and joyfully received her with a far le's portion than you would have given me with her. To your self I wish much prosperity, and to the Lad; your daughter all happiness. I must return you this mine answer by mine own fervant, and whether you make it an argument of my unkindness, or affection; in pleasing your self you thall no may displease me.

DELRIO.

His Letter to Don Murtino Spake thus.

DELRIO to MARTINO.

I Have (by my Letter) given the Lady thy mother the reasons why I design from any farther seeking thy sister Cecilian in marriage; and because I know she will acquaint thee therewith, therefore I bope they will suffice both for thee and her. I am as thankful to thee for thy well-wishes, to have obtained her for my wife, as Igrieve to understand that thou hast received any bitter speeches, either from her or thy brother Don Pedro, for my sake: it rejoyceth me to see thee of the opinion, that inforced marriages prove commonly satal and ruinous, in which belief and truth, if thou and thy mother persevere, I hope you will espouse your sister to Don Monsredo, and not to a Nunnery, because (if I am not misinformed) her affections suggest and assure her, that she shall receive as much content from the sist, a misery from the second. As thy mother is destrous to see me, so am I to serve her, and likewise thy self; and as thou writest religiously and truly; that marriages should single made in Heaven, ere so lemnized in Earth; so, doubtless, God bath reserved thy sister for a far better huband than Delrio, and him for a far worse wife than Ceciliana; And thus (as a Christian) I recommend her with zeal to the providence, and my self with patience, to the pleasure of Almighty God.

DELRIO.

When in regard of his former affection, and future respect, devoted to the beauty and vertues of Ceciliana, and seeing her self, her mother, and brother Don Martino, bent to dispose otherwise of her in marriage, he will yet be so jealous of her good, and so careful of his own honour and reputation, as he holds himself obliged to take his leave of her by letter, fith not in person, and so to recommend her and her good fortunes to God; the which he doth, and gives his Letter to the same Bearer, but with a particular charge and secret instructions to de-

liver very privately into the Lady Ciciliana's hands, without the knowledg either of her mother, or brother Don Martino, which he faithfully promifed to perform: His faid Letter to her was charged with these lines.

DELRIO to CECILIANA.

Eing heretofore informed by our brother Don Pedro, of your dear affection to Don Monfredo, and your constant resolution to make him your husband: I held my self bound out of due regard to you, and firm promise to him, to surcease my suit to you, and (because the shortest errours are ever best) no more to strive to make impossibilities posfible in persevering to seek you in marriage, whom I see (Heaven and Earth have con-Spired) another must obtain and enjoy: And when I look from my age to your youth, and from that of Montredo's, I am so far from condemning your choice, as I both approve and applaud it, praying you to be as resolute in this considence, as I am consident in this resolution, that my best prayers and wishes shall ever wish you the best prosperities. And to the end you may perceive that my former affection shall fill resplend and shine to you in my future respect, I cannot, I will not conceal the knowledg of this truth from you, that by Letters which right now (by this Bearer) I received from the Lady your mother, and brother Don Martino, they have some exorbitant and irregular design in contemplation, shortly to reduce into action, against the excellencie of your youth and beauty, and the sweetness of your content and tranquillity, which how soever (to your self and the world) they seem to shadow and over-vail with false colours; yet, although they make Religion the pretext, you (if you speedily prevent it not) will in the end find that their malice to your lover Monsredo is the true and only cause thereof. God hath endued you with a double happiness, in giving you an excellent wit to second and imbellish your exquisite beauty: whereunto if in this business you take the advice of your best friend Monfredo, and follow that of your noble brother Don Pedro, you will then have no cause to doubt, but all the reasons of the world to assure your self that your affections and fortunes will in the end succeed according to my prayers, and your merit and expectation.

DELRIO.

The messenger first publikely delivereth the two former Letters to his Lady Dona Catherina, and her fon Don Martino; and then privately the other to the young Lady Ceciliana, according to his promise, and Don Delrio's request: As for the mother, the grieves to see that Delrio will not be reclaimed, but hath quite forsaken her daughter : but for her son Don Martino, he is exceeding joyful hereof; for now he is confident, that (according to his plot) his mother upon Delrio's refusals will (in meer malice to Minfredo) affuredly commit his fifter to a Nunnery : Thus, if he obtain his ends and defites, he cares not who miss theirs. As for Ceciliana, the doth not a little rejoyce at Delrio's Letter to her, and at his constant resolution to leave, and commit her to Monfredo; yea, she reputes his advice to her concerning her mother, and her brother Don Martiro's intended discourtesie towards her to much respect and honour. She acquaints her brother Don Pedro, (and her Monfredo) with this Letter of Delrio, who now plainly fee their mother and brother's former resolution confirmed, in aiming and intending to make Ceciliana a holy Sifter, whereat they again laugh and jest at her, and she to them, for in their hearts and thoughts they all know, and resolve to prevent it. But they cannot but highly approve of Delrio's noble respect and true discretion, in being so constant to give over his sute to her, and yet fo courteous and honest towards them all, in this his kind and respectful Letter to Ceciliana; the which above the other two, she cheerfully receives, and joyfully welcomes; that she resolves the can (in honour) do no less, than return his complement, and answer his Letter with one of her own to him, the which she doth in these terms,

CECILIANA to DELRIO.

What my Bro b r Don Pedro informed you concerning Monstedo and my self, was the veled our resolutions each to other. As I was never doubtful of your well wishes and love, so now I am not a little thank ful to you for your dear respect towards m, in approving my choice, and in p aying to Gosto make it prosperous, whereas the obstinacy of my Ludy Mother, and the malice of my Broth r Don Mattino (without grand or reason) affirm it must needs prove rainous. I have heretofore been advertised, and now (by your care of me, and respect to me which clearly resplends and shines in your Letter) am fully confirmed that my said Mother and Brother have some und served design against me, and my content; and although my toor beauty and silly wit no way deserve those excellent praises of your Pen, yet my heart shall cousult with Don Pedro how to bear me self in this so weighty and important a business, whereon (although the cause be malice and the prevent Resigion) I know depends either my future content or affliction, my happiness or my misery. In the mean time I will pray for those who viciously hate me and honour those who vertuously affect and he nour me. Of which last number, I ingementally and gratefully acknowled; that your generosity, not my mists, hath condingly made you one, and call the last number, in the condingly made you one,

When the had dispatched this Letter to Delrio, then Monfredo by her consent, and the advice of her Brother Don Pedro, hold it very requifite now once again to found the affection, and to feel the pulse of their Mother Dona Cathe ina's resolution towards him, to see whether yea or no she will please to give him her Daughter in marriage; and it is agreed of all sides between them, that at the very time and hour which he goes there, that she and her Brother Don Pedro will purposely absent themselves, and ride abroad in their Coach, to take the air; which they do. To this effeet Monfredo takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Lady Catherina's house, and sends up his name to her, as defiring to have the honour to falute her, and kills her hand, but fhe is fo entaged and transported with choler at his arrival and message, as she sends him down a flat and peremptory denial, That the will not fee him, and as formerly the prayed, fo now the commands him to depart, and ever hereafter to forbear her Heuse. An answer so unkind and uncivil, that Monfredo knows not whether he have reason to digest it with more choler or laughter; so returning her answer by her Waiting-Gentlewoman, that he will obey her commands, and no more trouble either her house or her patience, yet that he will fill remain her most humble servant, and although The refuse to see him that he will ever pray for her long life and prosperity : Don Martino is now at home and laughs in his sleeve as a Gipfie to see what brave entertainment his Mother gives Morf edo: he expects also that he should visit him, but because his Mothers stomack is so high, therfore he cannot descend so low, as owing him no such duty and service, and so takes Coach and away : and knowing where Don Pedro and his Miltrifs Ceciliana were, in the fields, he drives away presently to them, and very pleasantly relates them the whole long story of their Mother's short entertainment to him, which administreth matter of laughter to them all, and far the more, in regard neither of them expected less; fo Monfredo staying an hour or two with them in the fields, and then bringing them to the Gates of the City, they for that time take their leave each of other, and all appoint to meet the next day after dinner in the Garden of the Au uffine Priers, and there to provide and resolve for their affairs, against the discontent of their Mother, and the malice of their Brother Don Martino.

The next morning, the Lady Catherina (Rorming at Monfredo's yesterdayes presumption and boldness) sends for her Daughser Ceciliana into the Garden to her as being fully resolved to deal effectually with her for ever to forsake Monfredo; or if she cannot, then to commit her to a Nunnery. She comes, when (in great privacy and efficacy) she laies before her the poverty of Monfredo, the which she affirms will bring her to more misery than she can expect or think of, or indeed which she deserves; at least if she be not so wisful to ruine her self and her fortunes, as she is to preserve them. Ceciliana now seeing her Mother bent to play her prize against the merits and honour of her Monfredo, and therefore against the content and felicity with she expects to enjoy by enjoying him, she no long rable to brook or digest it, cuts her off with this raply, that (her duty expected) it is in vain for her, either to seek to disparage Monfredo, or any way of the world to attempt to wishdraw her affection from him; and therefore with much observance and respect prayes her to affect and honour him, if not for his own sake, yet for hers. Her Lady-mother weeps to see her Daughter thus obstinate (she might have said, thus constant) in her affection to Monfredo, and therefore (with frowns in her looks, and anger in her eyes) she thunders out a whole Catalogue of dispraises and recriminations against him; and because yet she despaireth to prevail with her hereby, she now (thinking it

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high time) resolves to divert and change the stream of her affection from him to God, and so at last to mew and betake her to a Nunnery, whereon her defires and intentions have so long ruminated, and her wishes and vows aimed at : To which end calming the storms of her tongue, and composing her countenance to patience and piety, the with her best art and eloquence speaks to her thus; That in regard the will not accept of Don Delio for her Husband, with whom the might have enjoyed prosperity, content, and glory, but will rather marry Monfredo, from whom the can, and must expect nothing but poverty, grief, and repentance; She therefore (out of her natural regard of her, and tender affection to her) hath by the direction of God, bethought her felf of a medium between both, which is to marry neither of them, but in a religious and fan diffied way to espouse her self to God and his holy Church; when (thinking to have taken time by the forelock) the depainteth her the felicity and beatitude of a Nun's profession and life, so pleasing to God and the World, to Heaven and Earth, to Angels and Men: When her Daughter Ceeiliana being tired and discontented with this poor and ridiculous Oration of hers, she litting up her eyes to heaven, with a modest boldness, yet with a bold truth; interrupts her mother thus, That God hath inspired her heart to affect Monfredo so dearly, and to love him so tenderly, as the will rather content her felf to beg with him, than to live with D lrio in the greatest prosperity which either this life or this world can afford her; that although she had no bad opinion of Nuns. yet that neither the constitution of her body, much less of mind, was proper for a Nunnery, or a Nunnery for her; in which regard, the had rather pray for them than with them, and honor than imitate them : When the Lady her mother not able to contain her felf in patience, much lefs in filence, at this audacity (and, as the thought) impiety of her Daughter, the with much choler and spieen demands her a reason of these her exorbitant speeches. When her Daughter, no way dejecting her looks to Earth, but rather advancing and railing them to Heaven, requites her with this answer; That it is not the body, but the mind, not the flesh, but the soul, which is chiefly requifite and required to give our felves to God and his Church; that to throw, or (which is worse) to submit our selves to be thrown on the Church through any cause of constraint, or motion of diffaste or discontent, is an act which savoureth more of prophaneness than piety, and more of Earth than Heaven; that as Gods power, so his presence is not to be confined or tyed to any place, for that his Center is every where, and therefore his circumference no where; that God is in Agypt as well as in Palestine or Hierusalem, and that Heaven is as near us, and we Heaven, in a Manfion house, as in a Monastery or Nunnery; that it is not the place which Sanctifieth the heart and foul, but they the place; and that Churches and Cloysters have no priviledge or power to keep out fin, if we by our own lively faith, and God by his all-faving grace do not. Which speech of hers as soon as she had delivered, and seeing that the Lady her Mother was more capable to answer her thereunto with filence than reason, the making her a low reverence, and craving her excuse, departs from her, and leaves her here alone in the Garden to her felf and her Muses.

Her Mother having a little walked out her choler, in feeing her Daughter's firm resolution not to become a Nun; she leaves the Garden and retires to her Chamber, where sending for her son Martino, the relates him at full what conference had there past between his Sister and her felf. who likewife is much perplexed and grieved hereat, as putting their heads and wits together, they within a day or two, vow to provide a remedy for this her obstinacy and wilfulness. As for Ceciliana, the likewise reports this verbal conference, which had past between her Mother and her felf, to her Brother Don Pedro, and Monfredo, when (according to promise) they met that afternoon in the Augustines Garden, who exceedingly laught thereat; and yet again fearing lest the malice of their Brother Don Martino towards them, might cause his Mother to use some violence or indurance to her, and so to make force extort that from her will, which fair means could not, they bid her to assume a good corage, and be chearful and generous, promising her that if her Mother attempted it, that Monfredo should steal her away by night, and that he, as he is Don Pedro her Brother, will affift her in her escape and flight; whereon they all resolve with hands, and conclude with kisses: Neither did their doubts prove vain, or their fear and suspition deceive them herein; for her incensed mother being resolute in her will and wilful in her obstinacy, to make her Daughter a Nun, the thuts her up in her Chamber, makes it no less than her prison, and her Brother Don Martino her Gunrdian, or rather her Gaoler, Poor Ceciliana now exceedingly weeps and grieves at this cruelty of her Mother and Brother Don Martino, which as yet her dear Brother Don Pedro cannot remedy, by perswading or prevailing with them to release her; he acquaints Monfredo with it, they both consulting, find no better expedient to free her from this domestical imprisonment than counterfeitly to give her Mother to understand and believe, that her daughter hath now changed her mind, and that (by Gods direction) the is fully resolved to abandon Monfredo

and so to spend and end her days in a Nunnery; but contrariwise, they resolve to fetch her away by night, and without delay. Accordingly hereunto Ceciliana acts her part well, and pretends now to this spiritual will and resolution of her Mother, as before she was disobedient. Her Mother infinitely rejoyceth at this her conversion, and no less (or rather more) doth her Brother Don Martino, who to fortifie and confirm her in this her religious resolution, they fend some Friers and Nuns to perswade her to appoint the precise day for her entrance into this Holy House and Orders; which with her tongue she doth, but in her heart resolves nothing less, or rather directly the contrary. The Mother now acquaints both her Sons with this resolution of their Sister, which is, the next Sunday to give her self to God and the Church, and to take holy Orders; when Don Pedro purposely very artificially seems as strongly to oppose, as his Brother Don Martino chearfully approves thereof, now extolling her devotion and piety as far as the sky, if not many degrees beyond the Moon; so the day appointed for her entrance and reception drawing near, the Lady Abbels is dealt with by her Mother, her Cell provided, her spiritual Apparel made, all her Kinsfolks and chief friends a invited to a folemn Feast, to celebrate this our new holy-Sister's Marriage to God and the Church. But whiles thus Dona Catherina the mother, and Don Martino her Son are exceedingly busie about the preparation and solemnity of this spiritual business, Don Pedro and Monfredo resolve to run a contrary course, and so to steal away Ceciliana the very night before the prefixed day of her entrance into the Nunnery, as holding that Saturday night the fittest time, and most void of all fuspition and fear, whereof (both by tongue and letter) they give her exact and curious notice; which striking infinite joy to her heart and thoughts, she accordingly makes her felf ready, packs up all her Jewels and Bracelets in a small Casket, and acquainting none of the world therewith, for that her Brother Don Pedro's Chamber was next to hers, and he as vigilant and watchful as her felf, for Monfredo's coming about midnight, which was the appointed hour for his Rendezvouz. When at last both their several Watches (in their feveral Chambers) affuring them that it was near one of the clock, it being the dead time of the night, none of the house stirring, but all hushed up in silence, as if every thing feemed to conspire to her escape and flight, then, I say, Don Pedro issues forth of his Chamber to hers, where the door being a little open, and her candle put out, he finds his Sifter ready, when conducting her by the arm, they foltly defcend the flairs, and so to a Postern door of the Garden; where they find Monfredo (joyfully ready to receive the Queen regent of his heart) affifted with two valiant confident Gentlemen his friends, who were well mounted on excellent Horfes with Swords and Pistols, and for himself and her, a Coach with fix Horses: When briefly passing over their Complements and Congees each from other, they (with a world of thanks) leave Don Pedro behind them, and so away as swift as the wind, who feeing them gone, fecretly and foftly returns to his Chamber and Bed, filently shutting all the doors after him, whiles Monfredo with his other self and his two friends drive away to Valdebelle, a Manner-house of his some eight leagues from Burgos.

Don Pedro lies purposely long in his bed the next morning, thereby the better to colour out his ignorance and innocency of his Sifter's clandestine flight and escape: So his Mother about five, or near fix of the clock, fends Felicia her Daughter's Waiting-Gentlewoman to her Chamber to awake and apparel her to receive many young Ladies and Gentlewomen, who were come to visit her, and to take their leaves of her before her entry into God's house: but Felicia speedily returns to her with this unlookt-for answer; That her Lady's Chamber door is fast locked, whereat she hath many times called and knock'd aloud, but hears no speech. The Mother is amazed hereat, and no less, (rather more) is her Son Don Martino; for they both run to her Chamber, and knock and call aloud, but hearing no answer, they force open the door; where they find the Neft, but the Bird flown away; whereat the Mother infinitely weeps, and her Son Don Martino doth exceedingly rage and storm, at this their affront and scandal, he tells his Mother he will engage his life, that his Brother Don Pedro is acceffary to his Sifter Ceciliana's flight, and gone with her; so they both run to his Chamber, but find him in his Bed fast sleeping and snoring, as he pretends, and they believe, their out-cries awake him; but they shall find him as subtil and reserved in his policy towards them, as they were in their malice to his Sifter; so he hears their news, puts on his apparel, seems to be all in fire and choler hereat, proffereth his Morher his best endeavours and power to recover his Sister, and to revenge himself on the Villain who hath stoln her away. But his Brother Don Mortino is so galled and netled at the escape of his Sister, and these words of his Brother, as he tels him to his face, in the presence of their Mother, that his speeches and proffers are counterfeit, and himfelf a diffembler, and that it is impossible but he assisted and favoured her escape and departure; for which uncivil and foul language of one Brother to another, Don Pedro gives him the lie, and seconds it with a Box on the Ear, and then very

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cunningly betakes himself to consolate and comfort the Lady his Mother, who is not a little grieved and angry at this her second affliction, and the more in regard he did it in her presence; so Don Pedro reconducting her to her Chamber, and leaving her weeping in company of many of their forrowful Kinsfolks and Neighbors, he then calls for his Horse; and under colour to find out his Sister, he rides to Valdebelle, to her and Monfredo, stays there some eight days, where being exceeding careful of the prefervation of his Sitter's honour and reputation, he before his departure fees them folemnly, but fecretly, married; where leaving them to their Nuptial joys, and pleasures, he again returns to Burgos, and tels his Mother it

is impossible for him to hear any news of his Sifter.

And now what doth the return, fight, and presence of Don Pedro do here in his Mother's house at Burgos, but only revive his Brother Don Martino's old malice, and new choler and revenge against him for the lie and box on the Ear, which he so lately gave him? For the remembrance thereof so inflames his heart and thoughts against him that he forgetting his conscience and soul, yea, Heaven and God, as he assumes and gives life to his former bloody resolution to murther him, and thinks no fafer nor surer way for him to effect it, than by poyson, that ingredient of Hell, and drug of the Devil, But Don Martino is resolute in his rage, and execrable in his bloody malice and revenge against this his generous and noble Brother Don Pedro; so disdaining all thoughts of Religion, and considerations of Piety, he procureth a pair of poyloned perfumed Gloves, and treacherously infinuating them into his Brother's hands, and wearing, the fatal invenomed scent thereof in less than two days poyfoneth him so he is found dead in his Bed; When Don Martino, the more closely to overvail this damnable fact of his, purposely gives it out, that it was an Impostume which broke within him, and so he died suddenly thereof in his bed, there being no servant of his own, nor none else that night near him, or by him to affist him, and this report of his passeth currant with the world; fo the Lady his Mother and himself cause him to be buried with more filence than folemnity, and every way inferior to his honourable birth and generous vertues, because she still affected and loved Don Martino far better than him: so his death did not much afflict or grieve her, and far less his Brother Don Martino. But for his Sifter Ceciliana, as foon as the understood and heard hereof, the is so appalled with grief, and daunted with forrow and despair, that she sends a world of sighs to Heaven, and a deluge of tears to Earth for the death of this her best and dearest brother. Her Husband Don Monfredo (for henceforth so we must call him), likewise infinitely laments Don Pedro's death, as having lost a constant friend, and a dear and incomparable Brother in law in him; and yet all the means which he can use to comfort this his sorrowful wife, hath will, but not power enough to effect it; for still she weeps and sobs, and still her heart and soul do prompt, and tell her, that it is one Brother who hath killed another, and that her Brother Don Martino is infallibly the murtherer of his and her Brother Don Pedro; but she hath only presumption, no proofs for this her suspition, and therefore she leaves the detection and issue hereof to time, and to God.

Now by this time we must understand that Dona Catherina hath persect news, that it is Monfredo who hath stoln away her Daughter Ceciliana, and keeps her at his house of Valdebelle, in the Country, but as yet she knows not that he hath married her; wherefore being defirous of her return, not for any great affection which she now bore her, but only to accomplish her former defires, in frustrating her marriage with Monfredo, and in marrying her to a Nunnery, the again still provoked and egged on by the advice of her Son Don Martino, sends him to Valdebelle to crave her of Monfredo, and so to perswade and hasten her return to her to Burgos, but writes to neither of them. Don Martino arrives thither, and having delivered Don Monfredo and his Sifter Ceciliana his Mother's meffage for her return to Burgos, he then vainly prefumes to speak thus to them from himself. He first sharply rebukes her of tolly and disobedience, in flying away from his and her mother, and then (with more passion than judgment, checks him of dishonour to harbour and shelter her; that this was not the true and right way to make her his Wife, but his Strumpet, or at least to give the World just cause to think so; and if he intended to preserve her prosperity and honour, and not to ruin it, that he should restore his Mother her, Daughter, and himself his Sister, and no longer retain her; but speaks not a word of his Brother Don Pedro's death, much less makes any shadow to mourn or shew to grieve or sorrow for it. His sister Ceciliana (at his first fight) is all in tears for the death of her brother Don Pedro, and yet extreamly incensed with him for these his base speeches towards her and her Monfredo, the once thought to have given him a hot and cholerick reply, but at last considering better with her self, (as also to prevent Monfredo, whom she saw had an itching desire to sit him with his answer) she then in general terms returns him this short reply; That she is now accomptable to none but to God

for her actions, who best knows her heart and resolutions, and therefore for her return to her mother at Burgos, or her stay here at Valdebelle, she wholly refers it to Don Monfredo, whose will and pleasure therein shall affuredly be hers, because she hath, and shill finds him to be a worthy and honourable Gentleman: when (before the conclude her (peech to him) she tells him, that she thought his coming had been to condole with her for the death of their brother Don Pedro, but that with grief the is now enforced to fee the contrary, in regard his speeches and actions tend to afflict not to comfort her, and rather to be the argument of her mourning, than the cause of her consolation. But Monfredo being touched to the quick with these ignoble and base speeches of Don Martino, both to himself and Ceciliana, he is too generous long to digest them with filence, and therefore preferring his affection to her, before any other earthly respect, and her reputation and honour dearer than his life; he compoling his countenance to discontent and anger, returns him this answer: That it any other man but himself, had given him the least part of those unworthy speeches, both against his honour, as also against that of his fister Ceciliana, his Rapier, not his Tongue, should have answered him; that his affection and respects to her, are every way vertuous and honourable; and that the is, and thall be fafer here in Valdebelle, than the life of his noble brother Don Pedro was in his Mother's house at Burgos; that as the young Lady his fifter is pleased to refer her stay or return to him, so (reciprocally to requite her courrtesie) doth he to her; and for his part, he is fully resolved not to perswade, much less to advise her to put her self into her Mother's protection, or his courtelies for that he is fearful, if not confident in this belief, that the one may prove pernicious; and the other fatal and ruinous to her. And so with cold entertainment, and short Ceremonies, Don Martino is enforced to return to Burgos to his mother, without his fifter, where, as foon as he is arrived, he tells his mother of his fifter Ceciliana's constant resolution, from whence he thinks it impossible to draw or divert her, because he finds Monfredo of the same opinion: but whether he have married her or no, he knows not, neither could be inform himfelf thereof.

And here yet Don Martino is so cautious to his Mother, as he speaks not a word or syllable of any speech or mention they had of the death of his brother Don Pedro. But as soon as he had left his Mother, and retired himself to his Chamber, then he thinks the more thereof; yea, then he again and again remembers what dangerous speeches he publickly received from his Sifter Ceciliana and Monfredo, concerning that his fudden death whereby they filently meant, and tacitely implied no less than Murther: Wherefore he is so hellish and bloody-minded, that he resolves shortly to provide a plaister for this sore; and he knows, that to make their tongues eternally filent, he cannot better or fafer perform it, than by murthering them, whereof he fays the reason is apparently and pregnantly true: for as long as that suspition lives in them, he therefore can never live in safety, but in extream danger himself. But because of the two, Monfredo seemed to intend and portend him the greatest choler, and the most inveterate rage, therefore (as a Limb of the Devil, or rather as a Devil incarnate himself) he resolves to begin with Minfredo first, and as occasions and accidents shall present, then with his Sister Ceciliana after, without ever having the grace to think of his Conscience or Soul, or of Heaven or Hell, or without once considering, that our own malice and revenge doth more hurt us than our enemies; That anger is a short madness, and that it is a most assured happiness for us rather to forget offences, than to revenge them; and which is more, that (in a manner) it is but right now that he came from poyloning of his own Brother, whose innocent blood is yet hardly cold in his untimely grave, but still cries aloud for vengeance from Heaven on his head, for that cruel and damnable Fact.

But this shame, this monster of Nature, Don Martino, who sears none less than God, and loves none more than the Devil, will not thus for sake his cruel malice, nor abandon his execuable revenge: but understanding that Monstredo sometimes (though searctly) leaves Valdebelle to see Burgos, he hearkens out therefore for his next coming thither: when being assured that he was now in the City, he waiting for him as he issued forth his house, which he said between eleven and twelve at night, he with his small Target, and dark Lanthorn in his less thand, and his Rapier drawn in his right, runs him twice thorow the body therewith, of which two mortal wounds he presently sell dead in the street: his missortune being then so great, as he had no Servant nor Friend present to assist him, and his sear and care of himself so small, as he was killed before he could see his enemy, or have the leisure to draw his sword in his own defence and assistance; so sierce and studen was Martino's rage and malice, in murthering of this harmselfs and innocent Gentleman; the which as soon as he had performed, he secretly hies home to his Mother's house, and speedily betakes himself to his bed, where the Devil rocking him assessments.

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nothing cares what God or man can do unto him. The next morning at break of day, this breathless body of Don Monfredo is found in the street : so all Burgos resounds of this his lamentable Murther, but no mortal eye hath feen, or tongue as yet can tell who the Murtherer should be. But God (in his Divine Justice, and for the exaltation of his facred Glory) will shortly bring both it and him to light, by an accident no less strange than remark-

Dona Carberina hears hereof, and is so far from grieving, as she rejoyceth thereat, no way doubting but Monfredo being dead, the with much facility (according to her delires and wishes) shall now of two resolutions, draw her Daughter Ceciliana to embrace and sollow one; that is, either to marry Delrio in earnest, or a Nunnery no more in jest. The next day after Dinner, the Relation of this deplorable accident arrives at Valdebelle, and consequently to the knowledg of our Ceciliana, who so pitifully weeps and mourns thereat, as for meer grief and forrow the tears her hair, bolts her felf into her Chamber, and there throws her felf down on the floor, and neither can, nor will be comforted, no, nor permit any one to adminitter it to her, or, which is less, to see or speak with her. So although Monfredo's Kinsfolks and Friends do infinitely lament this his unfortunate death, yet all their fighs and tears put together, are nothing in regard of those of his young Wife, and now Widdow, Civiliana, who (out of the immoderate excels of this her anxiety and affliction) is now become fo reasonless and desperate, that first the murther of her dear Brother Don Pedro, and now this of her sweet Husband Monfredo, is both a grief to her thoughts, and a torment to her heart and mind, yea, to her very foul; For still the remains confident in this opinion, that her Brother Don Martino is infallibly the Murtherer of them both; and from this suspition of hers, the cannot, the will not be diverted; yea, her living affection to their dead memories, is to extream and fervent, that to be affured whether it be him, or who elfe that hath murthered them, it leads her mind to a resolution, to prove an Experiment, which though prophane cariolity in some persons sometimes seem to allow and practise as tolerable, yet facred Religion must and doth for ever both reject and contemn it as Diabolical. She disguiseth her felf in her apparel, and very early in the morning rides to one Alphonfo Sanchez, a famous reputed Wizard or Sorcerer, who dwelt at Arena, some fix Leagues off from Valdebelle, and giving him the two Pictures of her murthered Brother and Husband, as also a perfect note of their age, and horoscope of their Nativities, she prays him to discover and shew her in a Looking-glass, the true pictures and representations of their murtherers; When, to have him dispatch both it and her self the sooner, she gives him ten Duckats, upon the receipt whereof he promifeth her his best Art and Skill, makes her fray till altrost dark night, and then fools her off with this flam, that he hath effectually invocated and raifed his Spirit, from whom he could get no other answer, but that God for that time would not permit him to shew her these Murtherers Pictures in a Glass; whereby this Wizard proving himself more a cheating Knave than a Sorcerer, and more a true Impostor, than a Christian, he herein makes a lool of this forrowful young Lady, in thinking to make her know that which it is both a foul shame, and a shameful ignorance for any Christian to be ignorant of, (to wit) That it is not the Devil, or his Agents, but only God, who (in his Divine pleasure and Providence) hath power to reveal Murthers and Murtherers, both when, where, how, and by whom it feems most agreeable and pleasing to his All-seeing and sacred Majesty.

Ceciliana returning home, more loaden with doubts than Gold from this Monster of Men, (because in effect he makes it his profession to be less a man than a devil) she is ashamed of her ignorance and impiety herein, and (for meer grief and forrow) weeps to fee that the foundation of her faith should be so weak and reeling, as not constantly to relie upon the Providence and Justice of God, but to repose her foolish curiofity and belief upon this prophane and fottish Sorcerer, for the detection of these Murtherers. But leaving her for a while in her disconsolation and sorrow at Valdebelle, I come now to this wretched villain, Don Martino, her Brother, in Burgos, who having thus committed thefe two cruel and lamentable Murthers, doth for the first two or three months after put a chearful and frolick countenance thereon, thereby the more absolutely to betray, and blear the eyes of the World, that the least spark or shadow thereof should not diffuse or restect on him. But here before I proceed further, the Reader is requested to observe this one remarkable circumstance of God's Justice and Providence, in detecting of Don Martino, to be the sole Author and Actor of these two unnatural and deplorable murthers. For as the devil had made him so cautious in his malice, and subtile in his Revenge, that he imployed no other Minister, nor used no other Agent or Assistant herein but himself; so being deprived of any witness, either to accuse, or make him guilty hereof; God (I say) out of the immensity of his Power. and profundity of his Providence, will make himself to become a witness against himself

and wanting all other means, will make himself the only means both to detect and dettroy himself. The manner thus,

As there is no felicity to Peace, fo there is no felicity or Peace comparable to that of a quiet and innocent Conscience; It is a precious Jewel of an inestimable value, and unparalleld price, year a continual Feast, than which Heaven may, but Earth cannot afford us a more rich or delicious: And the contrary it is, where the heart and conscience have made themselves guilty of some foul and enormous crimes, and especially of Murther, wherein we can never kill Man the Creature, but we affuredly wound God the Creator: For then, as those, so this (with less doubt and more assurance) gives in an heavy and bloody evidence against us, and which commonly produceth us these three woful and lamentable effects, Despair, Horrour, Terrour; the which we shall now se verified and instanced in this bloody and miserable Wretch, Don Martino, who (as I have formerly faid) hath not fully past over the tearm of three months in external mirth, jollity, and bravery, thereby to cast a cheerful countenance and varnish on those his bloody Villanies, but God so distracted his wits and senses. Struck such an astonishment to his thoughts, and amazement to his Heart and Conscience, as it seemed to him, that (both by night and day) the Ghosts of his harmless brother Don Pedro, and of innocent Don Monfredo, still pursue him for revenge, and justice of these their Murthers. And now his looks are extravagant, fearful, and gastly, which are Hill the figns and symptoms either of a distempered brain, a polluted Conscience and Soul, or of both. He knows not to whom, or where, or where not, to go for remedy herein, but still his heart is in a mutiny and rebellion with his conscience, and both of them against God. He is afraid of every Creature he fees, and likewise of those who see him not. If he look back, and perceive any one to run behind him, he thinks it is a Sergeant come to arrest him; and if he chance to behold any Gentleman in a Scarlet cloak coming towards him, he verily believes and fears it is a Judge in his Scarlet Robes to arraign and condemn him. He hath not the grace to go into a Church, nor the boldness to look up to the Tower thereof, for fear lest the one swallow him up alive, and the other fall on him, and crush him to death: If he walk in any Woods, Fields, or Gardens, and see but a leaf wag, or a Bird stir, he is of opinion, there some suries or executioners come to torment him; or doth he hear any Dog howl, Cat cry, or Owl whoot, or screetch, he is thereat so suddenly appalled and amazed, as he thinks it to be the voice of the Devil, who is come to fetch him away. He will not pass over any Bridge, Brook, or River, for fear of drowning, nor over any plank, gate, or file, left he should break his neck. The fight of his shadow is a corrosive to his heart, and a Panique terrour to his thoughts, because he both thinks and believes, that it is not his own, but the Hangmans; and when any one fout of charity or pity) comes to fee or visit him, he flies from him, as if Hell where at his back, and the Devil at his heels. The very fight of a Rapier stabs him at his heart, and the bare thought, or name of Poylon, seems to infect and kill his Soul; and yet miserable Wretch and Miscreant that he is, all this while he hath not the goodness to look down into his heart and conscience with contrition, nor the grace to look up to heaven and to God with repentance. The Lady Catherina his Mother is wonderfully perplexed and grieved hereat, and so are all his Kinsfolks and Friends in and about Burgos, who cause some excellent Physitians and Divines to deal with him, about administring him the means to cure him of this his Lunacy and Distraction. But God will not permit, that either the skilful Art of those, or the powerful perswasions of these do as yet prevail with him, or perform it. Two Moons have fully finished their coelestial course, whiles thus his Phrenzie and madnels possesseth him; and in one of the greatest, and most outragious sits thereof, he (without wit or guide) runs to St. Sebastiano's Church, finds out Father Thomas his Confessor, in private and serious confession, reveals to him, how he hath poysoned his Brother Don Pedro, and also murthered D.n Monfredo; adding withal, that God (out of his indulgent mercy) would no longer permit him to charge his foul with the concealing thereof, and then begs his Abfolution and Remission for the same.

His Confessor (being a religious Church-man) much lamenting, and wondring at the soulness of these his (Penitent's) two bloody sacts, although he find more difficulty than reason to grant his desire; yet enquiring of him, if there were any other accessary with him in these murthers, and Don Martino freely and firmly acknowledging to him there was none, but the Devis and himself: He (after a serious check, and religious reprimendo) in hope of his suture contrition and repentance, gives him a sharp and severe Penance; though no way answerable to his erimes) and so absolves him; and yet for the space of at least a whole month after, his Lunacy (by the permission of God) still follows him, when (for a further trial of his comportment, and hope of his repentance) God is again pleased to stack the hand of his Judgment, and so frees him from his madness and distraction, to see whether he will prove Gold or Dross, a Christian

os a Devil.

Not long after this, his Confessor, Father Thomas (being Curate of one of the neighbouring Parishes) falls extream sick of a Plurisie, and so dangerously sick, that his Physician (despairing of his life) bids him prepare his body for death, and his soul for Heaven and God: Who then revoking to mind (what he had beard and seen) how grievously and sorrowfully the Lady Ceciliana takes the death of her Brother and Husband, and the more, in that she is ignorant who are their Murtherers, he is no longer resolved to butthen his conscience and soul with conceasing thereof; but to write it to her in a Letter. The which he chargeth and conjureth his own Sister Cyrilla, to deliver into her own hands, some three dayes after his burial; the which we shall see her shortly

perform : For the Priest, Father Thomas her Brother, lived not three weeks after.

In the mean time, come we to the Lady Dona Catherina, the Mother, who having outwardly wept for the death of her eldelt Son Don Pedro, for the disobedient flight and clandestine marriage of her Daughter Ceciliana to Monfredo, who is now murthered, but by whom the knows not, and feeing her faid Daughter thereby made a forrowful Widdow, the (as an indulgent and kind Mother) forgetting what the had formerly done and been, and now defirous to comfort her, and to be comforted of her, again fends her Son Don Martino to Valdebelle, to follicite his Sifter to return, and to live with her in Burgor: Who (detelling this project and resolution of his Mother) is very forrowful thereat, but seeing that she will be obeyed, he rides over to Valdebelle. to his Sifter, and there delivereth his Mothers will and meffage to her; but in such faint and cold tearms, as the thereby knows, he is far more defirous of her absence than her presence, and of her stay, than her return; yea, (and to write the truth of her mind) his very fight strikes such stames of fear into her heart, and of suspition into her thoughts, that the still assumes and retains her old opinion and confidence, that he is the absolute Murtherer of her Brother Don Pedro, and her Husband Don Monfredo; but herein she now holds it discretion to conceal her self to her self, and to gives him kind and respective entertainment, she prayes him to report her humble duty to her Mother, that the will confider of her request, and either fend or bring her her resolution shortly : But inwardly in her heart and foul, the intends nothing lefs, that either to hazard her content upon the discontent of her Mother, or (which is worse) her life on the inveterate malice of her Brother Don Martino.

And now we approach and draw near, to see the Judgments and Justice of God overtake this our wretched Don Martino, for these his two most lamentable and bloody murthers. And now his Sacred Majesty is fully resolved to detect them, and his Arrow is bent, and Sword whetted, to punish him for the same; for we must understand that the very same day which her Brother Don Martino was last with her at Valdebelle, his Confessor, Father Thomas, died; and some three daies after, his Sister Cyrilla (according to his dying Order) rides over to the Lady Ceciliana, and delivereth her the Priest her Brother's Letter; at the receipt whereof, Ceciliana finds different emotions in her heart, and passions in her mind: When, going into the next Room, she

breaks up the Seals, and finds therein these Lines.

Father THOMAS to CECILIANA.

VIELL knowing that the Laws of Heaven are far more powerful and sacred than those of Earth, as I now lye on my death-bed, ready to leave this Life, and to slie into the Arms of my Saviour and Redeemer Christ Jesus, I could not go to my grave in peace, before I had signified unto thee, that very lately thy Brother Don Martino, in St. Honoria's Church, delivered unione in Conf. ston, That he had first poysoned thy Brother Don Pedro with a pair of perfumed Gloves, and then after murthered thy Husband Don Monsredo with his Rapier in Burgos: And although I must and do acknowledg, that he was in his sit of Lunacy and Madness, when he thus made himself a witness against himself hereof, yet no doubt the immediate singer and Providence of God led him to this resolution, as an Ast which infinitely tends to His Sacred Honour and Glory. I send thee this Letter by my Sister Cytilla, whom I have strictly charged to deliver it to thee three dayes after my Burial, because I hold it most consonant to my Profession and Order, that not my Life, but my Death should herein violate the Seal of Confession, and thou shalt shew thy self a most Religious and Christian Lady, if thou make this not be hereof, that it is not my self, but God who sends thee this news by me.

Father Thomas.

Ceciliana having over-read this Letter, and therein understood and found out that her Brother Don Martino is the cruel Murtherer, both of her Brother Don Pedro, and her Husband Don Mon. fredo, her Grief thereat doth so far oversway her Reason, and her Malice and Revenge her Religion, as once she is of a mind to Murther him with her own Hand, in requital hereof; but then again strangling that bloody thought in its conception, she vows, that if not by her own Hand, he shall yet infallibly dye by the hand of the Common Executioner: When Love, Pity, Nature, Reason, Grief, Sorrow, Rage, and Revenge, ading their several Parts upon the Stage of her Heart, the finds a great combate in her Heart, and reluctancy in her Soul, what, or what not to do herein; when with many tears and Prayers (by the Advice and Counsel of God) she enters into this consultation hereon with her self. Alas, unfortunate and sorrowful Ceciliana! It is upon no light prefumption, or trivial circumstances, that I believe my Brother Martino to be the inhumane Murtherer of my Brother Don Pedro; and Husband Monfredo; for besides that God ever prompted mine heart, and whispered my Soul that this was true, yet now here is his own Confession to his Ghostly Father, and his Ghostly Father's own Letter and Confession to me, to the same effect, evidences, and witnesses, without Exception, as clear as Noon-day, and as bright as the Sun in his hottest and brightest Meridian, That he, and only he, was the Murtherer of them both: But oh poor Ceciliana (quoth she) to what a miserable estate and perplexity hath these his bloody facts and crimes now reduced me! For he hath murthered my Brother and my Husband, shall I then permit him to live? But withal, he is likewise my Brother, and shall I then cause him to dye? True it is, I cannot recall their Lives, but it is likewise as true that I may prevent his Death; for as the first lay not in my power to remedy, yet all the World knows, that the second meetly depends of my pity, courtesie, and compassion to prevent: But alass, (faith the) the tyes of Heaven are, and ought to be infinitely more strong than those of Earth, and the glory of God to be far preferred before all our natural affections and obligations to our best friends, or nearest or dearest Kinsfolks whosoever. Therefore, as to detect these Murthers of his, thou are no Friend to Nature, so again, to conceal them, thou thereby makest thy self an exemy to Grace: for affure thy self (unfortunate Ceciliana) that God will never be appealed, nor Justice satisfied, until their innocent blood be expiated, and washed away in his, who is guilty thereof; because, as by detecting Murther, we bless and glorifie God, so by concealing it, we heap a fatal Anathema, and curse upon our own heads.

As Clouds are diffipated, and blown away, when the Sun arifeth and mounteth in his vertical lustre and glory, so Ceciliana having thus ended her consultation with her self, and now began her resolution with God, the leaves Valdebelle, takes her Coach, and dispeeds away to Burgos; where in stead of going to her Lady Mother's, she goes directly to the Corrigado's (or criminal Judges) of that City, and with much grief and forrow (her tears interrupting her fighs, and her fighs her tears) before them accuseth her Brother Don Martino to be the bloody Murtherer of her Brother Don Pedro, and her Husband Don Monfredo; and for proof of this truth, produceth the Letter of Father Thomas his Confessor. The Judges read it, and are astonished with this report of hers, and far the more, in regard they here see a Sister call the life of her own Brother in question; but they see, that she hath as much right and reason for her Accusation, as her inhumane brother Don Martine wanted for his malice, in making himself guilty of these foul and bloody Crimes: Wherefore attributing it wholly to the Pleasure and Providence of God, they highly extol her Piety and Integrity towards his Sacred Majesty, in preferring his Glory before the scandal and misery of her so wretched and execrable Brother; and then (out of their zeal and honour to Justice) they (to evince and vindicate the truth of this lamentable business) send away for Cyrilla, and (as foon as the came) upon her Oath propose her these three Questions; First, whether she had this very Letter from her deceased Brother Father Thomas his own hand, and that he gave her order and charge to deliver it to the Lady Ceciliana, three dayes after his decease? Secondly, if it were of his own writing and sealing? And thirdly, if she, with her own hands, delivered this Letter to the Lady Ceciliana? To all which three Questions, Cyrilla (with a staid look and countenance) answereth affirmatively, and thereupon (with haste and secreey) they grant out a Warrant to apprehend Don Martino, when he was as it were drowned in Voluptuonfness, Security, and Impenitency, as making it his vain-glory to build Castles of content in the Air, and to erect Mountains of wealth and preferment in the Utopia of his ambitious defires and wifnes, without ever having the grace, either to think of his former horrible Crimes, or future punishment for the same. He is amazed at his Apprehension by the Sergeants, but far more at the fight and presence of the Criminal Judges, before whom he is now brought. They sharply accuse him of these two aforesaid foul Murthers, and for Uu 3

evidence and witnesses, produce him his Confessor Father Thomas his Letter, his Sister Cyrilla, and his own fister the Lady Ceciliana; at the fight and knowledg whereof, he at the first feemed to be much appalled and daunted, but at last recollecting his Spirits (taking counsel of the Devil, and not of God) assumes a bold countenance, puts himself and his Tongue on the points of Demial and Justification, and so to his Judges tearms his Confessor a Devil, and no Man, and Crrilla and his Sifter Cecilliana Witches, and no Women, so unjustly and faisly to accuse him of thele foul Murthers, whereof he affirms not only the act, but the very name and thought is odious and execrable to him. But God will not be mocked, nor his Judges deluded with this his Apology: So they adjudg him to the Rack, the first torsures whereof, he indureth with an admirable fortitude and patience, but the fecond he cannot, but then and there confesseth himself to be guilty, and the fole Author and Actor of both these deplorable murthers: But yet his Heart and Soul is still so obdurate by the Devil, as he hath neither the will to be forrowful, nor the grace to be re-

pentant for the fame.

For expiation of which his inhumane and bloody Crimes, his Judges condemn him to be hanged. and his right hand to be first cut off and burnt the next morning, at the common place of Execution, notwithstanding that his afflicted and sorrowful Mother (out of the natural and tender affection which the bore him) imployed all her friends and possible power, yea, and offered all her own Estate and Lands to save his life; but she could not prevail or obtainir. So the next morning (in obedience to this his sentence) this Monster of Nature, Don Martino, is brought to the common place of Execution, to take his last farewel of this life, and this world: He was clad in a black filk Grograin Sute, with a fair white Ruffe about his neck, and a black Beaver Hat on his head, which he drew down over his eyes, that he might neither fee, nor be feen of that great concourse of people there present, who came to see him conclude the last Scene and Cata-Brophe of his life; When after his right hand was cut off and burnt, which held the Rapier, whereby he murthered Don Monfiedo, he then ascended the Ladder: Where the Spectators expecting some repentant and religious Speech from him before his death, he resembling himself (I mean rather an Atheilt than a Christian, and rather a Devil than a Man) as he lived so he would die, a prophane and graceless Villain; for some speeches he (betwixt his teeth) mumbled to himself, but spake not one word that could be heard or understood of any one: And so most resolutely, he himself putting the Rope about his neck, although all the people, and especially two Friers near him, cried to him to the contrary, he saved the Hangman his labour, and so with more haste and desperation than repentance, he cast himself off the Ladder, and was hanged. And thus was the bloody life and deserved death of this Hell-hound, and Limb of the Devil Don Martino; and in this fort and manner did the just revenge of God triumph ore his foul and bloody Crimes; which may all true Christians read to Gods glory, and to the Instruction of their own fouls.

And if the curiofity of the Reader make him farther defirous to know what became of the old Lady Catherina the Mother, and of Dona Cee liana the Daughter, after all these their dismal and disaftrous Accidents, I thought good (by the way of a Postscript) briefly to add this for his satisfaction; That the Mother lived not long after, but her Daughter was first reconciled to her, and the to her Daughter, to whom the (having no other Child) left all her whole Estate : And for her, who was now become likewise very rich, as having a fair yearly Revenue and Joynture out of her deceased Husband Dan Monfredo's Lands and Means, although she were again sought in marriage by some noble Gallants of Castile and Burgos, yet she resolved never to marry more; and as I have within these few years understood, she then lived sometimes at Burgos, and sometimes at

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GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXIII.

Alphonso poysoneth his own Mother Sophia, and after shoots and kills Cassino (as he was walking in his Garden) with a short Musket (or Carabine) from a window. He is beheaded for these two Murthers, then burnt, and his ashes thrown into the River.

SFith and Prayer are the two Pillars of our Souls, and may well be called the Fortress of Christian Piety against the tentations of Satan: So by the contrary we expose and lay open our selves to the treacherous lures and malice of the Devil. For if by Faith we do not first believe, then pray unto God for our own preservation, it will be no hard matter for him to tempt us in our choler, to quarrel with our best friends, and in our malice and revenge to murther even our nearest and dearest kindred. O Faith, the true foundation of our soveraign selicity! O Prayer, the sweet preservative and sacred Manna of our souls, how blessed do you make those who embrace and retain you! and contrariwise, how miserable and wretched are they who contemn and reject you! Of which last number, this ensuring History will produce us one, who (by his debauched life, and corrupt conversation) trampled these two heavenly Vertues and Graces under his feet, without thinking of God, or regarding, much less fearing, his Judgments: But how God (in the end) requited him for the same, this History will likewise shew us. May we therefore read it to Gods glory, and to our own instruction.

In the City of Verceti, (after Turin, one of the chiefest of Piedmons) bordering near to the Estate and Dutchy of Millan, there lately dwelt a rich Canon of that Cathedral Church, named Aloisius Cassino, who had a dainty sweet young Gentlewoman to his Neece, named Dona Eleonora, whose Mother (being Sister to Cassino) named Dona Isabella Colia, lately died,

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and left this her only Daughter and Child her Heir, very rich both in demeans and monies, when her Uncle Cassino, being nearest her in blood, takes Eleanora and her estate into his protection and wardship, and is as tender of her breeding and education, and as curious of her comportment and carriage, as if the were his own Daughter; for there is no fiveet quality, nor exquifite perfection requifite in a young Gentlewoman of her rank and extraction, but he caused her to become, not superficial, but artificial therein, as in Dancing, Musick, Singing, Painting, Writing, Needling, and the like, whereof all the Nobility and Gentry of Verceli take exact notice and knowledg; yea, her beauty grew up so deliciously with her years, that she was (and was juffly reputed to be) the prime Flower and Phoenix of the City. Coffine confidering that his House was destitute of a Matron to accompany and oversee this his Neece Eleanora, that his age was too Stoical for her youth, and that his Ecclefialtical Profession and Function called him often to preach and pray; he therefore deeming it very unfit and unfeemly (in the Interims of his absence) to leave her to her self, and to be ruled and governed by her own fancy and pleasure, the being now arrived to twelve years of age; He therefore provides her new apparel, and other pertinent necessaries, and giving her a Wayting maid, and a man of his own to attend her, he fends her in his Coach to the City of Caffal, in the Marquilate of Montferrat, to the Lady Marqueina Sophia, a Widdow Gentlewoman, left by her deceased Husband but indifferently rich, butendowed with all those ornaments of Art and Honour, which made her famous not only in Piedmont and Lombardi, but also to all Italy; and to her he therefore writes this ensuing Letter to accompany his Neece, and chargeth his man with delivery thereof to her.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

Cassall, whom I heartily pray the to use as thy Daughter, and to command as thy Hand-maid. She hath no other Uncle but me, nor I any other acquaintance but thy self, with whom I would entrust her for her Education, and recommend her for ker Instruction. She is not inclined to any vice that I know of except to those imperfections wherein her youth excuseth her ignorance, and it is both my order and charge to her, that she carefully and curiously adorn her self with vertues in thy example and imitation, without which the priviledges of Nature and Fortune (as Beauty and Walth) are but only obscure shadows, and no true substances, because there is as much difference betwixt those and these, as between the purity of the soul and the corruption of the bod, or he ween the dignity and excellency of Heaven, and the invalidity and baseness of Earth. I am content to lend her to you for a few months, but do infinitely desire to give her to thy Vertues for ever. In which my voluntary transaction and donation thou wilt confer much happiness to her, and honour to me, and consequently for ever hind both her Youth, and my age to thee in a strict obligation of hanks and d by what apparel, or other necessaries thou deemest her to want, thy will shall be mine. God ever bless her in his fear, and you both to his Glory.

CASSINO.

The Lady Sophia receives this sweet young Virgin with much content and joy, vea, she sees her tender years already adorned with such excellent beauty, and that beauty with such exquisite vertues, that it breeds not only admiration, but affection in her towards her, whom she entertaineth with much respect and care, as well for her own sake, as also for her Uncle Cassino's, whose Letter she again and again reads over, highly applauding his vertues and honourable care of his Neece, whom in sew years she hopes will prove a most accomplished and gracious Gentlewoman; when Cassino's Coachman after a dayes stay, deeming it high time for him to return to Verceli to his Master, he takes his leave of his young Mistris Eleanora, who, out of her sew years, and tender affection and duty to her Uncle, with tears in her eyes, prayes him to remember her best fervice to him at his coming home; and the Lady Sophia by him likewise returns and sends him this Letter in answer of his.

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

Know not whether you have made memore proud, or j yful, by sending me Eleonora, wherein you have given me far more honour than I deserve, though far less than she meriteth, and who henceforth shall be as much my Daughter in affection, as she is your Neece by Nature; and if I have any Art in Nature, or Judgment in Inclinations, her vertues and beauty do already anticivate her years: for as the one is emulous of Fame, and the other of Glory: so (as friendly Rivals, and yet honourable friends) they already seem to strive and contend in her for supremacy: to the last of which (as being indeed the

most precious and soveraign) if my poor capacity, or weak endeavours may add any thing; I will esteem it my ambition for your lake, and my selicity for hers. But if you resolve not rather to give her to me for some years, than to lend her to me for a few months, you will then kill my hopes in their buds, and my joyes in their blossoms, and so make me as unfortunate in her absence, as I shall be hopey in her sight and company. As for her Apparel, and other necessaries she shall want nothing which is either sit for her to have, or you to give. Let your prayers to God ever desire, and solven her welfare, and then rest consident, that her players and mine shall never fail to wish you long life, and to implore all pospecity for you.

SOPHIA.

Coffino did well to place his young Neece Eleanora with the Lady Sophia, but ill in forgetting that the had a very debauched young Gentleman to her Son, named Seignior Alphonfo, of fome two and twenty years of age, who (to her grief and shame) haunts her and her house as a Chott, makes himself the publique laughter and pity of all the different humon s of Cassal; yea, the lewdness of his life and the irregularity of his conversation and actions, hath reduced him to this fatal point of mifery, that he holds it a noble vertue in him, to participate himself and his reputation into base debts, vices, and company; making this his shame his glory, and lewd vices his honour, till in the end not caring for the world, the World will not care for him; nor he for himfelf, until he have wholly loft himself in himself, without either defert, or hope ever to be found or recalled again. But at last seeing so sweet a beauty, and so rich an Heir as Eleancra fallen in his Mothers hands, and therefore he vainly thinks into his; and hoping that her wealth shall redeem his prodigalities, and revive his decayed Estate and Fortunes, he secretly Courts her: But Eleanora (as young as she is) sees his vices with disdain, himself with contempt, and his affection to her with scorn. He is importunate in his sute, and she perverse and obstinate in her denial, but she resolves to conceal it from all the World. As for Alphonso, he (after some fix months time) acquaints the Lady Sophia his Mother herewith, and with his fervent defire and affection to marry Eleanora; but the chargeth him on her bleffing, never to proceed any further herein, without her consent and order; and quoth she, if here (in the presence of God and himse f thou wilt now swear whosly to abandon all thy former vices henceforth to be absolutely led by my advice and counsel, and to steer all thy actions by the star of Honour, and the card of Vertue. then I will promise thee to use all my best endeavours and possible power, both with C ffino, and Eleanora, to effect thy defires. Alphonfo hereat (with much courtefie and humility) thanks his mother, and solemnly swears to God and her, to perform all these points carefully and punctually; and to add the more Religion and reverence to this Oath, he doth it on his knees; and it is a wonderful joy to her, to fee that the fruits and effects thereof do accordingly fall out and follow: for this her Son Alphonso in a very few dayes become a new man, and the from her heart and foul praiseth and glorifieth God for this his happy conversion : And if his Mother Sophia be glad thereof, no less is our sweet young Eleanora; for now hereby she sees that she is rid of her Sutor.

Caffino comes over three several times to Cassal to see his Neece. The Lady Sop'ia gives him her best entertainment. He is wonderful glad to see that she hash imprinted such Characters of vertue and honour in her; and, duting his stay there, Sophia chargeth her son Alphonso not to speak or motion a word to Cassan, of this his affection to his young Neece E'canora: So he bears himself exceeding modestly and repectively towards him; and for his Mother, she holds it fit not as yet to break or speak a word hereof to Cassan. Cassan (no way dreaming of their intents and defires towards his Neece) tells the Lady So, hia, he is infinitely joyful to see that her Son Alphonso proves Fame to be true, but a tailing goddels, in his condition, and conversation; whereas the heartily thanks him: And thinking then (though reservedly and secretly) to take time and opportunity at advantage, she leaves not a vertue of her Sons either undisplayed, or unmagnified, but extols them all to the skie, and himself beyond the Moon, and so leaves the remainder hereof to time, and the issue to God. But yet revolving and ruminating in her mind, how (in a fair and honourable way) to obtain this rich and beautiful young prize for her Son; and holding it discretion, not as yet either to motion or mention it to her, she secretly layes wait at Vercely to know when Cassan will have home his Neece, and so some three weekes before that time she holds

it fit to motion it to him by her Letter, which she doth in these tearms.

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

The fervent affection, and vertuous desire of my Son Alphonso, to marry your Neece Eleanorz is now the sole cause and argument of this my Letter to you, the which I had not attempted to write or sind you, but that I know his love and zeal to her is as pure, as her beauty and vertues are excellent. He (without my privacy or knowledg) hath already motioned his sute to her, and as he sells me, she hath returned him her denial in stead of her consent, whereof I held my self bound to advertise

vertise you, because his imbition and mine herein is so honourable, as it shall go hand in hand with your good uilt and approbation, but rever without it, especially in regard you have pleased to recommend ber to my charge and custody, wherein I faithfully promise you, nothing shall be designed or practised to the prejudice of her to nour or your content. All the estate and me in which I can give, or you require of me, to make my Son a sit Hubband for your Neece, I mil freely and cheerfully depart with, and yet were I not fully and simily assured, the the is now as deeply enamoused of vertue and goodness as heretofore he was of their contraries, neither my tongue or pen had dared thus to have presented his sute to her acceptance and your consideration. The joy and besself go of which Marriage is God in his secret and sacred Providence resolve to make it a Marriage, will, I hope, in the end be theirs, the homour mine, and the content your own; wherein I request your answer, and intreat you to remain most consideration, that toth in this, and in all things else Alphonio's will and resolution shall ever be Sophia's; and hers, Cassino's.

Cassino, upon the receit and perusal of this Letter of the Lady Sophia, is not a little displeased, to see her ambition in desiring his Neece Eleanora for wife to her Son Alphonso; and although he be formerly well acquainted with the weakness of the Mothers estate, as also perfectly advertised of her Son's debauched life, and corrupt and prodigal conversation, howsoever she pretend to put a vertuous gloss and colour hereon to the contrary; yet he holds it discretion to seem to be ignorant of the one, and not to take notice of the other, but will frame his excuse to them herein, that he hath already disposed of his Neece, and that their motion to him for her came too late, when in heart resolving to make her preferment and fortunes more assured, and not so do biful; and to mach her in a higher blood, and nobler family than that of theirs; he yet in discretion and honour, knowing himself b und to answer the Lady Sophia's Letter, call for Pen and Paper,

and by her own Servant and Messenger returns his mind and resolution to her thus:

A SSINO to SOPHIA.

Ithough the tender years of my Neece Eleanors make her incapable of marriage, yet your rich defer s and resplendent merits, and your Son Alphonso's honourable affection and z al to her (which every way exceeds her poor beauty and vertues) had infallibly made me to grant her for his wife, which I am now inforced to deny, inregard I have already (by my promise) disposed and given her to another before your Letter came to my hands, and consequently before the 1 me tion of his arrived to my knowledg and understanding: For to me it would and should have been both a sweet joy and a singular honour, to have seen your Son matched to my Neece in the lincks of wedlock. But so dhaving otherwise decreed it; Tou have meny researched to my Neece in the lincks of wedlock. But so dhaving otherwise decreed it; Tou have meny researched to my Neece in the lincks of wedlock. But so dhaving otherwise decreed it; Tou have meny researched to reflect on the tincks of wedlock. But so dhaving otherwise decreed it; Tou have meny researched to reflect on the lincks of wedlock. But so dhaving otherwise decreed it; Tou have meny researched to reflect on the lincks of wedlock. But so dhaving otherwise decreed it; Tou have meny researched to reflect the freeness of this your profeed courtesse to her, and of your bonourable respect and affection towards me, shall for ever tye me to a thankful acknowledgme to and an immortal obligation; and I will make it my chiefest Felicity and Ambition, if (in requital thereof) I may any way either serve you in your Son Alphonso, or him in his Mother Sophia, of whose conversion to write, and pro enson to goodness, your Letter hath so similar and giry; the which my most result my most honourable friend, both by desert and purchase.

CASSINO

Within three weeks after that Callino had dispatched away this his Letter to the Lady Sophia, he then (in contemplation and confideration of the debiushed life and corrupt prancks and vices of her Son Alphonso) not thinking his Neece Eleanora to be safe with her in Cassal, for fear lest her old wit, or his smooth tongue might per idventure too far prevaile and work upon her young years and indiscreet affection: He therefore sends over his Coach, and one of his servants to bring her home, and to the Lady Sphia writes this Gratulatory Letter for her honourable education and

entertainment.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

Coording to my Last Letter to you, having heretofore privately contrasted my Neece Eleanota I to a Husband, reason and Religion, his request and my promise now require, that I take her from you in (assal to rive her to him here in Vercely; to which effect I here send my Coach and Servant to you for her, and desire you to return her to me with your best prayers as I sent her to you with my best assets in an and an or so seed now visited me with schness, my refusion for her return had not been either so sud ain or so seed. Fr your honourable care in adorning her sew years with so many excellent virtues and swee perfections, I know not how deserve, much less how to requite, except in my Prayers and O isons to God for his best favon s and graces to you much he best prosperities and honours to your Sin: But if my age now cannot, I hop, her youth hereaster will endeavour partly to free me of that debt, and to acquit his felf of that strong obligation, till when as I will not fail to give it a place in my heart, so I am sure will not she likewise to allot it one in her remembrance: In which mean time, I forget not my chiefest respects sirst to your self, then to your Son. God give us all his Grace that we may live and die his Servants.

CASSINO.

Now as Coffe o's first Letter to Sophia (wherein he denied her Son to marry his Neece) exceedingly afflicted and discontented her, fo this his fecond to her wherein he fo fuddenly fends for her away from her, doth extreamly afflict and torment her, and not only her, but likew fe her Son Alphonfo, who is all in forrow, all in grief hereat: For now they fear that their hopes of this young Lady are frustrated, and she according to her Uncle's report in his Letter is contracted to fome Gallant of Vercelly: When Alphonfo again laying before his Mother the fervency of his affection to Eleanora, and representing unto her the extremity of the grief and milery, which her refulat of him, and his loss of her, will occasion him; he with fighs and tears again and again entreats his Mother to feek out some cure for this his disconsolation, and that the will please once more to try her chiefest wits and invention to change Eleanora's refusal, and her Uncle Caffino's denial of him to be her Husband: when at last his Mother being much moved and induced with these his forrowful pathions and importunities, the before her departure doth her felf break this motion for her Son to her, wherein her wit and age fets upon the innocency and simplicity of her youth, with the sweetest Oratory and most delicious speeches and perswasions, which possibly she could invent: but the finds her Art to be Ignorance, and her Eloquence folly therein. For Eleanora is (as young as she is) deaf to her requests, and dumb to her entreaties and perswasions; returning contempt to the first, and little deafness to the second, and disdain to both; so as in detestation of his fute, and envy of his affection, the will no more hear the Mother for the Sons fake, nor fee the Son for his Mothers fake. When yet again, although Sophia despair of the Neece, yet she will once more make farther trial of her Uncle Cassino, flattering her self with this hope, and her hope with this conceit, that his pretence of precontracting her to another, might be but only a policy of his to try her Son's affection in his constancy towards his Neece, and her own zeal in her perseverance thereof towards himself: When seeing (Break-fast being ended) the Coach prepared, and Elea or a ready to depart, the betakes her to her Closet, where taking pen and paper, the hastily scribles out a few lines, and sealing up her Letter, delivereth it privately to Eleanora, whom the fecretly prayeth, and effectually conjureth to deliver it carefully to her Uncle Caffino at her comming to Ve cely, which this young Lady confidently promifeth her, when likewise taking her own Coach, the and her Son conduct her three or four miles in her way, where the Mother with many fugred speeches and complements, and the Son with many amorous fighs regards and kisses, take their leave of her; they returning to Cassal, and she driving away to her Uncle Cassino at Vercely, who receives her with much joy, and welcomes her with infinite gladness and humanity; to whom the delivering the Lady Sophia's Letter, he halfily breaking up the feals thereof, finds therein this Language.
SOPHIA to CASSINO.

Before I was so bappy to answer your first Letter, your second which now calls home your Neece from me, makes me a ain a while-infortunate: Neither do I hold it your resolution, but rather your pleasure, or at least your policy, in thinking so make me believe you have formerly contracted ber to another. I will not say, but that she deserves my Son's be ters in marriage; but thus much I will peak for him out of my knowledged his affection, and considence of his zeal towards her, that in heart and soul he is a perfect honourer of her Vertues, and atrue admirer of her Beauty: Yea, and no way to exceed or stray from the truth, I have many pregnant reasons for this belief of mine, that he is iferwant to the sire, and a slave to the second; and that his stame is so event towards her, that he would think himself honoured to prostrate his life at her feet, and esteem himself biessed to receive his Death at her command. Think not then so slightly of him, who thinks so strongly and sincerely of her; and this assert your self, that if you will give her to him in marriage, I will give nothing which I enjoy in the world from him. In obedience to your request and order, I now send you your Ne ce, and I am sure that her prosciency as her stay, hath been so small with me in Cassal, as it neither deserves her deht or your obligation, your requisted or her remembrance. My son was desirous to have visited you with this Letter, but that I commanded his Pen and resolution herein to silence: And not with standing all your prayers for his prosperity, I am assured he is more your real Servant, than you as yet are his intended friend. God bless your self and my son, your Neece and my self; and make us all the lovers of his Grace, and the heir of his Glory.

SOPHIA.

Cassino upon the perusal of this Letter, perceiving that the Lady Sophia and her Son Alphonso, where so far from giving over their sue to his Neece Eleanora, as they now prosecuted it with more importunity and violence than before; he not only calls her respect towards him, but her discretion in her self in question, to see that she is incredulous that he hath precontracted her, or that his former Letters to her in that behalf are not worthy of her belief and considence: Whereupon being sensible of a kind of dis-respect and wrong, whereof she had voluntarily made her self guilty towards him, in the passage of this business, and absolutely resusing to hearken to, or entertain any other parley, and so to cast away his Neece on the

the vices and prodigalities of her Son, He arming his pen with discontent and choler, returns her this peremptory answer, which he covenanteth and resolves with himself, shall be the very last that he will either write, or send to her in this nature.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

I Had well boy'd nd thought, that your effection and judgm nt would have deemed my former Letters to you (in contracting my Neece) to be current, not count rfeit; yea, to be the pure truth, and ther fore no may my policy to inform you of the contrary; for such proceeding to any one, especially to your felf (whom I so much respect for your Birch and konour for your vertues) ar as unworthy of me, as I am and will be ignorant of them: As for your Son, I is zeal to my Necce, or his effection to her service in the way of Marriage; if it be as pure and servent as you affirm it, she is the more bound to him; but I notwithstanding, the test to your felf, in that you endeavour to make me an enemy to my self and to mine own honour, which next to my Soul w the best part of my self, in persuading me to take her from a Gentleman, to whom by faith and promise I have solemnly siven h r; and as this was my fi. ft. foit shall be my last resolution and answer to you; which I offire you I write not slightly, but (ouse your own words) feriously and sincerely: I benefore I thank you for imposing silence to y ur Sons pen. And if you will henceforth likewise reseribe the same Law to your own herein, I will take it both for a courtese and a resp & from you; only in any other matter whatsever that y u will think me capable to stead him, or serve you, your will and pleasure shall be my Law, and your Letters shall receive m. ny respects and kisses from mee. I have received my Neece; and her tongue, and mine eye and ear informs me, how much me both are bound to you fr your care, and her proficiencie in Cassal, the which my Age and her Youth will expose to Usury before I have the honour to pay you the principal, and sheethe interest thereof. God ever bless you and your Son Alphonso, and give you no less joy and bonour of him, then I hope and defire to find in mine own Neece Eleanora.

CASSINO.

The Lady Sophia grieves, and her Son Alphonso storm es at the receipt of this unkind Letter from Cassino whereby they see their hopes of his Neece Eleanora reversed and frustrated; and although this his flat refulal made her of opinion no more to ftir or intermeddle herein, yet (as Lovers are impatient of denials and delayes) some three weeks after, he prayes his Mother to ride over to Vercely, again to prove Cassino, and likewise to motion (again) and solicite it to Eleanora, hoping that her presence may purchase that which her Letters cannot procure; and he is very defirous and willing to accompany her himself. His Mother Sophia grants both his requests; they arrive to Vercely, where the Mother courts the Uncle, and the Son the Neece; and although they find exceeding great Cheer and noble Entertainment, yet in the point of their business, which is A'phonfo's Marriage to Eliano a, they find themselves lost, and their sute in vain, and so they are enforced to return to Caffal with their definitive sentence of Denial, which makes her to bite the lip, and infinitely grieves and exasperates her Son; so now hee again casts off the Cloak of Vertue, and far worse than ever, flies to his old vices and fins, which his Mother with her sweet perswasions and remonsfrances can no longer retain or conceal, especially from his Whoring and Drunkenness: yea, and which is most lamentable and deplorable, he will no longer serve God, either abroad or at home: for he forfakes the Church, and wholly abandoneth that fweet and Heavenly vertue of Prayer, which is the spiritual food and life of the Soul. His Mother, Sophia exceedingly weeps and grieves hereat, but how to remedy it the knows not: For his discontent hath made him so vicious, his vices to obstinate, and his obstinacy to outragious and violent, as his Mother surfeits with his Love-sute to Eleanora, and will no more intermeddle with it. He prayes and reprayes her to make one Johnney more for him to Vercely to see what alterations time may have wrought in the hearts of Caffino and Eleanora; but the is as averse and wilful, as he is obstinate and peremptory: And therefore constantly vows, neither to write, nor ever to confer more with them herein. But this resolute answer of the Mother breeds bad blood in the Son, yea it makes a Mutiny in his thoughts, a Civil War in his Heart, and a flat Rebellion in his resolutions against her for the same, to which the Devil (the Arch-enemy, and Incendiary of our Souls) blows the Coals: For he who heretofore looked on his Mother with obedience and affection, cannot (or at least will not) fee her now but with contempt and malice; yea, he is so devoid of Grace, and so exempt of Goodness that he looks from Charity to Wrath, from Religion to Revenge, from Heaven to Hell, and so resolves to murther her, thinking with himself, that if he had once dispatch her, he should then be sole Lord of all her wealth, and that then this his great and absolute Estate would seon induce Cassino and Eleanora, to accept of his affection: But he reckons without his Soul and without God; and therefore no marvel if these his bloody hopes deceive and betray him. His Religion and Conscience cannot prevail with him, neither hath his Scul either grace or power enough to diverthim from this fatal bufiness, and execrable resolution, for he

will be so insernal a Monster of Nature, as to act her death of whom he received his life. He consults with himself, and the Devil with him, whether he should stab or poyson her: but he holds it far more safe and less dangerous, to use the Drug than the Dagger; and so concludes upon poyson; to which end he being resolute in his rage, thus to make away his Mother, he as an execuable Villain (or indeed rather as a Devil) provides himself of poyson, the which he still carries about him, waiting for an opportunity, to give an end to this deplorable business, the which the Devil very shorely administrath him: The manner, thus.

This refusal of Sophia to her Son Alphonso and his milerable relapse to Whoredome, Drunkenness, and neglect of Prayer, doth exceedingly diffemper the Lady Sophia his Mother's spirits. and they her body, so that she is three dayes sick of a burning-Feaver; when to allay the fervour of that unaccustomed heat, she causeth some Almond-milk to be mide her, the which she compoundeth with many cool herbs and other wholsome Ingredients of that nature and quality, which the takes three times each day, at morning, after dinner, and before the goes to Bed : So the third day of her fickness, walking in the afternoon in one of the shaddowed Allies of her Garden with her Son, and there with her best advice rectifying and directing his resolutions from Vice to Vertue, the is unexpectedly surprised with the symptome of her Feaver, when fitting down, and caufing her waiting Maid to hold her Head in one of the Arbours, the prayes her fon Alphonfo to run to her Chamber, and to bring her a small wicker Bottle of Almond-milk, the which he doth, but, bloody Villain that he is, nothing can withold him (but his heart being tempered with inhumanity and cruelty) he first pours in his Poyson therein, and then gives it her, who, goody Lady, drinks two great draughts thereof; when a fweat prefently over-spreading her face, and she begining to look pale, he (as a wretched Hypocrite) makes a loud out-cry from the Garden to the House, and calling their servants to her affiftance, he likewise calls for a Chair, to she is brought to her Chamber, and laid in her Bed, and within few hours after (as a vertuous Lady and innocent Saint) the fortakes this Life and this World for a better, and the ignorance of her Servants, and her bloody Son (drench'd as it were in the rivolets of his feigned tears, together with his exceffive lamentations) do coffin her dead body up somewhat privately and speedily, so that there is no thought nor full ition of Poylon; and thus was the lamentable Murther, and deplorable end of this wife and religious Lady Sophia committed by her own wretched and infernal Son. Now this Devil Alphonso (to fet the better lustre on his forrows, and the better varnish and colour on his mourning for the death of his Mother) gives her a stately Funeral; the pomp and cost whereof, not only equalized, but exceeded their rank and quality. For he left no Gendeman or Lady in or about Cassal uninvited to be at her Burial, and his Feast; and dighted himself and all his Kinsfolks and Servants in mourning attire, thereby the better to carry off the least reflection or shaddow of suspition from him of this his foul and inhumane Mar-

The news of the Lady Sophia's death, runs from Cassal to Percely, where Cassino and his Neece Eleanora understanding thereof, they both of them exceedingly lament and forrow for it, in regard the was a very honourable, wife, and religious Lady, and to whom the tender youth of E-leanora was infinitely beholding and indebted for many of her sweet vertues and perfections: so that as her Uncle honoured her; fo this his Neece held her felf bound to reverence her, as making her eminent and fingular vertues the mould and pattern whereon the framed all her terrestrial comportments and actions: which in few months after were fo many, and fo excellent, that as the was known to be one of the most beautiful, so she was likewise justly reported to be one of the wifest young Ladies of all that City and Country, which together with her own great Estate, as also that of her Uncle Cassimo's, to the full enjoying whereof (in contemplation of her vertues and confanguinity) he had juftly both defigned and adopted her his sole Heir; the which made her to be fought in marriage by divers young gallants of very noble and chief houses; most whereof were superior to Alphonso, both in blood and wealth. When her Uncle at last (with her own free affection and consent) privately marries her to Seignior Hieronymo Brasciano, a rich and brave young Gentleman of Vercely, who was Nephew and Heir to the Bishop of that City; but he being likewise very young, the tenderness of both their ages dispensed them from as yet lying together; and both the Bishop and her Uncle Cassino (for some important reasons best known to themselves) caused this their marriage as yet to be conceased from all the world with great privacy and secrecy; he for the most part living with the Bishop his Uncle at the City of Turin (which is the Court of the Duke of Savoy) and the in Vercely with her Uncle Caffino : only they wifit each other with their Letters, which is all the familiarity that as yet they are permitted to reap and receive each of other.

And here the true order of our History calls us again, to speak of this degenerate and debanched Gentleman Alphonso, who had no sooner embrued his guilty hands in the innoxx 3

cent blood of the Lady Sophia his Mother; but he then without any farther shew of forrew, or fight, or fense of repentance for the same, again desperately abandoneth himself to all old vices and prodigalities, flaunting is out in brave apparel (for his mourning weeds he speedily call off) and swimming as it were in the vast Ocean of all his carnal Delights, and worldly Pleasures, and Sensualities, never thinking of Religion or Prayer, but passeth away whole dayes and nights, yea consumeth whole weeks and months in all licentions riots, and excessive prodigalities with his debauched Companions and Strumpets, which began to drown his Estate, and to devour his Lands apace: And in the heat and ruffle of these his jovial follies and exorbitant intemperancies he bethinks himself again of the wealth and beauty of the young Lady Eleanora, and so (in the vanity of his conceits, and the imbecillity of his judgement) flattering himfelf, that being now Lord of all his deceased Mothers Lands, and Wealth, her Uncle Coffino could not refuse to give her him in Marriage, not so much as once dreaming or remembring how plainly and peremptorily, both he and she had formerly given him the repulse: To which effect he dights himself and his followers in exceeding rich Apparel, and (with a train too worth y of himself) he rides over to Vircely, and there becomes a most importunate Sutor, both to Caffino and Eleanora; first feeking her, and then courting her Uncle for her: But all in vain, for he puts him off with difrespect, and the rejects him with disdain; and when yet they fee, that his importunacy herein passeth the bounds of reason, and exceedeth the limits of discretion and civility, then Cassino tells him plainly that his Neece is married; and that therefore (in that confideration) he forbids him his house and her company; which point of discourtese, and (as Alphonso tearms it) of dishonour to him, he takes in foill part from Caffino, that exchanging his reason into rage, and forgetting himself to be a man, or which is more a Gentleman, or which is most of all a Christian, he again strikes hands and agrees with the Devil, and for meer despight and rage vows that he will murther Casfino: The Devil making him strong in the vanity of this belief and confidence, that this speech and suggestion of his, that his Neece Eleanora is married, is but sabulous and salse, and that if he were once dead, he could not impeach or hinder him from injoying the fair and rich Eleanora to his Wife, which is the same prodigious bait and lure whereby Sathan formerly drew, and betrayed him to poylon his Mother: The Devil still so clotely over-vailing his Conscience and Soul, and so eclipsing, and winking his understanding and judgement, that as his hand, fo his heart is inured, and obdurated to the effusion of innocent blood, and therefore he will not retire with grace, but onwards with impiety to the finishing of this cruel Murther of Caffino; and although he had an itching desire, and an hellish ambition likewise to effect it by Poyson, yet in regard he was denied access to his house and company, as also for that he was unacquainted with any Apothecary or Physician of Vercely, he therefore resolves with the Devil to do it by a Carabine, which many times by night he wore and carried about him. There is nothing eafier than to do evil; and as it is the nature, foit is the policy of Sathan, as well to furnish us with the means, as the matter thereof: For when we cast our selves from Malice to Revenge, and from Revenge to Murther, he then makes us industrious, first in the contriving, and then in the execution thereof; but in the end God will so ordain, that this hellish policy shall turn to mi-

Alphonfo's malice against Cassino will give no peace to his thoughts: so he informs himself, that every morning and evening he is accustomed to walk alone in his Garden, for an hour or two in his spiritual Meditations, and therefore he thinks this a fit place (from some adjacent house or window) to shoot at him; when being likewise assured, that there was a poor small Tayern (not much frequented with company) that lay somewhat neer and commodious to Cassino's Garden, he resolves to make choice of that, and there to give end to this bloody business, which his heart so much desireth; so, abandoned by God, and guided and conducted by the Devil, he about six of the clock in the evening rides thither, and tying up his Horse to the door, he in a disguised sute of Apparel, pretending there to stay for a friend of his, which promised to come thirher to meet him (and having purposely sent away his Servants before him to Cassal) he goes up into the Chamber, calls for Wine and something to eat, the better to favour and colour out his stay there, when bolting the Chamber-door to him, he (putting aside the paper Casements, which they use in staly to expel the servency of the Sun) from thence (according to his former intelligence) plainly perceives C sting walking in his Garden with his Hat in one hand, and his Breviary (or Prayer-book, wherein he reads) in another: with which he was as busine with God in his mediations and devotions, as he was with the Devil in charging his Carrbine with a brace of Bullets, and dressing of his Fire-lock, and priming of his powder-touch-hole; when, without the least spark

of grace, or fear of God, or his punishments, he lets fly at him; and the Devil had made him so expert a Marks-man, that, as Cassino was fostly comming on, walking towards the Windows wherein he secretly and scelerously stood, both the bullets hit him right in the brest, at a lit le below the left Pap, whereof this harmeless and religious old Gentleman Cassino fell presently dead to the ground, and none being in the Garden with him (wherein I my self have since scene been) I could not understand, that he had the power or happiness to speak a word: But we shall see, that this inhumane and bloody murtherer, shall not go far before the Judgments of God will

furprise and overtake him. The manner whereof is thus:

As foon as Alphonso had given this bloody blow, and seen Cassino fall dead to the ground, he unbolting the Chamber, prefently resolves to take horse and fly away, but God ordained the contrary: For as he had again put up his Carabine into his belt, God prefently truck him into a flupefied Iwoon, whereof falling to the ground, the noise of his fall, the report of his Carabine, and the ratting of his Sword and it, presently invited the people of the house below, to see what had befaln above to this Gentleman, where finding him groveling and gasping for life, they (by Gods immediate direction) do think that he hath there shot and murthered himself; when devefting him of his Apparel, and laying him in bed to fearch for his wounds, they find none; but yet it is an hour before they perceive any motion, or action of life in him. And then opening his eyes, he with a diffracted look and amazed countenance deeming himself upon the very point of death; and that for his murthering of Caffino, the Lord in his judgment had infallibly ftrucken him with sudden death, he finding this foul and bloody act of his, to lye heavy upon his foul and conscience, in this last Scene (as he then thought) of his life, he (rather raving than speaking) in the heat of his madness and distraction, cryes out again and again, that he had murthered Caffin: The which the people of the house are exceedingly aftonished to understand; And now by this time Caffino is found dead in the Garden, and that through with a brace of Bullets. So his Neece Eleanora is all in tears hereat, and all Fercely resounds of this his lamentable murther. When Caffino's friends and fervants make speedy fearch for the Murtherer, and finding a Horse tyed to this little Tavern door, they find the Man, Wife, and Servants thereof in outcryes and amazement: So they ascend the stairs, find Alphonso in bed, with his Carabine by him on the Bench, and his clothes on the Table, and examining the people of the House, they report to them this fuddain accident of his swooning, and therein of his confession of the murthering of Cassino; so they all praise and glorifie God, in that they have so foon, and so readily, found out the

inhumane Author and Actor of this bloody Murther. But here before I proceed farther, I (in the name and fear of God) do request and invite the Reader to take notice of another remarkable (I may fay miraculous) circumstance of Gods mercy and glory, which likewise appears in this detection and confession of Alphonso, to be the cruel murtherer of this innocent, harmles Gentleman Cassino; for he being no better than distracted of his wits, before God had caused and brought him to confess it, which else he had never done, but that in the agony and anxiety of his stupefied spirits, he (as I have formerly said) thought himself on the point and brink of death, and no shaddow of hope left him, either of this life or this World: Then, I say, as soon as he had confessed it, God in his good pleasure and providence presently restored him again to his perfect health, strength, and memory, so that being put in mind, and again remembring his confession, and feeing the imminency of his danger by the presence of Cassino's friends and servants, who were there present about his Bed, to apprehend and carry him away to Prison for the same; he now with tears and bitter oaths, and curses, declines and recants what he hath formerly spoken thereof, and rather as the Devil than a Christian, in lofty and proud speeches stands upon the terms of his justification, alledging and affirming to them farther, that what he had formerly confessed, or faid to them, concerning the murther of Cassino, proceeded from the distemperature of his heart and brains, in that of his distraction, or elle from the delufions and temptations of the Devil, and no otherwife. But his own confession, the testimony of those of the house who heard it, and the rest of the presumptions and circumstances are so pregnant and apparent that he is the undoubted murtherer of Cassino, as they believe not what he now fays in his own behalf and Apology, or that it is any way the delusions of the Devil, but the good pleasure of God, which brought him to this detection and conviction of himfelt for the same: So they being deaf to his requests and Oaths, they enforce him to draw on his apparel, and then by order of the criminal Judges, they that night commit him to Prison, where the Devil having brought him, he now leaves him to himself, and to his own misery and confusion, which it is to be believed, that the Lord hath ordained shall speedily befall

The next morning this Monster of Nature Alphonso, is called to his arraignment, where being by his Judges, charged with this foul murther, the Devil hath as yet so obdurated his heart, as he not only denies it, but contests against it with vehemency and execuations. So the Vintner and his Wife, and Servants, are produced against him as witnesses, who acknowledg and confess his own confession thereof, as also the report of his Carsbine, and the vicinity of their house, and prospect from the Chamber wherein he was, to Coffino's Garden, wherein as he was walking he was shot to death. When the mournful and sorrowful young Lady Eleanera, is likewise brought forth as a witness against him, who informes his Judges, that Alphonso was a most importunate Sutor to her, both in his Mother's house at Cassal, as also at her deceased Uncle's house, here in Vercely; adding withal, that (in her heart and foul) the verily believes him to be the murtherer of her faid Uncle. But still he denies it with choler and indignation: Whereupon, the prefumptions and circumstances hereof, being more apparent to his Judges, than the knowledg of this truth, they adjudg him to the Rack, where, at the very first torments thereof, he with tears confesseth it; and God is now so merciful to his soul, as he seems to be very sorrowful and repentant thereof. So they feeing him guilty, pronounce sentence against him, the next day to have his head cut off for the same; and that night the judges (out of their honourable zeal to charity and piety) fend him some Friers to prison to him, to direct his soul to Heaven; who willing him to disburthen his conscience and soul of any other capital crime, which he might have committed in all the course of his life, to the end that it might not hinder her passage and transmigration from Earth to Heaven; He then and there reveals them, how he had also formerly povfoned his own Mother, the Lady Sophia, at Caffal; for the which he likewise craved absolution both of them and God. Whereat his Judges are exceedingly amaz'd and aftonish'd, to see a Gentleman so degenerate, inhumane, and bloody, as to be the death of his own Mother, of whom formerly he had received his life.

The day following (according to his fentence) Alphonio is brought to the place of execution, clad in a black fute of Silk Grograin, and a falling Band, where afcending the Scaffold, and drawn to much humility and contrition, by his fecular Priests and Friers, he in presence of a great concourse of people, there made this short speech. That these two murthers of his, and especially that of his own Mother, the Lady Sophia, were so odious in the fight of God and Man, that he acknowledged, he no longer deserved to tread on the face of the Earth, or to look up to Heaven. That he knew not justly, whereunto to attribute this infamy and misery of his, but to his continual neglect and omission of prayer, whereby he banished himself from God, and thereby gave the Devil too great an interest over his body and soul; that he defired God to forgive him, these his two foul and bloody crimes of Murther, as also that of his neglect of Prayer; and so (with tears in his eyes) belought all who were there present, likewise to pray unto God for him: When again befeeching the vertuous young Lady Eleanora, to forgive him the murther of her good old Uncle Cassino, he often making the fign of the Cross, and recommending himself into the hands of his Redeemer, bad the Executioner do his office, who prefently with his Sword fevered his head from his body, and both were immediatly burnt, and the afnes thrown into the River of Ticino, without the walls of Wercely, although his Judges were once of opinion, to fend his faid head and body to CASSAL, for the Judges of that place to do their pleasure therewith,

for there poysoning of his own Mother, the Lady Sophia. And thus was the miserable (and yet deferved) death and end, of this bloody and execrable

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Gentleman Alphonfo, and in this fort did the judgments and punishments of God befall him? For these his two most inhumane, and deplorable Murthers. May God of his infinite grace and mercy, still fortifie and confirm our faith by constant and continual prayer (the want whereof was the fatal Rock whereon he perished) that so we may secure our selves in this World, and

our fouls in that to come.



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXIV.

Pont Chausey kills La Roche in a Duel. Quatbrisson causeth Moncastier can Apothecary) to poyson his own Brother Valsontain. Moncastier after falls, and breaks his neck, from a pair of Stairs. Quatbrisson likewise causeth his Father's Miller, Pierot, to murther and strangle Maricta in her Bed, and to throw her Body into the Mill-Pond. Pierot the Miller is broken alive on a Wheel, and Quatbrisson sirft beheaded, then burnt for the same.

WE may truly affirm, That the World is in her wane, when Murther is become the practice of Christians, which indeed is the proper office of the Devil; and how frequently those world accidents happen, we cannot think of, but with much horror; nor remember, but with grief of mind, and compassion of heart: for, it is not to make our selves wilful Traitors and Rebels to God, to violate his Divine Majestr, in spoining his true Image and resemblance? yea, is it not the high-way of Hell? But that this age of ours produceth such Monsters of Nature, read we but this ensuing History, and it will inform us of much innocent blood shed, we know not whether more wilfully or wickedly.

It is not unknown, that the Province of Little Britiain was long fince) annexed and united to the flourishing Kingdom of France, by the marriage of Charles the Eighth, with Anne the young Dutchess thereof, notwithstanding that she was formerly contracted to Maximilian (Arch-duke of Austria): where we shall understand, that in the City of Vannes formerly the Court and Residence of those British Dukes) there of late years dwelt a Noble Gentleman (of rich Demains and Revenues) termed Monsieur de Caerstaing, who by his Wise Madamoys elle

dele Ville Blanche, had two Sons, the eldest named by his title, Monsieur de Quatbriffon; and the youngest, Monsieur de Valfontaine. The first aged of twenty four years, being short and corpulent; the fecond of twenty, being tall and flender; both of them brave and hopeful Gentlemen, as well in their outward personages, as in the inward persections and endowments of their minds: for in all respects, the care and affection of their Parents had made their education answerable to their births. Valfontaine (for the most part) lived in the City of Nantes (the fecond of that Dutchy) with an Unkle of his, named Monfieur de Mansie, being President of the King's Chamber of Accounts which is kept there; who trequenting the Balls or publike Dancings (whereunto the youth of France are generally addicted) amongst many other excellent Beauties where with that City is graced & those passimes & meetings honoured; he fees a young Gentlewoman (being a stranger, & newly come to the City) so infinitely rich in the excellencies of nature, & the treature of loveline is & beauty, as (with a kind of imperious commanding pewer) the attracts all mens eyes to behold, to admire, to affect her. So as although Valfontaine's youthful heart and years had never yet stooped or sacrificed to Love, yet at the very first fight of this sweet young Gentlewoman, (whose name we shall not go far to know) he cannot retain his enamoured eyes from gadding on the Roses, & ranging on the Lillies of her (weet complexion, nor his resolutions from enquiring what her name and her felf was; when being informed that the was the only Daughter and Heir of a rich and noble Gentleman, a Widower, termed Monfieur ds Pennelle, of the Parish of Saint Argnam, four leagues from the City, and her name Madamoy felle la Pratiere, of the age of some seventeen: he at the very fight likes her fo well, and loves her fo deerly, that (if her interior virtues come not too short of her exterior beauty and feature) he vows he will be her Sutor

and Servants; and so he attempts to court and seek her for his Wife.

To which end he (more like a Tutor than a Pupil in the Art and School of Love) is so far from neglecting any, as he curiously and carefully seeks all opportunities and occasions to enjoy the felicity of her company, and so (for the most part) he conducts her to and from the Dancings, fits and talks with her in her Lodgings, meets her at Church, where as well at Vefpers as Mass, he accompanies and prays with her; and (briefly) she can difficultly be prefent any where, where he is long ablent from her: for by this time (which is scarce a month fince he first law her)her peerless beauty, and unparallel'd virtues and discourse, have acted fuch amorous wonders in his heart, as he vows he must either live her Husband, or dye her Martyr. But see the providence and pleasure of God; for if Valfontaine tenderly love our fweet and fair La Pratiere, no less doth she him: for knowing him to be the Son of his Father, and therefore a Gentleman of noble extraction and worth; and feeing him to be wife, difcreet, and proper; as also, remembring and marking, that he servently and infinitely affects hersshe is so delighted with his neat feature and personage, & ravished with the melody of his discourse, as albeit at first her tongue be so civil and modest to conceal her affection from him, yet her eyes (the Ambaffadors of her heart) cannot but in dumb Eloquence, and filent Rhetorick, bewray it him. So as (to omit the gifts, presents, and especially the letters which interchangeably past between them) and which indeed powerfully assisted to the sympathifing and cimenting of their youthful affections, it sufficeth that we take notice and knowledg, that Valfontain's presence was La Pratiere's delight; and the enjoying of her company, his telicity and glory, and that the in life and death would remain his obedient and faithful Wife, and he her faithful and loving Husband; only the prays him carefully and respectfully to conceal her affection to him, & so likewise to observe her Father in seeking his consent to their marriage, the which he promiseth her shortly to perform: for as soon as La Pratiere hath left Nantes; and purposely retired her self home to her Father's house, at St. Argnam, Valsontaine is not many days behind her; where he acquaints her Father Pennelle with his affection to his Daughter, seeks her in marriage, requesteth his consent, and with many reafons fairly and discreetly endeavoureth to induce him thereunto, where for three or four days he takes up his lodging and refidence, under pretence to court the Daughter, whom we know he hath already won; but his suit is no way pleasing, but distastful, to Pennelle; who although he know that Monsieur de Caerstuing his Father (as well for Lands as Blood) is every way rather his Superior than his Equaliyet because his Daughter La Pratiere is his only child and Heir, and Valfontaine but a Cadet (or younger Brother); therefore covetouinels makes him affume this resolution, that he will have none of him for his Son-in-law:but this reason and conclusion he conceals to himself, and so (in general terms) gives Valfontaine a cold and averse answer, little better in effect than a flat denial: and thus for his first journey, Valsontaine takes leave of his sweet La Pratiere, and no way doubting that his second to her will prove less distassful, and more tortunate, he leaves Nantes, and rides home to Vannes.

Being arrived at Vanner, he acquaints his Father and Mother with his affection and fuit to Madamoyfelle La Pratiere, the only Daughter and Heir (as we have heard) of Monsieur de Pennelle, of Saint Argnam, whereunto (be cause they knew him to be rich and noble, and his Daughter fair and virtuous) they give good approbation and allowance; when Valfontaine praying his Father to ride over to Monsieur de Pennelle, to confer with him about this business; whose presence, he hoped, will effect that with him, which he sears & knows his poor power cannot. But his Father, although he be very glad to procure his Son's advancement and content by this Match; yet being at the time much troubled with the Gout, he excufeth himself upon his own indisposition, & so defers off the journey to another time. Valsontain missing of his Father, deems itrather expedient, than impertinent, to intreat his brother Quatbriffon herein, to whom he fully relates what hath patt between Pennelle and himfelf, but withal, conceals upon what terms he stands with La Pratiere, or that she is any way his, or he hers, either by contract or promise, to the end that he may have no just cause either to tax her immodestly, or condemn her indifcretion, in fo suddenly giving her self to him. Quathrisson very willingly yeelds to his Brother's request; when (followed with a train and equipage answerable to their rank and quality, and armed with their Father's Letter to Monfieur de Pennelle) they take horse and ride to Saint Argnam. Now as it is the error (or nature) of Lovers to be still unfecret Secretaries, in delighting to talk and prattle of their Miltreffes, whom they effect their Soveraign good, and chiefest felicity. So all the way between Vannes and Saint Argnam, Valfontaine could neither refrain, nor restrain his tongue from painting forth La Pratiere in all the excellency of her praises, and from extolling her beauty and perfections above the skies; yea, he ran so curious a division, and so ample a comment on the wonders and rarity of her beauty, that his verbal relation already prepared his Brother's eyes to behold a female Master-piece of Nature in La Pratiere; but being arrived to her Father's House (a little before Dinner-time) and feeing and faluting first him, then her, at the very first encounter & fight his senses are so surprised with the sweetness of her countenance, and so taken with the exquisitenels of her teature, as he now finds that his Brother's report and praises of her, come

infinitely short of the dignity and excellency of her beauty.

Dinner being ended, Quatbriffon delivered his Father's Letter to Pennelle: with whom making a flight and superficial conterence concerning his Brother's affection and suit to his Daughter, he turns from him to her, who dying her milk-white cheeks with a rofeate blufa to entertain him, he ravished with the delicacy of so amorous an encounter, & sweet object, could not likewise refrain from blushing to see her blush; when enquiring of her, it she pleafed to take the air of the Garden (where her Father and his Brother were already gone and attended them), & she replying that his pleasure therein should be hers; he taking her by her hand, conducts her thither; where Valfontaine in civility purposely walking about off, because he hoped and affured himself, that his Brother Quathrisson now meant effectually to speak with his Mistress in his behalf, there being then no witnesses to their conference, but only the sweet Quiristers of the woods (the Thrushes and Nightingals) who purposely & pleasantly fate on every bush and tree, to delight them with their mellifluous melody; the very first words he administred and directed to her, was, That if she pleased to swear her tongue to secrefie to what he should now say & deliver to her, he would reveal her a secret which should infinitely import her good. La Pratiere (wondring at the nature of Quathriffon's first speech & request, & what it might mean & concern stood a little while mute & filent, not knowing what to conceive thereof, much less what to answer thereto. But at last considering, that Valfontaine was her Lover, & Quatbriffon his Brother, the imagined there was some plot secretly compacted between them, that if her Father would not condescend to their defires, that they had then resolved to steal her away from him, and so to make it a clandestine marriage: Whereupon (her affection being defirous to know the certainty hereof, and her curiofity ambitious to fee this abstruce mystery unlocked) she grants him his request, vowing to impose fecrecy to her tongue in what he should deliver or entrust her with. When, he kiffeth her, and evaporating many far-fetchd fighs (as the Heralds to proclaim his affection) he tells her, That her incomparable beauty hath captivated his thoughts, & made his heart both her tribunal, and her prisoners that he envies his Brother's happiness, in having the honour to see her before himfelf. That as he is his Superior in years, to he is in affection to her; & that he knows his Brother is as unworthy of her, as himfelf worthily bestowed on her: La Praisere (whose affection and thoughts ran a direct contrary Cariere, lest dreaming of that which she is now enforced to understand) is so afflicted, and withall so incensed at these unexpected speeches of Quatbrisson's, that (her passion giving a law to her civility) casting

casting a snow-white veil over her crimson cheeks, & bending her brow (in whose furrows it feemed that discontent and choler sate now triumphant) her affection is too sincere and entire to Valfontaine, as the returns his discourteous Brother, Quarbrisson, this thort and tharp answer: Quathrisson quoth she) to have offered this unkindness of yours to your friend, had been ignoble ingratitude; but to do it to your own Brother, can be no less than treachery: and therefore this know from me, that I effeem your primogenitureship as inferior to Valfontain's Vertues, as they are in all respects superiors to yours, and had you not tied and wedded my tongue to filence, I would now prefently publishing to the world, to the admiration and deteffation of all good men; and so (with a look ingendred from choler, and derived from difdain) the halfily & fuddenly trips away from him, leaving him alone in the garden to his Muses; Quatbriffon biring his lip at this sharp repulse of La Pratiere, is yet resolute not thus to leave her; when hoping to find her Father more tractable and propitious to his fuit, than his Daughter, he feeks him out, and in fair terms informs him of his affection and love to her, and that (not with handing his Brother's re-fearch of her) he himself infinitely defireth her to be his own wife. Old Pennelle (being more coverous of his Daughter's Preferment, than any way careful of her content) gives an attentive all pleasing ear to this motion of Quarbriffon, and is so delighted with the melody of his speeches, as already in heart he witheth her married to him; but how to answer or give content to Valfontain, he knows not.

Now the better to effect, and to compais this match, to much withed of Quarbriffon, and defired of Pennelle, he (in the absence of Valfontain) sends for his Daughter into his Closet, shews her what preferment and happiness is now offer'd her, if the will torsake Volfontain, and accept of his elder Brother Quathriffon for her Husband. La Pratiere both moved and grieved with this her Father's propolition and speeches) very humbly beleecheth him, that if ever he will respect her content, or regard her life, that Valfontaine may be her husband, and not Quatbriffon, because the confesseth the loves the younger brother, but that the neither can nor will affect the elder. Now although this her resolute and obstinate answer, do exceedingly afflict and grieve her Father, yet hoping that a little time wil prove capable to draw her to his desires, he secretly bids Quarbrisson to ride home to Vannes to take his Brother with him, and fhortly after to return again to Saint Argnam without him, and that he shall find no cause to fear, or reason to doubt, but that he shall enjoy his Mistress; the managing whereof, he prays him to refer to his care in his absence. Thus we see the father and daughter differently affected; he loves Quathriffon and not Valfontaine; and the Valfontaine, but not Quathriffon, who grieving as much at the Daughter's refulal, as he rejoyceth at her Father's confent He now venteth his malice on the innocency, and his treachery on the integrity of his Brother, by acquainting him, that he hath used his best power and art of solicitation towards Pennelle; and that he finds it impossible to draw him to reason: adding withall, that he is so far from consenting that he shall obtain his Daughter in marriage, as (upon the whole) in terms enough clear and apparent, he future y denies him accets to his house: Wherefore Brother (quoth he) because I see with grief that you strive against the stream, and that in all actions and accidents what soever, the shortest errors are still best, let us to morrow take horse and away, and let this indifferency be your refolution, That if God have decreed it shall be a match, it then wil be; otherwise not, Valfontain's heart bleeds at Pennelle's aversness & cruelty, and his eyes overflow with tears, so soon to forsake the fight and company of his Daughter, of his dear and fair Miltress La Pratiere; but being ignorant of all his Brother's passages and treacheries intended and meant towards him, he holds it folly to impugn or contradict his pleasure, and so resolves to leave Saint Argnaw, and depart home with him to Vannes.

Our fair La Pratière, seeing all things bent to cross her desires, and her Valsonian's wishes, she (out of her tender affection to him (resolves to give him a private meeting and conference; when that very night (as her Father and his Brother were in their beds soundly sleeping) she sends for him into her chamber, where seeing him extreamly pensive and sorrowful, she bids him be cheerful and couragious; tells him, that he hath no reason to despair, but to hope, for that in life and death she will be his, and only his; and then informs him, that instantly upon his arrival to Vannes, she will write and fend him a Letter, wherein she will acquaint him with the passage of a business, whereof he neither can conceive or dream; conjuring him now to enquire no farther what it is, for that her tongue was enjoined to secretic, and sworn to silence; and so (with much chat, and more kisses) he giving her a Diamond-Ring from his singers, and she him a pair of Pearl-Bracelets from her arms, in token of their mutual constancy and affection each to other, they (infinitely against their minds) are ensorced to take leave each of other, and the succeeding morn being come, the two Bro-

thers prepare and dispose themselves for their journey.

When breakfast ended, according as it was concluded betwixt Pennelle and Quathrisson, Pennelle takes Valsontain aside to a window, and in short terms prays him henceforth to torbear his house, and refrain his Daughter's company, for that he hath provided another Husband for her; so having severally and solemnly taken their Congees, first of the Father, and then of the Daughter, they take Horse and away. Now as they are riding home towards Vannes, as it is a sensible and heart-killing grief to La Pratiere, so soon to be deprived of her Valsontain's dear and sweet company, so again, she cannot refrain from smiling, to see how ingratefully and subtilly Quathrisson goes to work to betray his Brother, in seeking to obtain her for himself in marriage, but measuring the integrity of the one, by the treachery of the other; and likewise remembring her promise to Valsoniain, to write to him at the end of two days after their departure, she (by a consident Messenger) accordingly sends him this Letter.

LA PRATIERE to VALFONTAIN.

I Promise owes you this Letter; whereby I give you to understand, that I know not whether you have greater cause to love me, or hate your Broth er Quathrisson, in regard he vows be affects me dearer than your self, and hath attempted to rob you of your Wise, and consequently me of my Husband; and us this is ingratitude in a friend, so it must needs be treachery in a Brother. I have beard his Courting, and seen his Complements tending that way, but for your sake I relish those with distaste, these with neglect, and himself with contempt and distain. He hath won my Father to his will, but rest you consident (my dear Valsontaine) that he neither can nor shall draw me to his desires And because true affection, especially in accidents of the nature, cannot still be exempt of fear, therefore if any arise or ingender in your thoughts, let this dissipate and disself it. That although my Father have banished you his house, yet his Daughter is (till death) constantly resolved to retain and cherish you in her heart, and none but you. Manage this your Praticie's advice with discretion towards my Father, and not with choler towards your Brother; and he but a little time a patient Speciator of my affection and constancy to you, and you shall assuredly see him all his own shame, and your glory; his afficilion, your content and desire.

LA PRATIERE.

Valfantaino having received and read this Letter, the base ingratitude and soul treachery of his Brother Quatbrisson, doth extreamly afflict and torment him; yea, the knowledg and remembrance thereof, throws him into such passions of choler, and sumes of revenge, as once he resolved to right himself on him, by sending him a Challenge, and fighting with him: yowing that the bonds of Nature were not by far so strong, as those of Affection; and that his Brother having given the first cause of offence and breach of amity betwixt them, it was no marvel that he took that course, and preferred that form of proceeding to any other. But then again considering his dear La Pratiere's injunction and prohibition from choler, this last reason overswayed and prevailed against his former resolution, when knowing himself infinitely obliged to her for her courteste and constancy, so sweetly expressed to him in this her Letter, he can do no less than return her an Answer thereof in requital; the which he doth by her own Messenger, in these terms.

CONTAIN to LA PRATIERE

of all men in the world, Ikast thought that my Brother Quatbrisson would have proved my rival, in attempting to love you; because be perfectly knows, I affect you far dearer than the whole world; yea, this Error, (on a you justly termit, this Ireachery,) of his, is so odiom, so stronge to me, as it had far exceeded my belief, if your affection and constancy had not so court could revealed it to me in your Letter, the which I both blushed and palled to peruse. Neither is it any thanks to him, that he missed of his desire, in missing of you; rather to your virtuous self, which distasted his Courting and Complements for his own sake, and dissaining him for mine. Dear and sweet La Pratiere, in that my Brother hath won your Father, I exceedingly grieve; but in that I have not lost his Daughter, I far more triumph and rejoyce. But why think I of losing you, sith to call your constancy in question, is no less than to prophane your affection and my sudgment, and so to make my self both uncapable and unworthy of your for, how can my love to you, recover so safe an Harbour and Santhary, yea, so precious a Temple; as your heart: In which regard its every may sit; that your Requests should be to me Commands i for otherwise my Sword had already called me Coward, if by this time

time I had not called my Brother to a strict and severe account for this his treachery. I will still observe your Father with respect, though he result to respect me with observance: and for my ingrateful and treacherous Brother, he may act his own shame and affliction, but cannot conduce to content our desire, because that must solely proceed from your self; sith in the sweet enjoying of you to my Wise, consists the only content of my life, and the chiefest of all my earthly felicity.

VALFONTAINE.

Some two days after that La Pratiere was made joyful with this Answer of her Valfontaine, the hath again forrowful news of Quatbriffon's arrival to her Father's house at Saint Arguam, who had purposely given it out to his Brother Valsontaine at Vannes, that he rides to Aennhon. He here renews his late furt to the Father and Daughter, but he finds them both in the fame humours and resolutions he left them; he willing, and she coy; he desirous to have him his Son-in-law, and she resolute never to make him, but his Brother Valsontaine, her Husband. He proffereth her many rich Gifts and Presents, and a blanck to write down what Joynture she pleaseth to demand, but she peremptorily refuseth it all, and bids him bettow it on some other, of whom it may find better acceptance, yea, I may fately fay, and truly affirm, that their affections are more opposite and contrary than their lexes; for the more he lees her, he loves her; and the oftner she beholds him, the more she hates him: so that when he apparently perceives that she deeply vows to her Father and himself only to marry his Brother Valfontaine, or her Grave, he seeing his labour for the time present lost, and his affection to her in vain; having nothing left to comfort him against the repulse of this amorous suit, but the constant friendship of her Father, he sorrowfully takes his leave of them, and rides home to Vannes; but as close as he bears this his journey from his Brother Valfontain, yet La Pratiere holds her felf bound to figuifie it to him, the which the very next day she doth by her second Letter, which speaks thus:

LAPRATIERE to VALFONTAINE.

Hold it a part of my duty and affection, to advertise you, That these two days I have been again importunately baunted and solicited by your unkind Brother, Quathrisson, for marriage, but he bath found my first answer to be my second and last; yea, I have so nipt hu vain hopes in their hlessoms, by signifying to him and my Father my infallible resolution either to wed you or my Grave, as I think (except their hopes betray their judgments) the one is assured, and the other sonsident, that time will make it apparent to the world, that my words will prove deeds, and that the last will make the first real. But if your said Brother will yet notwithstanding farther exercise his folly in my patience, and so make himself as ridiculous to me, as to you he is treacherous: I out of the dear affection and tender respect which I hear you, will then fall on my knees to my Father, to hasten his consent to our marriage, that in seeking my content, you may therein find your own: and this is my resolution, wherewith if yours concurr and sympathize, Heaven may, but Earth shall not cross our desires.

LA PRATIERE.

Valfontaine receives this second Letter from his Mistress with smiles and frowns, with smiles, to see her inviolable constancy and affection; with frowns, to behold his Brother Quatbrisson's continual malice and treachery towards him; the which considering (as also because it so nearly concerns him), he resolves to tax him thereof, and to see whether (by fair requests and perswasions) he may reclaim him from affecting his fair and dear La Pratiere, and so to give over his suit to her; but first he knows himself indebted and obliged to return her an answer to this her last Letter, the which he doth in these terms:

VALFONTAINE to LA PRATIERE.

It is every may your affection, no way your duty (sweet La Pratiere) which again advertiseth me of my brother Quathriston's perseverance in his treachery towards me, by seeking to betray and bereave me of your self, in whom my heart and thoughts imparadise their most soveraign earthly selicity; and your resolution in nipping his bopes, and your Father's will, by electing me or your Grave for your Huband, doth so ravish my heart with joy, and so wrap my conceits in an extasse of sweet content, as I am consident God hath reserved La Pratiere, to be Valiontain's sweet Wise, and he to be ber dear Huband. But as I know not whether my unkind and treacherous Brother will yet far-

ther bewray you his folly, in exercising your patience with his importunity; so to save you that labour and penance, which for my sake and love you are ready to impose on your self. I am both ready and resolved, not only to fall on my knees to your Father, but also to your sweet self, that our marriage be hastned: for, as your resolution herein is, and ever shall be mine; so our hearts and thoughts sympathizing in these wishes, I hope that both Heaven and Earth have resolved not to cross, but shortly to consummate and finish our desires.

VALFONTAIN.

He having thus dispatched and sent away his Letter to his sweet and fair Mistress, he now resolves to have some conference with his unkindBrother, to see what a brazen face he either will or can put upon this ingratitude and treachery. But Quathriffon's policy will anticipate and prevent him: for he having his heart and contemplations deeply fixed on La Pratiere's beauty, and having run over all the inventsons of his art and affection, how to make her forfake her coyness, and so how to obtain her for his wise, he at last resolves to fain himself fick, and so then to reveal to his Brother Valsontain, that it is his dear and servent affection to La Pratiere, which is the cause thereof. To which purpose he keeps his bed, and in his perfect health is twice let blood, thereby to look ill; when sending for his Brother to his Chamber, and exempting all other company then e, he acquaints and informs him, That fince he first faw La Pratiere, he still most tenderly loved her, and that he must now dye, because she will not affect and love him. He prays and conjures him (by virtue of all the same blood which equally streams in both their bodies') for the saving and preserving of his life, that he will now abandon his affection from her, and so yeeld him up all the power and interest that he hath or pretends to have in her, and that in requital thereof (if occasion require)he shall still find him ready not only to expose all his Means, but his dearest Blood and Life at his command. A request so unjust, and a proposition so devoid of common tense and reason, as Valsontain observing it, and therein seeing his Brother's impudency, now grown to the height of baseness and folly; he exceedingly incensed thereat (with a disdainful look) returns him this harp & bitter, yet deserved reply: Was it not enough that I understood your treachery by my fair and dear La Pratiere, in seeking and attempting to bereave me of her, but that thou art thy felf become fo fortish, to make thy tongue the Advocate as well to plead and apologize thy treachery to me, as to publish thy shame to thy self, and to the whole world, in seeking and defiring me to surcease my affection to her, and to renounce my interest of her to the self. No, no, base Quarbrisson (for henceforth I highly disdain to term or esteem you my Broaher) I give thee to understand and know, that in heart, and in honour, she is mine, and I hers; and therefore you shall dye and damn, before I will permit thee to enrich thy self with my loss of her, whom I affect and prise a thousand times dearer than my self, or than all the lands and treasures of the World; when without any other sarewell, he hastily and cholerickly flings forth out his Chamber from him.

Quathrisson seeing his Brother's surious departure, and remarking his peremptory and incivil answer to him, he in his heart and thoughts) vows revenge, and in his resolution swears to make him repent it. To which effect, for sking his Bed, and abandoning his counterfeit sickness, his choler hardly affording his patience three days to recover his blood and strength; but knowing his Brother to be now at Nantes, with their Unkle De Massy, he seeks out a dear and intimate friend of his, named Monsieur La Roche, whom engaging to be his Second in a Duel against his own Brother Valsontain, they ride over to Nants, when coming to a small Parish termed St. Vallerge, within a league of the City, he writes a Challenge, delivers it to La Roche, and so dispeeds him away with it to his Brother La Roche comes to Nants, finds out Valsontain at the President his Unkle's house, being in the company of a very intimate friend of his, of that City, named Monsieur de Pont Chausey, and delivereth him his Brother's Challenge fast sealed, the which he hastily breaking open, and perusing, he finds

that it speaks this language:

QUATBRISSON to VALFONTAIN.

In regardit is impossible for both of us to enjoy the fair La Pratiere to Wife, therefore it is fit that one of us dye, that the other may survive and live, to be enriched with so specious a treasure, and crowned with so inestimable a blessing and felicity; which considering, as also because my modest requests have (undescrivedly) met with thy uncivil carriage, and been required with thy malicious execrations, Therefore find it not strange to see Affection give a Law to Nature, and mine honour to con-

sempt,

PALEONTAIN

temn thy contempt and malice, in inviting thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine with your fingle Rapiers, to morrow 'twist two or three after dinner, in a fair Meadow at the East-end of St. Vallery, within a little flight-shot thereof; where thou shalt find this Gentleman (whom I have prayed to be the Bearer hereof) who will safely conduct thee to me, where I will patiently attend thee : I expect no other Answer but thy felf; neither do I any way doubt (much less despair) of thy meeting me, fince by birth I know thou art Noble, and by inclination pretendest to be Generous.

QUATBRISSON.

Walfontain sthiles at the reading of this Challenge; and in conceit laughing at his Brother Quatbriffon's errors and folly, he chearfully turns himself to La Roche, to whom he speaks thus: Monsieur La Roche, I make no doubt but you are Quathrisson's Second: to whom he replies, My respect to your Brother hath engaged me thereunto, instead of a more worthy, and yet I ingenuously confess & protest, Sir (quoth he) that I have promised no more to him, than (if occasion presented) I am ready to perform for your self. Valfontain thanks him, and prays him to return his Brother Quatbriffon this Answer, That to morrow at the appointed hour and place, he will not fail to meet him. When entreating La Roche to walk with him into the next chamber, he told him, he prefumed he should shew him his Second; when Valfontain taking Pont Chausey to the Window, he shews him his Brother's Challenge, and prays him to honour him in being his Second. Pont Chansey (not out of any fear in himself, but in love to these two Brothers) as a Christian Gentleman, proffereth to ride over to Quatbriffon to St. Vallery, and to use his best power and endeavours to take up and reconcile these differences between them: but La Roche tells him, he may fave that journey and labour, for that to his knowledg) Quarbriffon is both resolute and irreconcilable in that quarrel: whereupon Pont Chausey freely engageth himself to Valsontain; and so these two Seconds (though not as loving friends, yet as friendly and honourable enemies) very fecretly that evening provide their Rapiers: which done, La Roche rides back to Saint Vallery, acquainting Quatbriffon with his Brother Valjontain's generous resolution, to meet and fight with him the next day; as also that Pont Chausey is his Second.

And although (by the instigation of Satan) that Choler and Revenge make minutes seem hours, and hours years, ere it hath wrought his wished effects, & effected his bloody designs: So these our four rash and inconsiderate Gentlemen (more full of Valour than Virtue, and of Courage than Christianity) the hour appointed for the Rendezvous approaching, and Quatbriffon with his Chirurgeon being first in the Field, hath difficultly made two turns, before La Roche ushereth in his Brother Valfontain, his Second Pont Chansey, and their Chirurgeon: when they all tying up their Horses to the Hedg, they (according to the custom of Duels) do all throw off their Doublets, and each unbooting his fellow, they appear in their filk Stockings, and white Pumps, as if they were fitter to dance Coranto's or Pavins, than to fight

So the two Brothers first draw and approach each other, and at their first coming up, Valfontain (without being touched himself) gives Quatbrisson a deep wound in his right thigh; and if his Rapier had not beaten down the thrust, it had undoubtedly nailed him to the ground: at their second encounter they are both hurt, Quatbrisson in the right arm, and Valsontain of a scar in the neck: and here they make a stand to take breath, Quatbrisson not as yet despairing, nor Valfontain triumphing or affuring himself of the Victory; and the fight and effusion of their blood, is so far from rebating or quenching, as it rather revives their Courages with more spleen and animosity; so they will again try their fortunes: They now traverse their ground, and approach each other; and although they are not less valorous than before, yet (to the eyes of their Seconds and Chirurgeons) they are now more cautious in their plea, and more advised in chusing and refusing their ground; when Valsontain breaking a thrust (which his Brother presented him) he then calling to mind the sweetness of his La Pratiere's beauty, and the foulness of his Brother's malice and treachery towards him, drives home a thrust at him, which entereth betwixt his short ribs, and making the blood to gush and stream forth, doth soon quail his courage; so as he who right now thought himself Master of his Brother's life, now sears his own; so that he thinks he hath given enough, if not received too much in counter-exchange, as well to fecure his reputation from the scandal of his friends, as to warrant his Generolity from the detraction of his Enemies, and therefore throwing away his Rapier, he (with more wisdom than honour) begs his life of his Brother, vowing henceforth wholly to forfake and leave him La Pratiere, and to love him as dearly, as formerly he hated him deadly: Which cowardife of his, is so far from

being relished, or approved of the Spectators, and it proves the wonder of Valsontain, the laughter of Pont Chansey, the distain of his own Secoud, La Roche, and the contempt of both their Chirurgeons: but Valsontain was as benign, as Quathrisson was base and envious; and as noble, as he was treacherous; and so upon his submission, he theaths up his Sword, gives him his life, and with his Hat in his hand embraceth him; and thus with many fraternal words and complements, these two Brothers (in all outward shew) are again reconciled, and become

perfect friends. But the end proves all things.

But to follow the stream of our History, and the ceremonies of Duels, we must pass from Quatbriffon and Valfontain, the Principals, to Le Roche and Pont Chausey their Seconds, to see in what thape they will come forth, and how they resolve to bear themselves in the conclufion and knitting up of this reconciliation: As for Pont Chanfey, he thinks it no difforagement or shame to him now to refuse to fight, fith his Principal hath given his Enemy the toyl, in giving him his life; but contrariwife, La Roche being Second to the Challenger, not the Challenged, he therefore holds it no lawful plea or excuse for him to exempt himself from fighting. Pont Chansey's modesty seems to over-veil his valour with silence and indifferency; which the infulting vanity of La Roche doth fo far misconster, as he erroneously attributes it, rather to fear and cowardife, than to reason or judgment. The worst of Pont Chausey's malice, venteth no other speeches and language, but that he will follow & abide the censure of their Principals, whether they, being their Seconds, ought to fight or no; and accordingly he is ready either to retire or advance : but La Roche's intemperate passions flying a higher pitch, with much vehemency and choler protesteth, that he came into the field purposely to fight and not to keep sheep, or to catch flies with his Rapier: the two Brothers interpose and confult hereon, and do joyntly affirm, that because they themselves are reconciled, and become good friends, they hold it repugnant to reason, and contradictory to the right and nature of Duels, that their Seconds should once draw their weapons, much less fight; But this neither doth, nor can as yet satisfie La Roche, whose choler is now become so boundless, as he in lofty terms elevateth Valfontain's valour to the Skies, and dejecteth Quarbriffon's cowardite as low as Hell, begging permission of the one to fight with the Second, and peremprori y informing the other, that he will fight; but both Quatbriffon & Valfontain condemn those fumes and this heat of La Roche, and are so far from applauding it in him, as they (in down-right terms) repute it to temerity and rashness, and not to magnanimity and valour; yea, his impatiency hath so provoked and moved their patience, as (not in jest, but in earnest) they bandy these words to him, That he glorieth so much in his generosity, as in now ambitiously seeking to add to his valour, he substracteth from his judgment. When Pont Chansey to retort & wipe off the least taint or blemish which either La Roche or the two Brothers might conceive lay on his reputation, thinks it now high time to speak, because as yet he had spoken so little, and prays La Roche to find out some expedient, either that they might return as loving friends, or fight it out as honourable enemies; and that for his part he is so far from the least shadow of fear, or conceit of cowardise, as he tells him plainly, he shall find his Rapier of an excellent temper, and his heart of a better. Whereupon vain and miserable La Roche, consulting with nature, not with grace, he to give end to this difference, refolves on an expedient as wretched, as execrable, the which he proposeth to Pont Chausey & the two Brothers, in these terms. That the only way, & his last resolution is, that a fair pair of Dice shall be the judg and umpier between them; & that who throws most at one cast, it shall be in his choice either to fight, or not to fight; whereunto Pont Chausey willingly consenteth, although Quatbrisson and Valfontain do in vain contradict and oppose it: but the decree is past, and La Roche, very officious in his wickedness, and forward in his impiety) spreads his Cloak on the ground, draws a pair of Dice forth of his pocket, & because he was of the Challenger's side, he wil throw first; which he doth, and the fortune of the Dice gives him feven; Pont Chanfey follows him, and likewise taking the Dice, throws only five: whereat La Roche gracelesly insulting and triumphing, with an open throat cries out, Fight, fight, fight, and so presently draws his Rapier: Pont Chausey seeing his enemy armed, thinks it no longer either safe or honorable for him to be unarmed, when yet (with a kind of religious reluctancy, and unwilling willingness) he likewife unsheaths his Rapier, and so without any farther expostulation, they here approach each other: but because (for brevity's sake) I resolve to pass over the circumstances, and only to mention the issue of their single combat, let me (before I proceed further) in the name and fear of God, conjure the Christian Reader here to admire with wonder and admiration, at his facred Providence, and divine Julice, which in the iffue of this Duel is made conspicuous and apparent to these two rash and inconsiderate Gentlemen, the Combutants, and in them to all others of the whole world : for lo, just as many picks as each of them threw on the Dice.

fo many wounds they severally received each from other, as Pont Chausey sive, and La Roche seven; and he who so extreamly desired to fight, and so instatiably thirsted after Ponto Chausey's blood, is now here by him nailed dead to the ground, and his breathless corps all gored and washed in his own blood. A fearful example, and remarkable precedent for all bloody minded Gentlemen of these our times, to contemplate and look on, because wretched La Roche was so miserable, as he had no point of time to see his error, no spark of grace to re-

pent it.

Quabriffon and his Chirurgeon (as forrowful for his death, as his Brother Valfontain is glad thereof) take order for his decent transporting to the City, whiles Valfontain congratulates with Pont Changey for his good fortune and victory; who for his fatety flies to Blavet, until the Duke of Rayes (to whom he was Homager) had procured and sent him his pardon from the King; the which in few weeks atter he effected. Monfieur de Caerstainge, and Madamoy (elle Ville-blanche his Wife, are advertised of their two Sons quarrel at Saint Vallery, and of the cause and issue thereof, who condemn Quathrison for his treachery and malice, and applaud Valfontain for fo nobly giving of his Brother his life, when it lay in his power and pleasure to have deprived him thereof, which news is likewise speedily conveyed first to Nants, and to Saint-Argnam, where Pennelle as much grieves at Quarbriffon's foyl and difgrace, as his Daughter, our fair La Pratiere, triumphs at her Valfoniain's victory, and because the will no longer be deprived of his prefence, whole absence deprives her of all herearthly content and felicity, the makes her prayers and tears become fuch incessant Orators, and importunate Advocates to her Father, as the now draws his free confent to take Valfontain for her Husband, which at last to their own unspeakable joy, and the approbation and content of all their Parents of either fide, is at Saint-Argham performed and confummated with much pomp and bravery.

But albeit Quarbrission (as we have formerly understood) have all the reasons of the world to be fully and tarry reconciled to his Brother Valsontain, yea, (and according to his promise and oath) to affect him tenderly and dearly; yet where the heart is not sanctified, and in peace, the tongue may pretend, though not intend it for the more he gazeth on his Sister-in-law La Pratiere's beauty, the more the freshness and delicacy thereof revives and instances his lastivious lust towards her; when knowing her to be as chast as fair, & being consident that he was out of all hope to receive any immodest courtese or familiarity from her; whiles her Husband, his Brother Valsontain, lives; the Devil hath already taken such full possession of his heart, as (with a hellish ingratitude and impiety) he wretchedly resolves to deprive him of his life, of whom as it were but right now he had the happiness to receive his

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As foon as we think of revenge, we meerly forget our felves; but when we confent to murther, we abfolutely forget God: for that hellish contemplation, and this inhuman and bloody action, do instantly work so wretchedly in us, that of Men we become Monsters, and (which is worse) or Christians, Devils; for thereby we make our felves his slaves and members. Amisery to which all others are not comparable, because those are finite, in regard they have only relation to the life of our bodies; but this infinite, in regard it occasioneth the death of our fouls. But not withstanding, it is not in jest, but in earness, that Quathrisson assumes the bloody resolution to murther his Brother Valsonian: for seeing that it was neither in his power or fortune to kill him in the Duel, he therefore holds it more safe, less dangerous, to have him poyloned, and so deals with his Brother's Apothecary, named Moncallier, to undertake and perform it; and in requital thereof, he assure this of three hundred Crowns, and gives him the one half in his hand; whereupon this Factor of the Devil, this Emperick of Hell, considently promise to him speedily to effect and perform it, the which he doth.

-in his guildier allowers town. The manner thus.

Valfontain within fix weeks of his marriage, finds his body in an extream heat, some reputing it to an excess of wine which he had the day before taken at Pontivie Fayr, and others, for having been too amorous and uxorious to his sweet young wife LaPratiere; but it matters not which excess of these two gave him his fickness; only let it satisfie the Reader, that (as we have already heard) his body was very much enflamed & hot, the dangerous symptoms either of a Burning-Fever, or a Plurise; the which to allay and cool, he sends for his Apothecary Moncillier, from Vanues to Saint Argnam, and after their consultation, he openeth him a vein very timely in the morning, & draws ten ounces of blood from him, & towards night gives him a Glister, wherein he intused strong poyson, which spreading o're the vital parts of his body,

doth so foon work its operation, and extinguish their radical moisture, that being the most part of the night tortured with many sharp throws, and heart-killing convulsions, he before the next morning dyes in his bed. His Wife La Pratiere being desparately vanquished with forrow, doth (asit were) diffolve and melt her felf into tears, at this fudden and unexpected death of her Husband Valfontain; and indeed, her griefs and forrows are far the more infinite and violent; in that she sees her self a Widow, almost as soon as a Wife. Her Father is likewise pensive and forrowful for the death of his Son-in-law; and so also is his own Father and Mother at Vannes. But for his inhuman Brother, Quathriffon, although he neither can or shall blear the eyes of God, yet he intends to do those of men, from the knowledg and detection of this foul and bloody fact; for he puts on a mournful and disconsolate countenance, on his rejoycing and triumphing heart for the death of his Brother, the which he endeavoureth to publish in his speeches and apparel: fo he rides over to Saint-Argnam, to his Sifter-in-law Pratiere, condoles with her for her Husband and his Brother's death, and with his best Oratory thrives to dislipate and dispel her forrows: but still her thoughts and conscience do not withstanding prompt her, that (considering his former affection to her, and his fighting with his Brother, her Husband, for her) fure he had a hand in his death, but in what manner, or how, she knows not; and so as a most virtuous and sorrowful Lady, leaves the revealing thereof to the good pleasure and providence of God; and the curious heads

both of Nants and Vames, concurr with her in the same conceit and belief,

But three months are scarce past over, fince Valfontain was laid in his Grave, but Quatbriffon is still so deeply besorted with his own lust, and the beauty of La Pratiere, as he fells his wit for folly, & again becomes a Suitor to marry her, having none but this poor Apology to colour out his incestuous desires, That he will procure a dispensation from Rome to approve it; and that he hath already spoken to Tvon, Bishop of Reimes, to that effect, who was many years Penitentiary (or Almoner) to Pope Paulus Quintus. And what doth this indifferction of his work with La Pratiere, but only to encrease her jealousie, to confirm her suspition, and to make her the more confident that her Husband had been fill in this world, if he had not been the means so soon to send him into another. Wherefore she rejecteth both his suit and himfelfstells him, that if he can find in his heart & conscience to marry her, the cannot dispense with her foul to espouse him, and therefore that he shall do wel to surcease his suit, either to the Pope or Bishop, lith if it lay in their power, yet it should never in her pleasure to grant, or resolution to effect it. But this peremptory resolution of hers, cannot yet cause Quarbriffon to torfake & leave her: for if his lust and concupifcence formerly made him peevish to leek her for his Wife, now it makes him meerly fottish and impudent to alter his fuit, and so to attempt and desire to make her his Strumpet. But he hath no sooner delivered her this base &c obscene motion, but all the blood of her body flushing into her face, she highly disdain'd both his speeches and himself, and vowing and scorning henceforth ever more to come into his company; so the informs her Father of his dishonorable intent, & unchast motion to her, who to rid himself of so uncivil and impudent a Guest, thereupon (in sharp terms) forbids him his House & his Daughter's company, as having hereby altogether made himself unworthy to enjoy the priviledg of the one, or the honour of the other. When this fweet and chast young Lady (to be no more haunted with so lascivious a ghost and spirit) being sought in marriage by divers noble and gallant Gentlemen, the among them all (after a whole year's mourning tor the first) makes choice of Monsieur de Pont Chausey, for her second Husband, and marries him. Quarbriffon seeing himself so disdainfully sleighted and rejected of La Pratiere, he as a bate Gentleman, and dithonorable Lover) metamorphofed his affection into hatred towards her, and vows that his revenge shall shortly match her disdain, and meet with her ingratitude, and so flies her fight and company, as much as he formerly defired it. But as the best revenge is, to make our enemies fee that we prosper & do well, so he, quite contrary, makes it his practice and ambition to do evil: for from henceforth, among many other of his vices, he defileth his body with Whoredom, and gives himfelf over to Fornication and Adultery, which hath taken up so deep a habit in him, as it is now grown to a second nature: for he wholly abandoneth himself to Queans and Strumpets, that be she Maid, Wife, or Widow, his wanton eye scarce secs any, but his luftful heart desireth, and his lascivious tongue feeks.

Now Quathrisson (among many other) hearing that a poor Peasant or Country-man, termed Renne Malliot, of the Parish of Saint Andrews, three miles from Vannes, had a sweet and fair young Daughter; he therefore very leudly resolves to see her, and to tempt her to his obscene desires, when provoked and hauled on by his lust, as that was likewise by the Devil,

he rides over to her Father's house, and a-lighting from his Horse, calls there for some wine, but with his Hawk on his fift, and his Lacquy and Dogs at his heels, thereby the better to over-veil and colour out his lascivious design & intent. And that the Reader may the better and apparently behold this Country-Virgin Marietta, she was aged of some sixteen years, and towards her seventeenth, tall & straight, & rather a little inclining to satness than to leanness; her hair was of a bright flaxen colour, and the of so fresh a beauty, & sweet delicate complexion, that her eyes were capable to inflame defire, & her cheeks to ingender and exact aftection; so that as it was a wonder among many to find so delicate a Country-lass, it was also many wonders in one, to fee how sweetly her rich beauty graced her poor clothes, whiles they (though in vain) endeavour to difgrace it. Quatbriffon no fooner fees Marietta, but she is so fair and amiable in his eyes, as they inform him, that report comes infinitely short of her beauty; when burning in the flames of his beattly concupiteence towards her, his lust so exceedingly out-braves his reason, that his eyes and heart do already do homage to hers, and he is so far caught and insnared in the contemplation of her fresh youth and beauty, as he vows to leave no art unattempted to obtain his luftful defires in enjoying of her Virginity: To which end he very often and fecretly visiteth her, discovereth her his leud desires and affection, gives her Gloves, Bone-lace, Lawn, worsted Stockins, and the like trifles, thereby the Coner to prevail with her; when, God knows, this fair poor Maiden was so chast, as yet she knew not what belonged to unchassity, such was her obleure dwelling, and innocent education: and yet behold the Devil was so busie with her, and Quatbrisson with the Devil, to draw and proffitute her to fin, as the was fo far in love with his gay clothes, sugered speeches and fair promises, rich gifts, and especially because he was a Gentleman, that in a few weeks the had hardly the power or will to deny him any thing, no not her felf.

But whiles thus Quatbriffon lays close fiege to the chastity of the Daughter, her Mother, Jane Chaumett, (being of a quick wir, and therp apprehention, measuring his youth by her Daughters beauty) begins to mistrust and sear, that by his often visits he endeavoured to put a rape on her virtue, in feeking to enrich himfelf with the lofs of her Maiden-head; the which to prevent, she forbids him her house, shewing him, that she had rather dye, than live to see her Daughter made a Strumpet; adding farther, that if hereupon he did not forbear her house, and her Daughter's company, she would forthwith acquaint his Father, Monsieur de Caerstaing, therewith; alledging, that how close fover he bore himself, she knew him to be his Son and Heir, and termed Quatbriffon. Which cross speeches of hers, do much afflict and perplex him, and the more, because he sees he cannot now approach Marietta; and, which is worst of all, in regard he knows not whom to employ towards her, to win her to his defires: but at length remembring that he was well acquainted with an old Franciscan Frier of Auroy, named Father Simplician, who many years begged the Countrey for the repairing of their Monastry, and with whom he had often caroused and been merry: He therefore holds him a fit Instrument and Agent for his purpose, and so rides over to Auroy, and sends for him to his lodging; where giving him good cheer, and well heating his head with wine, he there from point to point discovereth this secret, and lays open himself to him : so this old Frier loving his cups better than his Beads, and Monsieur de Quatbrisson better than his Guardian (because he had twice formerly expelled him the Monastry for some of his dishonest and debauched pranks) he freely engageth himself to him; affirming, that he well knew both Father, and Mother, and Daughter, having heretofore many times lain in their house, when he hath

Hypocrifie is the Devil's Mask or Vizard, and there is no way so subtile or sinful to deceive, as under the cloak and colour of Religion; and therefore it is a most pernicious and odious shame to Christians, that those who profess Piety, should prophane it. This good-fellow, Frier Simplician, (taking the tide of time, & the wind of opportunity) under the pretext of visiting some of his Kinstolks, leaves Auroy, repairs to Vaunes, and so to Malliot's house in the Countrey; where purposely faining himself sick, thereby to procure himself the better colour for his stay, and the better means for the ditpatch of this love-business for Monsieur Quatchec to Church-men entertain him lovingly, & attend him carefully and diligently, thinking no cost too much, nor any meat, care, or labour, enough, which they spent and bestowed a base ingratitude.

For in the absence of the Father and Mother, this debauched Frier teacheth their sair Daughter Marietta a new Catechism, he tells her that Monsieur Quatbrisson is deeply in love with her, that if she will hearken to his affection, and so become flexible to his desires,

he will shortly steal her away from her Parents, and either maintain her Gentlewoman-like, in brave apparel, or else marry her to some rich Serving-man, or Farmer's Son, with whom the might live merrily, and at her heart's content, all the days of her life; adding withal, that it was pity her delicate fresh beauty should be so strictly and obscurely mewed up in her Father's poor Cottage, and that it was a shame to her to prove an Enemy to Nature, who had been so bountiful and so true a Friend to her; with many more obscene reasons, and debauched speeches, looking that way, the which (in modelty) I cannot remember without shame, nor relate without detestation. So this Pandarifing old Frier (degenerating from his habit, profession, and name) what with the honey (or rather indeed the poyson) of his speeches and promises, and the sugar of some gifts and tokens which he delivered her from Quatbriffon, he draws this harmless & innocent poor Country Maid, so far to forget her self, her Parents, and God, that in hopes of rich apparel, and a good Husband, the tells her Father Symplician, that the is wholly at Quatbriffon's command; and that for his take and love, the is absolutely resolved to forsake her Father and Mother, and to go with him any night or day, when he pleaseth to setch her; the which he shortly doth, and she accomplisheth. And this was the odious ingratitude of this Frier Symplician, towards honest Malliot and his Wife, for his good cheer, lodging, and entertainment, to betray and bereave them of their only Child and Daughter, whom they well hoped would have proved the joy of their life, and the staff

and comfort of their age.

Quatbrisson (in the vanity of his voluptuous thoughts), having thus by himself and the Frier, play'd his prize in stealing away fair Marietta, he by night brings her to his own old Nurse her house, which is a little mile distant from that of his Father, where he secretly keeps her, takes his pleasure of her, and as often as he pleaseth, lies with her whole nights together; but Marietta's forrowful Father and Mother feeing themselves thus robbed of their only Jewel, their Daughter, they bitterly lament her loss, and their own misfortunes therein: They complain to all their Neighbours thereof, and leave few adjacent Parishes or Houses unsought for her, yea, her Mother Jane Chaumet's grief and jealousie transport her so far, as vehemently suspecting that Monsieur de Quatbrisson had stoln her away, she trips over to his Father's house, and there (with sorrow in her looks, and tears in her eyes) acquaints both him and the Lady his Wife thereof, who presently send for their Son Quathrisson before them : They shew him what an infinite scandal this foul fact and crime of his will breed him, and likewise reflect upon themselves, and all their Kinssolks and Family, How the Justice of God infallibly attends on Whoredom and Fornication, and that he hath no other true course or means left him to expiate and deface it, but Confession, Contrition, and Repentance, and by returning the poor Countrey Girl again to her aged and forrowful Parents. But Quatbriffon their Son (as a base debauched Gentleman) denies all, terms old Malliot's Wite an old Hag and Devil, to charge him thus falfly with the stealing away of her Daughter; and so without any other redress or comfort, this poor Mother returns again home to her forrowful Husband; and Quarbriffon secretly to his Nurse's, to frolick and sport it out with his Sweet and fair Countrey-Mistress, Marietta.

But to observe the better order and decorum in the dilation and unfolding of this History, leave we (for a small time) this lascivious young couple, wallowing in the beattly pleasures of their fenfuality and fornication, and come we a liltle to speak how suddenly and sharply (at unawares) the vengeance and justice of God surpriseth our execrable Apothecary Moncallier, who so wretchedly and lamentably (as we have formerly understood) had fent innocent Valfontain from Earth to Heaven, by that damnable drug and ingredient of poylon. The

manner whereof briefly thus.

Quarbriffon (as we have already feen) having exchanged his former affection into future malice and envy towards his Sifter-in-law La Prature, doth fill retain such bloody thoughts against her, as (striking hands with the Devil)he (in favour of three hundred Crowns more) hath again engaged his hellish Apothecary, Moncallier, likewise to poyson her at his first administring of Physick to her; which intended deplorable Tragedy of theirs, is no sooner projected and plotted of the one, than promifed speedily to be acted & performed by the other, to the end (quoth these two miscrable wretches) to make her equal, as in marriage, so in death, with her first Husband Valfontain. Thus Quatbriffon longing, and Moncallier hearkning out for La Pratiere's first fickness, two months are scarce blown over fince her marriage with Pont Chausey, but the is surprifed with a Pestilent Fever; when he, as a loving and kind Husband (at the request of his fick Wife) rides over to Vannes for this Monster of his profession and time, Moncallier, to come with him and give her Physick : the which prefently (with as much treacherous care, as feigned forrow he promifeth to effect; and so inwardly resolves 223

with the Devil and himself to poyson her: but we shall see here, that God's providence will favourably permit the first, and his goodness and mercy miraculously prevent the second.

Moncallier fees this his fair and fweet Patient, La Pratiere; but he is yet fo far from shame or repentance, that he had poyloned her first Husband, as (with a graceless ratiocination) he confirms his former impious resolution likewise to dispatch her self: but for that time he contenteth himself only to draw fix ounces of blood from her, and promiseth to return to her the next morning with Phylick, and therein to infinuate and intule the poylon. But here (in the fear, and to the glory of God) let me request the Christian Reader to admire and wonder with me at the strangeness of this sudden and divine punishment of God, then and there shown on this wretched Apothecary, Moncalier: for as he was ready to depart, and being on the top of the stairs (next to the Chamber-door where La Pratiere lay fick) complementing with her Husband, Pont Chaufey, at his farewell, he trips in his Spurrs, and fo falls down headlong at the foot thereof, there breaks his neck; and, which is lamentable and fearful, he hath neither the power or grace left him to speak a word, much less to repent his cruel poyloning of Valfontain, or to pray unto God to forgive it him. And thus was the miserable end of this wretched Moneallier, who when he absolutely thought that that bloody fact of his was quite defaced and forgotten of God, then God (as we fee)in his due time remembred to punish him for the same, to his utter confusion and destruction; that

as his crime was bloody, to his punishment should be sudden and sharp.

Return we now again to Quatbriffon, who (amidft his carnal pleafures with his young and fair Marietta) is advertised of Moncalier's sudden and unnatural death at Saint-Argnam, whereat (refembling himself) he is so far from any apprehension of grief, as he exceedingly triumpheth and rejoyceth thereat; yea, he is as glad that he hath thus broke his neck, because he can now tell no fales; as forrowful, if now before his death he have not poyloned La Pratiere, as formerly he did her Husband, Valfontain, his Brother. Whiles thus Quatbriffon's joy in enjoying Marietta, proves the grief and disconsolation of her Parents; for it is now generally bruited in Vames, that Quatbriffon hath foln away Malliot's Daughter, Marietta, whereof her Father and Mother being forrowfully acquainted (he being weak and fickly), the again repairs to Monfieur de Caerstaing and this Lady, and with tears in her eyes, throwing her self at their feet, acquaints them with this publick report, humbly befeeching them to be a means to the Gentleman, their Son, that he restore them their Daughter: but they are in a manner deaf to her requests, and so only return her this general answer, That they will again examine their Son, and cause all their Tenants houses near about, to be narrowly searched for her: and this is all the redress and consolation which this forrowful Mother could get for them. Whereof Quatbriffon being advertised, he (with much secresie and haste) about mid-night, causeth Pierot his Father's Miller to fetch Marietta away from his Nurse's house, to his Mill, which is some quarter of a League from his Father's house; the which accordingly Pierot effecteth. The very next morning Quathrison goes secretly to the Mill, and visits her, he informs her how her Parents have incented his against him, and against her self likewise; he bids her be of good comfort, that the shall want nothing, that he will very shortly procure her a better lodging, and provide both for her fafety and reputation, and so continually frolicks it out, and there takes his pleasure of her; yea, he lies so often with her, many whole nights, and some days, at this Mill, that at last her belly swells, and both of them apparently perceive that she is with child by him : when, poor foul, seeing her self as it were pend up in prison, that she had no new apparel, nor was towards any Husband; yea, looking back into the foulness of her fault, and feeing that she had made her felf the grief of her Father and Mother, the laughter of the world, and almost the disdain of Quatbrisson, who (surfeiting in his pleasures with her) began now to look less familiar, and more strange to her, than accustomed; she with many fighs and tears, repents her felf of her error; but how to remedy it, she knows

As for Quaibrisson, he supposing he had his Father's Miller, Pierot, at his command, proffereth him two hundred French Crowns to marry her: whereat this Meal-cap Miller (being a lusty young fellow of some five and twenty years old) could not at first refrain from blushing and laughing; when seeing Marietta to be young and fair, he is so far in love with her, as at first he wishes her to his wise; but then again considering, that she hath a great belly by his young Master, that he still lies with her, and that if he should marry her, he would undoubtedly be more Master and owner of her, than himself; he prays him therefore to excuse him, for that he is fully resolved not to marry her.

When Quarbriffon yet further delirous to draw him to take her to his wife, profereth Pierot a new Leafe & Estate of his Mill from his Father, for seven years, at his own cost and charges. But this Miller (being a pleasant jovial wag) tells his young Master, that he had rather never hear the clacking of his Mill, than to live to fee himfelf cornuted; & fo upon no terms will marry Marietta; but for any other fervice, he sweats to him that he is and ever will be wholly at his command. Poor Marietta now feeing her hopes grow small, & her belly great, and confequently her joys decline, and her forrows encreale; finding that the is now rather Quatbriffon's priloner, than his prize, and the Miller rather her Gaoler than her Landlord; she with many far-fetch'd fighs, and brinish tears, very passionately beseecheth Quartrisson on her knees, that he will speedily either provide her aHusband, or permit her with her shameful & forrowful burthen to return home to her afflicted and angry Parents. Two requests, & both so reasonable (quoth she to him), as if it be not in your power to grant me the first, yet I hope it will be your pleasure not to deny me the second. But Quathriffon, not with standing all these tears and prayers of Marietta, he is still so vexed, as well with her importunity, as with the tharp complaints of his own Parents, and the bitter lamentations & outcries of hers, that (in the heat of fortish choler, and ingrateful disdain) he slies from her, absents himself longer than accustomed, and thenceforth (by degrees) begins as much to lothe her; as he formerly loved her. Marietta perceiving this his unexpected and ingrateful unkindness towards her, it pierceth her very heart with grief, and her foul with despair. She requests the Miller to tell Monfieur de Quarbriffon, that the prays him to fee her, or to permit her to fee him; but he perceiving that his young Malter flighted her, & that his hot affection was by this time waxed cold and frozen to her, he refuseth to go himself, and so sends his Boy. But what doth this importunity of hers procure or effect with Quarbriffon, but only the more enflame his choler, and therein the more encrease her own forrows, & accelerate and hasten on her miseries? for he bids the Boy tell her, that he is gone to Rennes, and will not return in a month; and withall he wills him to bid his Master to come secretly to him in the morning, at his Father's Orchard. So, if Quatbriffon's unkindness to Marietta formerly made her seem to be the picture of forrow; alas, now this his discourteous departure, and disdaining either to see her, or once bid her farewell, makes her really to be forrow her felf; for the tears her hair, and (with a mournful and forrowful ambition) endeavoureth to drown her felf in the Ocean of her tears; yea, her griefs are so infinite, and her discontents so insupportable (in that the hath so deeply disobeyed her Parents, & offended God with her Fornication) as the remembrance of there fins and crimes of hers, make her not dare to look up to Heaven for affiliance; a thoufand times the repents her felf of her folly, & as often faith and dictateth to her felf, that the should be as happy as now she is miserable, if she again were a child, and not with child; and that the were again as living in her Mother's belly, as now by this time the finds her own poor unfortunate innocent babe is in hers. She as high as Heaven exclaimeth on Quatbriffon's ingratitude, & curleth the name & memory of Frier Symplician, as low as hell, for thus betraying and seducing her to sin, which hath now brought her to misery and disconsolation; yea, her unfortunacy is so great, as the cannot write for affiftance from any where; or if the could, the knows not from whom once to expect, much less to receive it, but rather sees her felf reduced to fuch extream affliction and milery, that the is every way far more capable to weep or ligh forth her forrows to her felf, than to speak or make them known to the world.

Whiles thus Marietta is pensively and pitifully ecchoing forth her complaints to the bare walls of her poor Chamber, Pierot the Miller finds out his young Malter Quarbriffon in the Orchard behind his Father's house, according to his appointment; where betweet this wretched and execrable couple, the Reader must prepare to see them consult and conclude a most bloody and mournful bulinels, which will both exact pity, and command lamentation from the most slinty and barbarous heart; yea, in a word, from any living mortal, man, whose prophane life and impiety hath not absolutely made him a meer Devil. For Quatbriffon having thus satiated and surferred himself in reaping his beastly pleasures of poor Marietta, and (as before) exchanged his familiarity into malice, and his affection into envy towards her, knowing that the will be a perpetual eye-fore to his Parents, and a continual shame and scandal to himself, as long as the lives in this world; he therefore most ungratefully and cruelly resolves speedily to fend her into another; and no confideration whatsoever, either of her youth, or beauty; of her great belly, or of his quick child within her, or of his own foul, can prevail with him to the contrary But the Devil is so strong with him, that he is milerably resolute not to retire, but to advance in this bloody business. Towhich effect, he breaks with Pierot the Miller to attempt and finish it, and again promiseth him the Fee-simple (or at least a Lease of fever years) of his Mill, to finish it, which this bloody Miscream (out of his hellish covetous-

nels, and itching defire to please his young Master) promiseth to accomplish. They now consult of the manner how to murther Marietta. The Miller affirms it to be the surest ways under some pretext) to take her in the next wood by night, and there to murther her, which Quatbrisson contradicteth, because (saith he) her dead body being sound so near his Father's house, this her murther will reflect on him; and therefore to make sure work, he bids the Miller to strangle her by night in her bed, and so to bury her in his outer yard, & there to clap a wood-vine over her, whereon they both agree: when swearing perpetual secretic each to other, this execrable Miller here promiseth Quatbrisson to dispatch her within three days at farthest.

This bloody bargain and compact being thus concluded between them, Pierot the Miller returns to his Mill, where poor Marietta little suspecting or dreaming what a dismal stratagem was plotted and refolved against her life)she(finding comfort from no where, & therefore feeking it every where) enquires of him if he came from Monfieur de Caerstaing's house, and if his Son, Monfieur Quathriffon, were departed from Rennes, as his Mill-boy had told hers who(here the better to lull her asleep, thereby with more facility to finish his bloody design on her) tells her that he was gone thither, but that before his departure, he had left fecret word for him to use her courteously in his absence, the which he swore to her he would carefully perform; whereat Marietta thanks him : but yet, again prying more narrowly into this Miller's looks than his speeches, she found that he now looked more sullen and haggardly on her, than accustomed; or elfe, that either her conceit, or his countenance and phyliognomy, deceived her therein. But here (before I proceed further)let us mark the strange effects and events hereof: for as Dreams prove seldom true, because they are as uncertain as their caules, which for the most part either proceed from the influence of the heart, or elfe flow from the operations of the brain, in their different pollions of affection, envy, hope, fear, joy, forrow, or the like: foit pleased God, that the very same night Marietta dreamt that Pierot the Miller killed her, and threw her dead body into the Pond; the which remembring the next morning, the likewise remembred to acquaint him therewith, who (vile wretch, & dissembling Hypocrite) seemed to be in choler thereat, vowing and swearing to her with many oaths and deprecations, that she was, and should be as safe in his Mill, as if she were either in the Tower of Bylin, or in the Castle ot Blavet, which indeed are reputed to be two of the strongest and most important pieces of Little-Brittany, whereat poor Marietta again & again thanks him. But this not with standing, I now here tremble to report, that the very next ensuing night (Marietta proving too true a Herald and Prophetess to her own immediate mourniul Tragedy), as the night had given truce to her tears, and fleep administred rest to her eyes, as the lay in her poor Pallat-bed, then this bloody villain Pierot the Miller very fecretly enters her Chamber, and fostly conveighs a small cord under her head, and fastning it to her further bed-post (his strength conspiring with his malice) he then and there strangles her dead, giving her neither the power or time to cry, much less to speak one word: and as foon as this Agent of Hell had bereaved her (and confequently the fruit of her womb) of life, he within less than an hour after (not to give the lye to her own dream) changeth his purpose in the manner of her burial, and so (in her clothes as she was) carries her to his little Mill-boat in the Pond, where fastning a great piece of an old broken Mill-stone, to her middle (or waste) by a strong new Rope which he had purposely provided, he there throws her into the deepelt place of his Pond, hoping, yea, afforing himfelt, that he should never see nor hear more of her.

The very next morning after the finishing of this deplorable fact, Pierot the Miller (not able to sleep for joy) at the very break of the day, dispeeds himself away with the news hereof to his young Master Quathrisson, who hears and receives it with much content and joy, when (by his promise and oath again assuring the Miller of his Mill) he the better to bear and wipe off the suspition which this Murther might resect or cast on him (if it should ever hereaster come to be detected or discovered) rides away to the City of Rennes, where the States-General of that Province (which we in England term our Parliament) was then to affemble, where rejoycing that he had so happily dispatch'd his clownish Strumpet, Marietta, and Pierot the Miller at home, likewise singing and triumphing at this his easie purchase of his Mill, they not so much as once look up to Heaven and God, or down to their own consciences and touls, what this foul and detestable Murther of theirs deserves. And, not to go far, by this time the Lord thinks it high time to bring this their cruel Murther to light, by a strange, I may justify say by a miraculous accident, which at unawares, and when they least think thereof, will (amidst their mirth and security) befall them.

A Month is not full past over fince this Murther of Marietta, but God (in his sacred mercy and justice) is now resolved to make Monsieur de Pont. Chansey, La Praviere's second Husband)

to be the first means for the detection thereof (& in that likewise afterwards of the poysoning of Valfontain), who being one day at Vannes with three other Genelemen, his friends, he is delirous to hunt a Duck with two or his own Spaniels; and no Pond being so he or hear as that of Monsieur de Caerstaing's, he makes choice thereof; but the Duck is no sooner in the Poud, and the Dogs after her, but these two poor harmless Currs swimming eagerly for their Prey, as they come to the place where Marietta's dead body was funk & tyed, they instantly forfook and abandon the Duck, and there pudling with their feet, and fnuffling with their notes in the water, they most lamentably set up their tunes, and aloud howl and bark each at other, without departing or stirring thence; the which Pont Chansey & the other Gentlemen well observing, God instantly inspires their conceits with this apprehension, & their hearts with this jealoufie, That peradventure there was some body either accidentally or purposely drowned there, and that it now pleased his Divine Majesty to make these two poor Dogs his Agents and Officers to discover it; whereupon they once resolve to draw up the sluce, and to let out all the water of the Pond, but first they resolve to make another trial and experiment hereof, so for that time they take up their Duck, depart, and call away their Spaniels; but after dinner they return, & the Duck being again put in, the Spaniels in the very fame place do the like as in the morning, still howling and barking most lamentably; the which indeed yeelds harsh and displeasing musick to the trembling heart & guilty conscience of this murderous Miller; but still the Devil his School-master makes him put a brazen face on his scar. Now this fecond action and demeanor of the Spaniels, confirms the first jealousie and apprehension of Pont Chansey and his Associates, who (to vindicate this truth) are now resolute in their former proposition, and defire of letting out the water of the Poud, the which they attempt to effect : but then this wretched Miller feeing himself now so narrowly put to his trumps and shifts, and therefore knowing it high time to prevent them, at least if he meant to provide for his own fafety and life, he with many humble and fugred speeches (not seeming any way to take notice of their apprehension) tells them, that he is a poor young man, that this is his first year of setting up his Trade of a Miller for himself, that it being now in the midst of a hot & dry Summer, his Pond wil not receive in water again for his Mill to go in a week or two after, which wil infallibly begger him; and therefore (almost with tears) he beseecheth them to desift from their purpose, & not to turn out the water of his Pond; yea he ipeaks so passionately and pitifully to them, as his reasons prevail with the three other Gentlemen, but with Pont Chansey they cannot, but rather the more confirm his former apprehenfion and belief, that fure there was fome one or other drowned; and withal, God dothafresh distil and insuse into his imaginations, that this very Miller himself might have some hand therein, notwithstanding all his humble prayers and smooth speeches to the contrary.

To which end Pont Chausey the better to effect his defire and resolution, he(as a wife and discreet Gentleman) grants the Miller his request, when purposely sending away his Servants, Duck, and Dogs, he enquires of the Miller if he have any Dice or Cards in his Mill; who anfwers him, that he hath Cards, but no Dice. So into the Mill they all four go, and play at Lansknight for Cartdescussand the Miller now ravished with joy to see how his fair tongue hath kept the water in his Pond) is wonderful diligent to wait, and officious to attend them

and their commands.

But they having played an hour, Pont Chausey now thinks it high time for him to effect his de fign and resolutions and then tells Pierot the Miller, that he is very dry & thirsty, demanding of him if there be any wine to fell near his Mill; who tells him there is none nearer than the Town, where he willingly proffereth to go and fetch some speedily; which indeed is that very part and point whereat Pont Chausey only aimed: So he gives him money to fetch two grand Pots of Wine; when this inconsiderate and secure Miller (without either fear or wit) feems rather to flye than to run to the Town with joy for it; thinking and affuring, that the storm of his danger was now already quite past and blown over; but he is no sooner out of fight, but Pont Chausey presently throws up the Cards, & prays the rest of the Gentlemen to assist him in drawing up the fluce, & emptying the Pond, for that his heart still prompts him there is some one drowned therein; whereunto they all give free consent: so by that time the water is half out, lo (with much adoration and pity) they behold a dead body floating therein, and yet fafined with a Rope to the bottom of the Pond. And prying more narrowly to discern it, they (by the Coats it wore) perceived it to be a woman, whom they cause to be taken up in the Mill-boat; but her flesh is so rivel'd and withered with the water, and eaten and disfigured by the fifth, as it was impossible to know what she was ; & she stunk to odioufly, as almost none durst approach her. Pont Chanfey (& his affociates) feeing this wo-

ful and lamentable spectacle, and comparing therewith the Miller's earnest refusal, not to permit them to empty his pond, he here confirms his former jealousie, and now confidently suspects him either to be the Author or Actor of this cruel Murther. To which end he and his Affociates lay exact and curious wait for his return with the Wine; who coming therewith from the Town merrily finging, & not so much as once dreaming what had hapned at the Pond, he afcending the top of the Hill by the Wood's fide, & espying his Pond emptied, then the foulness of his fact and conscience, and the imminency of his danger, doth so terrific and amaze him, that he fets down his pots of wine on the ground, and (committing his fafety to the celerity and swiftness of his heels) he with all possible speed runs away towards the center of the Wood; the which Pont Chausey and the rest of the Gentlemen espying, they need no other Evidence but this his flight, to proclaim himfelf guilty of this murther, and fo they speedily send after him, and within one hour after, he is found out, apprehended, & brought back, they vehemently accusing, and he as resolutely excusing himself of this Murther; but notwithstanding, they shut him up close in his own Mill, till it be found what this drowned

murthered woman is.

The report of this mournful accident, being speedily divulged in Vannes, and bruted in the neighbour-Parishes, there are a world of people who from all parts flock to the Pond to be spectators of this dead woman; and amongst the rest, Twon Malliot, and his wife fane Chaumet, no sooner understand hereof, but knowing it to be a woman, & drowned in Monsieur de Caerstaing's Pond, they exceedingly fear it is their Daughter Marietta; and to see the issue & truth hereof, the runs before, and he limps after as fast as he can, as if they should not come time enough to make themselves miserable with the fight & object of their misery. Now they are no sooner arrived to the Pond, but they see all the people stand aloof from this murdered Corps, because of the flink thereof, but they (hardned by their fear, & encouraged by their affection) do willingly rush towards it, but cannot as yet discern what she was, by reason the Fishes had almost eaten away all the slesh from her bones, which therefore no way satisfying their curiofity and enquiry, they then fall to wash away the mud and oze from her clothes, hoping to draw some information and light from them, as alas they now instantly do; for they find the Waltcoat and two Pertycoats, that of Ash-colour Serge, and these of green and red Bayes, tobe the very same which their Daughter Marietta wore when she either fled, or was stoln from them; whereat crossing their arms, and sending their sighs to Heaven, and their tears to Earth, this poor afflicted Father & Mother cry out, that it was the dead body of their fair and unfortunate Daughter Marietta; and doubtles, that either Monsieur Quathrisson, or Pieret the Miller, or both of them, were her Murtherers: whereat all the people admire and wonder, every one speaking thereof as their several fancy led them, and as they stood

affected or difaffected to Quarbriffon and the Miller. But Pont Chausey rides presently to Vannes (leaving the other three Gentlemen his friends to guard the Miller in his Mill) and advertifeth the Seneshall, & the other two Judges, of this deplorable fact; so they send for this Miller to Vannes, and the next day being brought before them, they examine and accuse him for thus murthering of Marietta; but (having learnt his answer and resolution of the Devil)he with many bitter oaths and curses denies it, deposing and swearing, that he never knew her, nor saw her; but this false answer and counterfeit coin of his, will no way pass current with his Judges, but they forthwith ordain him to the Rack. Our wretched Miller Pierot is amazed and terrified at the light hereof; yea, now his courage begins to fail him, as fearing it to be the true Prologue, and fatal Harbinger to his death; so he endures the fingle torment reasonable wel; but feeling the pinches and tortures of the second, and wel knowing, that his heart, joynts, & patience, can never endure it, he then & there confeffeth to his Judges, that he was the only author and actor of this murther, & that he strangled her in his Mill, and theu funk her in his Pond, because she would never consent or yeild to be his wife; but speaks not a word of Quarbriffon, or that he had any way seduced or hired him to commit it; but fed his exorbitant thoughts & erroneous hopes with the air of this vain bedief, That when he was condemned to dye here in Vannes, that he would then appeal thence to the Court of Parliament of Rennes, where he knew his young Master Quarbriffon then was, & where he prefumed he had fo many great & noble friends, as he should not need to fear his life. But (contrary to these his weak & poor hopes) the very next morning when he expected to hear the sentence of death pronounced against him, his Judges again adjudg him to the torments of the Scarpines, to know if Monsieur Quatbriffon, or any other, were accessary with him in this murther, when they cause his left foot to be burnt so foundly, as he will not endure to have his right touched, and so confesseth that his young Master, Quathrisson, seduced and hired him to frangle Marietta in her bed, in his Mill; and promifed him the Fee-fimple or Leafe thereof, to perform it; that he it was who likewise threw her into the Pond, and that he also believes the was quick with child by his said Master.

All Vannes wonder and talk of Quatbriffon's base ingratitude and cruelty towards this filly and harmless young Country-Maiden, Marietta; yea, this foul and lamentable Murther, administreth likewise talk in all the adjoining Towns and Parishes So this execrable Miller, Pierot, is by the Seneschal condemned to be broken alive on the Wheel; but yet (in regard of the necessity of his confrontation) they defer his execution till Quatbrisson be apprehended in Rennes, where the Seneshal and King's Attorney-General of Vannes, do by post fend fend away his accusation to that famous Court of Parliament, where, while he is prauncing in the streets of that City on his great Horse, and russling in his Scarlets & Sattins, with three Lacquies (richly clad)at his heels, the height of this pomp & bravery, makes his shame the more apparent, and his crimes the more foul and notorious: for then when he thought himself to be farthest from danger, lo the Justice and Providence of God brings him nearest to it: for he is now here (by a band of Huysiers, or Pursevants) taken off from his horse, apprehended and imprifoned by the command of the Lieutenant-Criminal of that great Court, who yet vainly repoling on the fidelity and secretie of Pierot, his Father's Miller, he seems to be no way difinaid or daunted thereat: but when he hears his Accufation and Indictment read, that Marietta's murthered body was found in the Pond, that Pierot the Miller was apprehended & imprisoned for the same, and that he had confessed him to be the Author, and himself the Actor of this her cruel murther, then, I fay, he is so appalled and daunted, & so far from any hope of life, as he utterly despairs thereof, and palpably sees the image of death before his eyes: When (with a few tears, and many fighs) he here to his Judges confesseth himself to be the Author of this foul fact, and so begs pardon thereof of God: for from these his grave and incorruptible Magistrates, he is affured and confident to find none. Whereupon, although four of the Council, and one of the Presidents, were resolved, in regard of this his inhuman and base crime, to have him hanged; yet the rest of that wise and honorable Senate, knowing him to be the Son and Heir to a very ancient Gentleman, nobly descended, they o're-sway and prevail with the others; and so they adjudg him the very next day to have his head cut off, although this his forrowful aged Father, Monsieur de Caerstaing, offered the one half of his Lands to fave his life; and likewise was a most importunate Suppliant to the Duke of Tremoville (who then and there presided at the Estates for the Nobility) to intercede with that Parliament for his reprieval, and with the King for his pardon, but in vain: for that noble Duke (confidering the basenels and enormity of this his inhuman fact) was too wise to attempt the one, and too honourable and generous to feek the other. So the very next morning Quatbriffon (apparelled in a Sute of black Sattin, trimmed with gold Lace) is brought to the Scaffold (at the common place of Execution, which is in the midst of the City), where a very great concourse of people of all forts, refort and flock to fee him take his last farewell of this world, of whom the greatest part and number lamented and pitied, that so proper and noble a Gentleman should first deserve, and then receive so untimely a death: When, after the Priests and Friers have here prepared and directed his foul, he, ascending the Scaffold, with somewhat a low voice, and dejected and forrowful countenance, he delivered this short speech :

That in regard he knows that (now when he is to take his last leave of this life) to charge his conscience with the concealing of any capital crime, is the direct & true way to send his foul to Hell instead of Heaven, he will now therefore reveal that he is yet more execrable & bloody, than his Judges think or know, or his Spectators imagine; for that he not only hired Pierot, his Father's Miller, to murther Marietta; but also the Apothecary, Moncallier, to poyfon his own Brother, Valfontain, of both which foul and bloody crimes of his, he now freely confesseth himself guilty, & now from his heart and soul forrowfully lamenteth & repenteth them; that his filthy lust and inordinate affection to women, was the first cause, and his neglect of prayer to God, the fecond, which hath justly brought him to this shameful end and confusion; and therefore he beseecheth all who are present, to be seriously forewarned of the like, by his woful example, and that (in Christian charity) they will now joyn their devout prayers with his, to God for his foul. When on the Scaffold praying a little while filently to himself kneeling, and then putting off his Doublet, he commits himself to the Executioner, who at one blow severed his head from his shoulders. But this punishment & death of Quatbriffon, fufficeth not now to give full content and fatisfaction to his Judges, who (by his own contession) considering his inhuman and deplorable poysoning of his own Brother Valsontain, they as foon as he is dead, and before he be cold, adjudg his body to be taken down, and

there burnt to ashes at the foot of the Gibbet, which accordingly is performed.

And here our thoughts and curiolity must now return Post from Rennes to Vannes, and from wretched Quastrisson, to the base and bloody Miller, Pieros, whom God and his Judges have now ordained shall likewise smart for this his lamentable murther on poor and harm-

less Marietta. He is brought to the Gallows in his old dusty mealy Suit of Canvas, where a Priest preparing him to dye, he(either out of impiety, or ignorance, or both) delivereth this idle speech to the people, That because Marietta was young and fair, he is now heartily forry that he had not married her; and that if he had been as wife as covetous, the two hundred Crowns, or the Leafe of his Mill, which his young Master, Monsieur Quastrisson, proffered him, might have made him wink at her dishonesty; and that although she were not a true Maid to her felf, yet that the might have proved a true and honest Wife to him; with many other frivolous words, and lewd speeches, tending that way; which I purposely omit, and refolve to pass over in silence, as holding them unworthy either of my relation, or the Reader's knowledg: when not having the grace once to name God, to speak of his Soul, to defire Heaven, or to feem to be any way repentant and forrowful for this his bloody offence, he is stripped naked, having only his thirt fastned about his waste, and with an Iron Barr hath his legs, thighs, arms, and breast, broken alive, and there his miserable body is left naked and bloody on the Wheel, for the space of two days, thereby to terrifie and deterr the beholders from attempting the like wretched crime. And the Judges of Vannes being certified from the Court of Parliament at Rennes, that Quartriffon at his death charged the Apothecary, Moncallier, to have (at his hiring and infligation) poysoned his Brother Valfontain, they hold the Church to be too holy a place for the body and burial of fo prophane and bloody a Villain: when, after well near a whole year's time that he was buried in Saint Francis Church in that Town, they cause his Cossin to be taken up, and both his Body and it to be burnt by the Common-Hang-man, and his ashes to be thrown into the air; which to the joy of all the Spectators is accordingly performed.

God's



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXV.

Value first murthereth his Son George, and next poysoneth his own Wife Hester; and being afterwards almost killed by a mad Bull in the fields, he revealeth these his two Murthers; for the which he is first hanged, and then burnt.

To religious hearts, there can nothing be so distassful as Sin, nor any Sin so odious and execrable as Murther: for, it being contrary to Nature and Grace, the very thought, much more the act thereof, strikes horror to their hearts and consciences. Wherefore, if this soul and bloody Sin be so displeasing to godly men, how infinitely more detestable is it then to God himself, who made all living creatures to serve man, and only created man purposely to serve himself? But as Choler and Malice proceed from the passions of men, so doth Murther from the Devil: for else we should not so often and frequently see it perpetrated in most Countreys and Cities of the World, as we do. A mournful Example whereof I here produce to your view and serious consideration.

The place of this History is Fribourg (an ancient City of Switzerland), which gives name to one of the Divisions (or Cantons) of that famous and warlike Country: wherein (of fresh memory) dwelt a rich Burger named Peter Vasty, who had to his Wise a modest, discreet, and vertuous woman, named Hester, by whom he had one only child, a Son called George Vasti,

Aaa 3

whom

whom God fent them the latter end of the first year of their marriage; and from the term of some ten years following, this married couple lived in most kind and loving fort each with other; yea, their hearts and inclinations fo sympathized in mutual and interchangeable aftection, as they held and reputed none of their neighbours for rich in content as themselves; for the was careful of her Family, and he very diligent and industrious to maintainit; both of them being chaste and continent in themselves, very religious towards God, and exceeding charitable, affable, and courteous to all their Neighbours and Acquaintance; only they are so temperate in their drinking, as he would not, and the could not be tainted with that beaftly vice of drunkenness, whereunto that Country, and the greatest part of that people are but too excessively addicted and subject. So that had Vajii still embraced and followed those Virtues in the course and conduction of his life, he had not then defiled this History with the profution of so many fins, nor besprinkled it with the effusion of so much innocent blood, nor confequently have administred fo much forrow to the Reader, in perusing and knowing it:but, as contrary Causes produce contrary Esfects; so he(by this time) polluting himself with filthy and pernicious company, it is no marvel if he leave his temperancy, to follow drunkenness, his chastity to commit fornication and adultery; yea, it is no marvel, I say, if these foul fins (as Bawds to Rage and Revenge) exact fuch power in his heart, and predominacy in his foul, as in the end to draw him to murther: for, good men cannot receive a greater plague, nor the Devil afford or give them a worse pestilence, than bad company. It is the tatal Shelfs, and difmal Rocks, whereon a world of people have, and do daily fuffer shipwrack; yea, it is the griet of a Kingdom and Country, the bane of our Age, and the corruption and poy lon of our Times: for it turns those who profess and pursue it, out of their Estates and Homes, which they are then enforced either to sell, or rather to give away to Ufurers and Cormorants; and confequently, which makes themselves, and their poor Wive's & Children, ready to starve and dye in our streets. So this is now the case of our Vasti, and therefore it will be his happinels, if it prove not his mifery hereafter: for after twelve years time of a most peaceable cohabitation, and godly conversation between him and his virtuous Wife Hefter, it is a thousand griefs and pities that she must now be inforced to see so bruitish and beaitly a Metamorphosis in her Husband; for he is no more the man which he was, nor the Husband which the formerly found him to be. He loves neither his house nor his wife, but flays abroad every day with his Whores, and then at night returns home to her ffark drunk, in lamentable fort reviles & beats her, whereas heretofore he would rather have lost his life, than have strucken her; and whereas heretofore he affected & loved her so dearly, as he thought he could not be kind enough to her, now (in the extravagancy of these his debauched humours)he hates her fo deadly, as he deems and supposeth he cannot be sufficiently cruel to her, although her affection be still so fervent to him, and her care so vigilant and respectful of him, as the gives him nothing but either sweet words, tears, sighs, silence, or prayers, yea, the proves her self so good a woman to so bad a man, and so courteous and virtuous a wife to so unkind and vicious a husband, as to the eyes and judgments of all their Kinsfolks and Neighbours, they know it is now her praise and glory, & fear it will hereafter prove his shame and misery. She leaves no means unestayed, or invention unsought & unattempted, to divert and turn this foul inundation of his vice, into the sweet streams of virtue, and the pure rivers of godliness, but alas good woman! her care proves vain, and her affection & zeal impollible herein, although her pale cheeks, mournful eyes, brinish tears, far-fetch'd fighs, religious prayers, and fweet pertwations, do still fecond and accompany her endeavours in this her defired hope of his reformation: for the is enforced to know that he keeps a young Strumpet named Salyna, at the Town of Cleraux, some fix leagues from Fribourg, whither most mornings he goes to hersand to make himfelf the more treacherous a dissembler to his wife, & the more execrable a trayfor to his foul, he fortifieth and coloureth out this his accustomed journey to his Strumpet, with this false Apology, that he goes to Cleranx to hear the Sermons of Mr. Abraham Tifflin, a very famous and religious Preacher there; when God, and his ulcerated foul and conscience, know the contrary, and that this pretended excuse of his, is but only a falle cloak, to over-yell his true Adultery, and prophane Impiety : for he needed not to have formerly added whoredom to his drunkenness, and now ingratitude, cruelty, and impiety, to his whoredom, in regard the least of these enormous crimes and fins, assuredly have the power, and will infallibly find the means to make him futurely as milerable, as now he foolishly thinks himself happy; for these his journeys to Cleraux, are only the Pilgrimage of his wanton Lust. Salyna is the Saint of his voluptuous devotion, her house the Temple of his ob-scene wishes, and Adultery the oblation and sacrifice of his lascivious desires. We can difficultly make our felves guilty of a fouler fin on earth, than to feem fanctified in

our devotion towards God, when we are prophane, or to endeavour to appear found without, when we are rotten within in our faith and religion: for as man is the best and noblest of all God's creatures, so an hypocrite towards God, is the worlf of men; yea, or rather a Devil and no man: for our hearts and actions, and our most retired thoughts, and secret darlingfins, are conspicuous and transparent to God's eyes, as his decrees and resolutions are visible to ours, fith he fees all things, and we fee nothing when we do not fee him. A miserable height of impiety, in making of our selves foolishly finners, and wilfully hypocrites, and yet it is a more fatal and fearful degree thereof, when we fo delight in hin, and glory in hypo-

crifie, as to make Apologies for the same.

But Vafti, not thinking either of Religion or God, frolicks it out with Salyna his Strumpet, in Cleraux, whiles his own virtuous wite Hester weeps at home at Fribourg; and when he returns thence, he is still so hard-hearted and cruel to her, as he continually beats her. Now by this time George their Son is fixteen years of age, of a man's courage and stature, & of a very pregnant wit; fo that as young as he is, he hath been long enough a forrowful eye-witness of his Father's cruelty in beating of his Mother; he hath formerly feen the lamentable effects, and now he falls on his knees to her, and (with tears and prayers) befeecheth her to acquaint him with the true cause thereof, and from whence it proceeds: when his Mother adding more confidence to his wildom, than to his youth) from point to point fully relates it to him, accordingly as we have formerly understood. George burst forth into forrowful passions at her repetition, & his knowledg hereof, as not able to refrain from fighing to fee her figh, nor from weeping to fee her weep. He as much grieves to be the Son of fo vicious a Father, as he rejoyceth and glorieth to be that of fo virtuous a Mother: fo he makes her forrows his, & here weds himselt to her quarrel, (with promise and oath)either to right it with his Father, or to revenge it on Salyna, whom he knows to be the original cause of all these storms and tempests, of all these afflictions and miseries which befall his Mother, and in her himself. He will no longer be a child, because God & Nature hath now made him a Man: so the very next time he fees his Father beat his Mother, he steps to her assistance, and defends her from the tyranny of his blows; and then advanceth fo far, as he performs it with an unwilling willing resistance of himsthe which his Father takes extreamly ill and cholerickly from him, gives him sharp words, & menaceth him with bitter blows. George his Son, first returns him a brief reherfal of the wrongs and indignities he still offereth to his Mothers when protesting of his obedience to him, he yet tells him, that he is willing to entertain his words, but no longer capable to digest & receive his blows; adding withal (as a passionate Corollary) that ere long he will visit his Strumpet Salyna in Cleraux, and make her feel a part of her base carriage and ill defervings both towards his Mother and himself. Vasti is much assonished at this audacity and boldness of his Son, but far more to hear him name & threaten Salyna, the very thought of which his speeches grates him to his heart, and grieves him to his soul: so he puts water in his wine, holds it for that time a virtue to be no longer flormy, but calmi& then (cholerickly threatning him with his finger) he departs to his Chamber, leaving his Wife and his Son confulting in the Parlour, how (with most affurance, and least scandal) they may provide for their affairs. The next morning, Valti his Father keeps his bed, & gives order, that neither his Wife or Son have admittance to him, the which discourtefie of his, gives his Son a fresh and strong motive to revive his last night's discontent against his Father, and his choler against Salyna; when bidding his Mother the Good-morrow, and craving her blefling, he (purposely) frames an excuse to leave her till she be ready, and so very privately takes horse, and that morning acts a buliness every way worthy of himself, & indeed far more worthy of laughter, than of our pity. For it is not so much his malice to Salyna, as his affection to his Mother Helier, which carries him and his resolution to Cleraux; where entring Salyna's house, he (with fire in his looks, and thunder in his speeches) calls her whore & strumpet, chargeth her for abuling his Father, and in him his Mother and himself. His choler cannot retain her patience, to hear her false Answers and Apologies to the contrary; but disdaining as much to use his fword on a woman, as to foul it on a strumper, he takes his man's short cudget, and gives her at least a dozen blows on her back, arms, and shoulders therewith, seriously vowing and swearing to her, That if she forfake not his Father's company, and use the means that henceforth he do utterly abandon her, he will shortly give her so bitter a payment and requital, as he will hardly leave her either the will or power to thank him for his courtefie; and so remounts his horse, and presently gallops home to his Mother, whom he acquaints therewith, but yet conceals it from his Father; whereat the feems not to be a little joyful, and yet heartily prayeth to God, that this breed no bad blood in her Husband, or prove either an incitation to his choler against her self, or a propension of revenge against their Son. But. But this joy of Hester, and her Son George, proves the sighs and tears of Salyna, who not accustomed to receive such sharp payment & stage from any man's hands whosoever, it makes her extream cholerick and vindictive, so that her stomack is so great, and her heart so highly and imperiously lodged, that she will not suffer this cruel affront offered her by George Vasis, to go unrequited: but yet she will be as advised and secret in her revenge towards him, as he was rash and publick in his toward her. To which end and purpose, seeing that Vasti his father came not to her that day (whereby she judged he was wholly ignorant what had befallen her from his Son), she that night writes him a short Letter, and the next morning sends it home to Fribourg to him, by a consident Messenger of hers, who arriving there, and sinding him pensively walking in his Garden, he respectfully delivered it to him; who breaking up the Seals thereof, found it spake thus:

BEING ALYNA to VASITI And and with

BI all the inviolable love and tender affection which is betwixt us, I pray and conjure you to leave Fribourg, and come over to me with hafte and expedition to Cleraux, because I have a great and important secret to reveal to you, which equally concerns us, and which I dare not to commit to Pen and Paper, for that the relation and knowledg thereof, needs no other witnesses but our selves. If you any way neglect this my advice, or deny or desert this my request, the grief will be mine own, but the prejudice and repentance yours bereafter. I write you these sines with infinite offliction and sorrow, which nothing can desace, but your sight, nor remedy, but your presence; and when you come to me, prepare your heart and resolution to receive it from me with far more tears than kisses.

This Letter of hers doth so nettle Vasti with apprehension and fear, that his Son George hath offered her some violence and out-rage, as he is almost as soon in Cleraux, as he is out of Fribourg, where his Mistress, Salyna, very passionately and cholerickly informs him of his Son's cruelty towards her, and to add the more efficacy to her speeches, the more power to her complaints, and the more oyl to the fire of his anger and revenge) she forgets not to paint out to him (in all their colours) the number of his Son's blows, and the nature and quality of his threats given her; when watering her words with her tears, the swears, that if he speedily do not right and revenge these her wrongs upon his said Son, she wil never kiss or see him more. Vafti takes thefe speeches from Salyna's tongue, and placeth them in his own heart; yea, he hereat is fo cholerickly intended toward his Son, & fo fortiffly afte cred to her, as confulting with rage, but not with reason, and with Saran, not with God, he (to exhale her tears, and to to give consolation to her forrows) tells her, That he loves her so tenderly and constantly, as he will not fail to kill his Son for this uncivil & inhuman fact of his towards her. Salyna is amazed and aftonished at this his unnatural resolution to his Son; the which (as vicious as she is) the abhorrs and condemns in him as foon as understands. So the tells him plainly, that albeit she have given him her heart and body; yet, that she is not so exempt of grace, nor so wretchedly instructed in Piety, as to take away her soul from God; and therefore, that although the be guilty of Adultery, yet the wil never be of Murther: fo in religious terms (worthy of an honester woman than her self, the powerfully seeks to disswade him from this bloody and unnatural attempt, as well to prevent their future wrongs and fears, as to secure their dangers and reputations; and so prays him to feek out some other remedy and requital towards his Son; the which he promifeth her, and feals it with some oaths and many kiffes; flays and dines with her, and immediately takes horse and rides homewards. His Son George finding his Father ridden forth, and being afcertained that he was gone to Cleraux, to his Strumpet Salyna, where the would acquaint him at full with his beating of hershe fearing his choler, holds it more differetion than obedience in him, to take his Sword with him for his defence; when chuting a good horse out of the stable, he deems it more secure, and less dangerous, to meet his Father halt way betwixt Cleraux and Fribourg, and there in the open Field to expect and attend what he had to fay to him. Vafti feeing his Son George afar off, come riding towards him, with his Sword by his fide, he much marvelleth thereat; when well knowing his courage and valour, and that (as young as he was he had lately at Shafoufe acquitted himself of a Duel to his honour and reputation, he therefore resolves to make it a Tongue, and not a Sword-quarrel with him; and to they meet : George doing his duty to his Father with his Hat off, and his Father speaking not angerly, but mildly to him. Their Meadow conference which they then and there had betwixt them, was thus:

Fa. What reason hadst thou so cruelly to beat poor Salyua? So. Athousand times more than you have to beat my Mother Hester,

Fa. Tell me why?

So. The reason is just and pertinent, because that is your tascivious whore, and this your chaste and virtuous Wife.

Fa. What hast thou gotten by this thy rash choler in beating her? bus adains reducing

So. Not by far so much as you have lost by your sottish lust in kissing her. I all all the

Fa. It is thy Mother's jealousie which hath fown & scattered these untruths in thy belief.

So. I pray excuse me, for they are palpable and apparent truths, and such as it is wholly impossible either for your hypocrifie or policy to root thence, soll old and notice and had and support be

Fa. Since when becamefithou fo fawcy and peremptory?

So. From that very time I first understood you were become fo vicious.

Fa. I have a mad Son in thee.

So. It were a great happiness both for my Mother and my self, if you proved a tamer Husband to ber, and an honester Father to me.

Fa. If thou follow those courses, to love thy Mother better than my felf, I vow I will wholly difinherit thee.

So. If you follow these courses, to love Strumpets better than my Mother, I swear you will shortly consume all your Estate, and disinherit your self first.

Fa. This word Strumpet is very rife in thy mouth.

So. I wish to God that the thing were not so frequent in your heart.

Fa. Wilt thou be friends with Salyna, and reconcile thy self to her?

So. Yes, when I see you become an enemy to her, and a friend to my Mother and your self for not before. Fa. Why, Charity is the true mark of a Christian.

Fa. Shall I make peace betwixt thee and Salyna?

So. No; but I would make it the joy of my heart, and the glory of my life, if I might be so happy to knit and confirm a good peace betwixt your felf and my Mother.

Fa. Wilt thou attempt it, if I request thee?

So. I will, if you please to command me.

Fa. I pray thee George do.

So. My best endeavours shall berein wait on your desires, and dutifully follow your commands.

Fa. But be careful to make my reconciliation with thy Mother eternal.

So. It can never subsist nor prosper, if you benceforth resolve to make it temporary, because affe-Elion and amity which once receive end, had never beginning.

Fa. Here I vow constantly a reformation of my life from all other women, and a perpetual renovation of my affection to my Wife thy Mother.

So. God and his Angels blefs this your conversion, and confirm this resolution in you.

Fa. And God bless thee my Son for wishing and defiring it.

So. I thank you, Sir; but I humbly pray you likewife to forgive and forget this my boldness to you in my Mother's behalf.

Fa. George, here in the presence of God I cheerfully and freely do it from my heart.

So. Amen, Amen, Sir.

This Meadow-conference thus ended between them, they ride home towards Fribourg, and by the way Vafti willeth and prayeth his Son to finith this peace between him and his Mother that very night, and to dispole her so effectually thereunto, as that they may make a merry fupper of it, and all former differences between them to be then and there ended, and for ever trampled under foot; the which George his Son to the best of his possible power cheerfully and joyfully promifeth him. So home they come; Vasti walks in his Garden, and George finds out his Mother in her own Chamber, being newly rifen from her prayers, wherein the was for realous & religious, as the spent the greatest part of her time. Here George informs his Mother Hefter at full, what conference had now past in the open fields betwixt him and his Father; and (in a word) he here acts his part and duty fo well and discreetly, as he leaves no part nor perfwalions unattempted, to draw her to this attonement with his Father. When at first, confidering the nature and quality of her Husband's unkind and cruel ulage to her, the found an opposition hereof in her mind, and a resistance in her will, and a reluctancy in her nature and judgment. But at last giving now her former discontent to charity, her passions to peace, her forrows to filence, her refolutions to Religion, her anger to affection.her malice to oblivion, and her grief unto God, she (after a brief consultation, & a short expostulation hereof between them) with a cheerful countenance thanks her Son for his care of her, & his affection to her herein, and so informs him, That she having never justly offended her Husband in thought, word, or deed is as willing of peace and reconciliation with him, as he can pollibly defire or wish, and here to testifie it to her Son, as well in action as words, she would then have gone

down with him to her Husband, there privately to have concluded this Christian business betwixt them, had her Son not diverted her from it: for being exceeding careful to preferve his Mother's right and reputation, he prays her to stay, alledging, that he would presently fetch and conduct his Father to her Chamber to her, as holding it more requifite & just, that the Delinquent, should first fee & feek the party wrong'd, before the party feek the Delinquent, whereat the cannot refrain from smiling, & then bids him go. So George descends to the Garden, and acquaints his Father with his Mother's free disposition and cheerful resolution to a perpetual peace with him; whereat he feems infinitely glad and joyful; and fo afcends her Chamber, and, having faluted her, tells her, that he is very forrowful and repentant for his former ill carriage and unkindness towards her, whereof he prays her pardon, and constantly wows reformation: so this his virtuous and kind Wife, Hester, freely forgets and forgives Valiz her Husband; and then he gives her many kiffes in requital, and bids his Son George to provide good cheer for Supper; and the better to seal and solemnize this their reconciliation and attonement, he bids them to invite some of their Kinsfolks and Neighbours to be present thereat, who were formerly acquainted with their debates and differences; where no good cheer, and choice wine, is wanting. So they are wonderful frolick, pleafant, and merry, all rejoice at this good news, and highly applaud their Son George for his discreet carriage & care in the managing of this bufinels. Thus all things feem to be fully reconciled, and here Valit drinks many times to his Wife Hefter, and the again to her Husband, with much affection and joy. When Supper being ended, their guests departed, and their Son George having received both of their bleffings, they betake themselves to their Chamber and bed.

Now (in all human sense and reason) who would once conceive or think, that after this Meadow-conference of Vasti to his Son George, but that this his now table-reconciliation with his Wife Hester, were true, and pronounced with much integrity from himself, with deep affection to her, and infinite zeal and devotion to God; but alas, nothing less: for, here I am inforced to relate, that Vafti the same night had not lain in bed by his Wife five or fix hours, but the (good woman) fleeping in her innocency, he (as a Devil-incarnate) was waking in his malice and revenge, and laughing in his fleeve to fee how cunning and fubtilly he hath lull'd afleep the courage of his Son with a Meadow-conference, and the jealoufie of his Wife with a Supper, and a few sweet words and kisses: when here again the Devil blowing the coals to his luft and marshalling up his former obscene defires and resolutions, only his body is in bed with his Wife Hefter here in Fribourg, but his affection and heart is still in the bosome of his Strumpet Salyna in Cleraux, yea, the Devil, I fay, is now both so busic and so strong with him, that (as a hellish Counsellor, and prodigious Pen-man) he writes down this definitive fentence in his thoughts, and faral refolution in his heart, That Salyna he will love, and his Wife Helier he cannot; and that shortly he will give so sharp a revenge to his Son George for his difobedience towards him, and for beating of his Salyna, as the thall have no further cause to fear his cruelty, nor himself his courage, and because he preferrs her love to his own life (as being dangeroutly intangled and captivated in the snares of her youth and beauty) he like-

wife resolves to write and send her a Letter the very next morning.

Now judg, Christian Reader, is not this like to prove a sweet reformation and reconciliation of Vasti to his Wise and Son, sith these are the sparks which disfuse and slye out from the fire of his lust, and the satal lines which issue forth from the Center of his bloody heart, and tinful soul; for in the morning before his Wise is out of her bed, he is stirring, and writes this Letter to Salyna, which he sends her by a trusty messenger.

VASTI to SALYNA.

Am plotting of a business which will infinitely import boeh our contents: so if thou wilt resolve to brook my absence with as much patience, as I do thine with sorrow, I shall finish it the sooner, and consequently the sooner see thee. I have met with an Accident which I thought was wholly impossible for me to meet with; and though at first it brought me fear and affliction, yet at length I was inforced to interpose discretion instead of courage, thereby to draw security out of policy, which I could not hope for out of resistance: for I must inform thee of this truth, That if my zeal and affection to thee, had not been of greater power and consideration than that of mine own life, I should then with more facility and willingness rather have hazarded it for thy sake, than have reserved it for mine own. But the mists of those doubts are now dissipated, and the Clouds of these fears blown away: or if not, I will shortly take that order, that thou shalt have no cause to fear the one, or I to doubt the other. When I shall be so happy to see thee, I know not; but if fortune prove propitious to my desires and wishes, my return shall be added with as much celerity, as it is easerly longed for of me with affection and passion.

Salyna receives this Letter of Valit's with equal fear and joy; for as she was glad to hear of him and his news; so she was sorrowful, as fearing that for her sake he should embark him felf in some bloody business, which might prove ruinous to them both. And although her apprehension do far exceed her knowledg herein, yet her suspicion will give her no truce, neither can her jealousie administer any peace either to her heart or mind, before she be resolved by Valit of the doubtful and different truth thereof. She is so prophane and lascivious, as she can content her self to make him guilty of Fornication; but yet Religion hath left some sparks and impressions of Piety in her, that she would still have him innocent of Revenge and Murther: to which effect, by his own Messenger she returns him this Answer:

SALYNA to VASTI.

Because you deem me unworthy to know your Designs, therefore I have assumed the boldness to sear them; in which regard and consideration, find it not strange that I now entreat you to engrave in your heart, and imprint in your memory, That Malice is most commonly squint-ey'd, and Revenge still blind: therefore if you will not ruin our affections and fortunes, take heed that you embrue not your heart and hand in innocent blood: for Murther is a crying and a scarlet sin, which God may forgive and make white by his Mercy, but will not by his Justice; whereof this my Letter of Advice to you, shall be a witness betwixt God, your self, and me: and therefore, as you love me, hazzard not your life for my sake, but preserve it for your own. As it is in your will to make your stay from me as long or as short as you please; so it shall be in my pleasure to judg thereof, and thereby likewise of your affection to me. I wish I could be more yours than I am, and your self as often in my sight and company, as I desire God prosper you in your stay, and me in your absence.

SALYNA.

Vasti having thus setled his affection and affairs with Salyna, he sees (with grief) that it is now almost impossible for him to see her in Cleraux, because of the vigilant and watchful eye of his Son George over himfelf and his actions here in Fribourg; wherefore, notwithstanding her wholesome and religious advice to him to beware of blood, yet his luftful affection to her, doth so outbrave and conquer his natural love to him, that to fatisfie his inordinate concupilcence, and to give content to his obscene and beastly defires, he vows he will shortly fend him to Heaven in a bloody Costin. Now the sooner and better for him to compass and finith this his deplorable stratagem, and unnatural resolution against his Son, his counsellor, the Devil adviseth him, that he must for a short time make wonderful fair weather with him, and gild over all his speeches and actions to his Wife Hester, with much respect and courtesie; the which Valti doth speedily put in practice. So for a month or six weeks time, he sees not Salyna, but all things (to the eye of the world) go in great peace, affection, and tranquility betwixt Father, Mother, and Son. But this false sun-shine will be too soon o'retaken with a dismal form and tempest: for what Religious or Christian shew soever Vasti externally makes unto them, yet although he hath God in his tongue, he nevertheless internally carries the Devil about him in his heart: so again and again he definitively vows and swears to himself, that his Son George shall not live, but dye. Thus being resolute in his bloody purpose, he likewife refolves to add policy to his malice against him, as thinking and hoping thereby, with more facility, to draw him to the lure and fnare, which (in his Diabolical invention) he hath ordained for his destruction. He fills his head with the fumes and honour of military actions, inflames his courage with the generofity and dignity of a Soldier, whereunto as also to travel into other Countreys, he knew that this his Son of himself was already ambitiously inclined and affected. At other times he representeth to him, to how many damages and dangers idleness is exposed and subject; and what a noble part and ornament it is in young men to learn virtues abroad, thereby to be the more capable to know how to practile them at home; and with what renown and glory their Ancestors have heretofore beaten and ruined the Dukes of Burgundy, their protessed enemies, and now made themselves and their Country famous to the greatest Princes & Potentates of Europe, especially to the kings of France & Spain, who these many years, & now rewise at present (quoth he) do equally court our affections & service, though not with the ome or like integrity. And these, & such treacherous Lectures, doth Vasti still read unto his Son George, as often as he calls him into his company & presence until at 1aft the fame and name of a Soldier, and the honour of travel, have to surprised his youthful affection, and seized on his ambitious resolutions, that at last he beseecheth his Father to fend him abroad in some Martial service, or generous employment. But the Father being as cuming as his Son is rath & inconfiderate, suffereth himself of purpose to be earnestly

and frequently importuned by him to that effect; the which he doth: When at last his Father promiseth to send him to Rome, to his Unkle Andrew Vasti, who he faith) is a chief Captain of one of the Companies of this present Pope Urban VIII his Guard, who was an old man, very rich, & without wife, child, or kinfman with him. George thanks his Father for this his courtesie and honour, and importuneth him again and again to hasten this his departure & journey to Rome to his Unkle; the which he then firmly promifeth him: but yet the greatest difficulty hereof is, how he may obtain his Wife's confent to this journey of her Son, who at first opposeth it very strongly and passionately, as knowing her Son to be her only child, her right arm, a great part of her felf, the delight and joy of her life, and the prop and flay of her age. But the Father leaves his Son to draw & obtain his Mother's confent, as politickly knowing and forefeeing, that the lefs himfelf, & the more his Son importun'd her, the fooner she would grant it; the which indeed fel out as he expected; only, whereas the Son requested to flay four years abroad, his Father gave him but three, & his Mother would grant him but two; whereunto at latt both Father and Son were enforced to condescend: and now this cruel-hearted Father, provides his courteous-natur'd Son George a new Suit of Apparel, aHorse, and Money, and refolves to accompany & bring him as far as Turin in his journey, which courtefie of his his Wife and Son, take most lovingly and thankfully. The morn of George his departure comes; and because his Mother the precedent night dreamt that her Son should dye in this journey, the was now exceeding forrowful to let him go and depart from her; but being again fortified and rectified by the advice of her Husband, and likewife vanquished by the importunate requests &prayers of her Son, the bedews his cheeks with her tears, gives him much good counfel, tome gold, & her bleffing; and to they take leave each of other, God putting apprehenfion into her heart, & the Devil affurance into her Husband's resolutions, that she should never see her Son again: And indeed I write with grief, that we shall progress very little farther in this History, before we see her dream verified, and her apprehention confirmed. The manner thus:

For Vafti being privately as resolute in his malice and revenge to his Son, as this his Son is innocent in not deferving it of his Father)is so far from bringing him to Turin, as he will not bring him as far as Geneva, but a mile before he comes to Lofanna (where he tells his Son he would lye that night), the night approaching, and in a long narrow Lane, where he faw that no earthly eye could see him (being wholly deprived of the grace and fear of God, and abfolurely abandoned to Satan and Hell) as his Son rides close before him, he shoots him thorow the back with his Pistol, charged with a brace of Bullets, who immediately falling dead to the ground, he there descends his horse, and (without any remorse or pity, as no Father, but rather as a Devil incarnate), cuts off his note, most lamentably scarrs & mangles his face, that he might not be known, & so takes him on his shoulders, & there throws him into a deep ditch or precipice, as also the saddle and bridle of his horse, & turning the horse to seek his fortune in the wide fields, he (to provide for his fafety) rides swiftly to Morges, and there very secretly husheth himself up, pretending to be sick, and eight days being expired (which was the prefixed time and day he gave his wife for his return) he by a contrary Road-way of Rolle and St. Claude, arrives home to Fribourg to her, brings her word of the health of her Son, and of the remembrance of his duty to her, and that he left him well in Turin, expecting the benefit of good company to travel up to Rome; whereat his harmless loving Mother, she weeps

for joy, and yet rejoyceth in weeping.

And now for some ten days after his return from acting this woful and deplorable Tragedy on his Son, he keeps a good correspondency and decorum with his Wife Hefter, but at the end thereof (folely forgetting his heart and foul, his God and his conscience, his promises and oaths, and his atonement and reconciliation) he again falls into the dangerous relapse of his former old vice, whoredom, and drunkenness; and yet counselled by a better Angel than his own, he forbears to beat her, as well feeing, and now knowing, that thereby nothing redounded to him, but scandal and scorn from all his neighbours, friends, & kinsfolks. But now his lust is again fo great, and his defires to fervently lascivious towards Salyna, that in staying less than eightweeks; he thinks he hath stay'd more than seven years from her; when pretending to his wife another journey, he rides over to Cleraux to her. Salyna gives him many kiffes for his welcome, and a many more for relating to her that he hath fent away his Son George to Rome, and to refide and live there: for the being his Father's strumpet, her guilty and finful conscience made her stand in extream sear of him; but yet amidst her kisses & pleasures with him (remembring the tenor and contents of his last Letter to her, and her answer thereof to him thoughts are something touched with doubt, and her mind assaulted and perplexed with fear, that the Father had play'd no fair play with his Son, but that in regard of his interate malice to him for beating her, he might have fent him to Heaven, and not to Rome.

To which purpose she feels and sounds him every way, but he is as constant to deny it, as she curious to enquire after it. So she believing that he had assumed no bloody thoughts against his Son, she is not yet so devoid of grace, or exempt of goodness, but she gives him this religious caveat for a Memento, which she delivers to him accentively and passionately, That if she knew he had made away his Son by any untimely end, or unnatural accident, or that he were any way acceffary to any prodigious difaster which had befaln him, she vow'd to God, and fwore to him, that the would spit in his face, disdain his company; and reject his affection and himself for ever; for that she was most affured and confident, that God (in his due time) would pour down vengeance and confusion on those whom the Devil had seduced and drawn to embrue their hearts and hands in innocent blood. But Valti is past grace, and therefore flightly passeth over these virtuous speeches of his vicious Salyna, with a denial & a kiss, and then they fall to their mirth and familiarity, and he stays there all that day, and lies with her the whole night following, but still Salyna (resembling her self and her profession) is very fing rative of his Gold, and he as sottishly prodigal in giving it to her, as she is covetous to crave and defire it of him: fo (after he had glutted himself with his beaffly pleasure of Salyna) he the next day rides home to his wife, who knowing where and with whom he had been, and confidering it to be the first time of his new error, and his first relapse into his old one, fince their reconciliation, the fays nothing to him to discontent him, but yet thinks and fears the more. When retiring her self into her Garden (after many bitter fighs and tears for these her immerited crosses and calamities) she there grieves and repents her self for permitting her Son George to go to Rome, and a thousand thousand times wisheth his return, to affilt and comfort her. But her tears herein prove as vain, as her wishes are impossible to be effected, although at present very needful and necessary for her.

For now Valti her Husband (to make her forrows the more infinite, her hopes the more defperate, and her afflictions the more remediles) falls again to his old practice of beating her, notwithstanding all his late oaths and new promises to the contrary; but he the more especially plays the tyrant with her in this kind, when he comes home to her from his Cups and Whores: for she knows with grief, that he retains and entertains more than Salyna; only she is too sure, that Salyna hath his purse, his company, his affection, and his heart, at her command, far more than her self; she sends her sighs to Heaven, and her prayers to God, that (out of the profundity of his mercy and goodness, he would be pleased either to amend her Husband, or to end her self; for griess, sorrows, and afflictions, are so heaped on her, and slike the waves of the Sea) sall so sall so fast one upon the neck of the other to her, that she is weary of her life, and of her self. When on a time after he had cruelly beaten her, torn off her head-attire, given her a black eye, and swoln sace, and dishevel'd & disparpled her hair about her ears and shoulders, making God her Protector, and Chamber her Sanctuary, exempting her servants who came to assist and comfort her, and fast bolting her door, she to her self very pensively

and mournfully breathes forth these speeches.

O poor Hester! what sensible grief is it to thy heart to think, & matchless torments to thy mind, to see and remember, that whiles thou art true to thy Husband Vasti, he proves both ingrateful and false to thee, and that he continually makes it his delight and glory to hate thee who art his dear wife, purposely to bestow his time and his affection, yea to cast away his estate and him elf on his lewd young Strumpet Salyna. O, were he more happy & less guilty in that lascivious and beattly crime, I should then be less miserable, and more patient & joyful in the remembrance thereof. O how wretched is his effate and condition! and therefore how miferable is thine, in that he wilfully forfakes God and his Church, to follow adultery and drunkenness; and abandoneth all piety and prayer, to shipwrack himself, and (which is worse) his soul, upon all carnal pleasures, and voluptuous sensualicies. The which grieving to fee, and almost drowning my felf night and day in my tears to understand. I have none but God to affift me in these my bitter afflictions and miseries; and, under God, none but my hopeful Son George, left to comfort me in these my unparallel'd calamities and disconsolations. Therefore, O God, if ever thou heardest the prayers, or beheldest the tears of a poor miscrable distressed woman, because I can neither now see, nor futurely hope for any reformation in the life and actions of my debauched and vicious Husband, be(I befeech thee) lo indulgent and gracious to me, thy most unworthy Hand-maid, that either shortly thou return me my said Son from Rome, or speedily take me to thy self in Heaven. But yet, O my bleifed Saviour and Redeemer, not my, but thy will be done in all things.

She having thus (privately to her felf) vented her forrows, but not as yet found the means either how to remedy or appeale them, because her Husband is no Changeling, but is still resolute in his ingrateful unkindness and cruelty towards her, she is now resolved Bbb 3 (though

(though with infinite grief and reluctation) to acquaint the Preacher of the Parish, and some two of her Husband's dearest and nearest Kinstolks, to speak with him again, and to acquaint them with his pernicious relapse into all his old vices of Drunkenness, Whoredom, and Fighting; and to defire them to use all their possible power to divert him from it; wherein her refolution hath this just excuse, That if they cannot work it, none but God can. But all their care, affection, and zeal, cannot prevail with him: for he, with the filthy Deg, returns to his vomit; and, with the bruitish Swine, again to wallow in the dirt, and welter in the mire of his former vices and voluptuoufnels. For now her Husband Vaffi is oftner at Cleraux with his Sahna, than at home at tribeurg with his Wife, who (as formerly we have underflood) fill makes him pay dear for his pleasures; and, as a subtil rooking Strumpet, emptieth his Purfe of his Gold, as fast as he foolishly filleth it; he being not contented to waste his body, to thipwrack his reputation, to cast away his time, but also to cast away his estate and himself for her: the which his virtuous wife cannot but observe with sorrow, and remember with grief and vexation; but, the fees it impossible for her how to redress it: for the is not capable to dissemble her discontent to him so privately, as he publickly makes known his cruelty to her: wherefore her thoughts suggest her, and her judgment prompts her, to prove another experiment and trial on him. To which end the tells him, that if he will not henceforth abandon beating of her, forfake his old vices, and become a new man, and a reformed Husband, that then (all delays fet apart) the will speedily (by some one of her nearest kinsfolks) fend Post to Rome, to his Brother Captain Andrew Vajii, that her Son George return home to her to Fribourg, the which she is more than confident, upon the receit of her first Letter, he will speedily and joyfully perform.

Her Husband Vasti is extreamly galled with this speech, and netted with this resolution of his wife Hester, because (wretched villain as he is) he (but too well) knows he hath already sent his Son to Heaven in a bloody Winding-sheet; and therefore both sears and knows, that by this his wife's sending Post to Rome; his deplorable and damned sack wil infallibly burst forth and come to light; the which therefore to prevent, he (as bad and cruel-hearted as the Devil himself) is execrably resolved to heap Ossa upon Pelion, to add blood to blood, and murther to murther; and so now to poyson the Mother, his wife, as he had lately pistol'd his and her only Son to death. O Hester, it had been a singular happiness for thee; that thou hadst not thus threatned thy Husband Vasti, to send to Rome for thy Son George; but that thou hadst either been dumb when thou spak'st it, or he deaf when he heard it; for herebythinking to preserve, thou hast extreamly endanger'd thy self; and hoping to make thy Son thy refuge and Champion, I sear with grief, and grieve with sear, that thou hast made thy self the ruin of thy self.

For Vasti is so strong with the Devil, and so weak with God, in this his bloody design, to murthet his wise Hester, as neither Grace or Nature, Religion or God, the sear of his bodie's tortures in this like, or of his soul's torments in that to come, are able to divert him from it, he having no other reason for this his damnable rage, nor no other cause for this his infernal and hellish cruelty, but this trivial and yet pitiful poor one, that his wise Hester is an eye-sore to him, because his Salyna is so to her. A wretched excuse, and execrable Apology, and no less execrable and wretched is he that makes it. So he (turning his back to God, and his face and heart to the Devil provides himself of strong poyson, and cunningly insusing it into a Musk-mellon, which he knew she loved well, and resolved to eat that day at dinner, she greedily eating a great part of it, before night she dies thereos. When very subtily he gives out to his Servants and Neighbours, that she dyed of a Surfeit in then and there eating too much of the Musk-mellon; and so all of them considently believe and report.

Thus we have feen with forrow, and understood with grief, that this execrable wretch Vasti hath played the part of a Devil, in poysoning his virtuous and harmless wise Hester, and
now we shall likewise see him play the part of an Hypocrite to conceal it, as if it lay in his
power to blindsold the eyes of God, as wel, or as easily, as to hood-wink those of men, from
the fight and knowledg thereof. He seems wonderful forrowful for his wise's death, dights
himself and his servants all in black, provides a greater dinner, and performs her Funerals
with extraordinary solemnity. But notwithstanding, God looks on him with his eye of Justice, for both these his cruel inhuman barbarous murthers of his Son and Wise, and therefore now (in his Providence) resolves to punish him sharply and severely for the same; as,

mark the sequel, and it will instantly inform us how.

Our debauched and bloody Vasti, immediately upon his wise's death and burial, doth without intermission haunt the house and company of his lascivious strumpet Salyna, at Cleraux, as if the enjoying of her fight, presence, and telf, were his chiefest delight, and most soveraign earthly selicity. He spends a great part of his estate on her, and to satisfie her covetous and his

lustful defires, he is at last enforced to mortgage and fell away all his Lands: for as long as he had money, the was his; but when that failed him, then the (as a right Strumpet, acting a true part of her felf) failed in her accustomed kindness and familiarity towards him, and casts

The judgments of God, and the decrees of Heaven, are as fecret as facred, and as miraculous as just, which we shall see will now by degrees be apparently made good and verified in this Monster of men, and Devil of Fathers and Husbands, Vasti. For his Mansion-house, and all his atenfils and Movables in Fribourg, are confumed with a fudden fire, proceeding from a flash of Lightning from Heaven; as also all his granges of Corn, and stacks of Hay, and yet those of all his Neighbours round about him, are untouched and safe. His Cornalso which grows in the field, brings forth little or no encrease, his Vines wither & dye away, all his Horles are stoln from him, and most of his Cattel, Sheep, and Goats, dye of a new and strange disease: for being (as it were mad) they wilfully and outragiously run themselves to death one against the other. He is amazed at all these his (unexpected) wonderful losses and crosses, and yet this vile miscreant and inhuman murtherer, hath his conscience still so seared up, and his heart and foul so stupitied and obdurated by the Devil, that he hath neither the will power, or grace, to look up to Heaven or God, and so to see and acknowledg from whom and for what all these afflictions and calamities befall him. He grows into great poverty, and again to raise him & his fortunes, he now knows no other art or means left him, than to marry his strumpet Salyna, to whom he hath given great store of Gold, and on whom (as we have formerly heard he hath spent the greatest part of his Lands and Estate. He seeks her in marriage; but (hearing of his great loffes, and feeing of his extream poverty) fhe wil not derogate from her felf, but very ingratefully denies and disdains him, and will not henceforth permit him to enter into her house, much less to see or speak with him : he is wonderful bitten and galled with this her unkind repulse, & then is driven to such extream wants and necessity, as he is enforced to fell and pawn away all those small trifles & things which are left him, thereby to give himself a very poor maintenance. So (as a wretched Vagabond whom God had justly abandoned for the enormity of his delicts and crimes)he now roams and stragleth up and down the streets of Fribourg, and the Countrey-Parishes and Houses thereabouts, without meat, money, or friends, and which is infinitely worse than all, without God. But all these his calamities and disasters, are but the Harbingers and Fore-runners of greater miseries and punishments, which are now suddenly and condignly prepared to surprise and befall him; whereof the Christian Reader is religiously prayed to take deep notice and full observation, because the glory of God, and the Triumphs of his Revenge, in these his judgments, do most divinely appear and shine forth to the whole world therein.

Vasti on a time returning from Cleraux towards Fribourg (where he had been to beg some money or meat of Salyna (either whereof the was so hard-hearted to deny him), the providence and pleasure of God so ordained it, that in the very same Meadow and place, &near the fame time and hour which formerly he & his Son George had their conference, there (being very faint and weary) he lay himfelf down to fleep at the foot of a wild Chefnut-tree; yea, he there flept so soundly, the Sun being very hot, that he could not hear the great noise and out-cry which many people there afar off made in the Meadow, for the taking of a furious mad Bull, this Bull, I fay, no doubt but being fent from God, ran directly to our fleeping and snoring Vasti, tost him twice up in the air on his horns, tore his nose, and so wonderfully mangled his face, that all who came to his affiftance, held him dead: but at last, they knowing him to be Vasti of Fribourg, and finding him faintly to pant and breathe for life against death, they take off his clothes and apparel, and then apparently discover and see, that this mad Bull with his horns hath made two little holes in his belly, whereof at one of them a small piece of his gut hangs out; they carry him to the next Cottage, & laying him down speechless, they and himself believe he cannot live half an hour to an end; and as yet he still remains speechless; but at last breathing a little more, and well remembring himself, and seeing this his difasterous accident, it pleased the Lord (in the infiniteness of his goodness) to open the eyes of his faith to mollifie the infinitness of his heart, to reform the deformity of his conscience, and to purge and cleanse the pollution of his soul: for now he lays hold of Christ Jesus and his promites, forfakes the Devil and his treacheries, and God now so ordaineth and disposeth of him, that for want of other witnesses seeing himself on the brink and in the jaws of death) he now becometh a witness against himself, and confesseth before all the whole company, That he it was, near Lofanna, who murthered his own Son George with a Pistol, and who since poyfoned his own wife Hester with a Musk-mellon: for which two foul and inhuman facts of his, he faid he from his heart and foul begged pardon and remission of God.

Here

Here upon this confession, some of the company ride away to Fribourg, and acquaint the Criminal Officers of Justice thereof; who speedily send two Chirusgeons to dress his wounds, and sour Serjeants to bring Vasti thicker alive, it possibly they can. They search his wounds, and although they find them mortal, yet they believe he may live three or four days longer. So they bring him to Fribeurg in a Cart, and there he likewise confesseth to the Magistrates, his two aloresaid bloody and cruel murthers, drawn thereunto, as he saith, by the treacherous allurements and temptations of the Devil. So the same day, they (for satisfaction of these his unnatural crimes, do condemn him to be hanged, and then his body to be burnt to ashes. Which is accordingly executed at Fribourg, in the presence of a great concourse of people, who came to see him take his last farewell of the world; but they thinking and expecting that he would have made some religious speech at his death, he therein deceived their hopes and desires; for he only prayed to himself privately, and then repeating the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, recommending his soul to God, and his body to Christian burial, without once mentioning or naming his son George, his Wise Hester, or his Strumpet Salyna, he (lifting up his eyes to Heaven) was turned over and although (being a tall and corpulent man) he there brake the Rope and fell, yet he was found stark dead on the ground.

And this was the wretched life, and deserved death, of this bloody Monster of Nature, Vasti. May we therefore read this his History to God's glory, and to our own reformation.

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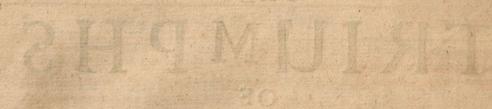
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To the Right Honourable

Sir FAMES STANLEY,

Knight of the Bath, Lord Strange, Son and Heir apparent to William Earl of Derby, and one of the most ancient Knights of the Illustrious Order of the GARTER.

My Lord,

France, when you then began your Travels, accompanied with your Noble and Generous younger Brother, Sir Robert Stanley (likewife Knight of the Bath) who now lives with God. And (if my fancy deceive not my judgment) it is equally worthy both of my thoughts, and of your Lordship's memory, to see how propitious God hath since proved to your content, and remains to your felicity, in so highly recompensing this your loss of a Noble Brother, with the rich gift of a Virtuous Wife, your Right Illustrious Lady, who is descended from no meaner House than the famous Dukes of Tremoville by her Father, and the Victorious Princes of Orenge, by her Mother; and who being translated from France, and (in the Sacred Bonds of Marriage) here matched and incorporated to your Lordship, hath (by the Mercy and Providence of God) in a few years brought you many sweet Olive-Plants and Branches to perpetuate your ancient Name, and most Honourable Family of the Stanleys.

And what are all these benefits of Nature, and blessings of Grace, which God hath so opportunely sent, and graciously given you, in and by them, but such, and so sublime and transcendent, that they are strong proofs of his Mercy and Goodness towards you, and I doubt not but (in a pious resolution) your Lordship reciprocally makes them the cause of your eternal gratitude and thank fulness to his sacred Ma-

And indeed, who can possibly have, or conceive a different thought, that observes how your Lordship conducts all your actions by Reason, and not by Passion? That as you esteem Virtue to be the chiefest Earthly Honour, so you likewise value Piety and Godliness to be the best and most Soveraign Virtue. That you are consident, that in Hearts and Souls, which are well and fairly endowed, Honour and Honesty should still be Twins, or inseparable Companions and Individuals, because the former without the latter, is but as sire of straw to the Sun-shine; and to shut up this point, that your Honour gives the chiefest functions and faculties of your Soul to God, and the second to the prosperity and service of your Prince and Countrey, that being the true mark of a Religious Christian, and this of an excellent subject,

and Honourable Patriot.

And this (my good Lord) was the Original cause, and these are the prevailing Motives and Reasons, why I trench so far upon your Lordship's Greatness and Goodness, in presering up this my sixth and last Book of God's Revenge against Murther, to your Noble Protection and Patronage; not that your Lordship is the last in my Affection and Zeal, much less in my Respects and Observance: But, that I could give no satisfaction to my self, before I had presixed your Illustrious Name, to this my unpostished Work; and before I had given

ven a publick testimony to the whole world in general, and more especially to our little world, England, in particular, what place and power your Honourable Birth and Virtues have deservedly taken up in my heart, and worthily purchased in my most

reserved and intire affection.

The Histories which this Book relates, are memorable and mournful; and, to give your Honour my opinion of them, they are as lamentable for the bloody facts, as memorable for the sharp, yet just punishments inslicted for the Same, wherein God's Sacred Justice and Revenge (with equal Truth and Glory) triumphed o're their wretched Perpetrators. I have cast them in a low Region of language; and therefore if they come short of your Lordship's accurate Judgment, my Presumption in this my Dedication to you, hath no other hope of excuse or pardon, than to flye to your Lordship's innate Goodness, and to appeal to your known and approved Generosity and Candor, as making it your Honourable Ambition to cheriff Virtue in all men, and to defend it against unjust scandal, and malicious detraction.

Proceed, my Lord, as you have fairly and fortunately began, in the happy exercise and progress of Piety, Virtue, and Honour; and as the hopes are now ours, so may the happy fruits and effects thereof, infallibly still prove your Lordship's hereafter, until it have perfected and compleated you to be a most Illustrious Pattern of Goodness in this World, and a glorious Saint in that to come; the which none shall pray to God for, with more true Zeal, nor desire with more unfeigned

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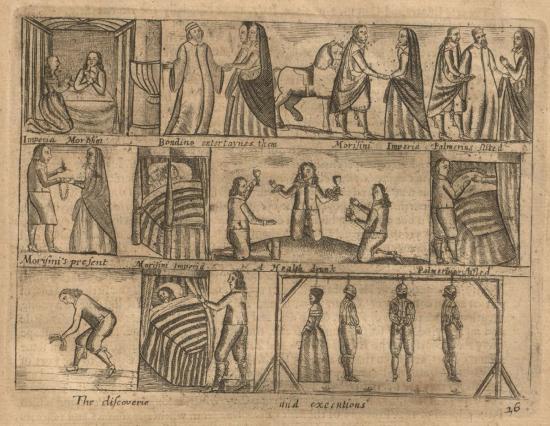
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Your Honour's humblest

ensures and straining or college the same devoted Servant,

John Reynolds.



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXVI.

Imperia, for the love she bears to young Morosini, seduceth and causeth bim (with bis two Consorts Astonicus and Donato) toftifle to death her old Huband Palmerius, in his bed. Morosini miffortunately letting fall his Gloves in Palmerius his Chamber, that night which he did it; they are found by Richardo the Nephem of Palmerius, who knows them to be Morolini's; and doth thereupon accuse him, and his Aunt Imperia, for the murther of his Unkle: so they, together with their Accessaries, Altonicus and Donato, are all four of them apprehended and banged for the same.

Hose intemperate and lascivious affections which savour more of Earth than Heaven, are still attended on with shame and repentance, and many times followed by misery and confusion: for God being our Maker by Creation, and our Saviour by Redemption, confequently should be of our loves and affections, and the true and sole object, in whom only they should begin and terminate. For Nature must be a Handmaid, not a Mistress to Grace, becaute God in his Divine decree and creation of man) hath made our bodies mortal, but our fouls immortal. And the like Antithesis which there is between Lust and Charity, the same there is between finful Adultery, and fanctified Marriage. But where our youthful affections b gin in Whoredom, and end in Murther, what can be there expected for an iffue, but ruin and defolation. Crimes no less than these, doth this ensuing History report and relate. A Hiftory, I confeis, so de plorable for the persons, their facts and punishment, that I had little pleafure to penit, and less joy to publish it, but that the truth and manner thereof gave a contrary Law to my resolutions, in giving it a place among the rest of my Histories, that the fight and knowledg of others harms, may the more carefully and confcionably teach us to avoid and prevent our own.

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The free Estates and Common-weals of Italy, more especially the samous Seigniory of Venice, (which for wealth and power gives place to no other of Christendom) holds it no degree of disparagement, but rather an happy and honourable virtue in their Nobles and Gentlemen, to exercise the faculty and profession of Merchants, the which they generally personn in Turkie, & all other parts of the Levant-Seas, with as much profit as glory, to the admiration of the whole world, and the envy of their private and publick enemies : of which number of Venetian Gentlemen, Seignior Angelo Morefini is one; a young man, of some twenty and four years of age, descended of a Noble Name and Family, and (if reports be true) from whence ours here in England derive their Original. He is tall and slender of stature, of a lovely fanguine complexion, a bright Chestnut-coloured hair, but as yet adorned with a small apparition of a Beard: he is active of body, of a sweet carriage, and nimble wit, and a most pleasing and graceful speech; and he is not so young, but he hath already made two seveveral voyages to Constantinople and Alexandria, in both which he resided some five or fix years, and through his wildom and industry won some wealth, but more reputation and same, infomuch as his deportments and hopes, to the eye and judgment of the world, promifeth him a fortune equal, if not exceeding his blood & extraction. Holding it therefore rather a shame than a glory as yet to marry, or, which is a thousand times worse, to pass his time vainly and lasciviously at home among the Ladies and Curtizans of Venice, upon whom (by the way of a premonition and precaution)he faw so many debauched young Gallants to cast away their Estates and themselves, he assumes his former ambition to travel, and so undertakes a third Voyage to Constantinople: He embarks himself upon a good Ship, named the little St. Mark of Venice, and in company of Seignior Astonicus, and Seignior Philippo Donato, likewise two young Gentlemen, Merchants of Venice, of his dear and intimate acquaintance : with a pleasant gale and merry wind, they fet fail from Malanoea, the Port of that City, and so direct and shape away their course for the Islands of Corfu and Zans, where they are to stop, and take in some Commodities, and from thence thorow the Archipelagus, by Candy and Cyprus, to the Port of the Great Seignior. But asmen propose, and God disposeth of all terrestrial actions and accidents, so they are overtaken by a storm, and with contrary winds put into the Harbour and City of Aneona, a rich, populous, and strong City, which belongs to the Pope, and which is the Capital of that Province of the Morca Anconitona, from whence it affumes and takes its denomination, and wherein there are well near three thousand Jews fill resident, who pay a great yearly Revenue to his Holiness. The wind being as yet contrary for our three Venetian Gallants; and they knowing that our Lady of Loretto (the greatest and most famous Pilgrimage of the Christian world) was but fifteen small miles off in the Countrey, whereas yet they had never either of them been, they in meer devotion ride thither, their Ship now being fast anchored and moored in the Peer of Ancona, which stands on the Christian side, upon the Adriatick Sea, vulgarly termed the Gulf of Venice.

And here it is neither my purpose or desire to write much, either of the (pretended)piety of this holy Chappel of Loretto, which the Romanists fay was the very Chamber wherein the VirginMary brought up her Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ; or of her Picture, which they likewife alledg was drawn by the hand and pencil of the Apostle Saint Luke, and both the one and the other, as they affirm, miraculously brought over the Seas from Palestine by Angels, and first placed by them on the Hills of Recagnati (three little miles thence) and long since by the faid Angels translated and placed here in this small Town of Loretto. But as for my self, this Legend is too weak to pass current with my faith, much less to esteem it as an Article of my Creed:only this I will confess and say, That as it was Devotion, not Curiofity, which carried our Morofini Aftonicus and Donato thither; fo it was my Curiofity, not my Devotion, which made me to take the fight thereof in my Travels : where, in the rich and sumptuous Quire of a stately Cathedral Church, I saw this little old Brick Chamber (now termed the Holy Chappel) very richly adorned with great variety of massie Gold and Silver Lamps, and this Picture of the bleffed Virgin in a shrine of Silver, most richly decked with Chains and Robes, imbroidered with Gold and Silver, and fet with precious Stones of inestimable value, which (to express the truth in one word) bred much admiration in my thoughts, but no veneration at all in my heart. So I leave Loretto, and return again to our History, which

was the only Relique that I brought thence.

The two first days, our three Venetian Gallants visit this holy Chappel with much solemnity and devotion, where not to Jesus the Son, but to Mary the Mother, they offer up their prayers, and pay their vows of thankfulness for theirdeliverance from the late storm, which put them and their Ship in safety at Ancona. But the third day there betides an unexpected accident

to Morofini, which will administer matter and life to this History. He leaves his two Friends and Companions in Bed, and steals away to the holy Chappel, where being on his knees at his Devotion, he near to him sees a sweet young Gentlewoman likewise on her knees at her Devotion and Orisons, very rich in Apparel, but incomparably fair and beautiful. He curioully marks her Roseat Lilly Cheeks, her piercing Eye, the Amber-tresses of her Hair, her Alablaster Neck and Paps, and her straight and slender Waste; all which made her to be the Pride and Glory of Nature. At whose fight and contemplation, his mind is so suddenly inflamed with affection to her, that he who heretofore could not possibly be drawn to love any Gentlewoman or Maiden, now despight of himself (and of his contrary inclination and resolution) he at first fight is enforced to love her, and only her, For the more he sees her, the more he affects her; which ingendereth such strange motious, and sudden passions in his heart, that the sweetness of this sweet Object enforced his eyes incessantly to gaze on her, both with affection and admiration. Our Morofini would fain have boarded and faluted her there, but that he would not make heaven so much stoop to earth, nor prophane the holiness of his affection, and of this place, with fuch impiety. But at last feeing her to rife from her prayers, and so to depart the Chappel, he could not, he would not so leave her, nor forsake the benefit of this sweet opportunity, to make himself known to her: when, withdrawing his devotion from the old Lady of Loretto, to give it to this his young Lady (and pretended Mistress) in Loretto; he trips away after her into the body of the Church; where seeing her only attended by a well-clad Boy, and her young Waiting-Gentlewoman (after falutes on both fides performed) he there proffereth her his tervice in these general terms:

Morof. I know not, fweet young Lady, whether I may term my felf happy or unfortunate, in being this morning honoured with the fight of so beautiful a Nymph and Virgin as your felf, because in thinking to gain my soul, I fear I have lost my heart in the amorous extastes of that delicious Object and Contemplation: therefore I besech you think it not strange, that having received my wound from your Beauty, I flye to your Courteste for my cure and remedy thereof; and that seeing you so weakly guarded, I presume to request the favour of you, that you will please to accept of my company to reconduct you to your home.

This young Lady seeing her self so much gazed on by this unknown-Gentleman, in the holy Chappel, and now so courteously saluted by him in the Church, she could not refrain from dying her Lilly-Cheeks with a Vermillian-blush; when having too much beauty to be too unkind, and yet too much coyness and modesty at first to prove too courteous to him, she (brooking her name well) returns him this answer:

Imper. Sir, you being so happy to have given up your soul this morning in your devotion to the blessed Lady of this place, I do not a little wonder that you so soon prophane it, by endeavouring to make me believe, that you have lost your heart in the contemplation of so poor and so unworthy a Beauty as mine: for herein, as you prophane your zeal to her, so your affection to me, sith that should be more Sacred, and this not so much seigned or hypocritical. But such wounds still carry their cures with them; and therefore as my beauty was not capable to occasion the one, so shall not my courtesse be guilty in granting the other: it my weak guard be not strong enough to conduct me to my home, my Innocency and Chastry are, as also to desend me from the snares and lures of those Gentlemen, whose best virtue consists more in their tongues, than in their souls; and more in their complements, than their actions: of which number, stearing and taking you to be one, and my Father's house being so nigh, I shall not want your company, because as I deserve, so I desire it not: and therefore I will leave you, and yet not without leaving my thanks with you for this your proffered savour and unexpected courtesse.

Although Morosini could not refrain from smiling at this her sharp and witty answer, yet he seeing his complements retorted, and his courtesie returned with a resusal, he could not yet refrain from biting his lip thereat. But again, considering her to be exceeding fair and virtuous, and hoping withal that her Father might likewise prove rich, he would not disgrace his breeding, nor make himself a Novice in Love, to be put off with this her first repulse, but again sounds her in these terms.

Moros. My devotion to the Mother of our Saviour, doth not prophane, but I hope bless and fanctifie my affection to you, and therefore if it be not the cultom of the young Ladies and Gentlewomen of Loretto to use strangers with this discourtesse, I cannot believe that you would purposely thus exercise your wit in my patience, by inflicting on me this your unjust results. As for your seigned them so shypocrifie, I am as innocent of them, as you suspect and term me guilty; and have no more snares or lures, in prossering you my affection and service,

than that which your pure Beauty and chast Virtues gives me. Neither am I of the number of those Gentlemen whom you please to traduce and disparage, because their Hearts and Tongues agree not, or for that their Actions prove not their Speeches and Complements real; because I as much distain, as you condemn them. Therefore if you cannot give me the courtese, I pray at least lend me the favour, that I may wait on you to your Father's house, whom I shall ever be ready to serve with as much humility for your sake, as to cherish and obey your self with affection for mine own.

This Answer of MOROSINI, makes this young Gentlewoman (whose name he and we shall anon know) as sweetly calm, as right now she was unkindly passionate; so that looking stedsastly on him, and composing her countenance rather to smiles than frowns, she

rejoyns him thus:

IMPERIA. It is the custom of the Ladies and Gentlewomen of Loretto, to use Strangers rather with too much Respect, than too little Favour, especially those Gentlemen who savour more of Honour than Vanity. If therefore I have any way wronged mine own judgment, in suspecting or not acknowledging your merits, I know I am yet as worthy of your excuse, as of your reprehension. And because I understand by you, that you are a stranger to this place, though not to this Countrey, as also, that you seem to be so importunately desirous and willing to conduct me to my Father's house, I will therefore give a contrary Law to my own will, and now make civility dispense with my discretion, by accepting of this your kind profier; and you shall not accompany me neither to him with so much Respect and Zeal, as I will you with Observance and Thanks.

Which kind speech the had no tooner delivered, and MOROSINI received, but he again

closed with her tous:

MOROSINI. Sweet Lady, this courtefie of yours, seconding your Beauty, shall eternally oblige me to your service; and in requital thereot, I will ever esteem it my best happiness to receive your Father's commands, and my chiefest scheity & glory to execute yours, when, reciprocally exchanging salutes, he takes her by the hand and arm, and very gracefully conducts her to her Father's house, not far off from this sumptuous Church; and by the way thither, among other Speeches and Complements, he gathers from her, that her Father's name is Seignior Hierome Bondino, and hers Donna Imperia, his only Daughter. Wherein he, for the former same of his Wealth, and the present sight of her Beauty, doth both delight and glory, as dreaming of a tuture selicity, which he shall enjoy in her sight and company, whereof for

the time present he hath far more reason to flatter, than to assure himself.

Now we must here understand, that this Seignior Bondino her Father, is a Gentleman of an Ancient House, and Noble Descent, and of a very great Estate both in Lands and Means; and withal, he was exceeding covetous, as glorying more in his Wealth, than in his Generofity; and more in his Fair and Beautiful Daughter Imperia, than in any other of his Children. Here Morefini brings Imperia home, and the presents him and his courtesie to her Father, who receives him respectfully, and kindly thanks him for this his observance and honour to his Daughter; who led by the luster of her Eyes, and the delicacy of her Beauty, was so extreamly enflam'd with affection towards her, as at that very instant he proclaimed himself her servant, and the Lady-Regent of his heart and defires; and then it was that he first acquainted her with his Name and Quality, with his intended Voyage to Constantinople, but chiefly with his coultant defire and resolution to seek her in marriage both of her self and her Father. Wherefore, to contract this History into a narrow Volume, I will pass over his often courtings and visits of her, as also those sweet speeches, and amorous discourses and conferences which patt between them, during the space of three weeks; wherein the Wind proving contrary to his Voyage, proved therefore propitious to this his suit and affection. In which time he proved himfelf so expert a Scholar (or rather a Master) in the Art of Love, that he exchanged hearts with her, obtained her affection and confent to be his Wife, upon his first return from Constantinople; but yet it was wholly impossible either for him or her to draw her Father's content hereunto, although many times he fought it of him with prayers, and the with tears. For he making Wealth to be the very Image and Idol of his devotion, and gathering that Morosim's Birth far exceeded his State and Means; as also, that in his opinion, his Ettate was yet far greater than his Capacity or Judgmene, he would never hearken to him, much less give any way that he thould be his Son-in-Law: but with much ob-Stinary and resolution, vowed that he would first rather see his Daughter married to her Grave, than to him; the which froward and harsh resolution of his, makes our two Lovers exceedingly to grieve and lament thereat. But how to remedy it, they know not. Morofini now a quaints his two Conforts, Astonicus and Donato, with his affection to Imperia, and brings

brings them the next morning to fee her, who highly commend his choice, and extoll her beauty and virtues to the skies; They in Morofin's behalf deal effectually with Bondino to draw his confect to this match, mount his praifes and merits as high as Heaven, and in a word, they leave no friendly office, or reasons unattempted to perswade and induce him here. unto: but they speak either to the wind, or to a deaf man; for his will is his law, and therefore they find it a work, not only of extream difficulty, but of meer impossibility to effect it: for neither they nor Moro fini, can so much pray and exhort Bondino to this match, as he with sharp words and bitter threats feeks to divert his Daughter from it; which pierceth and galleth thefe two Lovers to their very fouls. For by this time their affections and hearts are fo strongly and firmly united, that Imperia loves Morofini a thousand times dearer than her own life, and he her no less. So when they think of their separation and departure each from other, the very conceit and thought thereof draws even drops of blood from their hearts, and an Ocean of tears from their eyes. But because they are more amorous than superstitious in their devotion and affection each to other, and that (in their thoughts and desires), they facrifice more to the Altars of Venus, than to that of the Virgin Mary; Therefore Fortune more envying than pittying them, and therefore refolving to separate their bodies as far asunder, as their hearts are nearly linked and combined together, the wind comes fair, and the Master of their Ship sends speedily from Ancona to them to Loretto to come away, for that he is resolute to omit

no time, but with all expedition to weigh Anchor, and fet fail for Corfu.

Morofini receives this news with infinite forrow, and Imperia with extream grief and amazement, so as if grace had not prevailed with nature, and her obedience to her Father vanquished, and given a law to her affection towards Morosini; she could then and there have found in her heart to have left Italy, and accompanied him in his Voyage to Turkie and Confantinople, fo sweet was his fight and presence, and so bitter was the very thought of his absence to her heart and mind. Here Morafini comes again with his Hat in his hand, and Imperia on her knees with tears to hen Father, that he will grant they may contract themselves each to other before his departure, but he is deaf to his requests, and inexorable to her tears and prayers; for he vows he cannot, and swears he will not consent thereunto. And therefore here the Reader must conceive, for it is impossible for me to express the thousand part of the fighs which he, and the tears which she expends, at this their forrowful departure, insomuch as I cannot truly define, whether he then gave her more kiffes, or the him tears. So here the vows to remain unmarried till his return, and he both promifeth and swears, that he will return within one year to her and marry her; the which the more authentically to feal and confirm, he gives her a rich Emerauld Ring from his finger, and the him a fair Carkamet of Orient Pearls from her neck, with which the great drops of her tears trickling down her vermillion cheeks, feemed to have fome perfect fympathy and refemblance. Of which interchangeable and mutual contract Aftonicus and Donato are joyful witnesses, who seek to add comfort and confolation to these her unspeakable forrows, and unparalleld afflictions, for this their separation; whiles Imperia in the mean time at the very thought and confideration hereof, (the gazing on her Morofini) feems to burth her heart with fighing, and drown the Roses and Lillies of her beauty, with the shours and rivolets of her tears. So Morofini being again and again called away by Aftonicus and Donato, he then takes leave of Bondino, and then of his dear and fweet Daughter Imperia, in whose heart and brest he imparadifeth all his most Religious Prayers, and treasureth up all his amorous desires and wishes; and from thence (with his two faithful friends and companions) takes horse for Ancona, where as foon as they come, their long Boat is ashore and takes them in, when the wind continuing still exceeding fair, they are prefently for Confu and Constantinople, where we will leave them floating upon the Seas, exposed to the favour and mercy of the winds; and according to the order of our History, come we again to speak of Bondino, and of his sweet and fair daughter Imperia, to see what matter they will administer us, and what actions and accidents they will produce.

Whiles our fair Imperia day and night weeps and fighs for the absence of her dearest and second self Morosini, and with her eyes and hands erected to Heaven, continually prays for his prosperity and return, her old Father Bondino assumes a direct contrary course and resolution, for within two or three Moneths of Marosini's departure, he makes it his greatest care and ambition to provide another Husband for his Daughter. He is not ignorant of her tears and pensiveness for his absence, and knows full well, that her solitary walks, and pale thin cheeks, look still constantly to him, and never from him. But he is resolute that his old coverous ness shall prevent and deceive this her young affection, and that to work on the advantage of Morosini's absence, his best and shortest course is to heave him out of her heart and mind,

and contrarywife to propound and place another husband in his stead. To which end his said daughters beauty and his own wealth having already procured her two or three Suitors, who earnefly seek her in marriage, he likes none of them so well as old Seignior Palmerius a rich Merchant of Ancona, aged of at least fixty years; whereas his fair Daughter Imperia was not above twenty four, who was of so deformed and decrepit a personage and constitution, that he feemed but as a withered Fanuary to this fresh Lady May, and his age but a frozen Winter to the fragrant flourishing Summer of her youth and beauty. But this old dotard Palmerius (who is every way fitter for his own grave, than for Imperia's bed) is so taken with the daintiness of her personage, as he hopes that her youth and her father's age, will stoop and strike fail to his wealth; and therefore he tricks and prides himself up, both in his apparel and beard, as if love had taken away much of his age, now purposely to add it to his vanity and indiscretion, so he comes to Bondino's house at Loretto, and seeks this his fair daughter in marriage, where the confideration of his great estate and wealth, act such wonders with her Father's heart and reso-Intion, that her Father & he have already swapt a bargain, that he, and none but he shall marry his daughter, before as yet he have the happiness to see her. But at last her Father brings her to him, chargeth her with his commands, to dispose her felf to affect and marry him, and speaks to her, not only in the language of a father, but of a King; for fuch is his pleafure. These speeches of her Father, and the fight of her old lover, yet new Suitor Palmerius, doth much amaze and terrifie his young Daughter Imperia: so she receives and hears those with infinite affliction and forrow, and him with much contempt and difdain; for the rejects his fuit and himfelf, and boldly tells both her Father and him, that Morofini is too deeply lodged in her heart; for any other of the world to have entrance or admittance, and therefore (with fighs and tears) caffs her felf at her Father's feet, and prays him that he will not force her to marry Seignior Palmerius, whom the affirms, the cannot possibly affect, much less obey. But her father is resolute to have it fo, and therefore (passing over all other respects and confiderations) he adds threats to his commands, and vehemently chargeth her again and again to confent thereto. But her abfent Marofim is still so present in her heart and mind, and so fresh and pleasing to her eye and memory, that the cannot, the will not forget him. So that for this time her father can no more enforce her to speak with Palmerius, or draw her to see him: and thus she puts him off for his first coming to Loretto to her. Imperia being now infinitely glad to have thus given her Father, the foyl, and old Palmerins the repulse, the raileth a thousand new Trophees of joy, and victories of delight in her heart for the same, as if that outragious storm & tempest (so contrary and displeasing to her heart) had received end almost as soon as beginning. Thus now ruminating on nothing less than on Palmerius, nor on nothing more, than on her sweet and dear Morofimi, (to whom in his absence she facrificeth all the slames of her heart, and all the vows, desires and wishes of her soul) she passeth away her time in perpetual praying for his return, for the which the leaves not the Lady, no nor any other Saint of Loretto unadored, or unprayed to. But contrary to her hopes and defires herein, this her old Suitor Palmerins, (having wholly loft the folidity of his judgment in the excellency of her beauty), he still keeps good correspondence, and curious intelligence with her father, and continually his heart runs as much on her youth, as her father's covetousness doth on his wealth and gold; so within two months he returns again to Loretto, where he is received with as much joy of Bondino, as with extream discontent and forrow of his daughter Imperia: who now poor soul can receive no peace nor truce from either of them, but they incessantly haunt her as her ghoss, and fail not day and night to importune her for the confummation of this contract and marriage; but her heart is fo.close united and wedded to Morosini, that it is as yet impossible for either, or both of them to divorce or withdraw her from him. Palmerius thinks to gain her by rich gifts and prefents, but the refuseth them all for the take of the giver: and her Father now tempts her with sweet speeches and perswasions, and then again terrifies her with bitter commands and threats, hoping thereby in the end, to make her flexible to his defires and wishes: But his daughter Imperia notwithstanding all this, (with a constancy worthy of her beauty, and every way equal to her felf) refolves to frustrate the hopes of the first, to annihilate and make vain the expectation of the second, and so to deceive the desires and wishes of them both, and to keep her heart wholly for Morosini, as she hath formerly promised and obliged her self to do.

But although Palmerius were heretofore the first time so easily beaten off with Imperia's refusal, he will not be so the second; and therefore his heart and mind telling him, that the sweetness of her youth, and the delicacy of her beauty, deserve a stronger, and longer siege of his affection. He (by the free advice and consent of her father) resolves to stay and burst all that Summer in Loretto, hoping that time would change her resolution and make that seasable in his daughters affection, which now in a manner seemed to be impossible. Thus if

Palmerius use his best endeavours to bear and conquer Imperia one way, no less doth her Father another way, for the first gives her a world of sugred words and promises, and the second of sharp and bitter threats to effect it; Poor Imperia seeing her felf thus streightly and narrowly begirt on both fides, the hath again recourse to her fighs and tears, the only weapons left her in the absence of her Morssini, to defend her affection and constancy, against the lust of Palmerius, and the power and tyranny of her Father Bond no. A thousand times a day she wisheth that Constantin ple were Loretto, or Loretto Constantinople, and as often prays, that either the were in Mosofini's arms, or he here in hers. But Palmerius being as obstinate as her Father was resolute and furious in this suit and motion towards her, she shuts her self up in her Chamber, where seeming to drown her felf in a matter of this weight and importance, and what invention the thould find out and practice, to abandon Palmerius, and to call home her Morafini to marry her, than which under Heaven she desired nothing more, or to write truer, nothing else. So at last she resolves to fend one purposely to Constantinople, to hasten his return, (which now wanted but a little of his prefixed time of a year) when making choice of a dear friend of his of Ancona, named Seignior Mercario, and furnishing him with gold for a long journey, as to fail from Brundisiums to Ragusa, and so from thence, by Post to Constantinople; she takes pen and paper, and thereon (as much with tears as ink) traceth her Morofini these lines, wherewith she dispatcheth him away.

IMPERIA to MOROSINI.

I Should betray my affection to thee, and consequently make my self unworthy of thine, if by this my Letter (which I purposely send thee by thy friend Seignior Mercario) I did not now acquaint thee, with how much impatience and sorrow my self, and with how much joy my Father brooks thy long absence. Thou knowest in what a sweet and strict sympathy of Love, our bearts are united. So as measuring Morosini by Imperia, I am consider that all those Seas between Ancora and Constantinople, are not capable to mash away the remembrance thereof, either from thy heart or my soul. And yet holding it a part both of my duty & of my self, I am ensorced to command my pen to relate thee, that my Father Bondino begins to exercise a point, not only of his will, but of his power, yea, I may justly say, of his tyranny over me, to persuade me to leave my young Morosini, to make me marry his old Palmetius. In which regard and consideration, if my poor beauty or merit have left any impression in thy brest or memory, I now most heartily pray thee to leave Turky for Italy, and Constantinople for Loretto, and to make me in happy in enjoying thy sight and presence, as I am miserable mithout it. And when our God, and my good fortune, shall permit this my innocent and sorrowful Letter to fall into thy hands, think, yea, judy with thy self, what an ingratitude, yea what a crime it will be, for thee not to bring me thy self, but to send me any excuse whatsoever to the contrary. Farewell my other self, my sweet self, and may God and his Angels ever prove propitious to thy desires and my wishes.

IMPERIA.

Mercario (in three weeks time) arrives at Constantin ple, and finds out his friend Merosini, to whom he delivereth his Mistris Imperia's Letter; the which he first kissing, presently peruseth it, and very passionately both rejoyceth and grieves thereat: So Morosini very kindly seasts his friend Mercario there some eight days, and then returneth him home with an answer, which in less than a months time, he delivereth into Imperia's own hands in Loretto, who is extreamly glad thereof, and then beautifying her snow-white cheeks, with some crimson blushes, she hies her to her closet, and breaking up hastily the seals thereof, finds it traced and charged with this message.

MOROSINI to IMPERIA.

Thy health and constancy makes me as joyful in the receit of thy Letter, as thy Father Bouding his difrespect to me, and love to Palmerius, makes me sorrowful, for so dear and tender is the true affection of my Imperia to her Morosini, or the sympathy of our hearts so sweetly and sacredly united, that for my part, not only those small Rivers of the Mediterraneum and Adriatique Seas between Constantinople and Ancona, but that of the vast O can is incapable to mash off the least sense or memory thereof. But as in the actions and accidents of human life, reputation and prosit, deserves sometimes to be intermixed with pleasure, because the sweetness thereof is still made sweeter by its substance and permanency. So by the Seigniory of Venice, and by Landy their Embassador president here in Constantinople, (contrary to my expectation or merit), I am now made Consul of Aleppo. I cannot these seconds of the seconds.

therefo e fo foon leave Turky for Italy, which I infinitely defire, nor in that confideration fo foon imbrace and kifs my fair and aear Imperia, which above all the Crowns and So pters of the world I chiefly love and long for; but what this year cannot perform, the next shall, and then (all delays and existes for apart) I will bring thee thy Motosini with as much true joy, as he transported himself from thee with bitter tears and unfaired servows; in the mean time, my hopes and heart tell me, that thy affection to me. Shall surmount thy Father's tyranny to thy self, and that thy beauty and merits are foine mparably splendent, that though Palmerius be the foyle, yet Motosini shall live and die the Diamord of thy love, and the love of thy heart, as God is of thy soul. O then, my dear and sweet Imperia, repute it no ingratitude, much less a crime in me, to send thee this Letter of excuse, instead of bringing thee my self; for I speak it in the presence of God and his Angels, that as thou art my other half, so I am whosly thine, and that thou canst not be the thousand part so sorrowful, as I am miserable in this our short, yet too long sequestration: Farewell, farewell the only Saint of my heart, and goddes of my affections, and assure thy self, that no mortal man what soever, is, or can be so much thy faithful Servant and Slave, as

MOROSINI.

Our Imperia kisseth this Letter a thousand times for her Morosini's sake, who wrote and fent it her, and again as often weeps to fee, that he loved honour and profit better than her felf, and Turkie better than Italy; so whereas she formerly hoped, now she begins to despair of his speedy return, and esteems her self as miserable without him, as she thought to have been happy with him. She reads over this Letter again and again, and then weeps as fast as she reads, at the very perufal and confideration thereof; the would fain draw comfort from any part or branch of it, but then his intended stay, affords her nothing but a disconsolation and forrow inflead thereof. She blames her own misfortune, as much as his unkindness, and then again imputes this impatiency of hers, more to her Father's cruelty, than to Morofini's discourtesie; she loves him as much as she hates Palmerius, and hates her felf, because Morosini will not love her more, and Palmerius less. But Morofini is so firmly seated and enthronized in her heart, that the is constantly resolved to stay his return, and rather to die his Victim and Martyr than to live Palmerius his Wife. And here her affection acts a great part in paffion, as this passion doth in Love, the cannot refrain from enquiring of Mercario, how Morofini lives, and how he looks ; who performs the part of a friend, to his friend, and tells her, that he lives in great pomp and reputation, and is the properest and bravest young Gallant, either of Venice or Italy which he faw in Constantinople; at the report whereof, she could not refrain from blushing and smiling, as if her delight and joy thereof were such, as she could not receive or hear it, without these publick expressions and testimonies of her private zeal and interiour affection to him. But all this notwithstanding, wherefoever she goes or turns her self, her Fither as her shadow, and Palmerius as her spirit, are never from her, but still follow her in all times and places without intermission. It is a wonder to see and consider their obstinacy to make it a match and her resolution and refusal against it, as if they were wholly compofed and made of commands, and the of denials. In which interchangable comportment, and different carriage of theirs. We must allow fix months time more past and slidden away. where, in despight of Palmerius his importunities, and her Father's power, she still remains inflexible to them, constant to her Morofini, and true to her promise. But at last this old lustful Lover Palmerius (who was fitter to kifs an Image in the Church, than so sweet and fair a young Lady as Imperia in her bed) seeing that he had consumed and spent so long time in vain by courting her, and that the flighted him and his fuit as much, if not more now, than when he first meant and intended it to her; he bethinks himself of a new policy and proposition to gain her, which love cannot fo much excuse, as discretion justly condemn in him: He goes to her Father Bondino, and proffers him, That if his Daughter will become his Wife, that he will infeoffe, and endow her with the one half of his Lands, and give all the rest of his Estate and Wealth into his hands and custody, for him to purchase her more. Which great and unexpected proffer of his, doth folely and fully weigh down her covetous Father to Palmerius his will and defire, as he constantly tells him, that in lieu of this his great affection and bounty to his Daughter, he will speedily use all his power and authority with her, fully to dispose her to affect and content him; To which end, Bondino goes to his Daughter Imperia, acquaints her with this great gift, and voluntary proffer of Palmerius to her if she will marry him; he layes before her, how infinitely it will import his content, and her own good and reputation, and that few Gentlewomen of Loretto, or Ladies of the whole Morca of Anconitana, do enjoy such rich Fortunes; that his wisdom and wealth is far to be preferred to the vanity

vanity and prodigality of Morofini, and that the first will affuredly bring her much content and prosperity, but the second nothing else but poverty, ruine, and misery, and therefore he most importunately conjures and commands her to cut and cast off all delays, and so forthwith to dispose her self to love and marry Palmerius, or else he vows for ever to renounce her for his Daughter, and no more to acknowledg himself for her Father. A cruelty, which (in my opinion and judgment) ought to be admired with pitty, and pittyed with admiration, and not to serve for a precedent and example to other Parents, because this of Bondino's was grounded on far more passion than reason, and covetousness than virtue; and which Nature hath all the reasons of the world, rather to tearm tyranny than providence, or fatherly affection in him.

Our Imperia is, as it were, struck dead with grief and sorrow, at the thunderbolt of these her Father's cruel speeches towards her, so that she cannot speak, nor yet weep, for sighing and sobbing; but at last encouraged by her own virtue, as much as she was daunted and dismayed by her Father's severity and cruelty towards her, she (casting her self at his feet) with a trembling heart

- and faultering voice, returns her heart and mind to him in these terms.

Honoured Sir, although my afflictions and forrows are fuch, and so infinite, that I am far more capable to weep and figh, than to breathe or speak them forth to you, yet I hold it my duty, not my disobedience, to acquaint you, that because Marriages are first made in Heaven, before contracted or confummated in Earth; therefore being so happy first to love Morofini, before I was fo unfortunate as to see Seignior Palmerius, I hope it is the pleasure of God, that he hath ordained the first to be my Husband, and consequently my self never to be Wife to the second: I am proud in nothing, but in my humility and obedience, and therein I hope I shall still both triumph and glory; and yet I far more under-value Palmerius wealth, than you do Morofini's virtues. If then you will not for my fake, I humbly befeech you for my Mother's fake, or which is more, for God's sake, to make me Wife to Morosini, and not to Palmerius, because my heart and mind tells me, that I shall be as happy in the company of the one, as milerable in that of the other. In granting me which just defired favour and courtefie, my foul shall become pledge and caution for my heart, and my heart for my tongue, that you shall have no true cause either to renounce me for your Daughter, or to deny your felf for my Father. And to conclude this my forrowful and humble speech, it is impossible for you to wrong me, but you must and will extreamly wrong your felf, by attempting and refolving to enforce me to the contrary, But if yet you will not be sensible hereof, then I invoke God to be a just witness and judg between us, of your cruelty towards me, and of my candid innocency towards you, and my betrothed Spoule Morosini.

Imperia had no sooner (with sighs and tears) delivered this her speech to her Father on her knees, but (as if he had lightning in his eyes, and thunder in his tongue) he suddenly rusheth forth her company; when more to displease her, than to please himself, he looking back on her, gives her this sharp answer, and cruel farewell: Minion (quoth he) I will very shortly cool thy courage and thy tongue, and make thee know with repentance, what it is to disobey thy Father, in making so much esteem of Morosini, and so little of Seignior Palmerius, contrary to my advice and request to thee; for I say, consider well with thy felf, and thou shalt then do well, speedily to forfake this errout and obstinacy of thine, except thou refolve to die as miserable, as I desire thou shouldst live happy. Once more Girle, consider and remember what I have now said to thee, and beware least Morosini prove thy shame, as much as Palmerius will thy glory. Imperia weeps, because she can weep no more at these heart-killing speeches of her Father to her, against her absent Morosini: So being not well, the betakes her felf to her bed, and there again confults with God and her felf, what the shall do in this perturbation of mind, and affliction of heart, and then, and there, (with waking eyes), reads a whole nights Lecture to her felf, of her obedience to her Father: and her affection and constancy to the other half of her felf Morosini; when in the morning being prompted by her thoughts and desires, that she shall receive more delights and joys from the last, than discontents from the first; she at her up-rising resolves again to write away for her Morofini, as hoping that his prefence would easily difpell and scatter all these her clouds and tempests, when dispatching a private messenger to Ancona for Mercario, the again earnelly prays him to undertake a fecond Voyage for her, either to Aleppo or Constantinople, to her Morosini; the which he then promiseth: so that night again perusing over his Letter, she then from point to point, punctually makes answer to it, and the next morning very fecretly, gives it to Mercario in her-Chamber, and therewith takes off a rich Bracelet of Sparks of Diamonds from her right arm, and prays him to deliver it to him, as a token of her true affection and constancy, the which she affirms to him shall ever live and die with her. Mercario having received his commission from Imperia, as also more Gold for the discharge and destraying of his journey, he hires a small Brigantine to transport him to Corfu, and from thence embarques himself on a Ship of Marseilles, which accidently stopped there, and so sailed first to Aleppo; where being arrived in less than three weeks, and finding his dear friend Morosini to be Consulthere for the Seigniory of Venice, he secretly delivereth this Bracelet and Letter of Imperia to him in his study, where he was then hastily writing a dispatch for Constantinople: But the arrival of Mercario, who he knew came from his dearest friend and Mistress Imperia, for meer joy) made him presently to cast away his Hat and Pen, and so to kiss and receive this her Letter and Token from him, whereof with much haste and more affection breaking up the seals, he therein sound couched these ensuing Lines.

IMPERIA to MOROSINI

Had little thought (because less deserved) that either profit or preferment had been dearer to thes than Imperia, or that the Seigniory of Venice, or their Embassador Landy, had had more power to stay thee in Aleppo, than she to have requested or conjured thy return to Loretto; for if my poor beauty or rich affection to thee, be of so low and base an esteem, as thou preferrest thy wealth and reputation to it, then I am as miserable, as I thought my self happy in my choice, and the sweetness of my defires and wishes consequently have end, as soon as they received a beginning. And see what a palpable incongruity, yea, what an apparent contradiction there is between thy bears and thy pen, fith fainedly endeavouring to make me believe thou lovest my kisses and embraces, above all the Crowns & Scepters in the world; I yet ameruly enforced to see, that thou lovest Turky far better than Italy, and art well contented, that Palmerius should love me better than thy felf, for else thou wouldst never permit, that my Father's tyranny to me, should (in thy absence) give a Law to my affection to him, or consent that Palmerius should be the Diamond, and thy self prove only the foyl of my heart and love: And if this ingratitude of thine be not a crime, I know not what a crime is, nor how, nor in what tearms to define or determine thereof. Judg therefore with thy self, (at least if thou are not as wholly exempt of judgment as of love) what a poor half, yea, what a small part I am of thee, when by thy voluntary absence thou wilt wholly resign me up to another, and that Palmerius must be my Husband, when my keart and soul, yea, when God and his Angels well know, I defire nothing under Heaven so much as to live and die thy wife; or elfe thou would ft n t have been so unkind, to confine thy will, or to bound thy obstinacy, to no tefs than a whole years fequestration and absence from me, which if thy heart were equal, or but the least shadow of mine, thou wouldest deem to contain as many months as hours, and as many ages as months. But God forbid this discourtesse of thine should prove so great a cruelty to me, or before I know what belongs to fortunacy, I should be constrained to feel and suffer so much infelicity. Come away therefore, my dear Morosini, and my lighs, tears, and prayers shall implore the Winds and Seas to prove propitious to thy speedy return; and blame not me, but thy self, if thy absence, and my Fathers obstinacy bereave me of my sweet Morosini, and thee of thy dear IMPERIA.

Morofini could not refrain from blushing, at the reading of this his Mistress Imperia's Letter, as ashamed to see what an exceeding advantage her courtesse had got of his unkinduels. He oftentimes kisseth this her Letter and Bracelet, as the two sweet pledges of her sweetest love, and affection to him, the which he vows to requite, and shortly to make his return, redeem and ransom the ingratitude of his long stay from her. He shews this Letter of her to his two old Comrades, Astonican and Donato, (for their friendship and familiarity is still so great, as they cannot, they will not forfake each other) who infinitely tax his unkindness, and condemn his inconstancy, in sequestring himself so long from so sweet and fair a Mistrels as Imperia. Now for the space of some ten days, Merofini feasteth his friend Mercario in Aleppo, wherein he forgets not continually to solemnize his Imperia's health in the best and richest Greek Wines; at the end whereof (very bountifully rewarding his love and pains, for fo often croffing those dangerous Seas in his behalf) he chargeth him with his Letter in answer of his, and in requital of her Bracelet of sparks of Diamonds, he returns and fends her a fair Chain of Gold, and a rich Diamond Ring fallned to the end thereof, with a pair of Turkish filver Embroydered Bracelets, and so commits him to the mercy of the Winds and Seas; who in fix weeks after, arrives fafely to Ancona, and the next morning posts away to Loretto, where repairing secretly to Bondino's house, he finds out his Daughter Imperia alone, folitarily walking at the farther end of the Garden among ranks of Sycamore and Olive-trees: Who no sooner espies Mercario, but all her blood flashing into her face for joy, the speedily trips away towards him, who (after salutes) bidding him a thousand times welcome home, and he giving her Morosin's Letter and Token, she claps the last in her pocket, and hastily kissing and breaking up the seals of the first, steps aside a pace or two, and there finds and reads these lines. MORO-

Heep ;

MOROSINI to IMPERIA.

"Hy sweet beauty, and rich affection and constancy shall not only command my resolution but my self, and it is impossible either for my profit or reputation to give, but to receive a Law thereof; for thy requests being to me commands and consequently thy felicity and misery equally mine, I will therefore shorten and hasten the time of my stay, and so convert a whole year into a few months: For if Imperia be Palmerius his Wife, Morosini can then never be either himself or his own friend. And to write thee the life of my heart, as thou halt now the heart of thy soul, it is not the ambition of a Confulary dignity, nor all the treasure of Turky, or the Indies, which shall keep me from enjoying of my fair and sweet Imperia, in whose divine cheeks and eyes my heart hath imparadized all my most soveearthly felicity: So that I not only deny, but defic, that Palmerius or any other of the world, is capable to love her the thousandth part, or so tenderly or dearly as my self; to whose sake and service I will still be found ready to lay down my best blood, and to prostitute and sacrifice my dearest life. O . then, my fair and sweet Imperia, live therefore my dear Wife, and Morolini will a suredly die thy loving and constant Husband, and thou shalt briefly see, that I will hate ingratitude, as much as thy snconsiderate Father loves and intends cruelty towards thee, and make thee as joyful in my presence, as thou writest me thou art afflicted and sorrowful in my absence. I come my sweet Imperia, and if I want Winds or Seas to bring me to thy blessed presence, my sight shall increase the one, and my tears supply and augment the other to effect it. Prepare therefore thy heart and eyes to see and salute me, as I do mine arms and lips to embrace and kiss thee, and I both hope and rest consident, that my prayers and conftancy seconded by thine, will make thy Father's obstinacy vain, and prove Palmerius his attempts and hopes ridiculous, in thinking to have thee to his Wife, who art already mine by choice and MOROSINI.

This Letter of Morofini affords no small mulick to the heart, or melody to the mind of our Imperia, for the fweetly and carefully creasureth it up in her brest and memory, and now in hope of his fhort return, the leaves no Church or Chappel in or about Loretto unfrequented to pray for it; yea, the is to religious and virtuous, as the gives her felf wholly to prayer, the foon. er to obtain it: whiles (in the mean time) her cruel Father Bondino (contrary to her expectazion and desires) cuts her out new work, in refuming his old resolution to marry her to her old Lover Palmerius, who still loves her fo tenderly, that for her fake, he will not forfake Lorers to live in Ancona. So that here the Reader is prayed to understand and know, that Bondino finally, (and once for all) to cast his Daughter Imperia & her affection from Morofini to Palmerins, feeing that all other means will not prevail, he infinitely debars her of her liberty, takes away from her, her chiefest apparel and Jewels, (the delighr and glory of young Ladies and Gentlewomen) as also her best viands and diet; and in a word, treateth her so rigorously, as (upon the matter) he makes her more his prisoner than his daughter. Imperia who was never heretofore acquainted with fuch sharp severity, and coarse entertainment, bites her sip, and hangs her head hereat. But the more the prays her Father to referve her for Morefini, the more tyrannoully he commands her speedily to marry Palmerius, so that all her sighs and tears to the contrary, do rather exasperate than appeale his indignation against her, and now she finds the long stay of Morofini from her, not only to exceed her first expectation, but also his last promifes to her in his Letter, and is enforced to fee, that her Father is as cruel, as Palmerius is obstinate and resolute in his suit to her. She hath nothing to comfort her, but the memory and letters of Morofini, and yet nothing doth fo much confound her hopes and patience, as her Fathers cruelty in croffing this her affection. But at last despairing of Morofini's return and vanquished by her Father's tyranny, she (with an unwilling willingness) is enforced to suffer her felf to be overcome by him, as also to permit the walls of her affection, and the bulwarks and fortifications of her constancy to be battered and razed down, by the incessant follicitations, gifts, and prayers of Palmerius; So that forgetting her promise, and her felf, and putting a rape on her former resolution, she is at last contracted and married to him, or rather to the calamities and miferies which we shall shortly see will ensue thereof.

Here now then this old dotard Palmerins is married to fair Imperia, who esteems himself as happy as the finds her felf unfortunate in this match, His Age is too old for her Youth, and her Youth far too young for his Age ; Disparity of years seldom (or never) breeds any true content or felicity in Marriage. He cannot sufficiently estimate, much less deserve or require the dainties of her youth: fo that truth mult here needs implore this dispensation for me of modesty, to affirm that his chiefest power was desire; and his best performance but lust towards her; for whiles every night, as foon as he comes to bed to her, he falls to his

sleep; so poor young Gentlewoman, she turns to her repentance, wishing (from her very heart and soul) that her Husbands bed were her grave, and that her Nuptials had been her Funerals. A thouland times every day and night she accuseth her Father's cruelty, and (with bitter fighs and tears) as often condemneth her own levity and inconstancy for consenting thereunto. She can neither honour or love her Husband, or rather not love him, because she so tenderly loves the person, and honoureth the memory of Morosini. Thus whiles Palmerius retaineth and enjoveth our Imperia in his bed, no less doth the her Morofini in her heart; so that the first hath only her body, but the fecond wholly her mind and affection. The forrowful confideration and remembrance whereof, doth fo torment her heart, and perplex her mind, that the protesteth publickly to her felf, and privately to all the world, that there is no calamity equal to hers, nor no mifery comparable to that of a discontented Bed. Thus being as much a maid as a wife, and yet more a Nun than a Maid, she makes spiritual Books her exercise, solitariness her pa-Hime, her Chamber her Chappel, and her Closet her Oratory, to pray to God to forgive her Father's cruelty, and her Husband's indifcretion towards her; as also her own inconstancy and treachery towards Morofini: which foul ingratitude and crime of hers, the cannot remember but with extream grief, nor once think of, but with infinite shame, forrow, and repentance. Although this her old Husband Palmerius, be so amorous and kind to her, and so tender of this his fair young wife, that he leaves no cost unbestowed on her, as well in rich apparel, as Chains and Jewels, wherein the Ladies and Gentlewomen of Italy chiefly pride themselves: yet this was not the content and felicity which our Imperia defired, because deserved, But her fresh youth, and her Husbands feeble and frozen age, cast her heart on other oppo-

fite conceits, and her mind on other different contemplations.

Whiles thus Bondino and Palmerius as much rejoyce as Imperia mourns and grieves at this her unequal and discontented Match, and Morosini confidently relying on the firm affection and constancy of his Imperia made his stay in Aleppo, some ten months longer than his promife to her: He at last led by the star of her beauty, and his own affection to her leaves Turky, and (in company of his constant old Friends Affonicus & Donato) fets fail for Italy, and purpole-Ty puts in with their Ship into Ancona, where they and he are no sooner arrived, but Mercario finding him out, entertains him with the welcome of this forrowful news, that his Mistress Imperia is now in this City of Ancona, and married to old Seignior Palmerius, whereat Morofini infinitely grieves, and Astonicus and Donato much wonder. He is stricken at the heart, at this forrowful news, and (too too foon for him) believes it with as much affliction as admiration. By this time likewise is Imperia advertised of his and their arrival, whereat she seems to drown ber felf in a whole deluge of tears; yet not for forrow, but for joy of his arrival. He imploys Mercario to her, to grant him a private visit, the which most joyfully the next night she doth in her own house, her old Husband being in bed, and snoring fast asleep. At Morasini's first fight and entrance into her Chamber, (where she all alone privately stays for him), she throws her felf on her knees at his feet, and with fighs, tears, and blufhes, begs his pardon for her unconstancy in marrying Palmerius, the which she no way attributes to his long stay, but rather to her Father's cruelty and her own misfortune. Morofin is as joyful of her fight, as forrowful of this her error, and so will not permit her to kneel, hecause he sees and knows, and also afforeth her, that she is still the goddess of his heart and affection. He takes her up in his arms, and there embraceth and freely pardons her; and so they reciprocally speak each to other in the sweet language of love, I mean, of kisses, fighs, and tears, with the last whereof, they again and again, bedew and wash each others cheeks, as if love had made them far more capable to figh than speak, and to weep than figh: Here their old affections revive, and flame forth anew, with more violence and impetuofity. She hath no power to deny him any thing, no not her felf. For as he swears to live her servant, so she constantly vows to live and die his handmaid, and that his will shall ever be her Law, and his requests in all things her com-mands. Here his heart beats for love, and her brest pants for joy. For as he promiseth her, that the thall be his fole and only love, fo the (willingly) forgets her felf fo far, as folemnly to protest to him, that he shall be more her husband than Palmerius, when with many embraces and killes, they for that night part.

The next morning Morosini and his two Consorts, Astonicus and Donato, (by the seigned way of a rejoycing complement) do visit his young Mistris Imperia, and her old Husband Palmerius, who (more out of his own goodness than their deserts) bid them all most kindly and courteously welcome. They congratulate with him for this his happy match with Imperia, for which, old Palmerius respectively thanks them, but he knows not what dangerous snakes lurk under the green leaves of this their pretended sair courtesse. As for his wife Imperia, she is so, reserved in her comportment, and so coy in her carriage towards them, that (accor-

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ding to the cultom of Italy) her Husband can hardly perswade or cause her to see and salute them, the which at last she faintly and seignedly performs, rather with an eye of distain, than of respect. They all see the young Wise with love and pity, but look on her old Husband with contempt and envy; yet Morosini then and there in stealth sees Imperia's heart in her eyes; when, in counterchange, she knows his heart by his enamour'd looks and countenance. So Palmerius (being as innocent as aged) having discoursed with them about their voyage, and about Turkie and Constantinople, and courteously prayed them to be no strangers to him and his house, whiles the contrary winds kept them here in Ancona (which they readily and thankfully promise him), they for this time take leave each of other; Astonicus and Donato highly applauding the beauty of Imperia; and Morosini infinitely condemning and contemning the simplicity and age of her old Husband Palmerius.

But this is not all; for that very afternoon Morosini (out of the intemperate heat and passion of his love) by a consident Messenger, sends to pray Imperia to meet him at three of the clock in her Garden, which was a pretty way distant from her house; the which she joyfully grants him: and here it is where they meet, and where I am enforced to say, that in the Pavillion or Banquetting-house of this Garden, there these two youthful lovers (after a thousand sweet kisses and embraces) first received each of other those amorous delights and pleasures which modesty will not, and chastity and honesty cannot permit me to mention; as also, for that these Pills of Sugar are most commonly candied in bitter Wormwood and Gall, and but too

frequently prove Honey to the Palat, but Poyfon to the Heart and Soul.

And here in this her Garden (I fay again) was the very first time and place where our fair Imperia, who was so famous in Loretto and Ancona, for her Piety and Chassity, forgetting the first, made shipwrack of the last; and where, of a Gentlewoman of Honor, she lost her honor by committing this her beaftly fin of sensuality and adultery. When the winds, which were contrary to Marofini's voyage, proved so favourable and propitious to his luftful defires, that he thinks of nothing less than of his return to Venice; nor of any thing so much as of his stay here in Ancona with his fair & sweet Love Imperia; who likewise finds less content and pleafure in the company of her Husband Palmerius, than the hoped for, and now far more in her dear Friend Morofini, than she either dreamt or expected. In which trivial regard, and sinful confideration, she (in a manner) abandons the first, and gives her self wholly over to the will and pleasure of the second; and so turning the custom of these their lascivious dalliances, into a habit, and that into a fecond nature, both in her garden, and her own house, she very often (both by day and night) commits this bitter-fweet fin of Adultery with Morofini, whereof a fubtil young Nephew of Palmerius, of some eighteen years old, who was his Sister's Son, and termed Richardo, takes exact and curious notice; and once among the rest, he peeps in at the key-hole of his Aunt's Chamber-door, and there fees her & Scignior Morofini on the bed together, and in no less familiarity than was requisite or could be expected betwixt his Unkle her Husband Palmerius, and her felf: whereupon fecretly envying and hating her, because he was afraid she should bear away all, or at least the greatest part of his said Unkle's Estate and Wealth from him (who for want of Children, hoped that he therefore should be his adopted Heir;)he therefore maliciously bears the remembrance of this object and accident in his mind, with an intent, that when occasion should hereafter present the report and knowledg thereof to his said Unkle, he might justly cause him wholly to heave and raze her out of his good opinion and affection.

As for Morosini and Imperia, they (notwithstanding all this) do still strongly endeavour to blear the eyes of her Husband Palmerius, who (thinking his Wise to be as chast as fair, and rather a Diana than a Lais) out of his good nature doth sometimes in his house feast Morosini and his two Consorts, Astonicus and Donato. But they will prove pernicious and fatal Guests to him: for ere long we shall see them requite this holpitality and courtese of his, with a prodigious and treacherous ingratitude. In which mean time, all Ancona resounds of the great expense and profuse prodigality of Morosini and his two Associates: for they here revel it out in the best Taverns and Companies of the City, and not only exceed others, but also themselves, in the richness and bravery of their Apparel; but most especially Morosini, whose Apparel is every way fitter for an Italian Noble-man, than a Venetian Metchant! Our Lustul and Lascivious Imperia, is never well contented or pleased, but in his presence, or her Husband's absence. And here, to relate the truth of her heart, Morosini is more her Husband than Palmerius, or rather, Palmerius is but the shadow, and Morosini the essential substance of her Husband: and therefore I desire the Reader to know and remember, that in that regard and consideration I have purposely entituled this History not to be

of Palmerius and Imperia, but of Morofini and Imperia.

Morosini.

Morofini, Altonicus, and Donato, (in their Lodging and Chambers) have many times many private speeches and conferences, what pity it is that so sweet and fair a young Gentlewoman as Imperia, should by the conftraint of her unkind and cruel Father thus be clogged and chained in Marriage to so old a Dotard as Palmerius, (sor a more favourable Epithete their Vanity and Folly could not afford to give him) and Marofini (in the dumb eloquence and Logick of Imperia's fighs and tears) apparently believes, that (in her heart and foul) the infinitely desireth and wisheth, that Palmerius were in Heaven, and himself now her Husband here on Earth in his place. He reads as much in her looks and countenance; and is therefore confident, that her heart and ambition aspire to no sweeter earthly felicity. He hath not lott his Wit in his Affection, nor wholly drowned his Judgment either in the fresh Roses and Lillies of her Beauty, or in the resplendent luster of those sparkling Diamonds and Starrs, her Eyes He knows that his Estate is far inserior to his Birth and Extraction; and yet, that his prodigalities and expences (both in Turkje and Italy) are far superior and above his Estate; he would fain (therefore) find out the means to bear it up. Then, I say, what his demands could not obtain of her, his kiffes do, when fwearing him to support, & consequently to preferve his Reputation with the whole world, the which he esteems equal to his life, if not above it. He knows that Imperia is already thore his Wife, than her Husband's; and is very confident, that he can make her apt for any impression, and capable of any design, which may advance his own fortunes, & confirm both their contents; whereunto conjoining the freetness of her beauty, and the excellency of her feature, and the exceeding great wealth of her old Husband; he adding all these considerations together, they here weigh him down to Hell and Satan, by terminating his thoughts, and fixing his heart upon this hellish resolution, To fend him speedily to Heaven in a bloody Winding-sheet; and no other charitable thought, or Christian consideration, can divert him from this inhuman and bloody project; neither can he possibly reap any truce of his thoughts, or peace of his heart, before he have attempted and finished it.

To which end, the very next night that he lay and wantonized in bed with his Imperia, (for, God knows, her old Husband lay but feldom with her) finding her extraordinarily to figh, he lays hold of this advantage and opportunity, &very earnestly demands of her what ayls her; whereat her tongue then fled to her heart, because her heart was then flying from God to the Devil; so she continues her sighing, but is still mute, and returns him no answer. That at last Morofini suspecting that in her, which his hopes defired, and his defires hoped for; then I say, what his demands could not obtain of her, his kisses do; when, swearing him to secrefie, the (after many far-fetch'd fighs) tells him, that the loves him to dearly and tenderly, as for his fake the either witheth her felt in her Grave, or her Husband Palmerius in Heaven, which is the iweet Musick and Melody that Morosini expects, and which to his unexpressable joy he now receives from her; when paying her the principal and interest of this her dearest love and affection towards him, with many kiffes, he passionately entreats her, that she will employ him to finish this pleasing Tragedy; but she is again mute hereat; and therefore he again more earnestly entreats her to confer this favour on him; who then taking counsel of her Lust and of Hell, she grants his first request herein, with silence; but his second with a free and cheerful consent. When (as two wretched and bloody Miscreants) they reciprocally fwear secrefie herein each to other, as also they will speedily dispatch him, and so in a very short time after marry each other; and no longer live in ANCONA, but in VENICE. But what a fatal, what a hellish Contract was this, which they equally confirm as well with Oaths as Kiffes? And how at one time do I pity both their Youth and Folly, and hate their obscene affections each to other, and their foul crimes unto God herein! They cannot content themselves with lust, but with blood; for they are so resolutely inhuman and impious, as they will needs add murther to adultery; as if one of those two foul sins were not sufncient enough to make both of them wretched in this life, if not miserable in that to come. But the Devil is follrong with them, as they vow to advance, and disdain to retire in the perpetration of this deplorable business: so from the matter, they proceed to the manner hereof. Morofini propoteth poyton; but Imperia rejects this his opinion, as being dangerous bothin the procuring and administring. When she propounded to have him stifled by night in his bed: To the which, after two or three pauses and confiderations, he well and freely confenteth. So hereon they both do finally agree and resolve. But because Morosini knows this Imperia to be a wife but weak woman, and therefore fitter for counsel than execution, and himself alone peradventure not strong enough (with safety) to perform it, without fome other men's affiltance; he therefore tells her, that he will like wife engage his taithful friends and companions, Affonicus and Donato, herein. But Imperia is extreamly

against it, as grounding her apprehension and sear upon this Maxim, That as one is more capable and proper to keep counsel, than two; so consequently are two, than sour. But when (in answer hereof) he vows and swears to her, That they are no less his faithful friends and servants, than he hers: then (with much alacrity and joy) she yeelds thereunto, so they, confirming this their agreement with many oaths, & sealing it with a world of kisses, he leaves this his fair Sweet-heart in bed, and at break of day departs from her, and so hies him home to his old Lodging to his two companions, Astonicus and Donato, who (the premises considered) do pertectly know at what Mid-night-Mais he hath been, what Shrine he hath visi-

ted, and what Saint he hath adored and prayed to.

Some three hours after they all call for their break-fasts, the which as soon as they have taken and ended, (for still as yet the wind is contrary for them to set sail for Venice) Morosini prays them forthwith to walk with him, up to the Domo (or Cathedral Church) of that City which stands over it on a high rocky hill, and there proudly looks up towards the Mountains of Loretto, and Recagnati, and down to the azured plains and valleys of the Adriatick-Sea, (whereon Boreas rings his Northern Peals, and Neptune danceth his Southern Lavolta's) So here in this famous Church, (which was built for offering up religious prayers to God, and not for making up bloody conferences and contracts to, and with the Devil) Morefine first acquaints them with this business, and with his, and his Imperia's most earnest prayers. and affectionate requests for their affishance therein; Sith the life of her old doating Husband was no less their affliction and misery, than this his death would infallibly prove their prosperity, triumph and glory, because she was formerly contracted to himself, long before he married her: which she was enforced and constrained to do, through the cruelty and tyranny of her Father. Now as there needs not many good words and perswasions to base hearts and polluted and prophane fouls, who of themselves are already disposed to wickedness and prepared to finful actions: So (because of Morosini's old friendship and familiarity of Imperia's beauty, and her old Husband Palmerius his exceeding great wealth and riches) these two graceless wretches, Astonicus and Donato, do cheerfully promise Morosini the very utmost of their possible powers for the accomplishment hereof, whereon they all three do there solemnly and interchangeably give their hands and oaths, as also for eternal secretie. Which done, they return to their lodging, and at dinner (when they had purposely lent away their Servants, as also those of the house) they in very great glasses of Albania-wine do on their knees drink Healths to the prosperity of this their intended great business: the which after dinner Morofini (with much joy)fully relates to his Imperia, and the (for her part) understands and receives it from him with no less delight and exhibitation. When being (as strongly seduced and provoked by their lascivious defires, as they were meerly propagated and engendred by the Devil, who was the first and sole Author thereof) impatient of all delays, they conclude to finish this business the second night after, which (as I have been credibly informed in Ancona) was the very Eve of the Purification of the bleffed Mary, to famous and famoused in Loretto). And hereon these our two luttful and lewd lovers, Morosini and Imperia, do give and take exact and curious direction each from other, both of the hour and the manner, thereby the better to dispatch it with less danger, and more assurance and facility : and they are so lascivious in their wishes, so vain and prophane in their hopes, so cruel and inhuman in their defires, and so fierce and bloody in their resolutions, as they think every hour an age before they fee it effected. All this while our innocent and harmless old Palmerius, albeit he have the will, but not the power to please his young wife Imperia by night, yet by day 'yea, and almost every day) he hath both the power and will to bestow some rich gifts and presents on her, and to rain down showers of Gold into her lap, as Jove did to his fair Danae; and as one way he held it his felicity to gaze and contemplate on the excellency of her pure beauty; so again he made it his delight and glory to fee her flant it out in rich and brave Apparel, and also to provide her the most rarest Viands and daintiest Diet that Gold or Silver could procure. But poor Palmerius! (all this cost and courtesie of thine to thy Wife not with standing) I am enforced to write with equal pity to thee, and shame to her; little dost thou conceive or think what a dangerous Cockatrice or pernicious Viper thou harbourest, in harbouring her in thy house, thy bed, thy bosome.

The dismal night being now come which these four execrable persons have designed and destined for the smishing of this deplorable business; it is no sooner twelve of the Clock by Moresimi's Watch, but he, with Astonicus and Donato (with their Rapiers and Pistols, without any light) issue forth their lodging, and presently trip to Palmerius house, where (according to promise) they find the street-door a little open, and Imperia as a Fury of Hell) there ready to receive them, when although it were a time and place far more fitter for them to tremble

than kiss; yet so fervent is the fire of Morosini and Imperia's lascivious and furious affections, as they cannot yetrefrain from giving each other one or two at least. When leaving Donato (with his Rapier drawn) close within the door, to guard and make it good against all opposing and intervening accidents, Morofini leads Imperia by her right arm, and Aftonicus by the left, and so for the more fecurity (purposely) leaving their shoes below with Donato, and drawing on woollen pumps, they all three afcend the stairs, when she (with wonderful filence) first conducts them to her own Chamber, (which was some two distant from her Husband's) where the windows being close shut, and a small wax candle burning on her Table, and her Prayerbook by it, wherein (fill expecting the hour of midnight) the filently reads while the Devil held the candle to her; she there gives each of them a pillow to work this damnable fact, having filently given fuch order, that her Husband's Nephew, Richardo, and all the fervants of the house, were gone to bed above three hours before. Thus this treacherous she-devil Imperia (for I can no more term her a woman, much less a wife, and least of all a Christian) is the satal guide to bloody Morosini and Astonicus; who brings them first to the door of her old Husband Palmerius his Chamber, which she had purposely left a little open, & then to his bed, who is deeply and foundly fleeping in his innocency towards them, as they were but too too wide waking in their inveterate malice against him; she keeping the door, and Morosini standing by one fide of the bed, and Astonicus by the other, they there (in regard of his impotency and weakness) do easily stifle him to death, not so much as suffering him either once to cry or fereech; and then, to make fure work, they speedily and violently thrust a small Oreng e into his mouth, thereby the better to cover and colour out this their villany to the world, in making all men believe, that it was Palmerius himself who had put that Orenge into his own mouth, thereby purposely to destroy himself: when, leaving his breathless body in his bed, they fecretly issue forth the Chamber, and the draws fast the door after her, and so descends with them down the stairs to the street-door, where with much triumph, joy, and thanks, between them all, Morofini giving his Imperia many kiffes, and the defiring them all three immediately to repair to their lodgings, & not to stir thence till they hear from her, which she promiseth Morofini shall be as foon as conveniently and possibly the can, they depart home. When the, first softly bolting the Street-door, and then her own Chamber-door, she presently (with much security, and no repentance) betakes her self to her bed, where (vile wretch that she is) the no more wakes for grief at the life, but now fleeps for joy at the death of her old doating Husband Palmerius. But we shall not go far before we see God convert these her triumphs into tears, and this her false joy, into true misery and confusion for the same.

The manner thus:

Whiles Morosini, Astonicus, and Donato, do in their lodging, for joy of this their bloody fact, carowse the remainder of the night, and the next morning keep their beds till nine of the clock, without once thinking of God or Heaven, or of fearing either Hell or Satan. Imperia putting an Angel's face on her devillish heart, goes (according to her accussomed manner) about fix of the Clock in the morning, away with her Waiting maid, and her Prayer-Book and Beads in hand, to hear Mass at Saint Francis (which is the Gray-Fryers) Church, near to the Jews Street, with an intent to stay there in her Orisons till past eight. But let the Reader judg with what a prophane zeal, and prodigious and impious devotion, she doth it, as also farther know, that God who is the great judg of Heaven and Earth (in his facred Justice) is now resolved to bring this lamentable murthering of Palmerius to detection and light, and to proclaim and publish it to the sight and knowledg of the world, by a way no less strange than remarkable.

Within less than half an hour, that Imperia went away to Mass at Saint Francis Church, an Inn-keeper of Loretto, who dwelt there at the sign of the Crown, named Antonio Herbas, arrives there in Ancona to Palmerius house, with a Letter for him from his Father Bondino; who speaking with his Nephew Richardo, he delivereth and sendeth up the Letter to his Unkle, who then opening the latch of his Chamber-door, he no sooner entreth, but with his foot he shumbles at a pair of rich Gloves; which taking up, and knowing them to belong to Seignion Morosini, because some two or three days together he had seen him wear them; he with a smile claps them into his pocket; and so giving his Unkle the good morrow, he advanceth up to his bed, to deliver him this Letter: when, withdrawing the Curtains, he (contrary to his expectation) finds him dead, and well-near cold in his bed, with a whole small Orenge in his mouth; whereat he makes so lamentable and sorrowful an out-cry, that the noise thereof brings up two servants of the house, to enquire and know what the cause thereof might be;

who being likewise sad spectators of this their Master's sudden and unfortunate death, they conceive and believe, that he had voluntarily stopped his own breath, and destroyed himfelt by putting this Orange in his mouth; and that his face being black and fwollen, was only his own firugling for life against death: which opinion of theirs, in common sense and reason, was probable enough, if God had not here resolved to disprove it, in verifying and making apparent the contrary. For Richardo (who was of a pregnant wit, and of a sharp and quick apprehension) considering that these were Morosini's Gioves, which he found there in his this kle's Chamber; and his memory now telling his heart what lascivious dalliances and obscene embraces and familiarity his eyes had lately seen and known between him & his Aune Imperia; asalfo, that God heretofore prompted and informed his foul, that they both had an equal share and hand in this lamentable murther of his Unkle, and that it was far better for him justly to ruin her now, than she unjustly to begger him hereafter: He therefore (with tears in his eyes) prays the servants to stay a little while in the Chamber with his dead Unkle, till his return; and then (with those Gloves in his pocket, and this Letter in his hand) he speeds away to the Podestate (or Criminal Judg) of this City, named Seignior Ludovicus Ceranno, and in a paffionate and forrowful speech, makes him know as much as himself knows of this lamentable murther of his Unkle Palmerius, for the which, he ffrongly chargeth Morofini, and his faid Aunt Imperia, to be the author and actor, and so craves Justice on them both for the same. This grave personage is very sorrowful at this lamentable accident, and likewife at this relation and accusation of Richardo, as well for the manner thereof, as for the quality of the persons who he hears and sears are interested herein; when walking a turn or two, deeply contemplating hereon in his Chamber, he fits himfelf down in his Chair, and then (bidding Richardo approach nearer to him) he feriously demands of him these sour Questions: First, If he were affured that these were Morosini's Gloves? To which Richardo antwered, He perfectly knew them to be his, for that he had feen him wear them three or four several times. Secondly, Where Morofini was lodged in that City? Whereat he replied, That he and his two Affociates, Aftonicus and Donato, lay at the fign of the Ship, upon the Key. Thirdly, Where he thought his Aunt Imperia now was? Whereat he tells him, She is now in St. Francis Church, in her devotions. And fourthly, What Letter that was which he held fast sealed in his hand? When he also informed him, That this was the very same Letter which he formerly told him of, the which Seignior Bondino (the Father to his Aunt Imperia) fent to his Unkle this morning from Loretto, by an Inn-keeper of that Town named Antonio Herbas, whom he faid he had brought along with him to affirm fo much : the which being called up before the Podestate, he upon his corporal Oath did so: when the Podestate taking that Letter from Richardo, and breaking up the Seals thereof, he finds it to speak, this language.

BONDINO to PALMERIUS.

I was a sensible grief to me, when I first heard of Morosini's arrival from Turky to Ancona, but far the greater when I first understand of his land of his land. but far the greater, when I first understood of his long and lingring stay there: and to write thee the truth of my heart, my thoughts by day, and my dreams by night, do ftill prompt and affure me, that as it is likely he will attempt something against the Chastity of thy Wife, my Daughter, so it is not impossible for him to plot somewhat against thine own life; for by nature and inclination I hear he is very malicious and revengeful. If he depart speedily to Venice, then burn this Letter in Ancona, (which I now send thee here by my neighbour Antonio Herbas) but if he farther protract his stay there, then speedily bring thy self and thy Wife away to me here in Loretto, where my House shall be a sanctuary for her, and a Castle and Cittadel for thy self: Slight not this my careful and tender advice to thee, but rather resolve with considence, that as God gave it sirst to my heart, so from my heart I most affectionately now send it to thee. BONDINO.

The Podestate being ascertained of all these Evidences, from the confession of Richardo, the Gloves of Morofini, the Letter of Bondino, and the acknowledgment of Herbas, although hereupon he verily believes that Palmerius was stifled in his bed by his Wife Imperia, and her lover Morofinis yet (as a wife Judg and a prudent Magistrate) he will inform his knowledg of one important point more, for the better disquisition and vindication of the truth of this deplorable business: He will not send any subordinate Officer, but a private friend of his, to the Hotte of the Ship upon the Key, where Morofini lodged, whole name he now knows to be Stephano Fundi, and that (in favour of a Cup of Wine) he should courteously allure him home to

his house and presence, the which that friend of his performs, where the Podestate then told him, that he had been informed by divers, that he is an honest man, and therefore in friendly fort he prays him to answer him the truth of three demands which he shall make unto him: First, It Morofini, and his Friends Astonicus and Donato, lay in his house all the last night?or if not, When they went abroad, and at what hour returned. When Fundi (performing his duty and reverence to the Podestate) tells him, that they all three went forth of his house together. the last night, with their Rapiers, without any lights, a little after twelve of the clock, and returned home again a little before two, as near as he could guess. Secondly, The Podestate thews him the Gloves, and asks of him if he thought these were Morosini'ss to which he answered, He did assure himself they were, for that he had many times seen him wear them. Thirdly, He enquires of him, if he knew where Morofini, Astonicus, and Donato, now were? Whereunto he made answer, that after they came home to his house the last night, they merrily caroufed and drank in their Chamber till fix of the clock in the morning; that they then went to their beds, and there as yet they all lay foundly fleeping. The Podestate having thus happily cleared all these rubs, he makes no doubt they were the murtherers of Palmerius, and therefore resolves speedily to lay sure hold of them all. But he is so solid and wise in his administration of Justice, as he will add subtilty to his power, and discretion to his authority First therefore in friendly manner he confines Fundi to a chamber here in his own house, to prevent that he should not return home to tell tales to Morosini and his affociates. Then he presently sends away two of his own Sons, who were gallant young Gentlemen, named Seignior Alexandro and Thomaso Ceranno (who were ignorant of all this matter) with his coach to St. Francis-Church, & when they there see the fair Gentlewoman Imperia to issue forth, then in courteous manner, not to fail to bring her away in coach with them to his house, under pretext and colour, that the Lady Honoria their Mother doth desire to see & speak with her, & that she wil please to pass one hour with her in her Garden, with whom and where she by the way of vifits) had formerly sometimes been. These two young Gentlemen (in obedience to their Father's commands) drive away to that Church, and presently espy Imperia on her knees, who now rifeth and goes forth; they follow her, and in the firect, with their Hats in their hands, do present their Lady-Mother's request and errand to her, as we have sormerly heard. Imperia knowing them to be the Podestate's two Sons, the at first is so infinitely perplexed, grieved, & amazed hereat, yea, she is hereupon vexed and tormented in so strange a manner, that with much perturbation of mind the now (through her foul and guilty conscience)looks pale for forrow, and presently red again for shame; so that in the turning of an hand, and twinkling of an eye, she exchangeth the Lillies of her cheeks into Roses, and those Roses as soon again into Lillies:but then fearing her danger leaft, when she had all the reasons of the world both to doubt and fear it most) considering that the Podestate & the Lady his Wife were her kind and honourable good friends, and had now fent their Coach for her; as also observing the fair carriage and courteous language of these two young Sons towards hersshe then (being blinded by the Devil) doth fo wholly forget both her crime and her danger, her judgment and her felf, that rejecting her fear, and composing her countenance to a modelt chearfulness, the willingly obeys the Mother's commands, and accepts of the Sons courtefie, and so goes along home with them in their Coach: Where being arrived, these two young Gentlemen do usher and conduct her up the Gallery, where not the Lady their Mother, but the Podestate their Father (accompanied with two other grave Officers of Justice)attended her coming. Their very first fight is sufficiently capable to daunt her courage with fear, and to transpierce her heart and soul with sorrow: When the Podestate calling her to him, he with a stern countenance gives her this thundering-peal for her Good-morrow and Break-fast: That he is forry to fee that so fair a Gentlewoman as her self, should harbour and enshrine fo foul a heart. That her good old Husband, Seignior Palmeriu, is this morning found fliefld to death in his bed, with an Orange in his mouth; and that he both thinks and affures himfelf, it is done by her, and by her bloody Ruffian and Enamourato, Morofini; for the which he saith he is constrain'd (in honor to Justice) to make her Prisoner to the Pope his Holiness, his Soveraign Lord and Master : whereat this falle hypocrite Imperia (with a world of fighs and sears) cries out and tells him, That she left her old Husband Palmerius in persect health in his bed this morning, that therefore she hoped and trusted in God he is not murthered; or if he be, that it must needs be done by his wretched Nephew Richardo, who impatiently gaped and hoped for his great Wealth and Riches; or else by some Devil in his shape, of his feducing and hiring him thereunto. That Morofini is not her Ruffian or Enamourato, but a brave Merchant by his Profession, and an honourable Gentleman of Venice by Birth and Extraction; and that she dare pawn her life for his, that they are both of them as in-

nocent of this foul crime, as the Infants who were born but the last night, and that she hath far more reason to weep for the death of her Husband, than any way to fear her own life, because she knows that God is the defender of innocents, &the protector of the righteous, with many other pallionate and forrowful speeches conducting and looking that way : but these her speeches & tears cannot prevail with the Podestatestor both he and his two Colleagues' do yet firmly believe that the is guilty of this inhuman murther. So he imprisoneth her in a Chamber of his own house for that day, and intends at night to fend her to the Common-Gaol of that City. Now as the is led along between two Ushers (or Serjeants) through a lower room, where all the Podestate's Servants, and some few others of the City, were slocked this ther to see her pass by: the infinitely more caring for her Morofini's life, and fearing his death than her own, it is her chance to cipy Mercario (whom we have formerly understood the fent with her Letters to him to Constantinople and Aleppo), and knowing that the Serjeants would then difficultly permit her to speak with any of the company; she, amidst her tears, bethinks her felf of a pretty policy: for as the patt close by Mercario, the purposely lets fall her Gloves and wet-Handkerchief for him to rake up, the which he doth; and as he was stooping to effect it, the fecretly and fwirtly rounds him in his ear thus: I pray go instantly upon the Key to Morofini's lodging, and tell him that I am a Prisoner in the Podestate's house, for the business he knows of, and therefore that he (and Assonicus and Donato) do speedily provide for their safety; as also, that if I had a thousand lives, I would willingly lose and sacrifice them all for to preferve his, and that I will live and dye his most loving friend & faithful handmaid: the which as foon as the had uttored, the is imprisoned in a dark Chamber, where the hath none but her guilty Conscience, the bare Walls, and the two Serjeants, for her miserable comforters. And yet here thinking to breathe and draw fome hope among all her despair & forrows, the prays one of the Serjeants to report her humble fervice to the Lady Honoria, the Podestate's Wife, & to pray her to oblige and honour her so much, as to see and speak a word with her. But she having been informed by the Judg her Husband, that he absolutely held & believed her to be the murtheress of her own Husband, Seignior Palmerius, she was too honourable to grant Imperia this courtefie; and therefore (in detellation of her foul fact) highly difdained to afford her this charity and confolation, and so flatly denies either to fee or speak with her. And now do the Prodestate and his two Colleagues, sit and debate in Council with themselves, how and in what manner to surprise Morosins, Astonicus, and Donato, for although they are not fure, yet by their absence the last night from their lodging with Morosini, they think that they two are acceffaries with him herein: first, they are of opinion to seize on their Ship, which is at anchor in the Road, termed the Realto of Venice, (a name I think derived and taken from the Merchants Exchange of that City, termed the Realto; or else from the Realto-Bridg, which (for one Arch) is doubtless the rarest, fairest, and richest Bridg of the World) which Ship was of some three hundred Tuns, and bore some twenty pieces of Ordnance, and then presently after to seize on themselves in their lodging. But upon more mature deliberation, they resolve to abandon this their opinion, & so to seize on their persons, but not to arreft or make stay of their Ship; and although their zeal to Justice, and haste for their apprehenfion, be very great; yet Mercario, out of his respects to Imperia, & affection to Mirosini, trips down through the by-streets, & nearest way to the Key, so swiftly, as he had already secretly related him and his two Conforts, the forrowful news which Imperia fent them by him. Whereat, with fear in their hearts and courages, and amazement in their looks and countenances, they all three leap from their beds to their swords, discharge their Inn, pack up their Tranks and Baggage, and refolve with all pollible speed to flye to their ship; and then if not with, yet against the wind, to put into sea, and for their safety to leave Ancona, and sail for Venice. But yet here Morofini's heart is perplexed with a thousand torments, to understand of his Imperia's imminent and apparent danger; and with many Hells, instead of one, to see that he must now thus suddenly leave her dear fight and company, which he every way esteems no less than either his earthly selicity, or his Heaven upon Earth.

But here again, violently called away by the importunate cries of Alonicus and Donato, and yet far more by the confideration of his own proper fear and danger; Mercaria is no sooner stollen away from them, but they all three, with their Swords drawn, rush down the stairs with equal intents and resolutions to exchange their Inn for their Ship, and thereby to metamorphose their danger into security. But they shall see, that these weak and recling hopes of theirs wil now deceive them: for they find all the doors of their Inn lockt within-side, a surrounded & beleagur'd without, with many armed Serjeants, Soldiers, and Citizens, for their apprehension; and although Morasini, Astonicus, and Donato, were so instamed with their youthful blood and courage, as they were once generously resolved to sell their lives dearly,

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and with their Piftols and Swords, to prefer an honourable to an infamous death; yet being far over-maftred with numbers, are therefore enforced to take a Law of the stronger; whereunto they the sooner hearken and consent, in regard the Serjeants and Officers do politickly cry out to them, and pray them to yeeld; as affirming, that to their knowledg, their resolution and fear doth far exceed the danger of their offences. They make a virtue of necessity, and unlocking the doors of their Inn and Chambers, do cheerfully yeeld up their Persons, Pistols, and Swords, to the Pope's Officers of Justice, who soon convey them all three to the Common-Prison of that City, which was the same wherein our not so forrowful as unfortunate Imperia was already entred; and where, to her unexpressible grief, and Morosini's unparallel'd affliction and disconsolation, such exact charge was given of the Podestate, and such curious heed observed and taken of the Gaoler, that he could not possibly be permitted either to see or speak with her, or she with him; the which indeed they conceived to be far more sharp than their crime, and infinitely more bitter than the consideration either of their fear or danger.

Now the news of these lamentable accidents being speedily posted from Ancona to Loretto, our Imperia's cruel Father Bondino no sooner is ascertained thereof, but seeing his Son-in-law Palmerius murthered in his bed, and his Wise, his own only Daughter, Imperia (with her Rustian Morosini, and his two Consorts) to be imprisoned as the Authors and actors thereof, he for the love he bore to her life, and the tender pity and forrow he felt of the intamy of her approaching death, suddenly falls sick and dies; whereof his imprisoned Daughter Imperia understanding, she (in regard of his former severity towards her) is so much passionate, and so little compassionate, as she rather rejoyceth than lamenteth at it; only she prays God to forgive his soul of that cruelty of his in enforcing her to marry Palmerius, which she knows to be the original cause and tatal cloud, from whence have proceeded all these distinal storms of affliction, and tempests of untimely death, which she sears must very shortly befall both

her felf, and her fecond felf, Morofini.

Whiles thus Aftonicus and Danato grieve at their hard fortune and danger, & Morofini and Imperia do reciprocally more lament and forrow for their separation, than for their imprisonment; and that the Podestate and other Officers of Justice of Ancona, are resolved first to inform the Pope, and then to expect his Holiness pleasure for the arraignment and punishment of these four Prisoners. It pleased God exceedingly to visit the Town of Loretto, and especially the City of Ancona, with the Plague, whereof many thousands in a few months were swept away : fo, by special Commission and Order from Rome, they (in company of divers other Prisoners) are conveyed to the City of Polignio, two small days journey from Ancona, and there to be arraigned and tryed upon their lives and deaths: at which time, as they past by the old little City of Tolentino, where I then (in my intended travels towards Rome) lay upon my recovery of a Burning-Fever; when, I say, the nature of their crimes, and the quality of their persons, made my curiosity so ambitious, as to see and observe them in their several Chambers of the Inn, where they that night lay, which was at the Sign of the Pope's Arms: as for Aftonicus and Donato, I tound them to be rather fad than merry; Morosini to be far more merry than wise; and Imperia to be infinitely more fair than fortunate; and all of them to be less forrowful for their affliction and danger, than for the cause thereof.

Within three hours of their arrival to Polignio, they are all four convented before the two Criminal Judges, who are purposely sent from Rome thither, and are there and then severally charged with this foul murthering or stifling to death the old Seignior Palmerins in his bed, which all and every one of them apart do stiffy deny, notwithstanding that Fundi the Hoste, and Richardo the Nephew, give in evidence of strong presumption against them, and also notwithstanding of Morosini's Gloves, and Bondino's Letter written to his Son-in-law Palmerius, and delivered by Herbas, as we have formerly understood. But these two grave and prudent Judges yet strongly suspecting the contrary, they will not be deluded with the airy words and fugred speeches and protestations of their pretended innocency, but consult between themselves what here to resolve on for the vindication of this truth: so at last they hold it expedient and requisite, first to expose Astonicus to the torment of the Rack, the which he (being a strong & robustous man) endureth with a firm resolution & constancy every way above himself, & almost beyond belief, & still confesseth nothing but his innocency and ignorance of this deplorable fact: whereof the Judges retting not yet fatisfied, they within an hour after adjudg Donato to the tortures of the Scarpines, who being a little timbred man, of a pale complexion, and weak conflictation of body, his right foot no fooner feels the unfufferable fury of the fire, and his torments then confidently promiting him all defired favour from his

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Judges, if he will confess the truth; but after some sorrowful tears, and pititul cryes, he fully and amply doth, and in the same manner & form as in all its circumstances we have to merly understood. The which when the Judges hear of, they cannot refrain hist from admiring and wondering thereat, and then from lamenting that Personages of their rank and quality should be the authors and actors of so foul and lamentable a Murther, especially of this fair Gentlewoman Imperia, to her own good old Husband Palmerius. Now by this time also are Morosini, Imperia, and Astonicus, acquainted with this fatal confession and accusation of Donato, against them for this murther; whereat they do infinitely lament and grieve, because they are thereby perfectly assured, that it hath infallibly made them all three hable and obnoxious to death; as also, for that their supposed firm friend Donato proved himself so sale a man, and so true a coward, to be the cause thereof; wherein they so much forget themselves, as they do not once think, and they will not therefore remember, that the detection of this their soul Murther proceeded immediately from Heaven, and originally from the Providence and Justice of the Lord of Hosts.

The very same afternoon, the Judges sent for Morosini, Imperia, and Astonicus, to appear before them in their publick Tribunal of Justice, where they first acquaint & charge them with Donato's confession and accusation against them for murthering of Palmerius; whereat they are so far from being any way dismayed or daunted, as they all do deny and resel his accufation, and so in high terms do stand upon their innocency and justification. But when they fee Donato brought into the Court in a Chair (for his fiery turments of the Scarpines had to cruelly scorched, and pitifully burnt away the flesh of the sole of his right foot, almost to the bone, that he was wholly unable either to go or stand) and that they were to be confronted face to face with him; as also, they being also hotly terrified and threatned by the Judges with the torments of the Rack & Scarpines, then God was fo gracious to their hearts, and so merciful to their souls, that they looking mournfully each at other, she weeping, and they fighing, and all of them despairing of life, and too perfectly affured of death, they all confess the whole truth of this foul fact of theirs, and so confirm as much as Donato had formerly affirmed of this their bloody crime of murthering Palmerius in his bed : when one of these two reverend and grave Judges, immediately thereupon do condemn them all four to be hanged the next morning at the common place of Execution of that City; although Donato, because of his confession thereof, in vain slattered himself that he should receive a pardon for his life. So they are all fent back to their Prison from whence they came, where all the courtefie which the importunate requests of Morofini, and the incessant fighs and tears of Imperia, can obtain of their Judges, is, that they grant them an hour of time to fee, converfe, and speak one with the other that night in prison, in presence of their Gaolers, and some other persons, before they dye. When Morosini being guided towards her Chamber, such is the weaknels of his Religion towards God, and the tervency (or rather the exorbitancy) of his affection towards her, that as he paffeth from Chamber to Chamber, he is so far from once thinking, much less fearing of death, as he absolutely believes he is going to a victory and a triumph: here Morofini, with a world of fighs, throws himself into his Imperia's neck and breast, and here Imperia, with a whole deluge of tears, embraceth and encloistereth her Morofini in her arms; when, after a thousand kiffes, they beg pardon one of another for being the effential and actual cause each of other's death, and do interchangeably both kiss and speak, fometimes privately, and most times publickly, before the spectators; that, if those reports be true which I first heard thereof in Tolentino, next in Polignio, and lastly in Rome, I say, to depaint and represent it at life, in all its circumstances, I should then begin a second History, when I am now on the very point and period to end the first; neither, in my conceit, is it a task either proper for me to undertake, or pertinent for my pen to perform, because (to speak freely and ingenuously) I hold the grant and permission of this their amorous visit and interview in prison before they dye, to be every way more worthy of the pity, than of the gravity or piety of their Judges.

If therefore I do not content and please the curiosity, I yet hope I shall endeavour my self to satisfie the judgment of my Christian Reader, here briefly to signifie, this their limited hour is no sooner path, but to the sharp affliction of Morosini, the bitter anxiety of Imperia, they by their Gaolers are separated, and confined to their several Chambers, where by the charity of their Judges they find two Friers and two Nuns attending them, to prepare their souls for Heaven, and in a less vain, and a more serious and religious conference, to entertain both their time and themselves, from an earthly, to the speculation and contemplation of a divine and heavenly love, as also, from them to Associated and Donato. But before I proceed farther, we must understand, that the two Friers have not been with Morosini, and the two Nuns with

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Imperia,

Imperia above an hour, but by the two Judges there is a chief subordinate Officer of theirs fent to prison, to tell Imperia, that her Unkle, Seignior Alexandro Bondino, a great Senator and famous Judg of Rame, hath obtained her pardon of this present Pope Urban VIII. But she is not fo glad of his news, as the is then curious to enquire if her Morofini be likewife pardoned; so the Officer tells her, no, and that he absolutely must suffer death: then she weeps far faster than she rejoyceth; and affirms, that she will not live, but dye. The Judges send for her, and perswade her to live, but she begs them as importunately to give Morosini his life, as they do her, to accept & receive her own. They tell her, they have not the power to grant her the first; and she replies, that she then hath not the will to embrace & entertain the second. They acquaint Morosini herewith, who by their order, and by their selves, do strongly perswade her hereunto; but her first answer & resolution is her last, that she will accept of no life if he must dye; neither wil he refuse any death conditionally, that she may live to survive him. The two Friers and two Nunns use their best art and oratory to perswade her hereunto:but they meet with impossibility to make her affection to Morosini, and her resolution to her felf, flexible hereunto. Her life is not half fo precious to her, as is his; for if the had many, as the hath but one, she is both ready and resolute to lose and sacrifice them all for his sake; & would esseem it her felicity, that her death might redeem & ransom his life: the Judges (out of their goodness and charity) afford a whole day to invite and perswade hereunto: but the is still deas to their requests, and still one and the same woman, desirous to live with him, or constant and resolute to dye for him. Therefore, when nothing can prevail with her, because dye he must, so dye she will; to the which she chearfully prepares her felf, with an equal affection and resolution, which I rather admire than commend in her.

So the next morning they are all four brought to the place of common execution to fuffer death. Where Donato is first lifted up to the Ladder; who, being fuller of pain than words, said little in effect, but that he withed he had either dyed in Conftantinople or Aleppo, or elfe funk in the Sea before he came to Ancona, and not to have here ended his days in milery and infamy. The next who was ordered to follow him, was Astonicus; who told the World boldly and plainly, that he cared less for his death, than for the cause thereof, and that he loved Morosimi fo perfectly and dearly, that he rather rejoiced than grieved to dye for him; only he repented himfelf for affilting to murther Palmerius, and from his heart and foul befeeched God toforgive it him; & fo he was turned over. Then Morofini ascends the Ladder, clad in a hair-colour Satin-fuit, and a pair of Crimson filk Stockings, with Garters and Roses edged with filver lace, being so vain in his carriage, action, and speeches, as before he once thought of God, he (with a world of fighs) takes a folemn league of his Sweet-heart Imperia, & with all the powers of his heart and soul, prays her to accept of his life, and so to survive him. He makes an exact and godly confession of his fins to God & the World; and yet nevertheless he is so vain in his affection towards Imperia, as he takes both to witness, that had he a thousand lives, he would cheerfully lose them all to save and preserve hers. As for Imperia, such was her dear and tender affection to him, as the would fain look on him as long as he lives; and yet the equally defires and refolves rather to dye than to fee him dye : and because the hath not the power, therefore the turns her face and eyes from him, and will not have the will to fee him dye : when he having faid his prayers, and so recommended his foul into the hands of his

Redeemer, he is also turned over.

Now although our Imperia be here again and again solicited by the Judges, Fryers, and Nunns, to accept of her life; yet she seeing her other self, Morosini, dead, she therefore disclains to survive him: she hath so much love in her heart, as now she hath little life, and less joy in her looks and countenance. She ascends the Ladder in a plain black Tassata Gown, a plain thick-set Ruff, a white Lawn Quaif, and a long black Cypress Vail over her head, with a white pair of Gloves, and her Prayer-Book in her hands. When being far more capable to weep than speak, she casting a wonderful sad and sorrowful look on her dead lover Morosini, after many volleys of far-fetch'd sighs, she delivers this short speech to that great concourse of people, who from City and Countrey slocked thither to see her and them

Good people, I had lived more happy, and not dyed so miserable, if my Father Bondino had not so cruelly enforced me to marry Palmerius, whom I could not love; and to leave Morosini, whom in heart & soul I ever affected a thousand times dearer than mine own life; and may all Fathers who now see my death, or shall hereafter hear or read this my History, be more pititul and less cruel to their Daughters, by his example. I do here now suffer many deaths in one, to see that my dear Morosini is dead for my sake: for had he not loved me dearly, and I him tenderly, he had never dyed for me, nor I for him, with such cheerfulness and ala-

crity as now we do. And here, to deal truly with God and the world, although I could never affect or fancy my old Husband Palmerius, yet now from my heart and foul I lament and repent that ever I was guilty of his innocent and untimely death; the which God forgive me, and I likewise request you all to pray unto God to forgive it me. And not to conceal or dissemble the truth of my heart, I grieve not to dye, but rather because I have no more lives to lose for my Morosini's affection and sake. I have and do devoutly pray unto God for his soul, and fo I heartily request and conjure you all to do for mine. Thus I commend you all to happy and prosperous lives, my self to a pious and patient death in earth, and a joyful and a glorious resurrection in Heaven; when signing her self often with the sign of the Cross, she pulls her vail down over her face, and so praying that she might be buried in one and the same Grave with Morofini, the bad the Executioner perform his Office; who immediately turns

And if reports be true, Never three young men, and one fair young Gentlewoman, dyed more lamented and pitied than they : For, Morofini dyed with more resolution than repentance; and Imperia, with more repentance than resolution: thus was their lives, and thus their deaths. May we extract wildom out of their folly, and charity out of their cruelty; fo shall we live as happy as they dyed miserably, and finish our days and lives in as much content and tranquility, as they ended theirs in shame, infamy, and confusion.

Fff 2 God's



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXVII.

Eather Justinian a Priest, and Adrian an Inn-keeper, poyson De Laurier, who was lodged in his bouse, and then bury him in his Orchard; where, a month after, a Wolf digs him up, and devours a great part of his body; which Father Justinian and Adrian understanding, they siye upon the same, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.

Where our hearts are given to covetousness and cruelty, there is little sign of grace, and therefore less hope of our prosperity either in this life, or the next: for those are sins which so eclipse our judgments, and obscure and darken our understandings, that we thereby run blindsolded and headlong to all misery and consustion; and makes our estates so desperate, that we shall not deserve to be pitied of others, because we would neither pity nor compassionate others, or (which is worse) our selves. A deplorable example whereof, this ensuing History will present to our knowledg and consideration, in the persons of two execrable wretches, which did wilfully cast away themselves and their lives, upon soul and enormous motives. May we religiously read it, to the information of our consciences, and reformation of our lives.

A Rich Goldsmith of Dijon (the Capital City of Burgundy) named Monsieur De Laurier, aged of some threescore years or upwards, having been at Frankford Mart, and there sold many Jewels, Bracelets, and Chains of Pearl, for the which he had there received some 1700 Crowns, as he returned homewards with all that great sum of money, converted into double Pistols,

Pistols, which he carried behind him in his Cloak-bag; and some remaining Jewels in a private Leather Gifdle next to his body. It chanced that he felt fick on the way, whereof finding himself ill and weak, and therefore both unwilling & unable to travel, he got into a poor Countrey-Tavern upon the high-way, some five leagues off from the Town of Sulynes, wherehe took up his lodging for that night; & there three other Merchants who were in his company (whereof one was of Auxone, and the other two of Troyes in Champagne) very unkindly forfook him, and left him alone to himself. His sickness that night encreasing (which gave him much pain, & little reft), he not liking his lodging, and fearing himfelf not lafe there, the next morning takes horse, & very softly rides towards Salynes, where he arrived about some two of the clock after dinner, and went into the very first Inn which he met, at the extreamest end of the Town, at the Sign of St. Denis, whereof the Hoast of the House was named Adrian, and his wife Isabella; they were both of them about some forty years old, very short of stature, and weak of constitution of body: he, of a cole-black countenance, but she tair, and of a pale white colour. As for him, he was of a diffolute life and carriage, extreamly given to Wine and Women; he was of poor parentage, and born to no Means at all; but the was well descended, and brought him at least two thousand Crowns to her portion in marriage; the which he had prodigally wasted, and debauchedly spent and squandred away, in following of his vicious riot, and obscene pleasures and prodigalities. As for her, the was of a modelt carriage, and of a virtuous disposition and inclination; to that, by Antithesis, I may very well aver and affirm, That his base vices made her sweet virtues the more apparent and conspicuous, & her virtues his vices, to all that knew them. She made chaffity and piety to be the two fweet ornaments and Jumeal virtues of her life; yea, to be the Elixir of her life, & the life of her foul. It was therefore an extream grief to her heart, & a matchless torment to her mind, to fee the fordid actions and humours of her Husband, as being every way more capable to pity than to remedy them. She grieved to fee how (because he would not serve God she could not ferve him; and therefore, that he had vitiously spent so much, as now in a many set he had almost nothing more left to spend: the sight and knowledg whereof, drowns all the pleafures of her life, infomuch as the could facrifice to nothing but to forrow and repentance; and that which grieved her most and worst of all, was, to see that he disdained her advice and counsel, and that he was so far from reformation, as his vices grew and encreased with his years; and had now not only taken up a habit, but a fecond nature, in the perverfity of his lewd actions and affections. All the Lillies of her joys, and the Roses of her content, were turned into thorns of grief, and briers and thiffles of her vexation; infomuch as the was far more able to figh, than to speak forth her calamities and miseries. He loved not his house; and (which was worse) he hated her company: yea, his estate was so miserable, so deplorable, as he never conversed with God in prayer, and very seldom sequented his Church, the Service, or Sacraments, and, to the whimfelf the more prophane, he hated all Priests and Preachers of God's holy Word and Ordinances, and loved The fo well as his riotous and roaring companions, the very bane of the heart, and the true poyfon and contagion of the foul.

And into this house, and to this vicious Hoast Adrian, is our fick De Laurier entred, for the end of his fickness, and the recovery of his health; and I write ratherwith tears than Ink, that it was impossible for him to have entred into a worse: but such was his fate, such his missortune. He likes the carriage of Isabella his Hostis, far better than the countenance or condition of Adrian her Husband; but as his discase gives him no truce, so consequently he can give no peace to his patience. He grieves to be fick in an unknown place, and among strangers; but far more to be fo far off from his own house, and from his only Child and Son, Leonardo, whom he loves far dearer than himself. It is another affliction to him, that his money and some Jewels, are here, and not at home; and, if his judgment fail him not, he suggesteth to himself, that the fight and knowledg thereof may engender him far more danger than security: but he conceals and dissembles that, far better than he can his fickness; for he puts his little Casket wherein it is, under his Head and Bolster. He causeth Adrian his Hoast to bring him a Physician named La Motte, who seeing his water, & feeling his pulse, tells him he is very dangerously fick of a Burning-Fever; the which to prevent, he lets him blood two several. days following, and then gives him far more hope than defpair of his health; but all this notwithstanding, De Laurier finds himself very weak, and his fickness rather much to encrease, than any way to diminish. As for Ifabella, according to the Laws of Hospitality (which ought to be inviolable to all the world), the tends him with much respect and diligence, and in a word, performs the part and duty both of a good Hoffis, and of a good Woman. But for her Husband Adrian, his thoughts and resolutious run another contrary course and career: for he, imagining De Laurier to be rich, doth therefore verily hope and pray, that

Fff 3

he may speedily dye in his houte, or elle he hath already swapt a bargain with the Devil to murther him, thereby to make up the breaches and ruins of his poor and tottering estate. He finds it not only a work of difficulty, but of impossibility, to know what rich stuff he hath in his Casket and Cloak-bag, because he still keeps it under his pillow; and yet gathering and wresting from him, that he is a Goldsmith of Dijon, and that he came now from Frank ford Mart, he therefore believes that he hath store of Gold and Jewels about him. His poverty and his covetousness gives the switch to the Devil, and the Devil gives the spurr to him, to raise his uncharitable contemplation into bloody actions, and his thoughts and refolutions as so many lines, run to terminate in this one only Center, which is that of De Laurier's death. He fets his wits & inventions on the Tenter-hooks, to discover this imagined Indies; but he finds him to be as cautious and secret in concealing, as he himself is curious to bewray it. He purposely keeps all company from him, & will not so much as permit his Physician or Apothecary to speak a word with him, but he wil still be present to hear and understand it. He with oily-words and filken-speeches, pryes into his deepest secrets, and purposely endeavoureth to infinuate and screw himself into his familiarity. But De Laurier doth rather fear than love him, and so esteems the revealing of his Gold to be the accelerating of his danger; to the which end, with many colourable excuses and evasions, he puts him off the knowledg thereof. But he is so miserable to see his miseries approach, because the violence and impetuofity of his Fever doth every way advance, no way retire: and now it is that his hopes of the recovery of his health, do fade, not flourish; and rather quaile than prosper. He resolves to be as religious as he is sick, and therefore prays his Hoast, Adrian, to bring him a Priest to give him the Sacrament : Adrian performs his request, but brings him a Priest named Father Justinian, of his own humour and complexion, and who loves Whores and Wine, better than he doth either Wife or God: fo this unspiritual Father gives him the Extream Unction, and prepares him for his journey and transmigration from Earth to Heaven. His continual vanities and prodigalities, have likewise made him poor: so being equal with Adrian; both in vice and poverty, he is likewise equal, and sympathizeth with him in hope and desire to repair his indigence, and to enrich himself by the supposed treasure and death of De Laurier. But as this debauched Priest is malicious in this his policy, so he is also politick in this his malice, for imagining that Adrian levels and aims with him at the same Butt and Mark. He dares, but yet will not acquaint him with this his bloody purpose, to contract a hellish league and confederation with him, for the violent dispatch, and inhuman and untimely dispeeding of him away from Earth to Heaven. Whiles thus De Laurier's sickness and weakness encreaseth, & his Priest and Adrian's covetcusness begins wholly to weigh down their fouls and resolutions, to hasten his deplorable death; as the Priest is ready to break his mind to Adrian, how and in what manner they should finish and compass this bloody business, Adrian contrariwise, yea, and directly contrary to the Rules of Nature, and Laws of Grace, breaks his mind hereof to his virtuous and religious Wife Isabella, whom he seeks to draw in as an actor in this mournful, & as an agent in this cruel Tragedy. He is as graceless as impudent in this foul & fatal attempt of hisstor he fets upon her with the sweetest speech and smoothest perswasions that either art could suggest, or the malice of the devil invent or dictate to him, and therein ever and anon leaves not to conveigh and distil in her mind, yea, and to imprint in her memory their fore-past wealth, their present poverty and misery, and the undoubted great riches of Gold and Jewels which De Laurier had with him, in that (as formerly we have observed) he very carefully day and night kept his Casket under his Pillow; and in a hellish eloquence represents unto her the facility of this fact, either by Poniard, or Poylon; adding withall, that the danger thereof would infallibly dye with him; with a thousand other damnable alluring speeches, conducing and looking that way, which I am far more inclinable to filence, than express: But wretched Villain, and execrable Miscreant that he is, he speaks not a word, no not a syllable, of God or his Justice, of Heaven or Hell, or of the foulness of that fact, or the just revenge and punishment incident and due thercunto.

His virtuous wife Isabella is amazed and aftonished at this bloody and inhuman proposition of herHusband; and all trembling, with sighs and tears, receives it from him with no less true affection and sorrow, than he delivered it her with cruelty and impiety. Her cheeks were as red for shame, as his were pale with envy thereat; when God insusing as much goodness into her heart & tongue, as Satan had cruelty into his soul and resolutions, she fell on her knees to his feet, & with her eyes and hands erected towards Heaven, delivered him this virtuous and religious speech: That it was with infinite grief & amazement that she understood this his bloody proposition to her, which she knew he could derive from none but Hell & Satan:

She represents to him (with much grief and passion) that as punishment is ever the reward of fin; so that of all fins Murther was the foulest, and the most pernicious and diabolical. She tels him farther, that covetousness is the root of all mischief, that for her part she is as thankful to God, as he is displeased with himself, for their poverty; and that she would ever chuse rather to live in want, than to dye in misery and shame, and, which is worst of all, either to live or dye in the horrors and terrors of a guilty and ulcerated conscience: that it is prophane and prodigious impiety to violate the laws of Hospitality; but a fearful, yea, horrible crime, to kill any one under our own roof, and who (in the right of Humanity and Christianity) comes to us for shelter and protection. When riting again from her knees, she takes him about the neck, and (bedewing his cheeks with her tears) conjures and prays him, by the remembrance of her youth and beauty, which had formerly been so dear and precious to hims by the memory of her fixteen years tweet cohabitation and convertation together in the holy estate of Wedlock; yea, for his own take, for his soul's take, and for God's take, that he would defie the Devil, which thus with his two bitter-fweet Pills of Covetoufnels & Murther, mocked and fought to betray him; and that therefore (in the name and fear of God) he would thenceforth resume and put on a constant and religious resolution, no more to seduce her, or to fuffer himfelf to be feduced by the Devil, in embruing their guilty hands in the innocent blood of this honest and harmless Goldsmith De Laurier, whom God hath now made their guest and lodger; in doing whereof (quoth the) the same our sacred Lord and God (in his due time) will be graciously pleased to encrease our estate and means, and to bless our poverty with plenty. But her Husband Adrian (as a most wretched Villain) takes this godly refusal and denial of his Wife, in ill part; and in requital and confideration thereof, henceforth looks on her with a fquint-eye, I mean with an eye rather of contempt and envy, than of affection; but at board and bed, yea, day and night, he haunts her as a ghoft, and never leaves pursuing of her with his prophane and importunate sollicitations, to draw her confent to the acting and perpetrating of this bloody bufinels; but God so well affilted her mind and thoughts with the grace of his holy Spirit, and so divinely fortified her heart and foul with his facred fear, that her Husband's sweet perswasions could not gain, nor his threats or menaces obtain any thing of her; but still she answer'd this murtherous request of his sometimes with religious refusals, and then again with passionate and peremptory denials; and therefore the more that she sees her Husband bent to malign and hate De Laurier, the more devoted and resolute she is to respect and tend him, still bearing a curious, a careful, and a vigilant eye over him, during all the time of his fickness, to see that no disaster whatsoever might befall him in her house:

Adrian missing of this his purpose and desire in his Wise, he is yet so hasty and violent in this his bloody malice towards De Laurier, that measuring of Father Justinian, the Priest, by himself, and finding a conformity in their debauched vices and inclinations, he the sooner hopes to find a sympathy in their affections and resolutions; and therefore although he be a Priest, yet knowing him to be extream poor, he therefore the more easily believes, that the hope of Gold and Silver will act wonders with him, and make him act wonders for the ob-

Upon these hopes, and this confidence, he delays no time, but on a Monday-morning repairs to his house; and after their morning-cups, telling him he hath a fecret of great importance to reveal him, he takes him into a little Grove of Walnut-trees, behind his house, and there (swearing him to secrefie) reveals him this his bloody business, where this vicious Prieft, Justinian, in hope of De Laurier's wealth, needed no great labour or industry, to be drawn to make one in this deplorable Tragedy: for, had not Adrim now opened it to him, such was his insatiable thirst and defire of Gold, though with blood, that the next day he was fully refolved to do it to him: fo he freely confents to him herein, and swears to assist and second him in murthering of De Laurier; and the tye and condition of this their hellish bargain is, That what Gold, Silver, or Jewels, they shall find him to have, they will instantly after his death equally divide and share between them : and hereunto like (two bloody Hell-hounds) they interchangeably give hands, and folemnly swear each to other. Now from the matter of this their bloody design and resolution, they proceed to the manner and time thereof, but they then are prevented therein: for Father Justinian's little Boy, which was accustomed to answer him at Masse, comes thither hastily, and with his little Wine-Pot on his finger, tellshim, that there were many persons who frayed for him before the Altar, on their knees, and earnestly enquired for him to fay Masse: whereupon they both refer the conclusion hereof to the very next morning, and in the very same place and Grove, but at least an hour sooner. So away goes Adrian home to his house, & away likewise trips Father Justinian with his Surplice under his Arm, and his Breviary (or Mattins-book) in his hand to the Church, where every one may imagine what a prophane sacrifice his bloody hands and heart offereth up to the Lord.

They this night thinking of nothing but of Gold and Blood, in the morning they (impatient of all delays) come at the aforefaid time and place of their rendezvous, where they prefently fall to their former confultation of the manner & time of murthering De Laurier, first they propose to stab him in his bed to death; but this they reject, because the blood would appear in the sheets, bed, and chamber. So they resolve to poyson him, and to this end Adrian buys the poylon, and Father Justinian will give and administer it to him in a Wafer, or Agnus Dei, the which he is sometimes accustomed to give him in his sickness. But here Father Fustinian suggesteth another doubt, and proposeth another design, which is, that Adrian must likewise draw in his Wife Isabella, to make one in this bloody conspiracy and murther, or else he alledgeth that it can never be safe for them to attempt or effect it. Adrian answereth him, that he hath heretofore with his best power and art fought to seduce his Wife hereunto, but that he finds it wholly impossible to draw her to this confent. But Father Justinian will yet make another trial and experiment on her himself; so he and her Husband Adrian set alresh on her, to allure her, to bring at least her confent, if not her hand, to the murthering of De Laurier. But our sweet and virtuous Isabella is still one and the same woman, for the hears these bloody speeches and perswasions of theirs, with infinite discontent and detestation. She is too much a Christian, to be so much a Devil, to consent to the murther of this honest man; and therefore (with a world of tears and prayers) she seeks to divert them from it, but especially her Husband, because (quoth she) the issue thereof will infallibly prove ruinous to them both. They are both much grieved at this her resolute repulse and denial; and yet, to make a virtue of necessity, and to cast the better gloss and varnish on their villany, they now fallly feem to be dissiwaded from this Murther, by the fight of her tears, and the consideration of her requests and prayers: wherefore (with a prophane and hellish diffimulation) they tell her, that God by her religious speeches and dissiwations, hath now made them wholly to abandon that bloody attempt of theirs against Di Laurier, as also the very thought thereof, & therefore they conjure her to keep & iwear secresse herein from all the World; the which she willingly doth. But yet her fear prompts her heart, that this human convertion, and religious resolution of theirs is only falle and feigned, as every way favouring more of diffimulation than truth. In which regard she fears with suspition, and suspects with doubt, that no less than honest and innocent De Laurier's life, lies now at the stake of their bloody malice and

Here Father Justinian and Adrian (to make smooth and clear work) do conclude and refolve, that Isabella must be speedily removed from Salynes, to some place in the Country, without once feeing or speaking with De Laurier, when a favourable occasion seconds their damnable intents and defires herein: for now there is unexpectedly brought them word, that her own old Father, who dwelt some four leagues off from Salynes, is very fick, ¬ like to live: whereupon Adrian presently dispatcheth away his wife Isabella to him, & with her, their servant-maid Graceta. But before her departure, she is desirous to see De Laurier, and to take her leave of him; but her Husband will by no means permit her : fo she goes from her home, and from him, into the Countrey, with a forrowful and a trembling heart; as far more fearing De Laurier's unnatural death, than doubting of her Father's natural cause: for her heart frames her so many apprehensions, fears, and terrors, that her Husband and Father Justiman are fully resolved to murther and make away De Laurier, as she absolutely and sorrowfully believes that he shall never see her more, nor she him. Poor De Laurier takes his Hostess Ifabella's fudden and unexpected departure from him, very penfively and heavily, and far the more, in that the could not be permitted to fee him before the went, he holds it for a bad prefage, and fatal Omen to him, in regard she was as diligent as her Husband distrussful to him; for that her care and carriage towards him, pleased him as much, as his harsh looks and sowr countenance discontented him: and now it is that God first imprints in his heart & thoughts a fearful suspition, and a suspitious fear, that his Hoast Adrian, and Father Justinian the Priest, have affuredly some dangerous and execrable plot both against his Gold and his Life. For he now fees himself reduced to this misery & despair, that he can be permitted to see no body, nor no body to see him, except only they two. He prays them both, that his Physician La Morte, may come to him to confer with him about the frate of his fickness, but they maliciously and wilfully deny it him, and tell him he is gone into France: this refuling answer of theirs doth now very much appale and daunt our fick and discontented De Laurier, so that his fear encreaseth with his sickness, &his sickness with his sear, Every day & night brings him more

cause of despair, than hope of consolation, and almost every moment he witherh his Gold and himself in Dijon with his Son Du Pont, or he here in Salynes with him, to comfort him with his fight and presence. He still conceals his Gold and Jewels i rom this Priest and his Hoast, with the greatest art and care he can, and yer he thinks and fears that their jealousie thereof is not only the foundation, but will also prove the acceleration of his danger: for he very often fees them privately whispering together, and still he observes some bad sign and fatal apparition in their looks and countenances, which infallibly tell him that all is not well. And although they yet give him some sweet words and sugred speeches, yet he notwithstanding the more believes that they are candid in wormwood and confected in Gall; and that they are no other but falle and flattering Sunshines, which portend some ensuing cruel forms and dismal tempetts towards him. Once he was . minded to write and fend to Dijon for his Son, but then he as foon resolves the contrary, as finding it to relish more of danger than discretion, as well for the matter which his Letter might contain, as also for the party who should carry it thither to him. But leave we him a little to his weakness and fickness, to his doubts, and fears, and to his forrows, calamities and perplexities, and come we again to speak of wretched Adrian his Hoaft, and of prophane Father Justinian the Priest, to fee in what shapes they will come forth to act their bloody parts upon the stage of this Hi-

They are both of them so inhumane and cruel in their resolution to murther poor sick De Laurier, that neither the confideration of Heaven nor Hell is capable to reclaim or divert them from this their bloody attempt. As for his hellish Hoast Adrian, he is so wilful and hasty in his malice, as he tells Father Justinian, that they delay too long from murthering De Laurier, and that it is high time, yea more than time for them to dispatch him. But for Father Justinian who was no less malicious in his subtilty, but yet far more subtil in his malice towards De Laurier; He, I say, maturely confidering that it were both afolly and a madness for them to murther him before they first knew he were rich, and that he had some store of Gold about him, he the refore in sweet terms and phrases pathetically advisath him to write and send for his Son Du Pont to come over to visit and comfort him; when likewife, the better to guild over his speeches with the more pleafing and palpable shew of affection, he proffereth to ride to Dijon himself to deliver it him with his own hands. Our poor fick De Laurier taking this Priests kind advice to him in good part, thereupon first thanks him for this his courtesie, but then again deeming and fearing that it proceeded more from false treachery, than from any true or real affection to him, he begins to grow cold therein, and so rather to reject, than imbrace and follow that resolution; but at last weighing and considering his fickness by his danger, and his Gold and Jewels by both, as also if he should chance to die or miscarry there, that his Son were then consequently ruined in the loss thereof; he thereupon changeth his resolution, and presently resolves to write and send over to Dijon for his Son, and to that end requesteth Father Fustinian to excuse him, and so prays his Hoast Adrian to undertake that journey and hufiness, the which he willingly and chearfully granteth. Now the rest of that day, and the greatest part of the next night De Laurier lies ruminating and musing in his bed what he should write to his Son, and no less doth Father Justinian and Adrian to think and know what he would write him; the next morning, fix of the clock having strucken, De Lauriez takes his pen and paper, and with a weak and trembling hand writes this Letter to his Son. An hour after, Adrian comes into his Chamber booted and spurred to receive his commands, whom he bade to take and ride his own horse, then gives him four double Pistols to defray his journey, and so seals and gives him this enfuing Letter, and prays him and his Son Du Pont to make all possible speed back from Dijon to him.

DELAURIER to DUPONT.

Ome feven weeks since, coming from Franckfort Mart, I fell sick at Salynes, where I still lie very I weak in body, and much discontented in mind, in the house of mine Hoast Adrian (the bearer hereof) whom I purpolely send ver to thee to pray and command thee to come ride hit her to me with all possible speed: I have here with me in Gold and Jewels to the value of one thousand seven hundred Crowns, and (for some private reasons) I fear that he ther it nor my life is safe here; Come away with an intent to find me dead or dying. Conceal this Letter from all the world. Love this Meffenger, but trust bim not; God prosper my health, and ever bless thy prosperity.

DE LAURIER.

As foon as De Laurier had delivered his Hoaft Adrian this Letter, and he taken leave of him, Father Justinian begs leave of De Laurier to see Adrian take horse. But also these two

lewd Villains do deceive his honest hopes, to perform their own treacherous intents & purposes; for they fly to a low parlour, and then lock and bolt the door to them; where (as if the Devil had thrown them on covetousness, or covetousness on the Devil) they hastily break up the feals of De Lauriers Letter to his Son (which we have already feen and underflood) wherein they glut and furter their hopes with joy of this new defired treasure, and discovered Indies, and so they presently facrifice it to the fire, and wretchedly resolve to make that very same ensuing night to be the very last of De Lauriers time, and the first of his eternity. To which end Adrian husheth himself up privately in his house from the fight of all the world, and especially from De Laurier's knowledg, and so here he ends his pretended, but not his nitended journey to Dijon, before he began it : And he having procured exceeding strong poison, there with that night to fend De Laurier to H. aven, whereof giving a little to his great old Mastiff dog in a piece of bread for a trial, he therewith presently fell dead to the ground; he likewife fends away Thomas his Offler a days journy into the Country upon some seigned business, to the end he should be no witness of this foul and cruel fact of theirs; and then all things being first by the Devil, and then by these his two execrable agents prepared in a readiness; Father Justinian goes up to De Laurier's Chamber, and treacheroully entertains him with the hope of his recovery of his health, the hafte of Adrian's journey, and consequently with the speedy return of his Son Du Pont to him from Dijon. But I write it with truth and grief that De Laurier's heart & mind is preoccupated with too many obnoxious apprehensions, and fears, and taken up with too much doubt and despair to the contrary: For as most ficknesses and diseases are most commonly devanced and preceded by their syptomes, so all that day, and all the evening he found a swimming in his head, and his fight obscured and darkned, as if some black scarf, or fatal cloud had been drawn and extended before his eyes. His heart likewise pants, beats and trembles within him, as if it and his senses were in a factious mutiny each with other at this their diresul departure and satal sequestration. For still his fears and doubts inform him, and his apprehensions and despair prompt him, that either Father Justinian the Priest, or his Hoalt Adrian, or both of them, had conspired to murther him, the which he once thought to have revealed to Father Justinian, but yet again he dares not, as holding it more folly than discretion, and that it might therefore produce him more danger than fafety; he neither can, nor will eat any thing that day, and his heart and mind is so incessantly perplexed with fear, that he fears he shall not out-live the next ensuing night; And now indeed comes that forrowful and dismal night, wherein these two bloody Villains have fully resolved to poison him, Adrian having in a lower room the poison ready, and Father Justinian above, almost ready to call for it: Whiles thus the Candle in De Laurier's Chamber burnt dim and obscure, as disdaining to see, or be acceffary to fo cruel a murther; near about twelve of the clock of that night he awakes out of his forrowful distracted slumbers, and prays Father Julinian to give him a little spoonful or two of warm wine, in a small earthen pot wherein he was used to drink; when this monster of men rejoycing for this fit opportunity, he steps forth to his bloody companion Adrian, takes the poisoned wafer from him, and pours the poison from it into this small black pot of wine, and so warms it a little by the fire in De Laurier's Chamber, and then gives it to him to drink, the which he as greedily as innocently doth, whereof, after many strong convulfions and strugling, he within one hour after dieth, having neither the means to utter one word, or the power to scritch or cry, and yet for fear and doubt hereof, like two furies, or Devils incarnate of Hell, they with the Bed-staves ram in a great Holland-towel into his mouth, that he may tell no tales, when God knows that deadly strong poison had wrought its operation before, made a full conquest of his life, and given up his soul into the hands of his Redeemer, of whom he had formerly received it.

As foon as the le two wretched miscreants have dispatched this lamentable business, then they tear off his secret Leather-girdle full of Gold from his waste, and then break open his Casket which was under his pillow, wherein (before his breathless body was half-cold) they find this aforesaid great sum of Gold and Jewels, the which they presently divide, and equally share between them; when having curiously searched his Purse, Pockets, Doubles, Hose, they make a great fire, and immediately burn it all, as also his Riding-coat, Casket and Leather girdle, yea, and his Hat, Band and Cuss, that no marks might remain either of it or him, and likewise turn his Horse into the open field and high-ways, to seek for the fortune of a new Master; so wise (as they thought) were they in their villany, and so industrious and cautious in this their devillish cruelty and inhumanity. By this time, as the murthered corps of De Lawrier grew cold, these two Factors of Hell likewise begin to provide for his burial; so a little after two of the clock, they dig a pit in Adrian's Orchard, next adjoyning to his

house,

house, and so giving him no other winding-sheet or Cossin but his shirt, they secretly and silently carry down his body between them, and there bury him; and to make all things sure, they cover over the pit, or his grave with green turss, that no mortal eye might take suspition or notice thereof This bloody business being thus acted and perpetrated by these two exectable wretches, Father suspinion and Adrian, who now surfet in Gold, and wallow in Jewels, they presently dight themselves into new apparel, and costly sures, and then day and night haunt and frequent the Taverns and Stews, as if they wilfully meant to drown themselves in all sorts of ungodly riots, prodigalities and voluptuousness, whereof their Neighbors, yea, all Salynes take exact observation and knowledg, as wondring at the manner, but far more at the

cause hereof, or from whence it should proceed,

Some three weeks being past over, Adrian now holds it fit to fend home for his Wife Ifabella to Salynes, the which he doth; who much wondring at her Husbands unaccustomed bravery, the presently enquires of him for Monsieur De Laurier, as if the had far more cause to think and fear of his danger, than any way to assure her self of his safety and welfare. When, he putting on a brazen face, and steeling and tempering his tongue with equal falshood and impiety, tells her that he departed thence fafe and well fome ten days fince, that he gave him fifty Crowns for the charges of his entertainment and lodging, and for a token of his love, had likewise left her and Father Justinian, to each of them twenty other Crowns in Gold: But his Wife Isabella (out of her goodness and piety) deeming these speeches of her Husband to be as falle as fatal, and verily suspecting and fearing, that he (with the affistance of Father Justinian) had fent that harmless good old man to an untimely death and Grave; the burits forth into immoderate fighs and tears; as suspecting all was not well, yea fearing nothing more, and believing nothing less, than that which he affirmed to her herein. He proffers her the twenty Crowns in Gold, but (good vertuous woman) the fearing it to be the hire and price of innocent blood, her tender conscience is too prevalent, and her harmless heart and soul too powerful with God to accept thereof, and therefore the refuseth it with as much difdain and discontent, as he endeavoureth to give it her with affection and defire. And that the Reader may the more fully be informed of her integrity and charity berein, I mean to the prefent memory and well-wishes of absent De Laurier, whom she filently sears is for ever absent, both from this life and this world; the never goes into the Chamber where he lay fick, but the facrificeth some fighs to forrow in his behalf, and her imaginary apprehension of his death, makes her mournfully conceive, that either the still fees his living picture, or his dead ghost, and representation, such was her charitable care of him, such her Christian sear for him.

We have feen this deplorable and cruel murther committed on the harmless person of old De Laurier, by these two members of Satan Adrian and Father Justinian the Priest, and if the truth deceive not my hopes, we shall not proceed much farther in this their History, but we shall fee God's just judgments miraculously to resplend and shine forth in his punishments on them for the same: For I may properly tearm murther and punishment to be individuals and companions, in regard the one follows the other, as the shadow doth the body, as the first derives its original from Satan, fo doth the second from God, to whom (in a language of blood) it still crys for restauration and satisfaction. But nevertheless God is secret and sacred in disposing of the manuer and time thereof, and in ordaining by whom, when and how he will afflict and execute it: It is no false axiome in Philosophy, but a true tenent and maxime in Divinity; That God who made all things, sees and governs all things, and that nothing can be concealed from the eyes of his sacred Power and divine Providence. All the four Elements are the Ministers of his justice, yea, Men and Angels, the Sun, Moon, and Stars, the Fowls of the Air, and the Bealts of the field prove many times the Agents of his revenge; of which last fort and nature, the Reader (to God's glory, and his own information and admiratition) may here observe a lively example, and receive a most powerful precedent, but whether more strange for the truth, or rare for the strangeness thereof I know not, and therefore will not define. For the same day moneth next after, that Adrian and Justinian had buried the dead body of De Laurier, behold a huge and ravening Wolf (being lately arroufed from the adjacent vast woods) seeking up and down for his prey, came into Adrian's Orchard next adjoyning to his house (purposely sent thither by God as a Minister of his sacred justice and revenge) who fenting some dead carrion (which indeed was the dead Corps of De Laurier, that was but shallowly buried there in the ground) he fiercely with his paws and nose tears up the Earth, and at last pulls and draggs it up, and there till an hour after the break of day remains devouring and eating up of the flesh of his Arms, Legs, Thighs and Buttocks. But (as God would have it) he never touched any part of his face, but leaves it fully undiffigured: Ggg 2

figured; When instantly some Gentlemen bunters of Sa'ynes, and the Neighbour-Parishes, being afcertained by some Peasants in the fields, that the Wolf was past that way, they closely follow him with their Dogs and Horns, and so at last find him in Adrian's Orchard, eating as they think of fome living beaft or dead carrion: But the Wolf being terrified with the noise of the Hunters loud shouts and cries, as also of their Dogs fierce yawling and bawling, presently forsakes his prey, and saves his life by his flight, although the Dogs and many Peafants do eagerly pursue him; Whiles all the Gentlemen (as if led by the immediate finger of God) with their Javelins and Borespears in their hands, rush into the Orchard to see and find out whereon the Wolf had preyed; when loe (contrary to their expectations) their amazed eyes are enforced to behold the pitiful spectacle, and lamentable object of a mangled dead man's body, miserably devoured and eaten by that savage Wolf, and the which they faw he had digged and torn up, as they fully believed from his untimely Grave: They therefore at first stand astonished with grief, and amazed for sorrow at this prodigious and deplorable fight, and yet such was their living compunction to this dead Corps, and consequently their zeal to God's glory and justice, as confidently believing that he was proditorioully murthered by some inhumane person or persons; that the odious stinch of this long buried body, could not hinder them from approaching to survey and behold it; They find the greatest part of the sless of his body devoured by the Wolf, but (as before) his face whole and unrouched, when they fee (and extreamly grieve and forrow to fee) that it was a grave old man with a long white Beard, but so besmeared with earth and dult, as they could not refrain from fighs and tears to behold it. Here they ceast to pursue the Wolf, and because neither of them knew this poor and miserable dead carkass, they therefore step to the other end of the Orchard, and there consult what is fit to be done in this lamentable business and accident. But their opinions as fo many lines concur and terminate in this center, that absolutely this dead body was cruelly murthered, and thereby the murtherers privately and filently buried. They farther vehemently suspect and believe, that because it was buried in Adrian's Orchard, that therefore it was apparently probable, it was he with his Wife and Servants who had murthered and buried him there; wherefore to keep these suspected bloody Birds in their Cages, they (as wife and judicious Gentlemen) place a strong Guard of their Servants and Peasants to watch the doors and windows of Adrian's house, that none iffue forth thence, and they themselves go presently to the Criminal Judges of the Town, and acquaint them with this lamentable object and accident.

In the mean, our harmless and virtuous Isabella, hearing these loud Thouts and outcries at her doors fo foon in the morning, the in the absence of her Husband (who lay forth of his house that night debauching and revelling with his cups and queans) fearing that all was not well, and therefore her amazed and forrowful heart, not willing to know that whereof the was infinitely defirous to be ignorant, the lay still bitterly fighing and weeping in her bed, because her thoughts and mind, her suspicions and fears told her, that this unseasonable alarm and noise might descend and reflect from some fatal news which had betided De Laurier, and if this storm and tempest fell not on her, yet alas she extreamly fears and doubts it would fall on Adrian her Husband, whom she vehemently thought and feared had imbrued and imbathed his hands in the innocent blood of this honest man. As for Thomas her Oftler, and Graceta her Maid, although this unaccustomed noise made them suddenly forsake their Beds, and apparel themselves to receive their Mistris commands, how they should bear themselves in this hurlyburly, yet because they were white with innocency, yea, so innocent as they knew no hurt or thought of danger, they only deemed, that it was either some unlawful assembly of Peasants, or else some cast and disbanded Soldiers from Flanders, who came to rob their Master's house or Poultry in his absence; wherefore, meer fear hereof kept them from either opening the doors, or looking out at the Windows. By this time the Gentlemen hunters bring the Criminal Judges on the place to view this dead body, and with them come a great number of the Neighbours and Inhabitants of Salynes to do the like, and amongst the rest, the Physician La Morte (of whom this History hath already made mention) and he of all the rest knows the dead body, and therefore with much passion and forrow cries out; that it was a Goldsmith of Dijon, named Monsieur De Laurier, who lay long sick in Adrian's house, and that he had formerly given him Physick there, and so he said and affirmed that he persectly knew him to be the same, and verily imagined that he was brought to some untimely end, and so buried there, but by whom he knew not.

The Judges therefore believing the report of this honest Physician La Motte; they cause the remainders of the sless of this dead body to be searched and visited, the which they find without any wounds. And yet nevertheless deeming both Adrian, his Wise Isabella, and

their Servants, to be the murtherers of this honest man; they break open the doors, & milling Adrian, they seize on his Wife Isabella, as also on his Offler Thomas, and her Maid Graceta, and then bring them to the fight of this dead body, with whose murther they flatlycharge them, and enquire what is become of Adrian himself. At this unexpected forrowful news and object, Isabella is all in tears, yea she is so extreamly perplexed and afflicted, as wanting all other affiftance and comfort, the implores that of God. She tels them that her Husband Adrian lay not at home with her the last night; and freely and plainly affirms to them, that that dead body was Monsieur De Laurier a Goldsmith of Dijon, who lay long sick in her house as he came from Franckford Mart, but how he came to his end, or by whom, the takes Heaven & Earth to witness she knows not; and with this her deposition do her Ostler & Maid concur and agree in all proofs and circumstances. The Judges likewise causing a curious search to be made in Salynes for Adrian, it was found out that that night he lay in Father Justini. house the Priest, and two whores in their company drinking and revelling all night, and upon the very first report they heard of De Laurier's unburial by a Wolf, they both (galled with guilty confciences) betake themselves to their heels, and left both their two Strumpets to their repentance. Their flight proclaims their guiltiness of this murther to all the world, especially to the Judges. Who upon knowledg thereof, to find out the truth of this deplorable difaster, they adjudg Mabella, Thomas and Graceta to the Rack:as for Thomas and Graceta, their innocency makes them brook their torments with admirable patience and constancy, for they can never be drawn to reveal that of which they are ignorant, nor to accuse themselves of that whereof they are not guilty. But for Ifabella, the inceffant prayers and importunate requests and folicitations of many of her honest Neighbors, doth ingrave such deep impressions of her virtues and piety, and of her sweet inclination and disposition in the hearts of the Judges, as they change their refolutions against her, and so dispence with her for that torture: when sending every way abroad to pursue Adrian and Father Justinian, they content themselves to keep the Mistris, the Man and the Maid close Prisoners. They are so advised in their judgments, and so judicious in their advice, as they speedily fend away Post to Dijon to acquaint Du Pont the Son, with this difasterous accident which had betided his Father De Laurier here in Salynes, who at the first alarm of this fad unexpected news, feems now to drown himself in his tears thereat, and so thereupon rather to fly than post away from Dijon to Salynes, where he confers with the Criminal Judges of that Town, who report to him the flight of Father Justinian & Adrian, as also of their imprisoning of his Wife Isabella, of her Maid Graceta, & her Oftler Thomas, in whose house his Father lay fick. So Du Pont visits the dead stinking, mangled body, and finds it to be that of his Father, whereat nature and duty prescribe him so powerful a law, as at the fight thereof, he bursts forth into many bitter tears and lamentable cries and passions. When giving him a decent and solemn burial in the next Church, he informs the Judges, that to his knowledg, his Father had good store of Gold and Jewels about him; so he intreats them, that Adrian and Father Justinian's house may be curiously searched for the same, which is performed; but finding no part thereof, & both of them fled, he is confident in his heart, that their flight proclaims them guilty of his father's murther, and confequently that IJabella, her Oftler and Maid, infallibly were accessaries thereunto. Whereupon he repairs again to the Judges, and with many importunities prays them, that all three of them may be put to the Rack for the same, thereby to bolt and find out the truth of this lamentable accident; the Judges approve of Du Pont's living affection and zeal to his dead Father, but (as impartial Oracles and Officers of Justice) they tell him, that they have already caused Thomas and Graceta to be racked, and that they both have strongly justified their innocency of his Father's murther, by fuffering their torments with incredible fortitude and patience. And as for their Mistris Isabella, they tell him, they are fully resolved and assured, that the was absolutely innocent, as well for that the was many days absent with her Father in the Country, when by all likelihood and circumstance, his Father was murthered; as also because the general votes and voices of all her Neighbours reported her to be a very virtuous and religious woman, and that therefore in their hearts and confciences, they muit needs exempt and free her from those torments.

But they told him farther, that in honour to justice, and to see what God and time might produce, they would detain them all three in Prison for the space of three or four months, in which mean time concurring with him in opinion, that Father Justinian, and Adrian undoubtedly were the murtherers of his Father De Laurier, they therefore perswade him with all possible speed and diligence, to pursue them up and down the Country, until he had all possible speed, and brought them to justice; the which Du Pont doth, but with detected, apprehended, and brought them to justice; the which Du Pont doth, but with such extraordinary zeal and haste, that he forgat a singular circumstance, of no mean importance

tance, the omission whereof might very well have made his research of them vain. For he forgat at Salynes to take with him their Pictures & Essignes whereby to find them out in the Country, with far the more case and facility, whereof he afterwards much repented himself.

As for our two execrable wretches, Father Justinian and Adrian, their guilty thoughts and consciences like so many Ghosts and Blood-hounds so incessantly pursued them, and stupitied their judgments, that refolving to flie and fave themselves, from the free Country, into Smitzerland, they hush themselves up the day for shelter in some thick Grove or Wood, and travelling all night from Salynes, they not with standing the next morning to their unspeakable fear and vexation faw themselves again within a little league thereof, & in this manner they for some eight nights following, travelled a foot through unknown ways and Woods: and yet here let the Reader behold and observe the wonderful justice of God towards them; for at the end thereof, they are not as yet fully gone seven leagues off from Salynes, and they could not ascend the least Hill or hillock, but they looking back behind them, the Towers and Turrets of Salynes were still apparent and conspicuous to them, as if they pursued and followed them: the which indeed firuck extream fear to their guilty hearts, and infinite terror and amazement to their foul and trembling consciences. But this circumstance of God's wrath and revenge towards them, is forthwith seconded and followed by another; wherein his divine providence and justice miraculously appears and shines forth' (with infinite luftre and glory) to all those who shall read, or hear this History. For the tenth evening after their flight from Salynes, they being extreamly wearied & tired with their foot travels (for horses they dared not buy any) and within a mile off entring into a great Wood, they in a fair plain, seeing no body present, they at last espied an erring horse, without Rider, Saddle, or Bridle; which resolving to seize on, thereby to recreat their wearied limbs & bodies, they approach and furprize him. And then Adrian knowing him well to be De Laurier's horse, which (we have heard) they had formerly turned off in Salynes the same night wherein they murdered his Mafter, they extreamly joyful of this unlooked for good fortune, make a halter of their Girdles and Garters, and so casting their Cloaks under them, they both ride away on bim, and night drawing on, they hope to recover the Town of Pontarlin before break of day: But God is here strongly bent against them, so that this horse which they took for the cause of their joy, will very shortly prove the matter of their milery, and that which they thought would be the matter of their lafety, will fall out to produce their inevitable danger and confusion. For God (in his revenging justice) carrying their horse, and he them a straying, and masking that night through contrary ways and lanes, they the next morning at break of day to their unspeakable grief, do see themselves three great Leagues off from Pontarlin, when their foul facts and consciences make them still so trembling searful, that every bush they beheld, every bird they heard, and every leaf they found wagging, they think are so many Serjeants come to arrest them; as also every tree they saw, they confidently believe are so many Judges come to sentence and condemn them to death for this their cruel murthering of De Laurier; such was their prodigious despair, such was their ominous & fatal fear for the same. But here their horse (orecharged with this foul & monstrous burden) begins to fail them; so the more he lesseneth his pace, the more it increaseth their apprehension and fear : And here they consult what to do, whether to retire with their horse into the next Wood till night, or elfe to advance toward Pontarlin. But their Bread & Meat failing them, & they feeing the coast clear, they therfore resolve to ride thither, & far the sooner do they assume and imbrace this resolution; because as yet they knew it was timely in the morning, and consequently few or no people stirring. Now to dispatch their journey the sooner, Adrian is content to walk on foot, and Father Julinian to ride, and both of them are equally resolved to put chearful faces on their perplexed and trembling hearts. And here, as I will not fay, it was their bad, but their just tortune, which conducted them within less than one League of Pontarlin, without being espied or seen of any: So it was likewise the providence and Jullice of God, at that very hour and place, first to bring Du Pont in fight of them, who in two days was parted from Salynes, and in all that time had left no Hamlet, Village, or Town unfought, to find out and apprehend these murtherers of his Father; Now as he draws near them, his eyes tell him, that the horse wheron one of these two men rid, was of the very fame hair and shape as was that of his Fathers, which struck some suspicion and apprehension, in his heart, that fure these were Father Justinian & Adrian, and far the more, because by his habit he knew that he who rid was a Priest. The better therefore to be fully assured hereof, he refolves to out-ride them, thereby the more narrowly to observe both the horse & them, the which he doth. He paffeth by them, and views them with his countenance purposely composed more of neglect than of observation towards them. When perfectly knowing

the horse (by his two white feet, and white star in his fore-head) to be his Fathers, and therefore they by all confequence and appearance to be his murtherers: then I fay nature and grace intufed a fecret reluctation into his heart and foul, whether he should more grieve or rejoyce to fee them; Now as he is loth to leave them behind him, so he bethinks himself of a pretty policy. For riding some hundred paces before them, he descends from his horse, ties him up to the branch of a tree, casts down his Sword and riding Coat in the high way, untruffeth his points, and steps within the hedg, as if he purpose y meant to ease himself; but indeed it was to have them pass before him, that so he might incompass them as two murthering Wolves in a Toyl; At his descent from his horse (as guilty consciences are still atraid of all things) Father Jufinian and Adrian first begin to fear this Stranger, as being sent to apprehend them, and so resolve to trust to their heels, and the woods for their safety, but when they see his Sword and Coat in the way, and himself within the hedg with his hole down, then they again take courage and heart at graffe, and so proceed on the way towards the Town, but still they look back on him, as if the foulness of their fact continually made their fears and dangers the more eminent. This is carefully and curiously observed of Du Pont, who (now comes after them a foft trot) contenting himself to see them a flight shot before him;as well knowing that his horse was far nimbler and swifter than theirs, and that therefore he might fetch them up at his pleasure. By this time they two arrive at Pontarlin, which they enter; where (being hungry and fearful, and their horse weary and hungry) they take up one of the next Inns, which is at the fign of the Tyger, where thinking themselves free of him who followed them, they recommend their horse to the Ostler, & calling for some Mutton, Bread and Wine, they there privately hush themselves up in their Chamber, But the vigilant eye & care of Du Pont fees where they are entred, fo he puts up his horse to another Inn close by, and presently with much filence & celerity, trips away to the Tyger Inn where they are, and knowing them to be above the stairs in their Chamber at break-fall, he cals for the Hoast thereof, takes him into a close low room next the door, tells him that the Priest and the other man which entred his house right now, had cruelly murthered his Father in Salynes, and therefore most courteously and earnestly prays him, to step presently and fetch the Criminal Officers of that Town to apprehend them for the same, and till his and their return, that he will give him two of his servants to guard the doors that they escape not away: The Hoast of this house in detestation of this foul fact of theirs, and to the honour and reputation of himself and his house, speeds away to the Officers, who presently arrive with him, to whom Du Pont forrowfully and passionately relates, That this Priest named Justinian and this Adrian who was an Inn-keeper of Salynes, and now above, had very lately in his own house murthered his Father De Laurier, who was a Goldsmith of Dijon, stript and robbed him of much Gold and Jewels, and then buried him in his Orchard; and therefore (with tears in his eyes) conjures them to do him justice by speedily apprehending them for the same, the which they as foon grant him. So they all afcend to their Chamber where they find them deeply tipling in their Cups, as much devoid and infensible of danger as of grace. Here Du Pont (with equal passion and forrow) strongly chargeth them both with the murther of his Father De Laurier, as also for robbing of his Gold and Jewels, and for burying of him in the Orchard. But there two bloody factors of Hell, with a world of fout looks, impious oaths, and fearful affeverations, vow and twear the contrary. So the Officers take them afide and examine them feverally herein. But they can receive nothing from them but peremptory denials, and prophane execrations.

The which Du Pont hearing and understanding, he (with much affection to his Father and discretion to himself) to vindicate and know the truth hereof with the more facility and the less time, intreats the Officers to search them both narrowly for his Father's Gold and Jewels, which by God's direction they do, the one after the other; when they find quilted up in their doublets and hose, store of Gold, and some rich Jewels and Rings, yet these two bloody Villains deny this murther of theirs with much audacity and impudency, swearing that they sound this treasure in a Casket in the high way, a little League beyond Salynes. But this lie of theirs is as false, as their murther and robbery of honest old De Lantier was too true, which God (in his mercy and justice) will briefly bring to light and purious contracts.

nishment far sooner than these bloody miscreants either think or fear of.

Du Pont (all this notwithstanding) constantly assures these Officers, that all this Gold and Jewels, and much and many more were his Fathers, and therefore are now his both by right and propriety, as being his only Sou and child, and so demands possessing thereof. But these Officers mildly deny this request of his, tell him they must take them by an Inventory, and so together with the two Prisoners to send them to the Judges of Salynes under whose jurisdiction.

diction they affirmed they were. So for that night they commit Father Justinian and Adrian to two several Prisons, where they shall find leisure, though not enough, to repent this foul and lamentable fact of theirs. Which was no sooner done, but Du Pont (having thanked these Offices of Pontarlin) sends away a Post to Salynes, to acquaint the Judges thereof, of his apprehending of these the two murtherers of his Father, whom he earnestly belought to hasten their executions; so according to his request at the end of two days these two Prisoners are seat for, and brought from

Pontarlin to Salynes, and there imprisoned.

The very next morning the Criminal Judges send for them to one of their houses, and first severally private, and then publickly by confrontation, examine them on this cruelty murrher and robbery, but the Devil is still so strong with them, that with much courage and vehemency they continue and stand firm in their negative resolution and denial; but De Laurier being now found and known to have lain f me feven weeks fick in Adrian's house, as well by the confession of Isabella his Wife, of Graces her Maid, and of Thomas their Hoftler, as also of the Apo. thecary La Motte, then his body found buried in the Orchard, and Adrian and Father Justimian their sudden slight upon the same; and now lastly, his Horse, Gold and Jewels scund upon them in Pontarlin by the Officers of that Town, and his Son Da Pont, were evidences as bright and apparent as the Sun, that (in honour to Justice, and in glory to God, from whom all true justice is derived) these wise and grave Judges of Salynes, do reject these denials of Adrian and Father Justinian, as false, profane and impious, and therefore that very instant adjudg them both to the Rack, at the hearing of which sentence they seem to be appalled and daunted, but they being advertised that I abella his Wife was likewise imprisoned for this fact, she for her part, by some friends of hers makes suit to the Judges, that she may be permitted to speak with her Husband, and so doth Father Justinian, that he likewise may speak with her. But the Judges hold both of these their requests to be vain and impertinent, and therefore flatly contradict and deny

So Adrian is first brought to the Rack, who though he be weak of constitution, yet he is still so strong in his villany, as he will not be perswaded or drawn to confess it, but with much courage of body, and animofity of mind, suffers himself to be fashed thereto, whereof the Judges being advertised, they in their discretion hold it expedient to delay his torments for a time, and so first to make trial of Father Justinian, to see if these his torments will make him less frout, and more flexible in the confession thereof. Wherein (I write it with joy) their judgments nothing deceive them, for at the very first wrench of the Rack, God is so merciful to his soul, and so ropitions to his new conversion and repentance, that he then and there confesses this lamentable murther, in all its branches and circumstances (as we have formerly understood) affirms only himfelf and Adrian to be the Authors and Actors thereof; Swears that IJabella, Gracera and Thomas were every way innocent thereof, and had no hand or knowledg therein whatfoever. Whereupon the Judges send again for Adrian, and cause him anew to be brought to the Rack, but first they hold it fit to confront him with his bloody companion Father Justinian, who boldly efficiency, and constantly confirming all his former deposition to him in his face to be sincere and true, Adrian is amazed and daunted thereat, as also at the fight of the Rack which was again prepared and brought for him, when the Devil flying from him, and he casting his heart and foul at the facred feet of God's mercy, he there very forrowfully confirmed all Father Justinian's confession to be true, and then falling on his knees, he (with many bitter fighs and tears) faid again and again aloud; that his Wife, his Man, and his Maid were as truly innocent, as Father Justinian and himself were alone truly guilty of this foul and cruel murther and robbery of De Laurier.

When their Judges, as much rejoycing at the detection and confession of these their crimes, as they lamented and detected their perpetrations thereof; they condemn them both to be hanged the next morning; and because Father Justinian had violated his sacred Order, and Adrian the hu-

mane and Christian Laws of Hospitality, their bodies after to be burnt to ashes.

So as soon as Father Julinian was degraded of his Sacerdotal Order and habit, and committed to the secular powers, he together with Adrian were for that night returned to their Prison and repentance, where two Priests, and one Frier of the order of the Jacobines prepare their souls for Heaven against the next morning. It was a grief to Isabella's heart to hear that he was guilty of this foul and lamentable murther, but a far greater torment and hell to her mind to understand that he must suffer death for the same, and that she should neither see nor speak with him any more either in this life, or this world. Again, looking from him to her self, as she could not hope for his life, so she thought she had some small cause, or at least scruple to doubt and fear her own, in regard it lay at the courtesse or cruelty of her Husband and Father Justinian, for that (as we have formerly understood) they acquainted her with their in.

tents and desires to murther De Laurier, and she revealed it nor. But yet (nevertheless) in the purity of her heart, and the candid innocency of her foul, the commits the fuccess both of her life and death to God; and not being able to fleep away any part of that night for forrow, flie (as a religious woman, and a most virtuous wife) passeth out the whole obscurity thereof, in the brightness of heavenly ejaculations and prayers, which from the profundity of her heart, the preferreth up to Heaven both for her Husband and her felf.

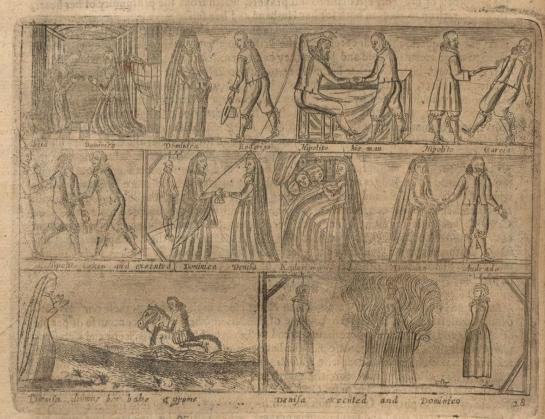
Very early the next morning before Fustinian and Adrian went to their execution; Du Pont, and (at his request) the Judges repair to the Prison to them; where he and they enquire of them, to what valew of Gold and Jewels they had taken from his dead Father? who tell him, that in a Letter which his Father had writter, to him to Dijon, and the which they had fuppressed and burnt, he therein mentioned the valew of one thousand seven hundred Crowns. And being again demanded by him, what and where was become of all that great fumme in Gold and Jewels, they freely and ingenuously tell him, that one third part thereof was taken from them, by him and the Officers of Justice in Pontarlin, and another third he should find hidden in such and such fecret places of their houses, and for the other third part, they blushed not to confess and aver, that they had fince paid some old debts, and bought some new apparel, and spent the rest thereof upon their Whores, and other of their voluptuousness and prodigalities. So the Judges and Du Pont speed away to Adrian and Father fustinian's houses where they find the Gold and Jewels according to their confessions, the which together with the other former part taken from them at Pontarlin (both which amounted to some 11, or 1200 Crowns) theef wife and honest Judges deliver up unto Du Pont, who receives it from them with joy and thankfulness, but, as a good Son, rejoycs far more at the now approaching deserved deaths, of these two bloody and execrable wretches, Father Justinian and Adrian, the murtherers of his good old Father De Laurier, of whom some twenty and five years before, he had the happiness to receive his life.

Some two hours after, which was about ten of the clock in the morning, these our two condemned malefactors are brought to the place of Execution, where a great concourse of people of Salynes, and the Country thereabouts attend to fee them finish the last Scene and Catastrophe of their lives. The first who ascends the Ladder is Adrian, who speaks but little; only he takes it to his death, that his dear wife Isabella, his Servant-Maid Graceta, and his Hoftler Thomas, are as absolutely innocent of this murther of De Laurier, as he himself here again confesseth he is guilty thereof. He prays God to forgive him this foul fact, and beseecheth all that are present to pray to God for him, and for his wretched and miserable foul, the which he knoweth hath great need and want of their prayers, when casting his handkerchief over his face, and privately ending some few prayers to himself, he is turned over. Instantly after him Father Justinian mounts the Ladder, who (in his looks and countenance) feems to be very repentant and penitent for this his foul and hainous fact, the which he prays God to absolve and forgive him; he here again clears Isabella, Graceta and Thomas of this murther. He much lamenteth that he hath so highly scandalized the facred order of Priesthood in his crime and person; and therefore beseecheth all Priests and Church-men, either present or absent to forgive it him; when repeating some Ave Maries, and often making the fign of the Cross, he was likewise turned over.

And thus was the miserable life and death of this impious Priest, and wicked and bloody Hoast, and in this sharp manner did God justly revenge himself, and punish them with shame and confusion for this cruel and lamentable murther. Immediately after which execution of theirs, the Judges fet our vertuous and innocent Isabella, and her Maid, and Hostler free from their undeserved indurance and troubles, whereat all the Spectators do as much praise God for the liberty of the three last, as they detest the foul crime, and rejoyce at the just punishments of the two first. If we make good use of the knowledg of this forrowful History, the profit and consolation thereof will be ours, and the Glory Gods, which God of his best favour and mercy grant us. Amen.

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Gods



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXVIII.

Hippoleto murthereth Garcia in the street by night, for the which he is hanged. Dominica and her Chamber-maid Denisa poysoneth her Huband Roderigo: Denisa afterwards strangleth her own new-born Babe, and throws it into a Pond, for the which she is hanged. On the Laddershe confessed that she was accessary, with her Lady Dominica, in the poysoning of her Huband Roderigo, for the which Dominica is apprehended, and likewise hanged.

Ow easily doth malice and revenge enter into our hearts, and how difficultly do we expel and banish it thence? what doth this promise, or rather threaten unto us, but that it is a wretched sign and testimony, that the Devil hath more power with us than God; that we more dearly affect Nature than Grace, & Earth than Heaven? In many sins there is some pretence or shadow of pleasure; but in Murther there is none, except we desire that it should bring grief and repentance to our hearts, horror and terror to our consciences, & misery and consultion to our souls: which indeed, despisht of our earthly policy and prophane prevention, it will infallibly both shew and bring us. But (to shew our wickedness in our weakness) through the slye subtilty and treachery of Satan, we think we act & perpetrate it so secretly, that it cannot be sound out of men, nor detected or punished of God. Wherein, what sottish fools, and soolish mad men are we, thus to deceive and betray our selves with salse hopes and erroneous suggestions? For although men may be deluded, and not see it, yet can God be mocked, or will he be blinded and deceived? Oh no, his decrees and resolutions are secret and facted

facred, and though invisible to our eyes, yet our designs and actions are transparent to his: For he (in his all-feeing Providence) referves to himself the manner and time, how and where to punish it. As read we this approaching History, and it will confirm as much, in the lives and deaths of some bloody and inhumano personages, who were born to honour, and

consequently to have lived more happy, and yet died more ignominiously.

In the rich and populous City of Granado (which Ferdinand and Ifabella, King and Queen of Spain, Anno 1492. to famoufly and fortunately conquered from the Moors) there (within these few years) dwelt an ancient Lady, named Dona Alicia Cervantella; who was descended of noble parentage, and by her late Husband Don Petro de Cardinas (dying a chief Commander in the West-Indies) she had two children, a Son and a Daughter, he named Don Gareia, and she Dona Dominica; he of some twenty years of age, and she of some eighteen; he tall of stature, but somewhat hard-favoured, and she short, but exceeding fair and beautiful. Their Mother Cervantella being not left rich by her deceased Husband, did yet bring up these her two Children very honourably and virtuously, and maintained them exceeding gallant in their apparel; though the clad her felf the worfe for it, for their fakes. She observes her Son Don Garcia to be of a mild disposition, and very witty and judicious; but for her Daughter Dominica, she fees with fear, and fears with grief, that her wit will come thort of her beauty, and her chaftity of her wit:in which regard and confideration, she loves him better than her, and yet bears so vigilant an eye over her actions, that as yet she keeps her within the lists of modesty, and the bounds of obedience, as holding it far truer discretion to make her more beloved than feared of her, or rather that fear and love by turns might act their feveral parts upon the Theater of her youthful heart and resolutions. There is an old rich Gentleman of that City nobly descended, termed Don Hippolito Sevino, commonly known and named Don Hippolito, aged of some threescore and ten years, and much subject to the Gout, a disease better known than cured, and which loves rich men as much as poor men hate it : And this old Hippolita, in the frost and winter of his age, falls in love with our fair young Lady Dominica, and so by the Ladythe Mother seeks her Danghter in Marriage. As for the Mother she loves Hippolito's Gold better than her Daughter doth his age, and affects his Lands as much as she hates his Personage. But Don Garcia, at the often requests of his Sister, being at last vanquished by her importunity, foon changeth his Mother's opinion and good efteem of Hippolico, and fo they all three give him the repulse and denial. But his affection to this delicate fresh young beauty, makes him more perverse and obstinate than his age, so he will take no answer, for an an-(wer; nor a refulal, for a refulal from them, but (will or nill) frequents their company daily, and their house almost hourly; they are all three tired with his sottish incivility, and doting importunacy, especially Dominica, who measuring his age by her youth, and knowing him to be far fitter for his Grave than a Wife, she therefore scorns him as much as he loves her: but yet fay she what she will, or do her Mother and Brother what they can, yet they cannot free their house, or shift their hands of him; although they many times make him look upon bare walls, content himself to converse with the meanest of their servants, and so to return without seeing either of Mother, Son or Daughter.

But Dominica holding her beauty and years now to be worthy of a Husband, she is so incivil and incontinent, as she prays her Mother to procure and provide her one: For (to use her own words) she faith, She is meary to lie alone, and live fingle, and fully refolved no longer either to trifle away her time, or to cast away her youth and beauty. Her Lady Mother (in most virtuous terms) checks her impudency, blames her impudicity, and concludes, that if the forfake those immodest humours and inclinations and so ferve and sear God religiously, then there is no doubt but in good time he (of his propitious favour and goodness towards her) will provide her one; when turning from her Daughter, the very tears of forrow fall abundantly from her old eyes, to fee her thus immodest, thus irregular and wanton, as doubting and fearing that

in the end it will prove ominous and fatal to her.

But her lascivious Daughter Dominica is not contented with this general answer of her Mother; for the is yet to vainly imprudent, and to viciously impudent, as the importunately prays her Brother Don Garcia, effectually and speedily to solicite her Mother to provide her a Husband; whereat he rather laughs, than gives ear. But when again he ruminates and confiders with himself this her foolish levity and wantonness, fearing the worst; and to the end the might not hereafter prove a difgrace to her felf, a scandal to their house, and a dishonour to their blood, he (taking time at advantage) breaks and treats with his Mother hereon : who concurring in opinion with him, returns him rather her confent than her denial; the which he reports to his immodest Sister Dominica, who is thereat as joyful, as before she was discontented.

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Nor

Not long after it fell out, that Dominica with her Mother going on a great Holy-day in the morning to the Church of the Benedicline Monks, and being behind her on her knees at her Beads and Orifons, her devotion was so cold and her zeal to frozen towards God, as seeing a very proper young Gentleman richly apparelled like wife there on his knees at his prayers not far from her; the as a poor (I may lay as a prophane) Christian, beckons her Mother's man to come to her, and whitpers him in the ear, that he discreetly go and enquire what that young Cavalier is, whom the describes to him by his Apparel, and especially by a rich Diamond Ring which he wears on his finger: Her Mother's man demanding of the Gentleman's servants, returns speedily to his young Lady, and tels her in her ear, that it is Don Roderigo, Son and Heir to Don Emanuel de Cortez, whereat her lufiful aff. Etion makes her heart leap and dance within her for joy; for fo uncivilly unchast is the in her defires and wishes, that at his very first light the defires him for her Husband, before any other man of the world, yea, before any other earthly felicity. Whereupon she vows, that her Mother shall have no truce, nor her Brother any peace of her, before they powerfully make this motion of Marriage for her to Don Roderigo; who being often folicited and provoked by her importunate requests, they confult hereon, and both of them approve and defire it, as holding it a match equally honourable to them both. The Son will have his Mother first to break the Ice of this motion to Don Roderigo, but the Mother will have her Son first to perform that office to him, and so to take a fair occasion to invite him home to her house to speak with her; the which Don Garcia performs, and deals herein to effectually with Don Roderigo, that home he comes with him. The Lady Cervantella (after many complements and speeches) presents this motion to him. He fees the young Lady Dominica, her Daughter, and finding her to be exceeding fair and witty, he likes and loves her, and so takes time to advise hereon with his Fathersor the Lady his Mother was formerly gone to Heaven. Roderigo breaks this motion to Don Emanuel, his Father; who not pleased therewith, seeks to divert his Son from it, in regard he knows that her Mother Dona Cervantella is very poor, and of a weak effate, as being much incumbred with the great debts of her deceased Husband. Roderigo alledgeth to his Father, his true affection to the true beauty and virtues of Dominica, and that her descent and blood is no way inferiour to his. But his Father being of an exceeding covetous disposition, will have wealth to oversway beauty, and not beauty wealth, and so is resolute to hear no more of this motion; whereat his Son Roderigo bites his lip, and is much discontented. Yet nevertheless, he hath cast his affection so deeply and firmly on the fresh and delicate beauty of Dominica, that holding it to be the Gold of Nature, and she the Queen and Phoenix of Beauty, he cannot, he will not refrain, but very often frequents Dona Cervantella's house, and her Daughter's company: To whom (notwithstanding his Father's distaste of her) he yet gives her far more hope than despair, that he will be her Husband, which ravisheth her with delight, her Mother Dona Cervantella and her Brother Don Garcia with content.

But the order of our History invites us for a while to leave Don Roderigo, to feast his eyes and furfeit his thoughts and contemplations on the Roses and Lillies of his Mistris beauty, and again to return to speak of our old Dotard Hippolito, who now (led by his lust and voluptuous desires, as they are by the instigation of the Devil) comes to perform and act a bloody and deplorable part on the stage of this History. He sees with grief, and grieves to fee that he is refused of the Lady Dominica, whom he loves far dearer and tenderer than his life; and understanding that Don Roderigo de Cortez doth still frequent her company, hath gained her affection, and shall shortly marry her, he thereupon turns his reason into rage, converts his judgment into revenge, and so resolves to murther him by night, as soon as he finds him to iffue forth of the Lady Cervantella's house; the Devil making him strong in the vanity of this belief and confidence, that he being once dead, undoubtedly the fair Dominica will fall for his share and Wife. So he is resolute in this his bloody and damnable defign, and confults with himself, whether he should do it by himself, or by some second instrument; but finding it dangerous to effect it by another, because he must then commit his life to his courtefie, and feeing that his Gout had now for faken him, he therefore refolves to do it by himself. But first he thinks it not improper, rather pertinent for him, to write Roderigo a Letter: the which he doth in these tearms, and sends it him by one of his own confi-

dent servants.

HIPPOLITO to RODERIGO.

W Ert thou informed but of the bundredth part of my dear affection to the fair young Lady Dominica, and reciprocally of hers to me, thou wouldt (if not out of honour, yet out of judgment) surcease thy suit to her, and not to make thy obtinacy ridiculous, by thinking to obtain her to thy Wise; and although she feed thee with Sugar of many sweet protestations and promises to the contrary, yet if I have any eyes in my head, or thou Judgment in thine, to discern the truth hereof, thou hast sar more reason to relie upon the integrity of my age, than the vanity and inconstancy of her youth: And wert thou not a Gentleman whom I love for thine own, and honour for thy stather's sake, I had not so long permitted thee to frequent her company, nor so often to converse with her to the prejudice of my content and thy discretion: And if this friendly Ambassador of my heart, my Letter, will not yet induce thee to leave her to me, whom Heaven and Earth, God and her Mother have given me; I will then, either by thy Father, or by the usual course of Justice, take that order with thee therein, as shall redound as much to my honour and same, as to thy insumy and disreputation.

HIPPOLITO.

Roderigo having received and read this Letter of Hippolito, he cannot refrain from smiling and laughing, to see his sottish error and ridiculous ignorance herein; for he perfectly knows that both Dominica and the Lady Cervantella her Mother, are long since resolved to hear no more either of him or of his sute, and therefore he holds it more worthy of his laughter than of his observation, likewise to see, that this old Dotard, when Nature is ready to wed him to his Grave, that his lust should yet be so forward, to defire to marry so young and beautiful a Lady as Dominica: The which considering, once he thought to return him no other answer but silence; but at last, respecting his age and quality more than his indiscretion or power, after he had shewn his Letter to Cervantella, to Dominica, and her Brother Dom Garcia, who all concur in opinion with him, to make it the publick object, as both it and himself were the private cause of their general laughter; he calls for a Pen and Paper, and (rather with contempt than choller) by Hippolito's own servant returns him this auswer.

RODERIGO to HIPPOLITO.

Have as small reason to doubt of thy affection to the young Lady Dominica, as to believe that hers is reciprocally so to thee, and therefore I see no just cause in honour, or solid ground in Judgment to surcease my sute towards her, much less to deem my obstinacy ridiculous in hoping to obtain her for my wife. And although it be in thy pleasure, yet it is not in thy power to make me doubtful of her fair words, or call in question or suspition her sweet promises and protestations to me, sith that were to prophane the purity of my Zeal to her, and of her true and sincere affection to me, the which yet to do to thee a courtese, I will rather excuse than condemn in thee, because I am considert it exceeds thy knowledg, though not thy fear, and in this behalf and assurance, thine eyes cannot so much prevail with my Judgment, but that I will more relie upon the integrity of her youth, than the vanity of thy age. As for thy love to me, or honour to my Father, when I find it so, I will acknowledg it to be as true, as now I conceive it seigned: but for thy threats to me in thinking thereby to make me for sake the conversation and company of that fair and vertuous young Lady, I do rather pity than esteem them, and every way more contemn than care for them. Assuring thee that I cannot possibly refrain from laughter, to see thee so devoid of common sense, so to think to be able either to scare me with thy power of the Law, or to dann me with the prerogative and authority of my Father in making me to sorsake her, whom in life and death, I neither can nor will for sake; resolve therefore beneforth to prevent thy infamy and disreputation, for I will be lest to my self to establish mine own content and honour, as I please.

RODERIGO.

Hippoliso upon the receit and confideration of this peremptory Letter of Don Roderigo, is so inflamed and incensed against him; to see that (perforce) he will make him wear a Willow Garland, as (without any more delayes or expossulations) understanding him to be that very same night which he received his Letter, with his Lady Dominica at her mother's house; the Devil causeth him to gather all his malice, wits & strength together about him that night to murther him as he issued forth to go home, which bloody stratagem of his to effect & sinish, he chargeth a Pistol with three Bullets and he waits his comming thence; but Don Garcia accidentally

cidentally issuing forth all alone privately to go visit a triend of his not far off, this wretched old villain Hippolito taking him to be Roderigo lets fly at him, and all three Bullets pierce his body, so he fals down dead to the ground. The blow is heard, and the breathless body of Don Garcia is found reeking in his blood, whose Mother, Sister, and Don Roderigo are amazed and aftonished at this deplorable disafter, and ready to drown themselves in their tears for sorrow thereof. So Roderigo leaving some Neighbors to comfort them, he takes order to find out the murtherers, and goes himself speedily throughout the street to that effect; When the good pleasure and providence of God directs his course to find out this old execrable wretch Hip. polito going lirping and limping in the streets, having thrown away his Pistol, and only holding his dark Lanthorn in his hand, which then (the better to colour out this damnable fact of his he opened to light him. Roderigo measuring things past by the present, and finding Hippolito there in the ffreets all alone, at this undue and unfeafonable hour of the night; God prompts his heart with this suspition, that he in likelihood was the murtherer of Don Garcia, and so lays hold of him, and causeth him to be committed to the Prison, not withstanding all the entreaties, means and friends, which he could then possible make to the contrary. The next day all Granado rings and refounds of this murther, and of the suspition and imprisonment of Don Hippolito for the same, when the Lady Cervantella goes to the Criminal Judges of the City and accuseth him for the same, and with grief, forrow, and pallion, follows it close against him; and although Hippolito at his first examination denies it, yet being by his clear-fighted Judg adjudged to the Rack for the fame, he at the very first fight thereof confesseth it, for the which bloody and lamentable crime of his, he is sentenced the next day to be hanged, although he proffered all his estate and means to fave his life; But the zeal and integrity of his Judges was such to the sacred name of Justice, as they disdained to be corrupted herewith.

So the next Morning this old bloody wretch Hippolito is brought to the common place of execution, where a very great concourse of people repair from all parts of the City to see him take his last farewell of the world, most of them pitying his age, but all condemning the enormity of this his foul and bloody crime. He was dealt with by some Priests and Friers in Prison, whose Charity and Piery, endeavoured to fortifie his heart against the fear of death, and to prepare his soul for the life and joyes of that to come. But the Devil was yet so strong with him, that he could not be drawn to contrition, nor would not be either perswaded or enforced to repentance, or to ask God, or the world forgiveness of this his bloody sact, but as he lived prophanely, so he would die wretchedly and desperately, for on the Ladder he made a solish speech, the which because it savoured more of beattly concupiscence and lust, than of Piety or Religion, I will therefore bury it in oblivion, and silence, and so he was turned

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Come we now to speak of Don Emanuel de Cortez the Father, who understanding of his Son Roderigo his continual frequenting of Dona Cervantella's house, and her Daughter Dominica's company, and now hearing of this murther of her Son at her door, his own Son being then therein present; he is much discontented therewith; and because he will sequester him from her sight, and provide him another Wise, he sends him to Asualos, a Mannor-house of his, some ten leagues off in the Country, with a strong injunction and charge, there to reside till his farther order to return: Roderigo is wonderful sorrowful thus to leave the sight of his sair and dear Mistris Dominica, and (to the view of the world) no less is she, so he transporteth only his body to Asualos, but his heart he leaves with her in Granado. But a month is searce expired after his departure, but the Lady Cervantella (by the death of her Son Don Gancia) wanting a man to conduct and govern her assairs, especially her Law-suits, wherewith (as we have formerly heard) she is much incumbred, she thereupon (as also at the instant request of her Daughter) writes Roderigo this Letter for his return.

CERVANTELLA to RODERIGO.

A Sthow tenderest the prosperity of my affairs, and the content and joy of my Daughter, I request thee speedily to leave Asiallos, and to return to reside here Granado, for I manting my Son Garcia, who was the joy of my life, and she her Roderigo, who art the life of her joy, thou must not find it strange, if my age, and her youth, and if my Law-suites, and her love affections and desires assume this resolution: Thy Father is a Noble man of reason, and his Sonshall find this to be a request both honourable and reasonable, except thou wilt so far publish thy weakness to the world, that thou dost more fear thy Father than love my Daughter, for if thou shouldest once permit thy obedience to him so far to give a Law to thy affection to her, thou wilt then make thy self as unworthy to be her Husband.

Husband, as I desire it with zeal, and she with passion. She is resolved to second this my Letter, with one of her own to thee; to which I refer thee: God bless thy stay, and hasten thy return.

CERVANTELLA.

Dominica resolving to make good her promise to her Mother, and that of her Mother to Roderigo, she withdraws her sell to her Chamber to write, and knowing her Mother's Messenger ready to depart, chargeth him with the delivery of her Letter to her Lover Roderigo, and to cast the better luster and varnish over her affection, she takes a Diamond-Ring from her singer, and likewise sends it him for a token of her love.

DOMINICA to RODERIGO.

As the death of my Brother Don Garcia, made me extream forrowful; so this of thy absence made me infinitely miserable: for as that nipt my joys and hopes in their blossoms, so this kills them in their riper age and maturity. When I sirst received thy love, and gave and returned thee mine in exchange, I had well thought thou hadst affected me too dearly, so soon to leave my sight, and to banish thy self from my company: but now I see with grief, and seel with forrow, that thou lovest thy Father far better than me; and delightest to prefer his Content before mine: for else thou hadst not made me thus wretched by thy absence, who am (as it were) but entring into the happiness of thy presence. If thou can stand in thy heart to obey his commands, before thou grant my requests, then come not to Granado, but say still in Asnallos; but if the contrary, then leave Asnallos, and come to me in Granado, where I will chide thee for thy long stay, and yet give thee a world of thanks and kisses for thy so soon return, and as my heart and soul doth desire it, so the prosperity of my Mother's affairs doth likewise want, and therefore crave it. Judg of the servency of my affection to thee, by thine to my self, and then those wilt speedily resolve to see thy Dominica, who desires nothing so much under Heaven, as to have the happiness of thy sight, and the felicity and honour of thy Company.

DOMINICA.

Roderigo receives these their two Letters, imputes that of the Mother, to much respect; and this of her Daughter, to infinite affection; so as the very knowledg and consideration thereof, makes him rejoyce in the first, and triumph in the second; and therefore knowing himself to be a man, and past a child, and that as he is bound by nature and reason to obey his Father, so he is not tyed to be commanded by him beyond it; wherefore he resolves to give content to the Mother for the Daughter's sake; and to the Daughter for his own sake; and so by their own Messenger returns them these Answers: That to the Lady Cervantella, spake thus:

RODERIGO to CERVANTELLA.

So much tender the prosperity of thy assairs, and thy Daughter's content andjoy, that my resolutions shall so dispose of my self towards my Father, as very shortly I will see thee with respect and observance, and visit her with affection and zeal: for this desire of hers, and request of thine, is so bonourable, so reasonable, as my Father should be guilty of unkindness to deny the one, and my self of ingratitude not to grant the other: Or if he will yet continue to cross our affections, I will then make it apparent to the world, that I will not fear him the thousand part so much as I will love her; and that I cannot receive a greater selicity and bonour, than to see her my Wife, and my self her Husband. I have given an answer to her Letter, and very shortly I will give her my self every way answerable to her merits, to thy expectation and my promise.

RODERIGO.

His Letter to Dominica was charged and fraughted with these lines.

RODERIGO to DOMINICA.

o deface thy sorrows for thy Brother's death, and thy miseries for my absence, and likewise to preserve thy joys in their blossoms, and thy hopes in their riper age and maturity. I am fully resolved very shortly to grant thy request in leaving Asnallos, to live and dye with thee in Granado; and thou dost offer a palpable wrong to the truth, and an immerited disparagement to the purity and tandor of my affection, to think, that I any way prefer my obedience to my Father, before my affection to thee, or consequently his content to thine. Therefore prepare thy self to kiss, not to chide me, for else I will resolve to chide, and not to kiss thee at my return. My best endeavours shall wait on the prosperity

profferity of thy Mothers affairs and my best love and service shall eternally attend on her Daughters pleasure and commands, and judy thou if my zeal to thee, do not exceed thine to my self sith Earth is not so dear to me, as the Honour of thy sight, nor Heaven as the felicity of thy company.

RODERIGO.

He hath no sooner dispatched these two Letters to his Mistris and her Mother, but the very next day after he enters into a resolution with himself; that he shall not do well so soon to disoblige and disobey his kather, by so speedily precipitating his return from Assallos to Granado, as urging this reason to his consideration, and proposing this consideration to his judgment, that Dominica's affection and beauty can difficulty make him rich, but that his Father's discontent and displeasure towards him may easily make him poor: Whereupon resolving to cherish his constancy to her, and yet to retain his obedience to him, he holds it no fin if a little longer he dispence with his content, and presume to temporize for his discretion and prosti, as grounding his hope upon this considence, and his considence upon this presuming infailibility, that his Lady and Mistris Dominica is as chast as fair, and will prove as constant to him as she is beautiful in her felf. But she is a woman, and therefore she may deceive his hopes, and he is a man, and therefore it is possible that her beauty may betray his judgment, the which prediction and prophesic (to his grief and forrow, and to her shame and mistery) we shall shortly see

made true and verified: the manner thus.

Dominica (as we have formerly understood) being of a wanton disposition and carriage, and very unchastly and lasciviously enclined, she finding Roderigo's stay in Asnallos to exceed his promife and her expectation; the cannot live chafte, the will not remain conftant in his abfence, but bath a friend or two, I mean two proper young Gentlemen of Granado, to whom The many times privately imparteth her amorous favours and affection, the which she acteth not fo closely, but the Lady her Mother (being a Lincy-eyed, and curious observer of her actions (hath notice thereof, and thinking to reclaim her from this foul fin of fornication and whoredom, which threats no less than the ruins of her fortunes, and the Shipwrack of her reputation; the first attempteth to perswade her by fair means with tears and prayers but seeing the could not thereby prevail with her, then the gives her many tharp speeches and bitter threats, and menaces, as wholly to deprive her of her Father's portion, and either to make her found her days in a Nunnery, or end them in a Prison. That she is not worthy to tread upon the face of earth, or look up to Heaven, because this her foul crime of fornication, makes her odious to God, and an infinite shame and scandal to all her Parents and friends in general, and to every one in particular, with many other reasons looking and conducing that way, the which for brevities lake, I resolve to omit and bury in silence.

But this lecture of the Mother prevailes not with the Daughter, but rather inflames than quencheth the fire of her inordinate and lascivious lust; the which she perceiving, and to prevent her own scandal in that of her Daughters, she (as a careful Mother and a wise Matron) mewelli her up in her Chamber, where Dominica (for meer grief and coller) to see her self thus debar'd of her pleasures in the restraint of her liberty, she grows very sick, looks exceeding wan, pale and thin, and so keeps her Bed, the which the Lady Cervantella takes for a fit occasion and opportunity again essentially to write to Roderigo to hasten his return to Granado, as doubting least her Daughters Belly should chance to swell and grow big in his absence. This her Lengt to Roderigo, reported her mind, and represented her desires to him in these terms.

CERVANTELLA to RODERIGO.

Thou dos thy self no right, but me and my Daughter infinite wrong, in staying so long from Granado, in regard it is contrary to thy promise, to my expectation, and to her deserts and merits: for her afficients so intire and servent to thee, because she conceives and hopes that thine (in requital) is so to her, that she bath this many months languished in expectation of thy return; whereof beginning to despair, that despair hath struck her into so dangerous a Consumption, that I fear it will shortly prove fatal to her; for already the Lillies have banished the Roses of her cheeks, yea, her cheeks are grown thin; and those sprakling stars, her eyes, have lost a great part of their wonted lustre and glory is spift thy affection will not, yet pity should move thee to hasten thy return, to see and comfort her, dispectally sith then wilt scarce know her when thou sees then; in regard I may (almost) justly affirm, that she is no longer Dominica, but rather the living Anatomy of dead Dominica. How thou canst answer the sees the sees of the stay of the sees of the sees of the sees of the stay of the sees of these sees of the sees of the

thy conscience, nor thy conscience to God. In her sick-hed thou art the only Saint to whom the offer-th up her devotions; and therefore it will be a miserable ingratitude in thee to permit her to die thy Martyr.

CERVANTELLA.

At the receit and perusal of this Letter, Roderigo is infinitely forrowful, especially when he confidereth, that it is only Dominica's dear affection to him, and his long flay from her, which hath occasioned her sickness: whereupon his love consulting with his honour, his honour with his conscience, and his conscience with God; he conjureth the Messenger to return speedily to Granado, to the Lady Cervantella, and her Daughter Dominica, from him, and to assure them, that all business of the world set apart, he will be there with them the next day, and bring them the answers of their Letters himself; whereat, at the Messenger's return, they both of them exceedingly rejoyce. Roderigo now (according to his promise) comes to Granado, visiteth Cervantella, and his sick Mistress Dominica; salutes the one with complements, the other with kiffes. Dominica intending to give him her body, but not her heart, diffembleth her affection to him, and frowns on him exceedingly, as if her love to him, and his to her, were dearer to her than all the world, and far more precious than her life. But contrariwife, Roderigo intends as he speaks, and speaks as he intends; yea, he is fo fincere and real in his affection to her, as the is counterfeit and treacherous to him. So, glorying in her beauty, and triumphing in her youth, he with much difficulty obtains his Father's confent, and marries her; their Nuptials being folemnized in Granado with state and bravery, answerable to their descents and qualities : but he will find a wanton Lair, for a constant Lucrece; and a lascivious Phryne, for a chast Penelope. Never Husband bore himfelf more respectfully, loving, and court coully to his Wife, than doth Roderigo to his Dominica; for he thinks that her fare cannot be too curious, nor her Apparel costly enough for her; yet fuch was his tender respect of her, and affection to her, that he willingly permitted her to go where she would, and to come when she pleased; contrary to the custom of Spain, and generally of most Spaniards, who hold it far more folly than affection, to give this licentious freedom and liberty to their Wives, which we do in England and France; the which we shall see verified in our young Bride Dominica; for the more her Husband Roderigo loves her, the more she slights him; and the more he respects her, the more she neglects and contemns him: whereat he grieves, his Mother-in-law Cervantella storms, and his own Father, Don Emanuel de Cortez, repines and murmurs. But as it is labour in vain to think to make an Ethiopian white; so all of them cannot reclaim Dominica to love her Hufband, nor scarce to lye with him. He conceives infinite grief hereat, which breeds him a lingring Confumption in earnest, as his Wife Dominica was formerly possessed of one in jest: whereat the the more hates him, in regard the extremity of his fickness and weakness, will not permit him to perform the rites and duties of a Husband towards her : but the need not care, much less grieve thereat, for the takes her obscene and lascivious pleasures abroad, whiles her dear fick Husband (for grief of body and mind) is ready to dye at home. He bewails his hard fortune in marrying her; but yet loves her so tenderly and dearly, as he will not speak ill of her himself, nor suffer any other to do it, either in his presence, or her absence. Yea, her love is so frozen to him, though his be still constantly and servently inflamed to her, as the difficultly fees him once in three days, nor yet speaks two words with him when she sees him; and yet when he is so happy to obtain her sight and company, he so exceedingly rejoyceth thereat, that it feems to him his pain for that time gives him peace, his forrows truce, his fickness ease, his heart comfort, and his thoughts consolation. But Dominica hath not deserved the least part of all this true affection and courtesie from him heretofore, much less will she requite it to him hereaster, except in a most ingrateful and bloody manner; which is thus:

The Devil refolves to trouble the harmony or serenity of their marriage, or rather our Dominica hath hellishly derived and drawn this resolution from the Devil, to posson her Husband; and the sooner she fixeth her mind upon this infernal ingredient, and setteth her barbarous cruelty upon this devillish Drug, because the violence of his Consumption having already made almost an Anatomy of his body, she therefore flattereth her self with this opinion, that no suspicion at all can seize upon the belief of any, that he is poysoned, much less of his Father, or her Mother. She cannot procure poyson her self, and therefore albeit she be unwilling to acquaint or employ any other herein, yet she is enforced thereunto. Of all her acquaintance, the thinks she may more safely entrust and repose this great secret with her Chamber-maid Denisa: for having formerly made her accessary to her sins of Fornication

and Adultery, the thinks the may with less difficulty, and more ease, now draw her to conceal and participate in this Murther with her; the which the better and sooner to effect, the gives her fifty Duckats, and adding thereunto many sweet perswasions, and sugged promises, of her continual care and affection for her preferment, this wretched miserable Wench yields her consent thereto. So they give their hands, and swear secresse each to other, the

Devil laughing at this their bloody compact and capitulation.

So (without either the grace or fear of God) they are resolute in their rage, and outragious in this their barbarous cruelty, thinking every minute a month, and every day a year, before they have finished and perpetrated this lamentable business. So this Fury, this She-devil Dominica, being as impatient in her lascivious lust to her self, as in her deadly malice to her kind and honest Husband Roderigo, the makes Denifa secretly to procure some strong poyfon from fome remote unknown Apothecary, and not only caufeth, but fees her to put it into some white broth for him, which the Chamber-maid brings, and the Wife and Mistris gives to her Husband in the morning, before he was out of his bed, under pretence and colour of some comfortable Broth, and hot Meat; whereof (O grief to think it! O pity to report it!) before night he died thereof. And Don Emanuel de Cortez, his Father, being at that time ridden to the City of Sevil, in the Province of Andoulesia, about some important business of his, the (taking the opportunity and advantage of his abience, thereby the better to overveil this her foul and bloody fact) doth speedily cause this his breathless body to be encoffined, and to buried fomewhat privately, but not in that folemn manner as was requifite) either for his quality, or her reputation; yea, contrary to the opinion of the Lady Cirvantella her Mother, who much grieved and feared at this fudden death of her Son-in-law Roderigo, in doubting lest her Daughter, his Wife, had too hastily and untimely sent him to Heaven in a bloody Winding-sheet. This mournful Tragedy thus acted, our wretched Dominica, of a disconrented Wife, is now become a joyful and frolick Widow: and now her exorbitant luft, and lascivious desires, break pail, and range both beyond the bounds of chastity, and the limits of discretion: for she will hearken to no advice, nor follow any counsel from the Lady Cervantella her Mother, but forfakes her house and her light the greatest part of the day; and, which is worfe, many whole nights, to keep company with those vicious Gallants, and debauched young Gentlemen, of her former acquaintance and familiarity, with whom the delighteth to lose her honour, to cast away her chastity, and to shipwrack her reputation, if not her foul; when neither thinking of God or her Conscience, of Heaven or Hell, of her murthering Self, or murthered Husband, the so inceffantly (without any intermission or repentance) abandons her felf to her prophane and beaftly Whoredoms, that in a very short time she makes her felf the laughter of the worst, and the pity of the better and most vertuous sort of people of Granado; yea, her actions are so devoid of Grace; and repleat of Impiety, that her own Mother is ashamed to speak with her, and Don Emanuel de Correz, her Father-in-law.

And here, Christian Reader, let me request thy curiosity to observe, and thy piety to remark, how (by degrees) the Indignation and Justice of God falls upon this debauched young Lady, for the soulness of these her Crimes, the very cry and sent whereof hath pierced the Windows of Heaven, and are now ascended to the ears and nostrils of the Lord of Hosts, to draw down condign vengeance on her for the same; yea, and at those times when she least dreams or thinks thereof, and when she is in the very prime of her prophaneness, and the chiefest ruff of her lascivious jollity, and voluptuous sensuality. The manner

whereof is thus:

Two months are scarce expired since she sent this her Husband Roderigo thus untimely and cruelly to his Grave, but having as it were drowned her Wits and Senses, her Reason and Judgment, yea, her Heart and Soul, in the Ocean of her beastly lusts, and lustful desires and pleasures, (but to her own shame, to the grief of her Mother, and the contempt and anger of her Father-in-law De Correz) she marrieth Don Lewes de Andrada, one of her former Favourites and Paramours; for her Lover I cannot, and therefore I will not term him: a very proper Gentleman of his personage, but every way as debauched and vicious as her self; and therefore a sit Husband for such a Wise. That she was honest, he knew the contrary; but hoping that her wealth should supply his wants, and repair the ruins of his decayed fortunes, was that which solely induced him to become her Husband. But at last, when he saw her wealth to come short of his expectation, and her lustful desires to exceed it, then he thinks it high time to be wise, in not imitating the example of his Predecessor Roderigo in his carriage and conduction towards this his lascivious Wise Dominica; so he holds a strict hand over her, and in a manner makes her no better than a Prisoner to her Chamber, and a Scholar to her Book.

Book and Needle, in such sort, that her ranging unchast thoughts are now bounded in her new Husband's jealousie, & pent and immured up in her own grief and discontent: For thus he reasoneth with himself, that although formerly he made her his Curtizan, yet now he will not permit that she make him a Cuckold; then he was her Friend, now her Husband; and then she was answerable for her own life and actions, to God; but now he is, both for his own, and for hers. But this her present affliction and misery, is but the shadow and least part of her future: for Andrada her Husband being as resolute in reforming her, as she was neither to digest or endure it, he, the better to curb her incontinency, and to debar her from any more returning to her former leud pranks, and debauched life and conversation, he keeps her very short of money, takes from her most of her best Apparel, and all her Rings, Chains, and Jewels, which the Ladies of Spain (more than any others of the world) hold to be a

great part of their earthly felicity.

Dominica is amazed, yea all in tears, to fee this strange alteration of her fortune, and difference of her two Husbands; and now (though too late) the fees Roderigo's love, in Andrada's hardness towards her: she speaks to her Mother to reconcile her to her Husband; but having shut up this her second Match without her knowledg or consent, the rejects and abandoneth her from her favour, to feek her own fortune, as holding her unworthy of the Blood which Nature, and the Education which God and her felf had given her. She was cruel to her first Husband, and therefore no marvel if the second prove unkind to her; yet he doubting of her fecret malice towards him, he apprehends her revenge, as much as he condemns her lubricity. He wil not add faith to her dissembling promises, nor hazzard belief to her treacherous tears and kiffes; but keeps her stil rather as a prisoner than a wife, and more like a criminal than a companion: and yet as close and retired as he kept her in his house, his vigilancy and jealoufie was enforced to meet with this unknown misfortune, that she was no sooner abroad, but the had another Friend or Ruffian at home, with whom he very often and very dishonestly tamiliarized; infomuch, that the had infallibly murthered her tecond Husband, as the had formerly done her first, if God (out of the inestimable treasure of his mercy and goodness) had not prevented her rage, and disappointed and dissipated her bloody design and revenge, by another accident as mournful as miraculous, and wherein the Juffice and Providence of God doth equally resplend and shine forth unto us for our instruction, with a most divine

power and heavenly influence.

For we must here know and understand, that the fifty Duckats which Denisa had given her of her Lady Dominica, for confenting to poylon her Master Roderigo, gave her new apparel, and they likewise procured her a new Suitor or Sweet-heart, named Hugos who made thew to marry her, but intended it not), with whom the wantonized to often, as in a thort time the became guilty of a great belly, the which the concealed from all the world, except from Hugo, the Father of her unborn child; who upon notice thereof, either for fear of prefent punishment, or of future danger, or that he should be constrained to marry her, and so to maintain her and her child, when he had not means to maintain himself; he fled from Granado to Muricia, without taking his leave of Denifa, or any way acquainting her therewith; and now, when it is too late, this wretched wench exceedingly grieves thereat, when knowing his return uncertain, his affection to her doubtful, her felf poor, and her Lady and Miffress Dominica, as then not able to maintain her or her child, she assumes another bloody resolution, which is, that as the was formerly accessary to the poyloning of her Master, so the now will be principal actor in murthering and making away of her own child as foon as it shall be born, and neither conscience nor her sear are able to divert her from this her bloody and damnable purpose. For being provoked thereunto, first by her shame, then by her necessity, but chiefly and especially by her fatal Counsellor and Instigator the Devil, she being delivered (almost a Month before her time) of a fair young Son, as soon as he had cryed once (to bewail his own misery, and his inhuman Mother's cruelty) she as an execrable Fury of Hell, strangles it, giving him his mournful and untimely death in that very same hour and instant which God and her felf gave it life; and the very same evening wrapt it in a clean white linnen cloth, and with a pack-thred ties a great from thereunto, and (the Devil giving her strength) the very same night carries it half a mile off to a Pond without the East-gate of the City, where seeing no body present to see her, she (not as a Mother, no not as a Woman, but rather as a Fury of Hell) there throws it in, which before her departure thence, presently sunk to the bottom.

And here let us behold and contemplate on the wonderful mercy and judgment of God, in to speedily revealing this deplorable and cruel murther of this harmless and innocent little new-born Babe, whom being so newly brought from the adulterate womb of his pi-

tiless Mother, the maliciously cast into that Pond, giving it death for life, the Pond for its Cradle, a Bank of Mud and Oze for its Bed and Pillow. For upon the instant of Denija's delivery, and her murthering and throwing of this her Insant-babe into the Pond, God (to revenge this soul and bloody fact of hers) deprived her of discretion and judgment to return for that night to her Master's house: for she thinking to make sure and sound work for her own reputation and safety, she that very night takes up her lodging in the next poor Inn, which was at the Sign of St. John's Head, where to the Host and Hostess she pretends lameness by the receit of a fall. But God will give her but small time to rest and repose her self in the guiltiness of this her cruel sin of murthering her own innocent new-born Babe; for within one hour after, a Groom riding to water his horse in the same Pond, his horse sinus-feth and starts exceedingly, pawing in the water with his farther fore-soot, and many time

thrusts down his head therein.

The Groom gives him the spurr and switch to bring him off, but in vain: for the horse the more paweth with his foot, and fnuffeth with his nofe; yea, so long, till at last (it feems) the Pack-thred being broken, the white Cloath appears and floats upon the water; which the Groom, upon the strange behaviour of his horse (but indeed by the immediate Providence and Pleasure of God, who then and there was well-pleased to make this reasonless Bealt an instrument of his glory, in the detection of this cruel murther) causeth to be fetched a-shore; where opening the Cloth in presence of some others who flock thither to the Pond-side to fee what this may be, they find a fweet young Infant-boy, whose body was as white as the fnow, with a flaxen-coloured hair, a cheerful look, a cherry-lip, and some blackness about his throat and neck, whereby they gueffed it to be newly horn, and strangled of some Strumpet, his Mother; whom to detect and find out, they search all the adjacent houses, and at last find out Denifa in her Inn: when the Officers of Justice, setting a Midwife, and some three or four elderly women, to fearch her, they (despight of her refistance or prayers to the contrary) give in evidence against her, that she was that day delivered of a child: so she is imprisoned, and the next day brought to her arraignment, where (threatned with the Rack) she confesseth the strangling of her child, and the throwing of it into this Pond; for the which foul and inhuman fact of hers, she is the next day condemned to be hanged; when defirous to fave her foul, though (through the instigation of Satan) she hath miserably cast away her body, the entreateth that Father Eustace, a Priest of her acquaintance, may be sent to her in prifon, to prepare her foul for her spiritual journey to Heaven, who is accordingly sent her; who, after a long and a religious exhortation to her, falling on this point, That she should do well to disburthen her confcience of any other capital crime, which in all the whole course of her life the might have committed; as affirming, that the revealing thereof exceedingly tended to God's glory, and the felicity of her own foul: the (with tears and fighs) deeply thinks thereof that night in prison.

Now the next morning the is brought to the place of Execution, where a great number of people flock together to fee her end, & there, on the Ladder, after she had again confessed the thrangling of her Infant, and the throwing of it into the Pond : the likewise then and there confessed, That she was accessary, and consented with her Lady Dominica, to poyson her Mafter Roderigo, which the affirmed they both effected in the fame manner as we have formerly understood. The confession of this her other foul murther, as also of her Lady Dominica, doth much amaze her Auditors, and attonish her Judges; who to clear and vindicate the truth hereof, they cause her to descend the Ladder, and to be confronted with her said Lady Dominica, who by this time, in the midst of her security, is likewise apprehended and brought before the criminal Judges; where, contrary to her expectation, being enforced to understand the effect and tenor of her Chamber-maid Denifa's confession & accusation against her for the poyloning of her Husband Roderigo, the with much passion and choler terms her Witch and Devil, and curfeth the hour that ever she fostered up so pestilent a Viper in her house, to eat out her own heart & life: when with more confidence and boldness, than contrition and repentance (being first by her Judges threatned with the torments of the Rack)she consessed her felf likewise to be guilty of murthering her first Husband Roderigo. So Denisa's sentence is alteredifor the is condemned to be hanged for her first Murther, & her dead body after to be burnt to ashes for her second; & the Lady Dominica to be hanged for poysoning her Husband; which news fo refounds and rattles through all the streets and corners of Granado, that almost all the people of that City flock the next morning to the place of Execution, to fee this cruel Mistress, and her bloody Chamber-maid, take their last farewell of this World: for the Lady Diminica must likewise dye, notwithstanding her Mother Cervantella's tears, and her Husband Andrada's importunate requelts, and passionate prayers to her Judges to the contrary.

And

And first Denisa is caused to ascend the Ladder (who was a tall and comely young woman), to whom God was formerciful to her fool, that there with many bitter lighs and tears the was wonderful for thefe her two foul Murthers, especially for that of her poor Infant babe, whom the had almost as fron dispatched our, as the brought into the world. She earnestly belought all her auditors and spectators, to pray unto God to lorgive her, and to be merciful unto her foul: she affirmed, that her Lady Dominica's enticements and gold, first drew her to be accessary to the poyloning of her Master Roderigo, the which again and again from her heart and foul the prayed God to pardon her, when intreating all young people, especially all young women, to be more wife and religious, and lefs prophane and bloody minded, by her example; and now recommending her foul into the hands of our Saviour and Redeemer, the is turned over. When immediately after this, our wretched Lady Dominica is likewife brought to her execution, whom the vanity of her heart, and the impurity and profaneness of her foul, had purposely dighted in her best dress, and richest apparel; which was a purple wrought Velvet Gown, and a curious great laced Ruff, with all things elfe foitable to it; but, which is lamentable to fee, and fearful to confider, the was as carelefs of her foul, as curious of her body; for the Priests and Fryers in her Prison, could not abate or beat down her impiery; but as there, fo here on the Ladder, the enters into many deep execuations and curfes, as well against her second Husband Andrada, as against her Chamber-maid Denisa, who the faid was now rather gone to the Devil, than to God: but no spark of grace, nor shew of forrow, nor fign of repentance, could appear in her looks, or be heard in her speeches, for poysoning of her Husband Roderigo, but with much choler and vehemency she there uttered many other lewd and lascivious speeches, the which grieved her Christian Auditors to hear, and therefore I will not defile my Pen, or offend the Reader's religious and chaft heart, with the knowledg thereof: fo this miserable and wretched Lady was turned over the Ladder, who made her death answerable to the foulness and enormity of her life, being not so happy in her death, as her bloody Chamber-maid Denifa; and I fear me, as exempt of grace and goodness as the Devil could wish her. But God is the Lord of Justice, and Father of Mercy, to whom I leave her.

The youth and beauty of this cruel and inhuman Lady Dominica, was pitied of many, but her foul fact abhorred and detested of all who were present at her death: May we who read her History, cherish her virtues by the fight and knowledg of her vices; and fortiste our fouls with Religion and Piety, as she ruined hers by the neglect and want thereof. Amen.

Iii 3

God's



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXIX.

Sanctifiore (upon promise of marriage) gets Ursina with child, and then afterwards very ingratefully and treacherously rejecteth her, and marrieth Bertranna. Ursina being sensible of this ber disgrace, disguiseth her self in a Fryer's habit, and with a Case of Pistols kills Sanctisiore as he is walking in the sields; for the which she is hanged.

It is a poor profit, a wretched pleasure, for the satisfaction of choler and revenge, to embrue our hands in the innocent blood of our near kindred, fith in seeking to wound him, we more properly kill our selves in soul and body; striking him (who is the figurative Image of God) we presumptuously stab at the Majesty of God himself, by whom our souls must, without whom they can never be saved. Therefore if we will not know as we are men, yet we ought firmly both to know and believe as we are Christians, that Revenge and Murther are the two prodigious twins of Satan, the last being engendred and propagated of the first, and both from Hell: for Revenge is not half so sweet in the beginning, as bitter in the end; nor Murther by many degrees so pleasing, as it proves pernicious to its Authors; as this ensuing Hiltory will verifie and make apparent unto us.

Let your thoughts be carried over those high hills of Europe, the Alps and Appennines, to the noble and samous City of Naples, the head and capital of that flourishing Kingdom (and from whence it receives and derives its denomination); a City exceeding rich, populous, and fair, and graced and adorned with more Nobility and Gentry of both Sexes, than any other of Italy whatsoever. Wherein of very late years (when the Duke of Ossuna was Viceroy thereof)

there dwelt two rich & beautiful young Gentlewomen, the one named Donna Ursua Placedo, the only Daughter and Child of Seignior Augustino Placedo, and the other, Donna Bertranna de Troes, likewise the only child and daughter of Seignior Thomaso de Troes, the first native of Ferenzolo, in Pulia, and the second of Miterana in Calabria, both of them being exceeding rich and well-descended Gentlemen, who with their Wives & Daughter, for the most part, built up their residence in Naples, but especially all the winter-time. Nowbecause these two young Gentlewomen (whom hencesorth we will term by their Christian, and not by their Sirnames) are two of the chiefest Personages which give life to this History, therefore I hold it not impertinent for me, superficially to give the Reader their different characters and delineations. Ursua was past the twentieth year of her age, and Bertranna entring into her eighteenth. Ursua was tall and stender, Bertranna short and somewhat crook backed. Ursua was the fairer of the two; but Bertranna by far the subtiller and wifer. Ursua was of a deep Amber hair, but Bertranna of a coal-black: and, to conclude this point, Ursua was affable and courteous, but Bertranna coy, proud, and malicious.

The truth and order of this History must here inform us. That although these two rich young Gentlewomen had divers brave Gallants who were suitors to them for marriage, yet none of them so dearly and passionately loved Ursina, as the Baron of Sanstissore of Capuz, a very rich young Noble man, but far more proper than wile; and withall, far more lastivious than rich: nor did or could Bertranna in her heart and mind affect any other but the said Baron; neither was it possible for her Father De Troes to perswade or draw her to desire any other Nobleman or Gentleman for her Husband, than him. Thus we see Sanstissore deeply to love Ursina, and Bertranna him, but not he her; and we shall not go far till we likewise see

what effects these their different affections will produce.

Whiles Urfina is affured of Sanctifiore's love to her, Bertranna contrariwife, by her felf and her friends, makes it her chiefest care and ambition to perswade and draw him to forsake Urfina, and to love and marry her felt; but she will find more opposition and difficulty therein, than she expects. True it is, that although the Baron of Sanctifiore do continually frequent Placedo's house, and his Daughter Bertranna's company; yet understanding and considering with himself, that Bermanna honoured him with her constant love and affection, he therefore held himself in a manner bound sometimes to see and visit her, although indeed it was every way more to content and please her, than himself; where, albeit that her policy to her felt, & her affection to him, gives him many quips and jerks of his Mistris Ursina; yet his reputation and discretion makes him comport his actions and speeches so equally towards Bertranna, that although he give her little cause to hope, yet he gives her none to despair of his love and affection to her, in requital of hers to him; and upon these and no other terms stand Santiflore and Bertrama. But as for Ursina, her hopes and heart of Sandifiore's affection to her, fails on with a more pleafing and joyful gale of wind: for the loving him as deeply as he doth her dearly, she accounts her felf his, and he hers; as we may the more particularly and perfectly perceive, by four Love-letters of theirs, which fecretly and interchangeably past between them; the which, for the Reader's better fatisfaction, I thought good here to infert and publish; whereof his first to her spake thus:

SANCTIFIOR E to URSINA.

THE sweetness of thy Beauty, and the excellency of thy Virtues, have so fully taken up my thoughts and so sirmly surprised and vanquished my heart, that I am so much thine both by conquest and duty, as I know not whether I do more affect or honour, or more admire or adore thee. Wherefore if thou art as courteous as fair, and as loving to me, as I am faithful to thy self, then return me thy heart, as I now give and send thee mine; and assure they self, that my affection is so infinite and intire to thee, that I love and desire thee a thousand times more than mine own life, and will estem my death both smeet and happy, if thou wilt benceforth live mine by purchase, as I am now thine by promise. Thy will shall be my Law; and as there is a God in Heaven, so Ursina hath not so fervent a Lover or constant a Servant on Earth as her.

SANCTIFIORE.

Urfina's Answer hereunto was couched in these terms: URSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

F thy heart be as full of affection, as thy Letter is of flattery tome, I should then have as just cause thank fully to believe that, as now I have to suspect and fear this: For the iniquity of our times, and the misery of many former examples, do prompt and tellme, that most men love more with their tomous.

tongues, than with their hearts; and that they all know far better how to profess than preserve their affections and fidelity to their Mistresses. As for me, judg with thy self how courteous and loving I am to thee: for if I perfectly knew that thy Letter were the true Ambassador and unseigned Eccho of thy heart, I would both say and promise thee, that I would love thee, and none but thee: Make my self thy Wise, when and as soon as thou wilt please to be my Husband: for in life and death I here now promise thee to be more thine, than mine own. Resolve me of this doubt, and free me of this fear, and then manage this affection and savour of mine with discretion, and requite it with sidelity to thy

URSINA.

The Baron of Sanctifiore's second Letter to her, contained this Language. SANCTIFIORE to URSINA.

As I am not guilty, so I am not answerable for other mens crimes of insidelity, but do as justly detected and scorn, as you unjustly fear them in me. That my affection is pure and sacred, and shall be inviolable to thee, be God my Judg, and my heart and conscience my witnesses. Therefore to resolve thy doubt, and to free thy fear thereof, Ivow by the pureness of thy beauty, and the dignity of thy virtues, that both my former Letter, and also this, are the true Ambassadres and Ecchoes of my heart, and, which is more, of my soul. I will shortly his thee for thy love to me, then love thee for thy kisses, and after embrace and thank thee for both; and when I fail of my affection and sidelity to thee, may God then fail of his grace and mercy to my self: I will make my self thy dear Huband, and thee my sweet Wife, when thou pleasest to crown and honour me with that sweet joy, and to ravish my heart with this desired felicity.

SANCTIFIOR E.

Ursina's Answer hereunto, was traced in these terms: URSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

Relying on the purity of thy affection, and the preservation and performance of thy constancy to me, for the which thou hast invoked God for Judg, and thy heart and conscience as witnesses thereof. I now freely acknowledg my self to be thy Wife by Purchase, and thou to be my Huband by Promise, and do therefore wholly take me from my self, eternally to give my self to thee. I desire the enjoyance of thy company and presence, with as much impatiency as thou longest for mine, and thou shalt find, that I will make it my chiefest care and ambition to love thee, and my greatest glory to honour and obey thee: and let both of us beware of insidelity each to other; for God will assuredly punish it with justice requite it with revenge, and revenge it with misery, on the Delinquents and Offenders.

URSINA.

By the perulal and confideration of these four precedent Letters, we may plainly perceive, what a firm promile, and secret contract, there was past between the Baron of Sandiffere, and the Lady Vefina, and how fervently and sweetly they had given themselves each to other in the promise and assurance of marriage, so not contented to have gotten the Daughter's good will, he in very honourable fashion and terms likewise seeks her Father Seignior Placedo's consent thereto, whom though for some sew months he found to be averse & opposite to his defires thereiniyet upon Sancifiore's importunate entreaties, & his Daughter Urfina's trequent tears, he at last consenteth to this their marriage, only he delay'd the consummation thereof for some secret reasons & considerations best known to himself, the which I cannot publish, because I could never gather or understand them. Whiles thus the Baron of Sanctifiore remains in Naples, his long stay, great train, prodigal expences there, & his absence from Capua, where his lands and means lay, made him be in some distress and want of money; and not knowing how to procure it there, therby to support his fame & reputation with his pretended Fatherin-law, and also with his intended Wife, his Daughter; it greatly perplexed & troubled him: but at last he saw himtelf reduced to this extremity, that he was enforced to borrow of one Nobleman and Gentleman of his friends, to pay another, a course which he well saw could not long endure and sublist, without clamorously calling his reputation in question: The which to prevent, knowing Seignior Placedo to be a hide-bound and close-fifted old Gentleman, who loved his Gold far better than his God, and that if he offered to borrow any of him, he would absolutely refuse and deny to lend it him; and that it was not impossible, but rather very probable, that hereby the prodigality of the one, and the covetousness of the other, might prove a great blot and hindrance to this his marriage; he therefore, as a deboshed and vicious young Nobleman, despairing of the Father's love, resolves to make sure work with the Daughter's affection, who with a thousand amorous speeches, and lascivious lures, dalliances, and temptations, feeks to draw her to his lustful desires; and so by usurping on her chastity (which is the honour

honour of Ladies and the glory of Gentlewomen) to have carnal knowledg of her before he were married to her. Usfina (who loved her Sweet-heart Sanctifiore far dearer than the whole world, and yet her honour and chaftity a thouland times more deer and precious than her own life)infinitely grieves and wonders at this his intemperancy and obscenity; when (as a chast and virtuous Gentlewoman) she with sighs and tears lays before his eyes and consideration, and represents to his heart and soul, the leudness of his defire, the impiety of his request, the foulness and odiousness of this tact, both to God and man, the loss of her reputation and honour, both with her Father and with all the world, and that in the end, it would affuredly prove the break-neck of their Marriage, and confequently the tuin of both their contents and fortunes; as also that she is ready to be his Wife, but disdaineth to prove his Strumpet, with many other wife and godly reasons tending that way, and therefore utterly refuseth to blemish or shipwrack her chastity, by participating with him in the share of this lascivious and impious fin of fornication, and indeed it had been a happiness and glory, very worthy both of her felf, and of her honourable old Father, if the had lived in the purity, and

continued in the piety of this chall and virtuous retolution.

But this lascivious Baron Sanctifiore, seeing his lust so strongly opposed by her chastity, he is so far from grace and from God, as he redoubleth his violence and impetuolity thereof, as alto of his lures and prayers, of his art and policy, to enrich himself with her lots of that inettimable and irrecoverable Jewel her Virginity; fo that day and night she cannot be in quiet for him, nor he without her; but still he follows her as her ghost and shadow, and with many false oaths and seigned sighs and tears, doth bewitch or rather minstralize into her ears and heart, that his delire of this sweet'pleasure which he requesteth from her, proceeds wholly from his tender affection to her; and so with a thousand lascivious words he makes so large & so impious an Apology to her for this his obscene request, that because modesty cannot & discretion will not permit me to relate it, as well knowing, that the expression & publishing thereof, will every way prove unprofitable to the Reader, & no way pleafing but displeafing to God: when this weak and inconsiderate Gentlewoman, loving him far dearer than her own life, and confidently relying on his fworn affection and fidelity to her, which he fo paffionately and fo often had reiterated to her; she fo rashly & foolishly permitted her self to be weighed down, overcome and vanquished with the importunancy of his requests and oaths that it was neither in her power or will to deny him any thing, no not her felf; but as she formerly had given him the full command of her heart, now she likewise gives him the free use and possession of her body.

Thus Sanctifiore bereaves and unparadifeth his Mistris Urfina of the most precious Jewel which ever Lady-Nature gave her; I mean, her chaftity and honour: but both of them shall shortly pay dear for these their bitter-sweet pleasures, or rather sins of sensuality and fornication, and shall redeem and ransom them with no less than shame and repentance: The

manner whereof is thus.

After he had thus defloured and taken his obscene pleasure of his young and beautiful Mifiris, & flayed an hour or two Complementing with her, he then takes his leave of her, when triumphing more in the conquest of her shame, and his folly, than in his own repentance for occasioning the one and committing the other: he within a week or two after, again makes her so flexible and tractable to his desires, as he three or sour times more familiarly wantonizeth with her in this lascivious manner, and she with him; as not contented to stain and blemish, but wholly to defile & pollute themselves in this their beastly sin of concupiscence and fornication. But here now begins his infamy, and her grief and misery: For, (as a base Nobleman he forgetting his oathsand promifes to her, and her extraordinary love and affection to him, and which is more, his honour and himfelf, and his foul, and his God, he (by degrees) now begins to freeze in his affection to her, visiteth herseldom, and then but faintly and coldly; and when (with equal blushes & tears) she mentioneth him to Marry her, he is either deaf to her requests, or else answereth her so impertinently & ambiguously, as (with much perturbation of mind and affliction of heart) the begins to suspect and doubt with her felf, that the hath more reason to fear, than cause to hope of his future affection and fidelity towards her. Neither is her fear vain, or her judgment and apprehension deceived of him herein: for as men love Nofe-gays in the morn, and throw them away ere night, so this ignoble Nobleman Sanciifiore, after he had surfeited and satiated his desire of this his intended and contracted Wife Ursina, he in less than three months after, is so ingrateful and treacherous towards her as in a manner he abandoneth her Father's house, and forsakes her sight & company, leaving her nothing to comfort her, but her fighs, tears, and repentance; and which is worie, a growing great Belly, as the true feal of her present grief and forrow, and the undoubted pledg Rkk

and prefager of her future shame and misery, which torments and terrifies her heart and soul. but how to remedy it the knows not. And now (with as much freed as vanity and infidelity) away goes Sandifiere to as other second Sweet-heart Bert anna, who not for her beauty, but for her Father's great wealth, and his own preffing wants, he now feems to affect and court a thoufand times more familiarly and tenderly than before, whereof the is infinitely glad and joyful. For having a long time loved him in her heart and mind, and therefore defiring nothing fo much under Heaven, as to fee him her Husband here on earth, and having to that end her fecret eyes and spies every where abroad upon his life and actions, she is at last advertised, that there is some great d fraste and difference fallen out between him, and the l ady Urfina, as also that being far from his home, he wanteth Monies to defray his Port and Expences in Naph's; the being of a tharp wit and deep judgment, thinks that the last of his defects was the cause of the first, and that peradventure Sandipore having attempted to borrow fome Mony of her Father Seignio Placido, and received the repulse, be therefore was fallen out, and become displeafed and discontented with his Daughter: And although her conceit and judgment missed of the truth herein, yet the better to estrange Sandifure from Ursina, and consequently the more powerfully and strongly to unite and tye him to her felf, she well knowing that her own Father de Tures exceedingly loved him, and defired him for his Son in Law, as much as the did for her Husband: she therefore as much in love to him, as in disdain and malice to Ursina, doth under hand deal so politically, and yet so secretly with her Father to lend Sandiivre some Monies, that he meeting him the very next day in his house, he takes him aside in his study and told him, that in regard of his absence from Capua, and his long stay and great Expences here in Napes, it was rather likely than impossible that he might want some Monies, and therefore he freely lent, and then and there laid him down 500 double Piftols: adding withal, that if he needed more, he should have what he pleased, and repay it him again when he pleased, and that if he would honour him so much as to Marry his Daughter, he would give him all the Lands and Wealth he had.

This great courtesse of De Tores to the Baron of San lifore he held was redoubled to him in the value, in that he lent it him so freely and undemanded, as also for that it came so opportunely and fitly to pay his Debts, and fatisfie his wants, as after a long and respective Complement between them, Sandifiore's necessity so easily prevailes with his modesty, that he most thankfully akes this Gold of De Tores, and likewise gives him more hope than despair to his motion of Marrying his Daughter the Lady Bertranna, wherewith the one rests well fatisfied, and the other exceeding well contented. This point of courtefie being thus performed between them, Santtifiore's joy thereof was fo great, I may fay fo boundless, as he prefently finds out his new Mistris Bertranna, and with a frolick countenance and chearful voice, relates her, how much her Father had obliged him, and from point to point, what had past between them, and immediately after no less doth her Father; the Musick of which news was fo pleasing to her mind, and so sweet to her heart and thoughts, that she hereupon flatters her felf with a confident hope, that he will shortly Marry her: and in this hope doth he still feed and entertain her, being feldom or never from her, but ever and anon both together billing and kiffing, drowning his judgment fo wholly in her company, and his heart ranging and dreaming fofully on her youth and beauty, and on her Father's great wealth and estate; that he hath not the grace, no nor which is less, the will or good nature once to thirk of his poor deso-

late and fortaken Urfma, of whom in her turn I come now to speak.

We have formerly understood with forrow, and our forrowful and unfortunate Urfins bath to her grief too too foon feen, how unkindly Sandifiore bath used, and how basely and treacherously abused her in the points of her honour, and his infidelity; and yet all this notwithstanding her love and affection is fill so dear and constant to him, and her hopes so confident of him, that all this discourtese of his to her, is only but to try her patience, and that confidering what familiarity hath past between them, it is impossible for him to be so cruelhearted towards her, as in the end not to marry ber. She hath I kewife acquainted him, that the is with Child by him, and when all other reasons and perswasions fail, the hopes this will prevail to reclaim his affection to her, and to induce him to take pitty of her, and compassion of his unborn Babe within her. But to refell and diffipate all these her flattering and decentul hopes, and which, s worfe, to make her lofe all hopes of this her defired happiness and good f rtune from him, his new contracted and incessant familiarity between him and the Lady Bertranna, is not fo privately carried and hushed up in filence between them, but The hath secret and forrowful notice thereof; which so inflames her mind with hot jealousie, and likewise afflicts her heart with cold fear and apprehension, that she hath seduced and drawn his affection from her to her felf, as also that he will utterly for take her to Marry Bert anna, that the

fully believes that the wind of his discourteous absence from her proceeds from this point of the compass. Wherefore fearing that which she already knows, but far more that which she knows not of this their familiarity between them, all her hopes of Sanctifiore are almost vanished and banished, and her heart is as it were wholly depressed & weighed down with bitter grief and forrow thereof. She dates acquaint no body with her difgrace, much lefs her Father; and her looking on her great belly, doth but infinitely augment her forrows, & increase het afflictions, in regard that that which should have been the cause of her joy and glory, she now knows will shortly prove the argument of her shame and misery. A thousand times a day, yea, I may truly fay as many times as hours, the witheth the had been more chaft & lefs fair, and not so easily to have hearkned to Santifiores sugred oaths and temptations, as to have loft her honour and fortunes, in feeking to preferve them in her affection to him ! fhe would fain draw comfort from all these her calamities, or from any one of them, and yet the knows not from whom, except from her Sančiifiore; when prefently the checks her folly, & reproves her ambition for terming him hers, when the believs the hath far more caufe to fear than reafon to doubt, that he already is, or shortly will be Bertranna's Husband. And yet again, because excess of her forrows hath more eclypfed her joys than her judgment, and more dulled and obscured her heart than her understanding, therefore judging it a Master-piece of her policy, if the can sequester and reclaim her Sanclifiore from Bertranna, and so retain him to her self in marriage; the to that end, that very morning fends for Sebastiano her Father's Coachman (whom the knew to be faithful to her) and taking off a rich Diamond-Ring from her finger, which Sanciifiore well knew, the bade him find out the Baron of Sanciifiore at his lodging, or elsewhere, to deliver that Ring as a token of her love to him, & to tell him, that she infinitely defires him to honor her with his presence at her Father's house sometime in the forenoon, Sebastiano accordingly funds out the Baron, and delivers him his young Mistris Ring and meffage, by whom he returns this answer; Commend me to the Lady Urfina, and tell her I will be with her immediately after dinner. Whiles thus our forrowful Urfina (betwixt hope and fear, grief and consolation) prepares to receive him, hearrives to her in his own Coach, and her Father's servants attending for him, conduct him up to her Chamber, where composing her countenance to affection, and yet to forrow, the meets him at the door, and conducts him to the Window which answereth and looks into the Garden, where he giving her only one flight kiss, and she absenting her Father's servants, she bursts forth into tears and sighs.

She complains of the coldness of his affection, of his long absence from her, of the violation of his oaths and vows to her, and of her great belly by him, which she tells him he may better fee than the conceal, but especially of his deep promise to marry her, praying him to set down the time and place when he will perform and confummate it, and that he would infallibly prove his shame and infamy, if he forgat himself, his honour, and conscience, to forsake her and marry the Lady Bertranna, whom the affirms to him with tears, that the understands is the Mistris of his thoughts and heart, and the Queen Regent of his desires and affections. When this base Baron is so cruel-hearted to her, as preferring his fury to his affection, & his passion to his compassion) he replies not a word to all the former parts and branches of her Tpeeches & complaints, but only to the two laft he gives her this thundring and heart-killing answer: Know Orfina that I have used all lawful and possible means with my Parents to draw their confents that I might marry thee, but it is out of my power ever to obtain it of them, & without it I will never marry: as for Bertranna, the is not so much thy inferiour in beauty, as the is thy superior in virtues, therefore provide thou for thy fortunes, and so will I for mine; when with a look (which favoured no way of love, but wholly of contempt and indignation) he hastily throws her her Diamond Ring, and without once kissing her, or bidding her farewell, suddenly rusheth forth her Chamber, wherein he leaves her to her self, and her muzes; and so takes Coach and away, vowing to himself as he went forth the doors, that

he will not be Father to a Bastard, nor Husband to a Whore.

Here let all virtuous Ladies and Gentlewomen, and all true-hearted and generous Noblemen and Gentlemen judg, if this Sandiffore did not shew himself a most base Nobleman, and a cruel-hearted Tyrant towards this sweet and unfortunate Gentlewoman, sith the consideration of her youth and beauty in her self, of her tender love and affection to him, of his oaths and promises to be her Husband, of the loss of her honour and fortunes; yea, sith the sight of her lean and thin cheeks, wherein the Roses and Lillies of her former beauty were withered with her forrows and his insidelities, and the sight and consideration of her great belly which he had given her, together with her birth & quality, and the infiniteness of her sighs, prayers, sobs & tears, could draw no more reason or compassion from him towards her.

And now it is, that at the sight & consideration of this his barbarous cruelty towards her,

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her very heart and foul is wounded and pierced thorow with forrow; and now it is that she looks back on her former folly and error, and on her present assistion and grief, and on her suture shame and misery, and now it is, that deeming him lost to her for ever, and on her self consequently ruined without him; that her forrows and miseries are so great, so infinite, that she is ready to drown her self in her tears, and most willingly desirous to forsake this life and this world, to shy up to Heaven and to God, upon the wings of her sighs and prayers. But alas poor soul, thou art too unfortunate to be yet so happy, because these thy afflictions and sorrows do as it were but now begin; therefore thou must prepare and arm thy self to suffer them with patience, and to end them in less pussion, and more repentance and

picty.

Although this ignoble Baron triumph in this his cruelty towards his former love Urfina, and so speedily poste away and acquaint his new one Bertranna therewith, who as much rejoyceth, as the other bitterly weeps & laments thereat; yet (according to order) I must again speak of our sorrowful Ursina, who hath other more mournful parts, and lamentable passions to act upon the stage of this our History. Who having thus received the repulse and refusal from her treacherous lover Sanctifiore, the (within a month after) with a forrowful heart and courage, refolves' as well as she may) to dispence for a time with her tears, and to provide for her reputation, she hath as yet acquainted none but Sandifiore with the disgrace of her great belly, for neither her Kinsfolks, Friends, Neighbors, Father, or his Servants, do as yet know it; she is of a weak body and feeble constitution, and therefore to conceal this scandal from her Father, as also from all the world, and to provide for the lying down of her great belly, she holds it requilite to discover this great and important secret but only to one, and so to crave the aid and affistance of this consident bosom friend. To which end, she thinks none so sit for her purpose, and therefore makes choice of no other, but of an old Aunt of hers, who was her Mothers Sifter, named Dona Mellefanta, who being a wife and rich widdow woman, dwelt at Putzeole some ten small miles distant from Naples : a place so famous for its subterranean Grots, Vaults and Water-works, when inventing an excuse to her Father, which was as worthy of her art and policy, as she was every way unworthy of these her crosses and afflictions the tels him, that it is not unknown to him, how the hath a long time been weak and fickly, that the air of Naples is neither wholfome for her, nor pleafing to her; and because she hath often dreamt she shall in a little time recover her former health in Puzzeole, she humbly befeecheth him, that he will speedily send her thither, to live some small time there with her Aunt Mellefanta. Her Father Seignior de Tores, whose age, contentment, and joy, lived chiefly in the youth, prosperity and health of this his only child and Daughter, makes her will and defire herein to be his, when not knowing any thing of the dillate that had past between his Daughter and the Baron of Sanciifiore, or of his affection to the Lady Bertranna; he demanded of her, when you are at Putzeole, what shall become of the Baron of Santifiores to whom (rather from her apronstrings than her heart) she returns this witty and speedy answer; if Santiifiore love me, he wil then leave Naples and visit me, or if he do not, I will not love him; which reply of hers pleased her Father so well, that he causeth her to fit up her Apparel and Baggage, and within three days after, (attended on by a Chamber-maid, and a man of his) fends her away to Putzeole in his Coach to his Sister Mellefanta; where being arrived, she speedily and privately with this great secret of her great belly, which so much imports her reputation, or difgrace, and also with all the circumstances thereof, and so prays her best love and affiltance to her herein, the which the faithfully promifeth her, adding withal, that because fhe is of her own blood, the will regard and love her as her own Child, telling her, that the highly commended her policy, for thus blinding the eyes of her Father, and for leaving Naples, to come lay down her great belly with her in Patzeole; yet she could not chuse but blame her for the cause thereof, in suffering her self to be thus abused and betrayed, by so base a Nobleman as the Baron of Sanctifiore; but then again she excuseth that error of this her Neece upon the freshness of her youth and beauty; and bids her fear nothing, but to resolve to be here cheerful, couragious, and merry with her.

Here we see our beautiful Ursina safe at Putzeole, under the wings and protection of her Aunt Mellesanta, and far off from the eyes of the known or suspected rejoycing enemies of her disgrace; lodged in a dainty house, a delicate air, having variety of curious sweet garments, & dainty ranks and groves of Orenge and Lemon-trees to walk in, well attended on, and faring most deliciously; and who therefore would believe, that she would not now quite abandon her former sorrows and tears, and wholly reject and cast off that base Baron of Sandissore, who so ungratefully had ruined, and so treacherously had first forfaken and rejected her; but here in Putzeole we shall see her perform nothing less; for although she yet hold him to be intangled

in the lures of Bertrannas beauty, and the temptations of her Father de Tores wealth, yet judging his heart and affections by her own, and measuring him by her felf, the still loves him to dearly that she nevertheless believes he cannot hate her so deadly, as to reject and repudiate her to marry the laid Bertranna; when the more to fortifie her belief and resolution thereof, The very often again reads over his two former Letters which we have heard and feen, and therein finding, that by his confcience and foul, and by Heaven and by God, he had bound himself to marry her, and to live and die her taithful Husband; she then believes that no man, much less a Nobleman, and least of all a Christian, will be so prophane and impious (without any cause or reason) to violate all these his great Oaths and promises so deeply made, and so religiously attest unto God; wherefore although this Baron of Sanctifiore were absent from her, yet seeing him still present in her eyes and heart, she therefore (in consideration of the premises) doth yet continually so plead for him against her self, and for his affection and fidelity to her against her suspicion and distidence of him, that she yet slatters her felf with a conceit, that in the end his conscience will so call home his thoughts, and God his conscience, that he will marry her self, and none but her self. Again, considering him to be the Father of her unborn Babe, she thinks her self a very unkind and unnatural mother, if she should not love him for her Child's sake as well as for his own, and that God would neither bless her nor her burthen, if she should any way neglect or omit him; upon the foundations of which reasons, (truly and courteoutly laid by her, but so falsily and treacherously by him) she thinks it a good way, and an excellent expedient, for her to feek to reclaim him to her by a Letter, the proof whereof fince his detection from her, the had not as yet practiced or experienced, but as she began to fall on this resolution, her hope and despair of Sancifiore, and yet her low and affection to him make her meet and fall on a doubtful scruple, whether she should write kindly or cholerickly to him; but at last her affection to him, declining and excusing his infidelity to her, and her love and courtefie giving a favourable construction to his cruelty towards her, she holds it more behoveful for her defire, and his return, to write to him pallionately and effectually, but not harshly or severely, and so to take the sweet and sair way which she defired, but not the sharp and bitter which he deserved: when flying to her Closet, she (full of grief and tears) writes him this ensuing Letter, the which, without the knowledg of her Aunt Mellefanta, she fends him to Naples, by her trufty messenger Sebastiano her Father's Coachman.

URSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

O preserve thine own honour, and pervent mine own disgrace and shame, I have left Naples to sojourn here for a time in Putzeole with the Lady Mellesanta mine Aunt, where thy presence will make me as truly joyful and happy, as I feel and know my felf infinitely miferable without it; For although of late (but for what cause, or reason, God knows, I know not) it hath pleased thee to exercise my affection and patience in thy discontent; yet in regard I am thy Wife by purchase, sith thou art my Husband by promise, whereof the espies of thy former Letters will inform and remember thee, that shou madest God the judg, and thy foul and conscience the witnesses, I cannot believe that thou art so irreligious, or that thou bearest me so little love, or so much malice, to make thy self guilty of such foul infidelity to me, and impiety towards God, and I appeal to them all, if my tender and untainted affection to thee, have not every may desirved the contrary at thy hands. Again, as in hoping to marry thee, I gave thee my heart, so in assurance and confidence thereof, thou didit likewise hereave me of my bonour; and therefore if the counterpane of that contract do any may fade or die in thy memory, yet rest consident, that the Original lives still in Heaven, as the pledg and seal thereof doth now in my unbappy Womb here on earth. Mistake me not my dear Sanctifiore, for I write not this out of any malice, but out of true affection to three, to the end, that thou mayeff thereby feriously consider, and religiously remember wish thy felf, what I am to thee, thou to my felf, and what that unfortunate innocent unborn Babe in my belly is to us both. And although I am thy Wife before God, yet I will now in all humility make my self thy handmaid, and with a world of sighs and tears, throw my self at thy feet (and lower if I could) to conjure and beg thee; By my poor beauty which once thou didt so much admire and adore; by the memory of my lost Virginity, which thou wristedst from me with so many amorous fighs and tears; by all thy deep oaths, nows, and promifes which thou so religiously gavest me to remain still loving to me; by thine honour which should be dearer to thee than thy life; by thy conscience and foul, which ought to be far more precious to thee, than all the lives and honours of the world; year for thy poor Infants sake; and lastly for Gods sake, abondon thy unjust displeasure and immerited discontent conceived against me; and my dear Sanctifiore come away to me to Putzeole, and there make me thy Wife in the fight of his Church and People, as I am already in that of Heaven and his Angels, I

fay again, come away to me my sweet San Ctiliore, for thy sight will delight my heart, and thy presence and company ravish my soul with joy. It is impossible for Bertranna, either to love or honour thee the thousand part so dearly us thy Ursina doth, and till death resolve to do. I will freely forget all thy former escapes and discourtesses towards me, and do attribute them more to her foolish vanity, than any way to thy unkind disposition or inclination; yea, I will not knit my brows when thou comest to me, but will chearfully and joyfully prepare my self to feast thee with smiles, and to surfet thee with kisses: But if contrariwise thou wilt not hearken unto me, or this my Letter, or regard these my requests and sorrows, nor obey and follow God and thy conscience herein, in speedily repairing to me, to make me thy joyful Wise: then what shall I do or say, but according as I am bound in affection and duty to thee, I will notwithstanding still resolve to love thee dearly, though thou hate me deadly, and to pray for thee though thou curse me; yea, I will then leave thee to God, and religiously beseech his divine Majesty, to be a just Fudg between both of us, of my firm affection and constancy to thee, and of thy cruel ingratitude and treachery to me. Live thou as happy, as thy constant Ursina knows that without thee, she shall assuredly live sorrowfully and die miscrably.

URSINA.

Her Mckenger Sebafiano arrives privately at Naples, and finds out the Baron of Santisfore in his Chamber by the fire, to whom he gives and delivers this Letter, who at first (knowing from whom it came) stood a pretty while musing and consulting with himself, whether he should read or burn it; but at last he breaks up the seals thereof, and with much ado affords himself the time and patience to peruse it, which having done, although he no way merited to receive so sweet and loving a Letter from Ursins yet not blushing for shame, but looking pale with envy & malice thereat, he darting forth a distainful frown, and tearing the Letter in pieces, throws it into the fire; when turning himself hashily towards Sebastiano, who stood near him, and saw all that he had done, he in great choller spake to him thus; Tell that proud and foolish gigglet Ursina, that I distain her as much as she writes she loves me, and that as now, so ever hereaster, I will return no other answer to her and her Letters, but contempt and silence; when to express his greater sury, Sebastiano was no sooner forth his Chamber, but he very hastily throws salt the door after him; and in this surious and chollerick manner doth this base Santisfore receive the love, and entertain the Letter of our sweet and sorrowful Ursina.

Sebastiano as much grieving as admiring at the uncivil choler and rage of Santiflore, prefently leaves Naples, and carries home this poor news and cold comfort to his young Miffris the Lady Vefina at Putzeole, the which he taithfully and punctually delivers to her, who expected nothing less but directly the contrary thereof. She is amazed to understand this his disdainful, barbarous, and cruel answer, and infinitely perplexed in mind, that he should first tear, then burn her Letter; and for converting his pen into Sebastiano's tongue for his answer thereof; But above all, that word of his gigglet, kill'd her very heart with forrow, to think, that for all her former courtefies shewed him, he should now at last repay her with this foul ingratitude and scandalous aspersion; at the forrowful thought and confideration whereof, refolving to make her piety exceed his cruelty, the could not refrain from bedewing her roleat cheeks with many pearled tears, nor from evapourating this heavenly ejaculation from the profundity of her heart, and the center of her foul: God forgive the Baron of Sanctifiore, and be merciful to me Ursina, a great and wretched sinner; had the continued in this godly mind and resolution, the had done well, but alas (notwithstanding the wholsome comfort and counsel of her Aunt Mellefanta) we shall shortly see her run a contrary course and career.

It is a common phrase and Proverb, that missortune seldom comes alone, which we shall now see our forrowful Trsina will verifie by her deep sighs, and confirm by her bitter tears, for this discourtese of Sandisore towards her, for she hath so deeply nailed it in her mind, and rivited it in her heart, that it begins to impair her health and strength, and consequently to pervert and alter the constitution of her body; so that whereas her poor unborn babe had lived but one full month within her, she now finds so many sudden throws, and unaccustomed convulsions, that she is speedily constrained to betake her felf to bed, when calling upon her Aunt Melesanta, and with all possible haste sending away for the Midwise, she after many sharp torments, and bitter crys and groans sto the great peril and eminent danger of her life) is delivered of a very pretty little son, which God sends into the world dead born: now although she want no enrious care, comfort, & attendance from her Aunt, in this her sickness & extremity, yet she weeps bitterly & pitifully, for the abortive birth & untimely death of her

poor innocent Babe and Infant; and because her Aunt sees, that this last effection and forrow of her Neece, doth infinitely encrease and revive her former, and that she also also conceives a wonderful fear in her heart and scruple in her conscience, that it is only her immederate grief and forrow which hath killed her Child; therefore as a discreet Matron and wise Lady, (to remove this Article out of her Neeces belief and memory) tells her plainly and freely, that she is extreamly deceived in that point and doubt of fear, and that it is not her forrow, but the base ingratitude and treachery of her salfe Lover Sandiffure to her self, which kills her Child within her. A tart, and yet a true speech, which Vesina neither will so soon, nor can so easily forget, as her Aunt Mellesanta hath spoken it. But shall I here term this to be affection in Vesina towards Sandissore, or a needless vanity, or superstuous ceremony in her self, for she defires to kish her breathless innocent Babe for his sake, which she doth; when giving it a thousand kisses, then washing his face with her tears, and lamenting and grieving that she could not breathe life into it with her sighs, she recommends it again to her Aunt, and she the same night to its secret and decent burial.

Whiles thus Urfina remains very weak and fick in her bed, wet fill her heart and affection looks constantly on Sandiffore, as the needle of the compass doth to the North, notwithstand ing all his base ingratitude, and cruelty from time to time shewed towards her; and because it is a thousand griefs and pitties that ever he set his eyes on her, or she on him, and as many fhames for him, first to feduce, and then to betray her; therefore who would any way commends her for continuing of her love to him, or rather, especially who would not infinitely blame her of folly, and condemn her for want of wit and judgment, ever any more either to hope or hearken after him, And yet this filly young Lady is so bewitched to him, as in the very midst of her sickness and forrows, and contrary to all sense and reason, here breaks forth a sparkle and flash of her policy in her felf, and of her affection towards him. She neither can, nor dare trust any other but Seb-stiano her Coachman, with this great secret, which so much imports her honour or difgrace, or with this her message with Santisfiore from whom, (though in vain) the expects some hope and content; when exempting all from her Chamber, the cals him to her Bed-fide, and swearing him to secrefie, for want of strength to write, chargeth him presently to ride post to Naples again, to find out the Baron of Santifure, and to tell him from her, That she her self is extream sick, and not like to live, that she is delivered of his and her Son who is dead born, and therefore the begs him, that for God's fake he will speedily come over to her, because for his good, and her content, she infinitely defireth to discharge her mind and conscience to him before the go to Heaven. So Schaffiano (in discharge of his duty, and his Ladies command) feems rather to fly than post to Naples, where arriving to Santifiore's house, and finding him within, he sends him his name by one of his men, as also, that he most earnefily defires to speak a word with his Lordship: but Sanctifore knowing who it was, and therefore imagining from whom he came, bids his man carry Sebastian back this answer, that he will neither speak with him. nor see him. Sebastiano is perplexed with this his short and tharp rep'y, but because his Message is of great importance, as also for that he exceedingly respecteth and honoureth his young Lady and Mistris, he resolves not to return to her as a fool, to which end, at the foot of the stairs, he enquires of another of his fervants, when he thinks his Lord will go forth, who tells him, he will take Coach within half an hour, whereof Sebastiano being exceeding glad, he thinks it best to stay for him in the streets, where (with much vigilancy and impatiency) he attends his coming; fo at last he sees him issue forth his gate, when prefently Sebaftiano placeth himself betwirt him and his Coach, and with his Hat in his hand, very resolutely and orderly delivereth him his Mittris her Message at full, the which Santlifiore understanding he at first smiles thereat, but then presently again entring into choler, he rounds Sebastiano this answer in his ear, Tell that Strumpet thy Mistris Orsina from me, that I wish she were buried with her Bastard, and that they were both with the Devil; and so without speaking any one word more, in a mighty sume of anger and disdain, he throws him felf away from Sebastiano into his Coach, and speedily hurries away to his Sweet-heart Bertranna, from whom he is feldom or never absent, to whom he revealed all that had past in this passage, endeavouring as much as in him lies, to make it to be her laughter, as h s own contempt and fcorn.

Now here ere I proceed farther, I know there is no Christian what sever but that his very heart and soul will yearn within him, at the reading of thete cruel, barbarous, and hellsh speeches of this base-hearted Nobleman, against our sorrowful and unfortunate Orsina, and her poor harmless deceased Babe, and no less doth Schassiano in hearing, and my self in penning and relating them. Do I term him Nobleman? O let me (with respect and repentance) tevoke that noble title from Sanstiffere, and to give him his due, let me term him, as he is, a

monster of men, or if he will, a noble debauched villain, or whether he will or no, a meer Tyrant, or else a Devil in the shape of a man, to use such ingrateful cruelties, and hellish actions and speeches against these two innocent persons, who contrariwise in the highest degree, deserved from him all manner of affection, respect, charity picty and compassion; but let him look to himself, as well as he can, yet God being as just as merciful) it is not impossible for him in the end, to pay dear for these his soul insidelities and cruelties.

Return we now to Sibaltiano, who (by this time) is returned to Putzeole, whereof he presently fends up notice to his young Lady and Miliris Urfina, who still keeps her bed through difcontent and fickness; but at the news of his arrival, or rather hoping that he had brought her some good news from her Sanctifiore; she without any regard to her weakness and sickness)riseth from her bed by the fire, & calls her Chamber-maid for her night-Gown, which having drawn on, the bids her for a while to abfent her felf, and to fend up her Coach-man Sebajliano to her; and although in his forrowful looks and countenance the may already tacitely read a large lecture of the bad news he brings her from Sanctifiore, yet the cals him to her, and bids him speak on; but alas he speaketh too soon for her, for (with a faltring & trembling voice) he tels her the harsh entertainment which Santlifiore gave to him, and his meffage in Naples, and the inhuman and cruel answer which he bad him return to her in Putzeole without any way adding or diminishing a word thereof the which as soon as she understood the for the extremity of her grief and forrow hangs down her head, and croffing her arms, uttereth this passionate speech: Good God, is it possible that Santifiore will thus abuse me?or is this the favour which I must expect of him, in requital of those extraordinary courtelies he hath received from me? when walking up and down her Chamber, the thanks Sebatiano, and giving him some Gold for his pains, bids him to leave her, and to send up her Aunt Mal. lefanta, and her Chamber-maid to bring her to bed, who thereupon running up hastily to her, her Aunt chides her for that little care the had of her own health, but more for her foolish tears and indifereet forrows : Now after they had laid her in her bed, and that Urfina had purposely sent away her Maid, she prays her Aunt to shut her Chamber-door, and then to fit down by her beds side, for that she had some secrets of importance to reveal unto her; when with a thousand fighs and tears, bedewing the Roses and Lillies of her fresh and lovely Cheeks, she acquaints her from point to point, what had now again past between Sanctifiore and her felf, in this second journey of Sebastiano to him at Naples. Her Aunt Mallefanta laughs as much at this folly of her Neece Urfma, as the her felf weeps at her own forrows and affliction; and having as much wit as the other had weakness, the makes bold to call her sot and fool, to care for him, who contemned and fcorned her, and for fetting that to her heart, which he did at his heel, yea, she advanced further in this her passionate choler to her, and faid, sie, sie Neece, sell your forrows to buy more courage and wit, and so because that base Baron Sanctifiore detefts and defics you, pay him in his own coyn, and do the like to him: a tharp and bitter speech, which Vrfina (amidst her forrows) now conveys to her heart, and it may be we shall hereaster see her to remember it, when her Aunt Mallefanta hath forgotten it: for poor Soul, she being as it were depressed and weighed down, with the multitude of Santifiore's affronts and dilgraces, and of his treacheries and cruelties to her, the hath wept so much, as the yet weeps because the can weep no more thereat; as if the difference of their constellations and horoscopes were such, that as Santifiore was born to hate her, so was she not with standing, (as yet) to affect and love him.

Alas Vifina; It is true indeed, that the least of these treacheries and cruelties of Sanctifiore to thee, are cautes enough of all thy tears and forrows; but yet the confideration and comparing of those with these, conducts and leads me to this dilemma, That I know not whether he be more to be blamed for committing the first, or thou for permitting the second, in regard they are every way more worthy of thy fcorn than of thy care, and of thy contempt than of thy affliction. His ingratitude and crimes to thee I know are many in quantity, and very base and odious in quality, yea, the number is so great, and their nature so foul, that their recapitulation cannot be drawn within a smaller, nor their repetition contracted in a lesser or narrower volume than this; he hath betray'd his love, violated his faith, and falfified his oaths and promifes to thee, he hath bereaved thee of thy Virginity, torn and burnt thy Letters, disdained to see thee, called thee giglet & whore; thy innocent Babe bastard, and which is worst of all, he hath wilfully and cholerickly wished both of you to the Devil; so judg with thy self Visma, if all these be not fair motives for thee still to love Sanstifiore, or rather if they be not just reasons and provocations for thee now at last to hate him, or if thou think they be not enough to work and establish this metamorphosis in thee. Have but a little patience, and it is not impossible for thee to find more to effect and finish it, for now whiles

her Aunt Mellefanta is rating and ratling her for not casting off her heart and hopes from Sancissore, and Ursina (in counter-exchange) chiding her Aunt because she cannot endure that she should eternally love him, here falls out an unexpected accident (within a moneth after she had prettily recovered her health and strength) which we shall presently see will work and produce strange effects both in her heart and mind, as also in her affections and resolutions towards her Sancissore, for as yet (privately to her self) she many times so terms and stiles him.

On a fair afternoon, when the Sun(that glorious iamp of Heaven) had in his fiery gliffring Chariot taken leave of the South, and was posting towards the West, to view the Atlantick Seas, as the Lady Mellefanta carried her Neece Urfina forth in her Coach to take the air, and to recreate her forrowful spirits, in a great walk of Orenge-trees, orderly and pleasantly growing upon the banks of a fine Crystal Brook, about a mile from Putzeole, they afar off(in the Boot of the Coach) espied two Horsmen galloping directly towards them, when Ursina flattering her self with hope, and therefore blushing for joy, that it was her Sandiffore, who was purpolely come from Naples towards Putzeole to see her, she therefore crys out to her Coachman Sebastiano to stay the Coach, and to attend and expect them; when presently she fees her hopes deceived, and her joys ended as foon as began, for the one was a fervant of Mellefanta's, who from Putzeole conducted thither to Urfina a servant of her Father Placedo's who came from Naples with a Letter from him to her, whereupon the Aunt much wondring, and the Neece far more, what this sudden business might be, they both descend the Coach, and Ursina taking her Father's Letter from his man, she steps a little aside from her Aunt Mellefanta, and breaking up the feal thereof, (directly contrary to her expectation and defires) finds these lines therein.

PLACEDO to URSINA.

Hoping that by this time the sweet air of Putzeole bath recovered thy health, my will and order therefore to thee now is, that thou speedily return home to me to Naples, (in thy Goach) by the bearer hereof, whom I have purposely sent to conduct thee thither. I believe that thy Country absence hath lost thee a good for tune here in the City, for yesterday morning the Baron of Sanctisiore was (in the Augustines Church) married to Dona Bertranna, Daughter to Seignior de Tores, with great state and solemnity, whom I had well hoped should have been thy Huhand. I remember my best respects to my Sister, thy Aunt Mellesanta, and my best prayers to God for thy virtues and prosperity, as being thy loving Father

PLACEDO.

Urfina hath no fooner read this Letter, but every member of her body trembles for grief and vexation thereat, yea her forrows are so great, as she cannot speak a word, when being ready to fall to the ground, her Aunt Mellefanta steps to her assistance, and so do the two men. but they have all of them much ado to support her up, when at last wringing her hands, and looking up stedfastly to Heaven, she throwing her Letter to her Aunt to read, utters forth this bitter exclamation against Sanctifiore; And hath this base Nobleman at last requited all my love with this monstrous ingratitude and treachery! O why do I live to suffer it? and O wherefore should be live for offering it to me? Her Aunt reads her Letter, & in detestation of Sandifiare's baseness, the adds suel to the slame of her Necces choler against him, but the needs not for this very last act of his Marriage with Bertranna, sets her all in fire & revenge against him, yea her heart is absolutely diverted, & taken away from him, as heretofore she never loved him so much as now she hates him; she swears to herself, that she will make him pay dear for this his ingratitude and treachery towards her, and limits her revenge with no less than his death for so basely abusing & deceiving her, she but now threw away his Letter for forrow; but now she again takes it up for joy, because it cals her home to Naples, where as soon as the arrives, the again and again refolves and vows with her felf, that the will murther him her felf, or cause him to be murthered by some others: her Aunt Mellefanta by all sweet means and perswasions seeks to pacifie her discontent and sury, & so to appease and cool the raging tempells of her heart; but the speaks to a deaf woman, who is not capable either of counsel, confolation or reason, for her malice & revenge against Sandifiore, have so fully taken up herheart and foul, & fo absolutely surprized her thoughts, and possessed her resolutions, that she neither resolves nor thinks of anything else, but how & in what manner she may murther him; to which end the takes Coach for Putzeole, there packs up her baggage, conceals her bloody intents and resolutions towards Sanctifiore from her Aunt Mellefanta, thanks her most lovingly and courteoutly for all her care of her, and affection to her, the remembrance whereof the affirms the will bear to her Grave, and from thence to Heaven, & fo within three days takes leave of her, and returns to Naples to her Father, who receives her with much content and joy, and is very glad of the recovery of her health, and yet perceives some secret discontent lie lurking in the furrows of her brows; but the diffembleth it both to him and the world, and so bears her self fairly, modestly, and temperately towards him in her speeches and actions, who all this while is every way ignorant of her difgraceful great belly, as also of the birth and burial of her Infant-Child. She is no fooner come to Naples, but her deadly malice and revenge to Sandiflore will give no truce to her thoughts, nor peace to her resolutions, for her heart having conspired with the Devil, and both of them against God, to dispatch him to Heaven; so now from the matter the falls to the manner, and from her confultation to the practice thereof. She first thinks it best to get him poysoned, to which end within ten days after her arrival to Naples, she sends for her own Apothecary named Antonio Romancy, and having sworn him to secrecy, profers him two hundred Duckatons to poyson her mortal enemy the Baron of Sanclissore; but Romancy is too honest a man, and too religious a Christian to undertake it, and so utterly resuseth her, and rejecteth her profer; and then and there with many godly reasons and pious speeches, endeavoureth to disswade her from this foul and bloody fact, but he speaks either to the wind, or to a deaf woman, for the is refolute not to retire, but to advance in this her cruel and inhuman defign, only the here again strongly conjures this honest Apothecary to secrecy, the which he solemn-

ly promifeth

Orfina is still implacable in her malice and revenge against Sanctifiore, the which revives with more violence, and flames forth with the greater impetuofity, when she (by her fecret spies) is given to understand, that he triumphed in her affliction and scandal, and reputes it his chiefest content and felicity, to have erected the Trophees of his joy upon the ruins of her Honour, and the demolitions of her reputation and fame, as also that she and this her differace is now become the publick laughter and private fcorn and glory of his proud and ambitious Wife Bertranna: fo the cannot endure the thought, much less digest the remembrance and confideration hereof, and therefore she speedily resolves to reduce her malicious contemplation into bloody action towards him, & to try another experiment and conclusion thereof She in a pleasant morning, somewhat sooner than accustomed, walks alone with her Waiting-Maid in her Father's curious and dainty Garden, but not to please her eyes with the delicious fight and fragrant smell of the great variety, of rare and fair Flowers, wherewith it was richly adorned and diaperd; or to recreate and delight her ears with the mellifluous Ditties and Madrigals, of those sweet Quiristers of the Air, the Nighting als, Thrushes, and Lennots, who sate Chanting of some tweet Division in some Trees of this Garden, and on some branches of these Trees, or to preserve her self from the intemperate heat of the fcorching Sun-beams; and therefore to pass her time either in some thedowed Walks and Arbours, or to fit her felf down by fome curious Crystal Fountain, with all which Delights and Rarities, this her Father's Garden was deliciously inriched & embellished; O no, nothing lefs, for the was resolute to make her self more miserable, and not so happy, because her thoughts were wholly bent on blood, and her resolutions on the murther of Sanclifiore, at what price or rate soever. Having therefore formerly mist of her Apothecary Romancy to poyfor him, the elfe knows not any fo fit or proper to dispatch him, as her trulty Coachman Sebastiano, who (as we have formerly understood) was both an eye and an ear witness, of this his base and ignoble cruelty towards her; wherefore she by her Waiting Maid, fends for him into the Garden to her, and with many ruthful looks, and forrowful fighs, having first commended and applauded his fidelity to her, and then sworn him to fecrelie to what the thould now relate and deliver unto him; the tells him, that the cannot live except that base Lord Santisfore die, and therefore she profereth him an hundred Spanish double Pistols of Gold, if he will either murther him by night in the Streets with his Rapier, or Pillol him to death abroad in the Fields, at his first seeing and meeting of him, to the which the very earnestly prays and requests him. Sebastiano was amazed at this bloody proposition and entreaty of his young Lady Urfina, whom he ever held to be more charitable, and not to cruel-hearted to any one of the world; and although he be poor, yet he is to honest, virtuous and religious, as he highly refuseth to distain his heart, or dip his hands in innucent blood, for any Silver or Gold whatfoever. So in humble (and yet in absolute) terms, he gives her the denial, and (with tears in his eyes) prays her to delift from this her cruel purpose, because he assirms to her, that the end of murther proves most commonly but

the beguining of shame, repentance, misery, and confusion to their authors; so she bites her lip, and hangs her head for forrow at this his repulse and refusal; and yet is so cautious and wary in her actions, as the makes him again twear fecreey to her in all things, which now doth, or hereafter may concern this business; the which he faithfully promiteth her, proving ded, that her command and his fervice, be every way exempt of the effution of innocent, blood, and the perpetration of murther, to the which he constantly vows to her, it is impossible for him ever to be feduced or drawn, and so he takes leave of her, and leaves her solirary, alone in the Garden to her muzes, but yet as he was issuing forth, the again calls him to her, and firstly chargeth him, first carefully and curiously to inform himself, and then he her, of Sanctifione's most trequent haunts and walks without the City, the which he likewise promi-

1eth her to perform.

Our malicious and revengeful Urfina is not contented to receive the denial from her Apothecary Romancy, and the repulse from her Coachman Schaffiano, about the finishing of this deplorable bufinels, but without making any good use of their honest and religious diffwasions of her from it, or without once looking up to God, or thinking of Heaven or Hell, the as a fatal member and prodigious agent of Satan, is still resolute to proceed therein; for he is faill fo fixong with her heart, because her faith & soul are so weak with God, that the sees not her felf so otten in her Looking-glass with delight, as the both sees, & finds Sanctifiore in her heart and mind with detestation, for her malice to him hath quite expelled all reason, & banished all charity and piety in her self, and consequently now made her memorative and capable of nothing but of revenge and blood towards him; which takes up every part, and usurps every point, both of her time, and of her felf, and works so strange I may rather truly fay so miserable) a metamorphosis in her, as if the were now wholly composed of one, or both of these two impious and diabolical vices; so that every moment seems a year, and every day an age to her, before the hath dispatched him for Heaven: the now sees that the cannot (with fafery) employ any other herein but her felf, and therefore day by day, calling upon Sebastiano to know of him, where Sandifiore's usual haunts and walks were out of the City, he at last tells her, that he is fully affured, that most mornings and evenings, he takes his Coach, and sometimes his Page, but many times alone, and so goes a mile out of the City, beyond the Gate which looks towards St. Germains, and there in a dainty Grove of Olives and Orenge Trees (near a small River side) he with his Book in his hand, and his Spaniel-Dog at his heels, paffeth an hour or two alone in his private contemplation, his Coach being sometimes out of his fight from him, and sometimes returns to the City, and so comes and setcheth him back again; which report is no sooner heard and understood of Ursing from her Coachman, but the receiveth it with much joy, and entertains it with infinite content and delectation; she is therefore so cruel in her thoughts, and so determinate and bloody in resolutions, as she will protract no time, but the speedily bethinks her felf of a hellish stratagem and policy (no less strange than cruel) which the Devil himself suggested, and found out for her, to wreak her inveterate malice and infernal revenge in murthering of Santtifiore; the manner whereof is thus;

She very fecretly provides her self of a Frier's compleat Weed, as a sad Russet-Gown and Cowl, with a Girdle of a knotty Rope, and Wooden Sandals, proper to the order of the Bonnes bomes (which is the reformed one of that of Saint Francis) with a falle negligent old Beard, and hair for his head suitable to the same, and in one of the Pockets of this Frock, the put a small Begging-Box, such as those Frier's use to carry in City and Country, when they crave the Charitable Alms and Devotion of well disposed People; as also a new Breviary (or small Mass-Book) of the last Edition and Form of Rome, bound up in Blew Turky-Leather richly Guilt: but in the other Pocket thereof, the puts a couple of small short Pistols which she had secretly purloined out of her Father Placedo's Armoury, and had Charged each of them with a brace of Bullets, fast rammed down, with Priming-Powder in the Pans, and all these fatal Trinkets, she (with equal filence and treachery) packs and tyes up close in the Gown, expecting the time and hour to work this her cruel and lamentable feat on innocent Sanctifiore, who little thinks or dreams what a bloody Banquet his old Love, and now his new Enemy Ursina is preparing for

And here I write with grief, that it was the Tuefday after Palm-funday, (a time and week which the bleffed Passion of our Saviour Fesus Christ, makes sacred and samous, and which all true Christians in his commemoration ought to keep holy, & not to pollute or defile it with barbarous and bloody facrifices) when our malculine Monster, rather our femal fury Orfma, being affured by Sebastiano that the Baron of Sanctiflore was that day about three of the Clock

after Dinner gone out alone in his Coach to his aforesaid usual place of Walking, a Mile off the City in the Fields; she infinite glad of this defired occasion and longed for opportunity, bids Sebastiano make ready his Coach, and filently to leave him without the Postern-Gate of her Father's Garden, and so presently to come up to her Chamber to her, the which he as foon performs; to whom the now (prophanely and treacheroufly fays) Sebajtiano, by the favour and mercy of God) I have exchanged my cruelty into courtefie, towards the Baron of Sanctifiore, and do therefore prefently resolve to give him a merry meeting in the Fields, whereat before our departure and return, I know thou wilt rejoyce, and laugh heartily at the fight hereof; the which indeed was very welcome and pleafing news to Sebastiano, to whom the then gives this little Fardel, and to purpotely leaving her Waiting-Maid behind her, the cheerfully and speedily follows him to the Coach, wherein being feated, and the little Fardel likewise within by her, she bids him drive away with all speed to find our Sanciffore, the which (armed with his innocency) he joyfully doth. Now as they are come within two flight shots of him, Vrfina bids Schaftiano not to proceed farther, but to drive in the Coach into some close shadowed place out of the high way, where they might see San-Eliofiore, but not (as yet) to be either feen or espied of him; which accordingly he doth, where the descends her Coach, draws off her own Apparel, and so puts on her falle Frier's Apparel, as also the Hair and Beard, having made and prepared all things fit and ready before; and here likewise she foldeth up the Tresses and Tramels of her own Hair under it and hath purposely shaved away the Hair off a little part of the Crown of her Head; and all this whiles her Coachman Sebaftiano turns her Chamber-Maid here in the Fields to make her ready, where he cannot refrain from exceedingly smiling and laughing to see what a strange metamorphosis this now is, that his young Lady Ursina is here become an old Frier, but still he hides and conceals her two Pittols carefully in her Pocket from him, as also her bloody defignes and intents towards Santtifiore, and whereof he was every way as innocent, as the her felf and only her felf is guilty thereof. Now being all in a readiness, the out of her other Pocket, takes her Alms Box, and holds it in one of her hands, and her Hours (or Breviary) in her other, and so taking leave of her Coachman, and (with a diffembling chearful countenance) charging him to pray for her good fortune, and speedily to bring up her Coach to her, as foon as she sees her wave her white Handkerchief towards him, io, as a jolly old Frier, away this the-Devil foftly trips toward Sanciifiore, having piety in her looks, but prophancis and barbarous cruelty in her heart and intentions, and all the way as the goes, Sebattiano cannot refrain from laughing to fee this great change, and alteration in his young Lady and Miltris, but directly believing, that the in merriment went a Maying or Masking; fuch was his ignorance, that he least thought or dreamt, that she went to commit Murther, or what a Devil was here vailed and shrouded under this Frier's

So (with more affurance than fear, and with far more impiety than grace) she goes on towards Sanitifiore, who was there alone walking and reading, to whom approaching, and giving him a duck or two, the holding up her begging-Box, and counterfeiting an old Frier's voice, prays him for the bleffed Virgin Mary's lake, and also for holy St. Francis fake, to be-How fomething on him for their Society and Order; which Sanclifore (being alone, as having sent back his Coach to the City, (resolving to do; he seeing that fair new Breviary in the Frier's hands, he fairly takes it from him, and carefully vieweth and perufeth it, which being that which Visina aimed and looked for; the for manners sake (but indeed purposely and maliciously) steps behind him, and very foftly drawing out one of her Pistols out of her Pocket, which was already bent, she levels it at the very Reins of his Back, and so lets fly at him, whereof he presently was falling to the ground; when (the Devil making her nimble and dexterous in her malice) in the turning of a hand, the whips out the other Pistol out of her Pocket, and to make sure work with him, likewise dischargeth it in his brest; and to make her inveterate malice and revenge to him the more conspicuous and apparent to all the world, as near as he could guess to his very heart; of which mortal wounds made by her four Bullets, Sanctifiore fell immediately dead to the ground, having neither the power, grace, or happine is to ipeak a word; and the pulling off her false Beard, discovered her felf to him, as he was dying, and spurning him most disdainfully and maliciously with her foot, gave him this cruel farewel; Such death fuch Villains deserve, who triumph and glory to betray harmless and innocent Ladies: which having acted and said, she waving her Handkerchief to her Coachman, he comes up to her with her Coach as swift as the Wind, who is all amazed and in tears to behold the woful accident and spectacle; for descending speedily from his Coach, he finds the Baron of Santifiore dead, and his foul already fled and afcen-

ded from Earth to Heaven sato whom his Lady Urfina in a graceless insulting bravery) fays, Rejoyce with me Sebaftiana, that I have now to bravely and fortunately revenged my felf on this bale and treacherous Barn Sandiffore; but honest Schaftiano, (being as full of true grief, as the was of false joy) replies and tells her, Oh Madam! what have you done? for this is no cause, and therefore no time to rejoyce, but rather to flament and mourn for this lamentable fact and crime of yours, and not to diffemble you the truth, as much as you (in this fatal Frier's frock) did me your bloody intentions. I have far more reason to fear than cause to doubt, that your murthering of the Baron of Santifiore will prove the ruine and confusion of your self, except God be graciously pleafed to be more merciful to you, than you have been to him; therefore look from his danger and misfortune speedily to provide for your safety; which as soon as he had said, he (in the Frier's Weeds) speedily takes her up in the Coach, and then drives away a full gallop to the shaddowed thicket from whence she came, where she cashs off her Frier's Apparel, Beard, Hair, Box and Book, as also the two Pistols, the which they two wrap up all in the Gown, and throw it into a deep Ditch, or Precipice, and so he helps her to put on all her own Apparel and Attire, and then with more hafte than good speed drives home amain toward Naples; and it was a disputable Question, whether our bloody and execrable wretch Urfina more rejoyced, or her honest Coachman Sebaftiano lamented and grieved at this unfortunate and deplorable fact.

this cruel hearted Gentlewoman Urfina hath (in the habit of a Frier) murthered this unfortunate Baron Sanctifiore, and the Reader shall not go much further in this History before (if not in the same moment, yet in the same hour) he see the sacred Justice of God will surprize and bring her to condign punishment for the same, as if the last (as indeed it is) were co-incident and hereditatory to the first, or as if it were wholly impossible for her to rejoyce so much here on earth for that, as God and his Angels do both triumph and glory in Heaven for this.

2. God's Judgments are as just as facred; and as miraculous as just: so that all people should arather admire it with awful reverence, than any way neglect it with a prophane prefumption. But our wretched Vifina will not make her felf to happy to be of the first, but rather To miferable to be of this fecond rank; for the wholly despiteth God's Justice, and so absolutely forgets God himfelf, as the neither thinks of what the hath now done, what the now is, or which is worst of all, what hereafter she may be; but rather as an inconsiderate and wretched Giplie) laughs in her fleeve for joy, to have thus happily bereaved Sanclifiore of his life, who so lately and so treacherously had bereaved her of her honour and chasticy. Whiles thus forrowful Sebastiano is hurrying away his joyful murtherous young Mistris the Lady Orfina in her Coach towards her Father Seignior Placedo's house in Naples (as thinking to make his way the shorter and securer) he drave his Coach on a narrow path by the fide of a hill; it so pleased God (in his facred Providence) as of his two Coach-horses, that on the outfide fell shear over the path, and drew his fellow-horse, the Coach, the Lady Wifina, and her Coachman Sebaftiano down the hill after him; with which sudden terrible fall the Coach was shattered and torn in pieces, she brake her right arm (wherewith she had discharged these two Pistols) and he his left leg, so that she had the power, but not the will, and he the will, but not the power to step to her assistance, only he leaps from the Coachbox to the ground on his right leg, and with his knife cuts off the stays and trappings of his horses, that they in their amazed fury might not draw the Coach and themselves after them; and yet fuch is her impenitency and his affliction, as the here was not half so much terrified, as he perplexed and aftonished at this their misfortunate disaster, the which though the flighted, as only looking down to her felf, yet he deemed and conceived it to be no less than a blow from Heaven, as looking up to God, and therefore that it was a fatal Omen, portending some dismal calamities and afflictions which were immediately to surprize and betide them.

As thus distressed Ursina, and her lame and sorrowful Coachman Sebastiano, sate down on the bare ground, rather able to behold, than to know how to help one the other; and they both grieving to see their Coach lie torn on the Sea-side and shore of the Hill, and their two Coach-horses (without hurt or fear) licentiously playing their frisks and figaries below in the valleys, neither he nor she knew what course to take for their present consolation and safety, and so to prevent the eminency of their danger; but at last she taking some ten double Pistols of Spanish Gold out of her pocket, & giving it him, she again makes him swear L113

Secrecy, never to reveal what he had seen her perform to Sautifiore, the which (with more reluctancy than willingness) he doth. Then as it was agreed between them, he by some loud crys and holla's should call in some contadines (or Country-labourers) to their affistance, whom they faw a good distance off very builly working in the Vines: the which as, he was about to do, lo God (in his facred Providence) fo ordained; that the Baron of San-Etifore's Coach came rathing above them, where they two fate comfortless and forrowful upon the ground: and in the Coach was his Page Hieronymo, "who therewith was going to ferch home the Baron his Mafter, who perfectly feeing and knowing the Lady Urfma, and her Coachman Sebaffiano; and feeing her Coach lie by her all reverted, and thattered and torn to pieces, grieving at this her difafter, he for the respect he bore her for the Baron his Mafter's fake! (whom he knew formerly loved her) takes his Goachman with him; and fo descends down to her affifiance, where being more fully adequainted, with the breaking of her arm, and her Coachman Sebastiane's leg + he very hamanely and courteously proffers her his Lord's Coach, and his ben fervice to conduct and carry them both home to her Father Seignior Placedo's house in the City, little thinking or dreaming, that the came from to cruelly murthering his kind Lord and Matter Smillifore, or that his breathless body lay now exposed as a prey to the Fowls of the air in

Sebastiano is much perplexed and grieved, but his Lady Vollma infinitely more at this niexpected incounter, and ominous meeting of Saudifiore's Page, Coach and Coachman, which threatned her no less than fear, and this fear no less than eminent danger and confusion, especially to her self, if not to him, when looking wistly and serowfully each on other, they know not how to bear themselvs in the unfortunacy of this accident, neither dare she accept. or well knows how to refule this proffered courtelle of the Page Hieronymor But at last despight of her self) she is inforced to imbrace this opportunity, when making a virtue of neceffity, she (though much against her will) is constrained very thankfully to accept, and make use of this kindness of Hieronymo, who leading the Lady Ursina by her left arm, and his Coachman, hers by his right, they foftly bring them up the hill to the Baron their Maffer's Coach, and fo convey her home to her Father Seignior Placedo's house in the City, who was then gone forth to sup with the Prince of Salerno (who by the Mother's side was his Cousin German) where Vifina (setting a good face upon her bad heart) gives the Page many hearty thanks, and the Coachman three Duckatons for this their courte lie; so they take leave of her, and speedily return with their Coach into the fields to setch home the Baron their Matter, to whom they refolve at full to relate this accident; when Urfina's fears far exceeding her hopes, and knowing upon what ticklish terms and dangerous points both her self and her life now flood, she (in the absence of her Father) speedily resolves to provide her a swift Coach and fo to fly from Naples to her Aunt Mellefonta's house in Putzeole, where she promifethiher felf far more fafety and less danger than here at home with her Father, but contrariwife we shall see that God is now resolved to deceive both her hopes, and her self herein, to her utter shame and confusion.

The Page Hieronymo being forrowful for this Lady Urfina's misfortune and yet exceeding glad that he had the happiness & good fortune to perform this fair office, and friendly courtelle to her, he now bids his Coachman drive away o're the fields to that pleasant Grove to find their Lord and Master Sancissiore, where being arrived he descends his Coach, and with his vigilant eye looks about every where for him, when alas he hath scarce gone forty paces off, but (directly contrary to his expectation) he finds him there dead on the ground, and most lamentably all gored, & ingrained in his own blood; at the fight whereof he bursts forth into many bitter tears and out-crys; yea, he throws away his hat, and tears his hair for grief and forrow hereof, and no less doth his Coachman. They are here both of them so amazed with grief & aftonilhment, & with forrow at this lamentable spectacle and accident, as they (for a quarter of an hours time) know not what to think or lay hereof, as whether this their Lord and Master had here killed himself, or were murthered and robbed by Thieves ; but at last this forrowful Page Hieronymo, will stay alone weeping by the breathless body of his Lord & Master, and so send away the Coachman in his Coach speedily to Naples, to acquaint their Lady Dona Bertranna, and her Father Seignior De Tores, with this sad and sorrowful news, whereat the almost drowns her felf in tears, and he very bitterly laments and forroweth for it; fo (being incapable of any hope, comfort or confolation) they do both of them take Coach and drive away into the field, where the almost murthereth her eyes with her tears, to see her dear Lord and Husband lie thus murthered in his blood. They here see none in fight of him, neither do they know any body but themselves that hath seen him; so by

whom, or how he is killed they cannot as yet either conceive or imagin, when the Father leaving his Daughter to wash and bedew her dead Husbands cheeks with her tears, he himfelt gallops away in his Coach to Naples, and brings thence along with him the Criminal Officers of Justice, first to know, and then to be eye-witnesses of this sad and deplorable accident; at the hearing and fight whereof (in nature and justice) they cannot refrain from equally wondring and grieving at it, when (to act the part and duty of themselves) they cause the Coachman to spread his Cloak on the ground, then to remove the dead corps from his blood, and to lay him thereon, and so they make a Chyrurgion (whom they had purposely brought with them) to unapparel and search his body for wounds, who finds and thews them, that he was shot with two Pistol-bullets in his back, and other two in his brest ; when missing likewise of his purse, they all of them do confidently believe, that undoubtedly he was murthered and robbed by Thieves. The which the better to discover, the Judges sent their Serjeants and Servants, and De Tores likewife fends the Page and his Coachman fearching and icouring all over the adjacent fields, to apprehend and bring before them all those whom they find there; who are so far from meeting of many persons, as they all of them bring in but one poor ragged boy (of some twelve or sourteen years old) who some two hundred paces off, kept a tew Cows (which yielded milk to the City) and him they find fitting within a hedg in a ditch, whom they bring along with them to the Judges, where he ices this dead body lying on the ground before them, whereat poor filly boy he shakes and

trembles for fear.

The Judges demand his name of him, who tels them he is called Bartholomeo Spondy: they further enquire of him what his father is, and where he dwels: who replies, that his father is a poor Butcher, named Pedro Spondy, and dwels at Naples in St. John's Suburbs which the Judges afterwards find true) then these grave Judges perceiving the poor boy to be bashful and timerous, they therefore bid him be of good cheer, and to fear nothing, for the which he thanks them both with cap and knee. Then they enquire of him, if he faw any one to come near and kill the Gentleman, to whom in plain and rustick terms he answered them, that from the hedg within which he kept his Father's Cows, he faw this Gentleman walk alone by himself at least an hour, with a Book in his hand reading, and that then he saw an old Frier come to him, who as he thought begged some alms of him, whom he saw did shoot off two Pistols to him, and therewith killed him, for he then, and thereupon presently faw the Gentleman fall to the ground: They again demand of him, what afterwards became of this Frier; who tels the Judges, that a Coach came up instantly to him, and carried him away, but where, he knows not. They ask of him, why he had not cried out against the Frier, when he saw he had killed this Gentleman? to whom he makes answer, That he dared not do it, for fear least he would then likewise have killed him with his Pistols. The Judges farther demand of him, whether this were a white, a black, or a gray-Frier; to whom he answers, that he was neither of them, but that he wore a minime, or fad russet gown and hood. Thereupon they thought it fit again to demand of him, how many horfes this Coach had, & of what colour they were? to whom he affirms, that they were two black Coach-horfes. When the Judges to conclude this query, and his examination, they demand of him what coloured cloak this Coachman wore, who tels them he wore a red cloak, and as he thought fome white laces upon it: The which this pregnant poor little boy Bartholomeo had no fooner pronounced and spoken, but Sancissore's Page Hieronymo crys out and relates to the Judges. to his Lady Bertranna, and her father Seignior de Tores, where, and in what manner and accident he some two hours since found the Lady Orsina, and her Coachman Sebastiano, whom he feriously affirmed wore a redCloak with white laces, &that her two Coach horses, which they faw straying below in the valley were coal black, right as Bartholomeo had described them; adding further, that her Coach was broken with a fall, as also her right arm, and his left leg, and that out of respect and pity to her, he had carried both her, & him home to her father Seignion Plucedo's house, but he affirmed he saw no Frier either in their sight or company: all which relation of his, was likewife there confirmed to the Judges by the Baron of Sandifiore's own Coachman, who was also there present; the which evidence of theirs as foon as the Lady Bertranna over-heard, she with a world of fighs and tears (as if the were fuddenly inspired and prompted from Heaven) passionately crys out first to her Father, and then to the Judges, that God and her conscience told her, that doubtless Urfina was this dewillish Frier, and her Coachman Sebaltiano the very same damnable fellow who had here thus eruelly murthered her Lord and Husband, when throwing her felf on her knees to their feet, the very carneftly begs justice of them, against them for the same, who partly concurring in the opinion and belief with them, they do here most seriously and solemnly promise it her. To which effect, these Reverend Judges, leaving her Father, her self, and her Page and Coachman decently to convey her Husband's dead body home to their house in Naples, they themselves make great haste thither before, and presently send their Osficer and Serjeants to Seignise Placedo's house, there to apprehend the Lady Vessius his Daughter, and their Coachman Sebastiano, whom they both opportunely find issuing forth his Gate in a fresh Hackney-Coach, speedily slying to Patzeole to her Aunt Mellesanta, for protection and Sanctuary; so these sierce and merciles Serjeants do presently divert and alter their course, yea, they furiously and suddenly rush upon them, apprehend and constitute them close Prisoners in the Common Goal of that City, placing them in two several Chambers, to the end they should not prattle or tell tales each to other; where they shall find more leisure than time, both to remember what they have done, and likewise to know

what hereafter they must do.

Whiles thus all Naples generally refound and talk of this mournful fact, and deplorable accident, and Seignior Placedo particularly grieves at these his Daughter's unexpected crosses and calamities, as also of those of his Coachman Sebastiano, the which he tears, he can far sooner lament than remedy; our forrowful Widdow Bertranna (with the assistance of her Father De Tores) gives her Husband the Baron of Sanctifiore a folemn and stately burial in the Fucillantes Church of Naples, correspondent to his Noble Degree and Quality. And then within two days after, at her earnest and passionate solicitation to the Judges; Vifina and her Coachman Sebafiano, are severally convented before them, in their chief Forum (or Tribunal) of Justice, and there strongly accused by her, and charged to be the authors and actors of this cruel murther, committed on the person of Sanctifiare her Husband, the which both of them do floutly deny with much vehemency and confidence, and when the little Boy Bartholomeo, is face to face called into the Court, to give in Evidence against them, he there maintains to the Judges, what he had formerly deposed to them in the fields, but says he thinks not that this Lady was that Frier; nor can he truly say, that this was the Coachman who carried him, although when his Cloak was shewed him, he could not deny but it was very like it; but Bertrauna having now fecretly intimated and made known to the Judges, all the passages that had formerly past between Ursina and her Husband Sanclifiore, as his getting of her with Child, and then (contrary to his promise) refufing to marry her, they do therefore more than half believe, that it was her discontent which drew her to this choler, her choler to this revenge, and her revenge to this murthering of him, as also (that in favour of some gold) she had likewise seduced and drawn her Coachman Sebastiano to be confenting and acceffary herein with her: Whereupon the next day they will begin with him; and so they adjudg him to the Rack; the torments whereof he endures with a wonderful fortitude and patience, to that (remembring his oath of secrecy to his Lady Ursina) he cannot thereby be drawn to confess any thing, but denies all, whereof the having fecret notice, doth not a little rejoyce and infult thereat; now the very next ensuing morning, Vefina her self, is likewise adjudged and exposed to the Rack, the wrenches and torments whereof, as foon as the fenfibly feels, God proves then fo propitious and merciful to her foul, that her dainty body, and tender limbs cannot poslibly endure or suffer it, but then and there she to her Judges and Tormentors, confesseth her self to be the sole author and actor of pistolling to death, the Baron of Sanctifiore, in the same manner and form, as we have already understood in all its circumstances, but in her heart and foul the strongly affirms to them, that her Coachman Sebastiano was not accessary with her herein; upon which apparent and palpable confession of hers, her Judges (in honour to facred Justice, and for expiation of this her foul crime) do pronounce sentence of death against her, that she shall the next morning be hanged at the place of Common Execution, notwithstanding all the power and tears of her Father, and Kinsfolks to the contrary.

So the is returned to her Prison, where her Father (not being permitted to see her that night) sends her two Nuns, and two Friers, to prepare and direct her soul for Heaven, whom in a little time, through God's great mercy, and their own pious perswasions, they sound to be wonderful humble, repentant and sorrowful. She privately sends word to her Coachman Sebastiano, that she is thankful to him for his respect and sidelity to her on the Rack, and wills him to be assured and consident, that she being to die to morrow, her Speech at her death, shall no way prejudice, but strongly confirm the safety and preservation of his life. Thus grieving far more at the soulness of her crime, than at the infamy and severity of her punishment, she spends most part of the night, and the first part of the morning in Godly Prayers

and religious Meditations, and ejaculations, when, although her forrowful old Father Seignior Placedo, by his noble Kinsman the Prince of Salerno, made offer to the Viceroy, the Duke of Ossuna, the free gift of all his Lands to save this his Daughters life, yet the strong solicitation of the first, and the great proffer of the last proved vain, and fruitless, for they found it wholly impossible to obtain it.

So about Ten of the Clock in the Morning, our forrowful Urfina, is (between two Nuns) brought to her Execution-place; clad in a black wrought Velvet-Gown, a green Sattin-Petticoat, a great laced Ruff, her head dreffed up with Tuffs and Roses of green Ribbon, with some artificial Flowers, all covered over with a white Gipres-Vail, and a pair of plain white Gloves on her hands: when ascending the Ladder, she, to the great confluence of people who came thither to see her take her last farewel of this life, and this world (with a mournful countenance, and low voice) delivered them this forrowful and religious speech.

Good People, I want words to express the grief of my heart, and the anxiety and forrow of my foul, for imbruing my hands in the innocent blood and death of the Baron of Sanctifiore, although not to diffemble, but to confess the pure truth, he betrayed his promise to me of Marriage, and me of my honour and chastity without it, whereof I befeech Almighty God, that all men, (of what degree or quality soever) may hereafter be warned by his example; and all Ladies and Gentlewomen deterred and terrified by mine, I do likewise here confess to Heaven and Earth, to God and his Angels, and to you all who are here prefent, that I alone was both the Author and Actor of this foul Murther, and that my Coachman Sebastiano is no way consenting or accessary with me herein; and that albeit I once promised and proffered him a hundred double Pistols of Spanish Gold to perform it, yet he honeftly and religiously refused both me and it, and strongly and pathetically disswaded me from it, whose good and wholsome Counsel, I now wish to God (from the depth and center of my foul) I had then followed, for then I had lived as happy, as now I die miserable. And because it is now no time, but bootless for me, either to palliate the truth, or to flatter with God or man, the worst of his crime, I being his Mistris, which (after with my hands I had committed that deplorable fact) was to bring me home from the fields to my Father's house, and for assisting me to cast the Frier's Frock, the false Beard and Hair, the Alms-box, Breviary, and two Pistols, into the next deep Pit, or Precipice thereunto adjoyning, where (as yet) they still lie; for this my hainous offence, (the very remembrance whereof is now grievous and odious unto me), I ask pardon first of God, then of my own dear Father, and next of the Lady Bertranna: and if the words and prayers of a poor dying Gentlewoman have any power with the living, then I beseech you all in general, and every one of you in particular, to pray unto God, that he will now forgive my fins in his favour, and hereafter fave my foul in his mercy; the which as foon as she had faid, and uttered some few short prayers to her felf, the (often making the fign of the Cross) takes leave of all the World; when pulling down her Vail, in comely fort over her eyes and face, and erecting her hands towards Heaven, the was turned over. Now, as some of her Spectators rejoyced at the death of so cruel and bloody a Female Monster, so the greatest part of them, in favour of her Birth, Youth and Beauty, did with a world of tears, exceedingly lament and pity her, but all of them do highly detest and execrate the base ingratitude, insidelity and treachery of this ignoble Baron of Sanctifiore towards her, which no doubt was the prime cause and chiefest motive which drew her to these deplorable and bloody resolutions.

As for her honest Coachman Sebastiano, although his own torments on the Rack, and now this solemn Confession of his Lady Ursina at her death had sufficiently proclaimed and vindicated his innocency in this murther of Sancissive; yet such was his Widdow Bertranna's living affection to her dead Husband, and her deadly malice to living Sebastiano, for thinking him to be guilty, and accessary hereunto with his Lady Ursina, that her power and malice so far prevailed with the integrity of the Judges, for the further disquisition of this truth, as they now again sentence him to the double torments of the Rack, the which he again likewise endureth with a most unparallel'd patience and constancy, without confessing any thing, the which his Judges wondring to see, and admiring to understand, and having no substantial proofs, or real and valuable Evidences against him, they now fully absolve and acquit him of this his suspected crime, when being moved in Charity, Justice, and Conscience to yield

God's Revenge against Murther. Book VI 446 him some reward and fatisfaction, for thus infeebling his body, and impairing of his

health by these his sharp and bitter torments, they therefore adjudg the Plaintiff Widdow Bertranna to give him three hundred Duckatons, whereof the cannot possibly exempt or ex-

cuse her self.

And thus lived and died our unkind Baron Sanctifiore, and our cruel-hearted young Lady Urfina, and in this manner did the facred Justice of God requite the one, and condignly revenge and punish the other. Now by reading this their History, may God (of his best favour and mercy) teach us all, from our hearts to hate this Baron's levity, and from our souls to abhor and detest this Ladies cruelty and impiety. Amen.

God's



God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXX.

De Mora treacherously killeth Palura in a Duel with two Pistols. His Lady Bellinda with the aid of her Gentleman-Usher Ferallo, poysoneth her Husband De Mora, and afterwards she marrieth, and then murthereth ber said Husband Ferallo in his bed: so she is burnt alive for this ber last murther, and ber ashes thrown into the Air for the first.

IN the general depravation of this Age, it is no wonder that many finful fouls are fo transported by Satan and their own outragious passions, to imbrue their guilty hands in the innocent blood of their Christian brethren; and it were a great happinels and felicity to most Countrys and Kingdoms of Europe, if they were not sometimes infected with the contagion of this bloodyand crying fin, which with a prefumptuous hand feems to strike at the Majesty of God himself, in killing man his creature; but because wishes avail little, and for that examples are more powerful and prevalent, and prove the best precepts to the living; therefore I here produce a lamentable one; of so inhumane a condition, that by the knowledg and confideration thereof, we may know how to detest the like, and to avoid the temptations in our felves.

In the famous Kingdom of Portugal, and within a very little league of Stremos, one of the fweetest and sairest Cities thereos, there (within these few years) dwelt a noble Gentleman of fome fifty fix years old, named Don Alonsa De Mora, iffued and descended from one of the best

Mmm 2

and famous houses of that Kingdom, as being Nephew to that great and wife Don Christopher De Mira, of whom the Hittories of Spain and Portugal make to often, and to honourable menrion and although he were by his Ancestors and Parents left very rich in Lands and Possesfions, yet his ambition and governity carried him to ferve his King, Philip third of Spain, in! his wars of affect and Flander wherein he ipent the greatest part of his time and of himfelf, won many renowned Laurels and Marthal Trophees of honour, and as an excellent Cavalier left behind him many approved marks and toffinonies of his true valour and magnanimity. But (as all men are naturally constant in unconstancy, and subject and co-incidenc to mutations, and that the world hill delights to please us with changes, and to feed our fancies and affections with different enterprises and refolutions) to our De Mora at last, cals home his thoughts and himfelf from war to peace, & now refolves to spend the remainder of his age in as much ease and pleature as formerly he had done, the hear and strength of his youth in tumults and combuttions; he now fees that there is no life nor pleafure comparable to that of the Country, for here the Iweetness of the imbalmed air, the delicacy of the perfumed and enamel'd fields, the unparalleld pattim of hawking and hunting, and the free and uninterrupted accels which we have to Arts in our fludy, and to God in religious prayers and meditations, makes it to be no less, then either an earthly Paradile, or a Heaven upon Earth. For the Camp (despite of Commanders) abounds with all kinds of intolencies and impieties, the City (delpite of Magiltrates) with all forts of Vice, Deceit, Covetoufnels and pride, and the Court (delpite of good Kings and Princes) too often with variety of hypocritic, perfidiousnels and vanity. To his own great Mannor-house near Stremos, therefore is our De Morz retired, with a resolution for ever, there to exect and build up his residence, making it his greatest delight to have his Hounds and Grey-hounds at his heels, and see his Hawk on his fift. Now the Alarms of War no longer take up his thoughts and time, neither do the Drums and Trumpets, and the ratling peals & thunder of Muskets and Cannons, diltract his dayspleatures, or, cut his nights tweet theeps and flumbers in pieces. He is not addicted to women, but hates them as much as they love menshe spurns at love, and (in a disdainful contempt thereof) terms Vinus Whore; and her fon Cupid a boy, and which is worse a Baltard: in a word he protesseth himself to be as great, and as mortal an enemy to beauty, as beauty is many times to challity, and never thinks himself happy, but when either he is out of womens Company, or they not in his. He is so far from effecting any marriage, as he pitieth it in others, and for ever abjures & detelts it in himfelf; he compares fingle life to Roses & Lillies, and wedlock to briers and thiftles, and therefore in the highest and sublimest degree, scorns to have any Wife or Mistris in his house, to over master him.

But it is not for men to presume to point out their own destinies: sith we are but the slaves of time, as the servant of God, and therefore (in this regard) our actions are subject to Heaven, not to earth, and to God's appointment, rather than to our purposes; and to presuppose and think the contrary, is a presumption, every way unworthy of a man, but far more of a Christian, sith nature is subject to grace, and our earthly passions and resolutions must still stoop to a facred power, and ever submit and prostrate themselves to a Divine Providence and supernatural Predominancy: It is therefore folly, not wisdom and simplicity nor discretion in De Mora generally to proclaim hate to women, for that he is the Son of a woman, or to malign and disdain marriage, in regard he is the fruit and off-spring of marriage: for thus to violate and pull down the Temples and altars of Love, is obstinately to oppose nature, and prophanely to subvert the institution of God himself in Paradife, but he shall not con-

tinue long in the clouds of this error.

In a clear and sweet morning (as soon as Aurora lept from the warry bed of Thetis, and purposely retired her self to give way to approaching Phabus, (who in his siery Chariot, with his glistring beams began to fasute and guild the tops of the highest Woods and Mountains) De Mora attended by half a dozen of his domestick servants, goes into the fields to hawk and hunt, where having killed one Hare, and set up another, all his servants left him alone, and with the Hounds pursue the Hare, who tripping through the lanes and thickets, the Hills and Valleys, at last leads them such a dance, that in less than an hour, his Servants and his Dogs were a little league out of his sight; whereat being exceedingly offended and angry, and far the more, for that he was lett all alone, he not knowing how to pass or delude away the tediousness of the time, sate himself down upon the side of a fair Hill, or the foot of a pleasant Grove of Beech and Chesnut-trees, whose curled tops sheltred him from the scorching rayes of the Sun; and there takes delight to behold how many frequent windings, and turning Meanders, the Neighbouring Crystal River made in that pleasant Valley, as also to see how sweetly the Troops of Snow-white seathered Swans, proudly

ruffled their plumes, and disported themselves therein, in their Majestical and stately bravery; and how many malicious Fowlers, both in Boats and on the Banks of that sweet River, were curiously watching with their fiery pieces to murther those innocent watryguests who frequented there; and also how the patient Anglers (with their treacherous hooks and baits) betrayed many harmless Fishes, to their undeserved deaths. When De Mora, (impatient of his folitariness) listening with his ear, if he might either hear the loud cry and voices of his Hounds, or elle the shril rebounding Echoes of his Servants hunting Horns, He looking up toward the Sky, beheld a Heron, foftly loaring, and proudly hovering over his head, as if the came purpotely to bid defiance to De Mora, and his Gof-hawk which he held on his fift, and confequently to dare and challenge it to an airy combat; whereat De Mora being exceeding glad, and disdaining that his Hawk and himfelf should be thus out-braved by so ill-shaped and unmannerly a Sea-sowl; he speedily rifeth up, and (betwixt choler and pleasure) lets fly his Hawk at her : But the Heron stretcheth her pinnions, and packs on her feathered fails to nimbly and proudly, that fometimes foaring aloft in the Air, sometimes descending, and still looking back with scorn on the Gof-hawk, as if the purpofely took delight and sport, to see what infinite toyl and pain this malicious and ravenous Hawk took to surprize and devour her; so the switter the Heron flew from the Hawk, the swifter the Hawk redoubled her flight, and tugged away after her, when it being unpossible for De Mora to reclaim his Hawk, either with his Hola's or Lure, at last both Hawk and Heron slew quite out of his fight, and which is worse, he was fo unfortunate, as never after he could fee either of them again.

De Mora being first highly displeased and offended for the absence of his Servants and Hounds, he is now doubly enraged with grief and choler for the loss of his Gos-hawk, and therefore curseth the Heron for those seducing and betraying her away from him; when wearying himself to run from hill to vale to have news of her; and in the end, seeing both his labour and Hawk lost, he betakes himself to the aforesaid Grove, and (with much discontent and choler) first casting his Hat and Lure to the ground, he then likewise casts himself thereon to repose him, still attending and expecting his Hunters.

He had not remained there above half an hour, but close by him passed an aged Country Gentleman, and indifferently well apparelled, with a very beautiful young Gentlewoman following him, clad in a Crimfon Taffeta Petticoat and Waste-coat, trimmed with filver lace, with a large cut-work plain band, her flaxen hair adorned with many knots of white and crimfon Ribbon, covered with a black Cypres-vail, having a rolling amorous eye, (the true Index of defire and luft); her Snow-white painted brefts open, but only a little hidden and over-vailed with curious Tiffeny, whose white purity, her pure white paps (interveined with azure) infinitely out-braved and excelled. She had her waiting-Maid attending on her, and he a ferving-man bearing his Cloak and Rapier after him, who that morning went some three Leagues from his own house to take the fresh Air in that pleasant and delicious Grove, without the hedg whereof he had left his Coach; this Country-Gentleman, I fay, passing by De Mora, and well and perfectly knowing him, he according to his duty, and the other merits, respectfully saluted him by his name, and the young Gentlewoman who followed him, likewife gave him a low and graceful courtelie. De Mora surprized with the suddenness of their arrival, and the sweetness of these their falutations, rifeth up, and having first faluted him, and kissed her, he prays his name, who tels him that he is a Gentleman that dwelt some three Leagues off, termed Emanuel de Cursoro: De Mora demands of him if this young Gentlewoman be his Kinswoman or his Daughter? who tels him the is his Daughter: when De Mora again enquires of him, if the be married or no, and what name and age she is of, Curforo replies that she is unmarried, of fome twenty years of age, and her name Bellinda. De Mora again tels him, that he is very happy in having so sweet and fair a young Gentlewoman to his Daughter, whereat the Father imileth for joy, and the Daughter blusheth for bashfulness and modesty. De Mora again questioneth Curforo, if any business brought him thither that morning; who tels him he had no business, but only came thither with his Daughter to take the Air, and that he had left his Coach without the hedg; fo they walk together some turns in this pleafant Grove, and from thence De Mora could not possibly refrain from gadding and gazing his inamoured eyes, on the Roses and Lillies of Bellinda's sweet and delicate beauty; when De Mira acquaints Curforo with his misfortunes, how that morning he came forth a hunting, that he had lost his Men, his Hounds, and his Hawk, and that this three hours he was there

left alone, and had no news of them, they together make many walks, turns and returns. When De Mora, led by the lustre of Bellinda's lovely attractive, and rolling eye, he ever and anon proffereth to lead and conduct her by the arm, the which Curforo modefily and respectfully excuseth, as holding it too great an honour for De Mora to give, and his Daughter to receive: Here Curforo proffereth De Mora to lend him his Coach to carry him home to his house, but De Mora freely and thankfully refuseth it, and in counterexchange of this courtefie, proffereth Curforo and his Daughter to accompany and conduct them to their Coach, the which undeferved kindness, Curforo modestly refuseth of him. Thus (in point of honour and courtefie) they a long time stand striving and complementing, till at last De Mora hearing the cry of his Hounds, his importunity vanquisheth Curforo's modesty, and so, will or nill, he conducts him to his Coach, and likewise leads his Daughter Bellinda by the arm and hand, and by the way doth at least usurp, and steal many amorous kiffes from the Cherries of her fweet lips, and damask Rofes of her pure and delicate Cheeks, whereat she is more admired than pleased. As they are thus going towards Cursoro's Coach, De Mora's Hounds and Servants arrive all sweating and blowing, who (in redemption and requital of their long stay) do present their Lord and Mafter with a brace of Hares, and a wild white Fawn which they had kild, whereof he being exceeding glad, he very joyfully bestows the Hares on Curforo, and the white Fawn on his fair Daughter Bellinda, who from thenceforth, he swears shall be his mifiress, and his Love; Curforo is too modest, and his Daughter too bashful to accept hereof, so they a long time refuse these his presents, with many dilatory and complemental excuses.

But at last De Mora finds out a means and medium to redoncile this difference, according to his own will and desire; for he peremptorily swears to Oursoro, and his Daughter Bellinda, that they shall receive these poor presents from him, and that in requital hereof, he will to morrow come over to his house, and eat his part of them to dinner with them; upon which condition and terms Cursoro thankfully receives the Hares, and likewise causeth his Daughter Bellinda to do the same by the Fawn, the which (with a very low and observant courtesse) she doth: So he conducts them on to their Coach, and by the way wrings her by the Lilly white hand, plays with the loose tresses of her sweet hair, her blushing cheeks, dimpled chin, downy paps, and Alabaster neck, when taking leave of Cursoro, and a solemn congee of his Daughter Bellinda, which he again seals and confirms with many new kisses, they take Coach and away, and De Mora with his Servants and Hounds returns home to his house.

Thus in a little time we see an extraordinary alteration, yea a wonderful change and metamorphofis in De Mora, but whether more strange or sudden I know not, for in the morning he went forth a free-man, and now before night comes home a flave and a captive. Heretofore he spurned at love, and disdained beauty, and now the very first fight of our fair Bellinda, fets fire to his blood, and flames to his heart, fo that his old blood is passionately and amoroufly inflamed with this new beauty; formerly he (in derifion) termed Cupid a little boy, now he holdshim to be a great God; then he called Venus a Whore, but now he recants that Atheilm, and repents himself of that blasphemy, vomited forth against her Deity, and terms her a coelestial and sacred Goddess; yea now in his heart and thoughts, he erects Altars to the first, and confecrates all his vows to the second. The small and strait wast of his honoured Bellinda, together with her sparkling eyes, and sweet cheeks and blushes, do amaze his mind, act wonders in his heart, and casts his thoughts into a confusion of many amorous raptures and extaties, yea the confideration of her sweet youth, and the remembrauce of her fresh and delicate beauty, do (in his conceit) seem to make his age young, and to give the he to those infinite number of white hairs, which time had snowed on his head, and showred on his beard. He a thousand times repents himself of his former error and crime in living to long fingle, and is now affured and confident, that there is no earthly pleature, or heavenly delight, comparable to the heart-ravishing kiffes and imbraces of his fweet Bellinda: he is ready to lay down all his Lands, and life at the feet of her commands and service, and esteems both of them too poor, for the purchasing of so inestimable a jewel; whom (in his determinations and resolutions) he hath already adopted the Queen of his heart, and confirmed and crowned the Soveraign Empress of his soul, and the facred Goddels of his defires and affections. He thinks not of the great disparity and Antithesis betwist his declining age, and her fragrant and flourishing youth; nor what an unequal dif-

ference and disproportion there is betwixt his fifty and fix, and her twenty years. He will not consider what a poor Sympathy and palpable Antipathy there is between such a January and fuch a May, but disdains to enter into consideration with himself, that he is every way fitter for his grave, than for her bed, and for death, than marriage; yea, he flatters himself so far in his affection to her, as he hopes he shall be the joyful Father of many pretty Children by her, fo that he is so deeply enamoured with the sweet youth of our Bellinda, and his heart so fast chained and entangled in the tresses of her hair, and the lures of her alluring beauty, that he upon his first fight of her, incessantly thinks of her by day, dreams of her by night, and neither thinks nor dreams of any thing but of her, and of his love to her: so now he advanceth and raiseth the standards of Venus and Cupid, as high as ever he formerly dejected them, and delights in nothing more, yea I may truly fay, in nothing else but in feasing his eyes, and surfeiting his heart upon the heavenly Idea of her Angelical face and feature, he thinks so much of love, as if he were now wholly composed of love, and therefore purposely made to love Bellinda, and none but her. His Hawks and Hounds are now as far out of his mind, as he is out of himfelf, and no other delight or recreation whatsoever can take up any place in his heart or thoughts, because love hath already tane up all. He revokes to mind how Macarius was transformed into a Bird, for speaking against Venus, and that it is not his case alone to be so deeply plunged and tormented in love, but that the greatest Captains, Philosophers, and Kings of the world; and as Poets affirm, the gods themselves have been subjected, and vanquished with this passion, and so constrained them to make it their chiefest delight and glory to adorn the Temples and Altars of Cupid, with the obla-

tions of their fighs, and the facrifices of theirs tears.

Thus our De Mora being at the first wholly inflamed with love towards his fair and beautiful intended Mistris Bellinda, he to seem far younger than he is, he is so vain in his affe-Ction, as (contrary to his custom) he shaves his Beard, delights himself in an ash colour satin fuit and cloak, with a white Beaver-hat, and a hat-band of Diamonds, a rich plain cutwork band, and a pair of green filk stockings, with garters & roses laced with filver, suitable thereunto, and to to perform his promife to Curforo, takes Coach the next morning, and rides over to him, but not fo much to tafte of his good cheer, as to feast his enamoured eyes on the delicious rarities and dainties of his Daughter Bellinda's beauty; where he finds his entertainment & good cheer at least to equalize, if not to exceed his birth, rank & expectations but this is not the end and object of his visit, nor the sum and period of his desires; Dinner being ended, he acquaints Curforo with his affection to his Daughter Bellinda, and his fuit to feek and obtain her for his wife. Curforo wonders that so great a Lord should descend so low from himself to seek so mean a young Gentlewoman as his Daughter in mariage. But finding De Mora to be in earnest, and not in jest, and understanding that his age was deeply and paffionately inamoured of her youth and beauty; he therefore thanks him for that undeserved honour of his, promiseth him his best assistance towards his Daughter, and gives him no despair, but all hope and affurance, that he shall shortly obtain and enjoy her tor his wife. De Mora having thus won the affection and confent of the Father, he now feeks that of the Daughter, he takes her apart in his parlour, where, of an old man, he plays the young Orator and Loyer and in sweet terms and sugred phrases and speeches seeks to gain her for his wife; but Bellinda more confidering De Mora his age, than the greatness of his Nobility or estate, she bites the lip, & hangs the head at this his motion, yea, and seems to be as averse, as he was forward in this his refearch and pursuit. Her Father lays his commands on her to imbrace this match and no other; he conjures her now to confirm, and not to cast away her good fortunes in marrying this great Nobleman, and vows that he will for ever renounce her for his Daughter, if the disobey him herein: so he conducts her into the Arbour of his Garden, and there freely and courteously again gives De Mora the opportunity and benefit to speak with her, and the defired happiness to kiss her; but Bellinda is as much perplexed in mind, as they are obstinate in their motion towards her, when (composing her countenance, rather to forrow than joy, and to mourning than mirth) she makes a modest excuse to her Father, gives no absolute or peremptory denial to De Mora, but fairly and discreetly craves of both of them a moneths time of respite to resolve on this great business, which (she faith) so much imports her happiness or her misery, her content or her affliction; which answer and request of hers, both her Father and De Mora finding so full of discretion and reason, they severally grant, and jointly consent to give her; but in all this interim, such was De Mora's dear and tender affection to Bellinda; that he vifits her many times in person, and very often with his rich gifts and presents as holding it no irregular way, but a pertinent and prevalent course, first to make a breach

in a young Ladies mind and affection, and then to enter and take possession, both of her body and of her self.

But before I proceed further in the Narration and Progress of this History, I must here, unlock and reveal a fecret mystery to the Reader of no small consequence and importance; for he must understand, that our Bellinda is not so chast as fair, nor so honest as her education, youth and beauty presuppose and promise her to be; for her Mother being dead, and her Father giving her too much liberty, and too little virtuous counsel and exhortation, fhe for two whole years hath been in love with a poor, yet with a very proper and refolute young Gentleman, of some twenty-five years of age, being a neighbour of her Father's, named Don Fernando Palura, who being deeply inamoured of her, had lain fo close, so constant, and so strong a siege to her chastity, as (not to conceal the truth) first unknown to her Father, then to De Mora, and next to all the world, he had unparadifed her of her Maiden-head, and under colour and hope of Marriage, had very often tane his luftful use and pleafure of her body, but his means being very small, & her belly not growing great, she was not yet fully refolved, but therefore still delayed to marry him : True it is, that her Father Curforo was formerly acquainted with Palura's affection and defire to marry his Daughter, but as heretolore his poverty made him reject him for his fon in law, so now the consideration of De Mora's great wealth and nobility, makes him fully to disdain him, and commands his Daughter likewise to do the same. But she not considering the premises, and loving Palura's youth, as much as the hated De Mora's age; the was nevertheless to inconstant by nature, and so proud and ambitious by fex, as she could find in her heart and resolution, rather to be a rich Lady than a poor Gentlewoman, and so to leave Palura, to espouse and marry De Mora: but first her crime and her conscience makes her send for Palura, and seriously to consider and debate hereon with him, which they do; fo Palura perceiving by Bellinda's looks, and observing by her speeches that De Mora's wealth was far more powerful with her, than his poverty, and that the not with standing still aimed to keep him for her Husband, and himfelf for her triend; he at last tels her, That he will consent and content himself that she shall marry Don Alonsa De Mora, conditionally that she will first faithfully promise him, to grant and perform him three Requests and Articles. So she bids him propose them to her, the which he doth to this effect: First, That he shall still have the use and pleasure of her body, as heretofore, and as often as he pleaseth: Secondly, That from time to time she shall bestow some competency of De Mora's wealth on him, to support his weak estate and poverty: And thirdly, That if De Mora die before him, that within three months after his death, the thall then marry him.

Which three unjust demands, and ungodly conditions of Palura's, his sweet heart Bellinda (betwixt fighs and smiles) immediately grants him; yea, she seals them with many Oaths, and confirms with a world of kisses, and to add the more piety (I may truly say, the more prophaneness) to this their contract and attonement, they fall to the ground on their knees, and invoking God and his Angels for witnesses hereof; they with their hands and kisses, again ratificand confirm it: But poor sinful souls, how doth Satan abuse you, and your intemperate and lascivious lusts be tray you? for God will not be mocked, and his holy Angels cannot be deluded by these your blasphemies and impieties, for you shall in the end see with grief, and seel with repentance, that this vicious league, and obscene contract of yours, will produce you nothing but shame, misery and consusion of all

fides.

By this time is Bellinda's moneth expired, which she gave her Father and De Mora for her resolution of Marriage; and now do they both of them repair to her, to understand and receive it: when her pride and ambition, having far more prepared and disposed her tongue, than her affection, she (as if she were a pure Virgin, yea, a Diana for chastity) making a low reverence to her Father, and a great respectful courtesse to De Mora, delivers her resolution to them in these terms: That in humble obedience to her Father, and true affection and zeal to Don Alonsa De Mora, God hath now so disposed her heart and mind, that she is resolved to wait on his commands, and to be his hand-maid and wise, whensoever he shall please to make himself her Lord and Husband. This answer of Bellinda is so pleasing to her Father, and so sweet and delicious to De Mora, that in acceptation of her love, and requital of her consent, he gives her many kisses, and then claps a great chain of Pearl, interlaced with sparks of Diamonds about her neck, and an exceeding rich Diamond-Ring on her singer, and so most solemnly contracts himself to her, and within eight days after, in great pomp, state and bravery marries her, whereat her Kinssolks and Friends, and all the Nobility

and Gentry of these parts do very much admire and wonder; some condemning his folly, inmarrying so poor and young a Gentlewoman, others praising and applausing her good fortune, in matching with so great and rich a Nobleman.

Here we see the marriage of De Mora and Bellinda, but we shall not go far before we see what sharp and bitter sweet fruits it produceth; for here truth gives a law to my will, and so commands me to relate and discover, that he is too old for her youth, and she too young for his age, yea, here I must crave excuse of modelty to affirm, that she is so immodest, as she finds him not to be so bold and brave a Cavalier as she expected, in regard his best performance to her, confilts only in defire. Thus being in bed together, whiles he turns to his reft, so doth she to her repentance, but she knows how to repair and remedy this her misfortune, for whiles her Husband De Mora only kiffeth her, she in her heart and mind, kiffeth and embraceth her young and sweet Palura, who many times comes over in shew to visit her Husband, but in effect to see her, and as formerly, so now he lasciviously disports and wantonizeth with her, and (in a word) very often performs and acts that part of love to her, which her old Husband cannot. Now within less than two months of their marriage, De Mora seeing that he is not capable to deferve, much less to requite the Dainties of his Wifes youth and Beauty; and observing also, that by degrees she begins to disrespect and slight him, and yet she is very pleasing and pleasant to all Gentlemen who abroad and frequent his house; as first he doted on her, now he grows jealous of her, and fo far forgets his discretion and himself, that he curleth all those who (in right of the Laws of Hospitality, Civility and Honour) comes to kils her, but more especially Palura, who he sees is so often at his house, and so frequently conversing with his young Lady, as at last his suspition makes him jealous, and his jealousie confident, that, with too much liberty and dishonesty, he usurps upon his free-hold, and dishonoureth him in dishonouring his bed, and defiling his Wife; the which to discover, he begins to restrain her of her liberty, so that she sees, and grieves to see her self to be in a manner as much her Husbands Prisoner, as his wife, yea he sets many eyes over her, as so many Sentinels to watch her and her actions, and for himself, his jealousie gives him more eyes, than ever Argus had, to espy out what familiarity past between her and her Sweat-heart Palura. Bellinda, takes this discourtesse and hard measure of her Husband in very ill part at his hands, yea, the bites the lip thereat, and though outwardly the feem to grieve and forrow, yet inwardly she vows to requite and revenge it; he is so jealous of her, and so fearful that the plays false play with him, that as soon as ever Palura comes to his house, he carryes his eye and ear every where, to see if he can espy and hearken out, his and his Wifes Love-tricks together; yea, he is so curious in this quest, and so vigilant and turbulent in this his research and disputation, as if he delighted to know that, whereof, it were his happiness to be ignorant, or as if he had an itching defire to make his glory prove his shame, and his content his affliction and mifery. But as mild and sweet perswession is ever more capable and powerful to prevail with women than constraint, so our fair Bellinda is so distasted with the Lunacy, and the phrenzy and madness of this her Husbands jealousie, that the no sooner sees her Palura arrive in her fight and presence, but (despight of his suspition and sear) sheis fo obscene in her lust, and so lascivious in her affection towards him, that she takes pleasure to seek pleasure, and extreamly delighteth to seek and find delight with him, which (according to her former lewed promise, and ungodly contract) she often doth. Now this foolish young couple (being the obliged scholars of Cupid, and the devoted votaries of Venus) think to be as wife as they are lascivious in these their amorous pleasures, for knowing that discretion makes lovers happy, and that secrefie is the true touchstone, yea, the very life and soul of love, they therefore effeem and keep the secrets thereof, as if they were facred, and that no mortal eyes but their own can see or know it; But yet notwithstanding all this, De Mora's jealous fears in the detection, are still as great as their care in the prevention thereof; for the very next night after Palura's departure from his house, he purposely absenteth and excludeth his Wife from his bed, and the next morning calling her into the Garden after him, and causing the door to be shut, he then and there, (with lighting is his looks, and thunder in his speeches) chargeth her of adultery with Palura. But this young strumpet his wife Bellinda, at the very first hearing of this sad and unexpected news, dissembles so artificially with her Husband, and so prophanely with God, as seeming to dissolve and melt into tears, she purgeth her self hereof, with many strong vows, and cleareth Palura with many deep affeverations. But this fanatick Tyrant, and frantick Monster jealousie, (which for the most part, we can seldom or never kill, before it kill us) had wrought fuch strange impressions in the brains, and ingraven such extravagant Chimæra's in the heart and belief of old De Mora, that (notwithstanding his Wifes oaths and tears to the contrary) yet he still vows to himself, and her,

that she is guilty of adultery with Palura; and therefore chargeth her, that hences forth she dare not see him, or to receive him into her house or company. Bellinda hereat (to give her Husband some content in her own discontent) makes a great shew of sorrow, and an extream apparition and exterior appearance of gries: she sends for her Father Cursoro, acquaints him with the unjust wrong and indignity, which her Lord and Husband hath offered her, and prays him to interpose his Authority and judgment with him for their reconciliation; who seeing himself solicited and sought to by his own blood, and by his Daughters hypocrise, believes her to be as innocent as her Husband De Mora thinks her guilty of this soul crime of adultery with Palura, and so undertakes to solicit and deal with his son in law De Mora to that effect, which he doth, but with no defired success 3 so that sinding it to be a knotty and difficult business, and upon the whole no less than a Herculean labour, because of De Mara's wilful obstinacy and perverse credulity: he therefore prays for both of them, and thus leaves them and their difference to time and to God: and upon these unfortunate terms doth old Mara, his young wife Bellinda, and their marriage now stand.

An the mean time Bellinda, (who fuffers doubly both in her pleasure and her reputation) is not yet so devoid of sense; or exempt of judgment, but she will speedily provide for the one, and secure the other. To which effect (seeming sorrowfully obedient to her Husband) she thinks it not set that her Patura should for a season approach her house or her felf; where-

fore by a confident messenger the fends him this Letter.

BELLINDA to PALURA.

Mr Husband hath discovered our affections, & is considered that I love thee far better than him self: wherein as he is nothing deceived so I conjune thee by the preservation of thy sidelity & honour, to forbean my house and sight for some two months, in which interim I will use my chiefest art, and the utmost of my possible power to calm the storms and tempests that jealouse hath raised in him. So, be thou but as patient as I will be constant, and I hope a little time shall end our languishing, and again work our contents and desires; for though thou art absent from me, yet I am still present with thee. & albeit my Husband De Mora have my body, yet Palura and none but Palura hath my heart, as knoweth God, to whose best favour and mercy, I affectionately and zealously recommend thee.

BELLINDA.

Palma receives this Letter, and although he fetch many deep fighs at the reading thereof, yet he gives it many fweet kiffes for her fweet sake who writ and sent it him, he knows not whether he hath more reason to condemn De Mora's jealousie, or to commend his Lady Betlinda's affection and constancy to himself; and because he resolves to preser her content and honour equally with his own life, therefore he will dispence with his sufful and lascivious pleasures for a time, purposely to give her beauty and merits their due for ever; so in requital of her affectionate Letter, he (by her own messenger) returns her this kind and courteous answer.

PALURA to BELLINDA.

Am as forrowful that thy Husband De Mora hath discovered our affections, as truly joyful that thou loves me far better than himself; wherefore to prevent his jealousse and equally to preserve my siedelity with thy honour, and thy honour with my life, know sweet and dear Bellinda, that my requests are my commands, and thy will shall eternally be my law in which regard I will refrain thy house all thy long presided time, and so sorbear to see thee, but never to love thee, because thy sweet and divine beauty, is so deeply ingraven in my thoughts, and imprinted in my soul, that the farther I transport my body from thee, the nearer my affection brings my heart to thee. I will add my chiefest wishes to thy best art, and my best prayers to thy chiefest power, that a little time may work our content and desires: but because there is no torment nor death to languishing, nor no languishing to that of love, therefore I shall think ewery moment a month, and every hour a year, before we again his and imbrace: conceal this Letter of mine from all the world, with as much care and secresie, as I send it thee with sevent zeal and tender affection.

PALURA.

The perusal of this Letret, and the affection of Palura demonstrated in this his resolution, makes Bellinda as glad, as the jealouse of her Lord and Husband De Mora forrowful, and now seeing his rage so reasonless, and his malice and obstinacy so implacable towards he,

he abandoneth her fighs and tears, refolves to make trial of a contrary experiment, and so under a female face, assuming a masculine courage and resolution, she slights him and his jealousie, as much as he doth her and her levity, and bears her self more highly and imperiously towards him than ever she did heretofore; but this animosity of Bellinda produceth not that good effect which she expects from her Husband De Mora, for he attributing this pride of hers to proceed from some bad counsel given her by her minion Palura, it doth the more enflame his jealousie, and exasperate and set fire to his indignation, both towards her and him.

Whiles Bellinda stands upon these terms with her Husband De Mora, his brains (as so many wheels and sphears) are incessantly rolling and wheeling about the Orb of jealousie, to find out the marrow and mystery of this lascivious league between his Wife and Palura, in the agitation and conduction whereof, he is as fecret, as the simple and inconsiderate, his Policy is to find out any Letter or Letters of Palura to her, and her Closet and Casket are the only places as he supposeth, for her to hide and conceal them in. So on a Munday morning, as his Lady Bellinda is gone to the Parish Church to hear Mass, he purposely stays at home to effect this his fecret intent and purpose, and then very privately enters her Chamber, and his jealousie makes him so industrious of Lock-smith's-hooks, and instruments to open any lock: So he first resolves to try and open that of her Closet, which when he was on the very point to do, casting aside his eye, he sees the Tawny Damask Gown which his Wifewore the day before, wherefore he flies to it to fearch and rifle the Pockets thereof, for her keys. Now Bellinda's hake and devotion to the Church was fo great, as both fhe and her Waiting-Gentlewoman, had forgotten the keys of her Closet and Cabinet, and left them in one of the Pockets of her faid Gown, where her Husband De Mora finds them; whereat being exceeding joyful, he claps up his hooks and instruments, and (with equal jealcuste and haste) opens first her Closet, then her Cabinet, wherein leaving nothing unsearched, he at last finds the very same Letter of Palura to his Wife Bellinda, which we have formerly seen and understood, the which (as the richest relique of her heart, and the most precious jewel of her content and affection) the had secretly enshrined and treasured up in a small Crimson Satin Purse Embroydered with Gold. He reads it over again and again, but for that which faid, I shall think every moment a month, and every day a year, before we again kiss and embrace; this line I fay, his extream jealousie makes him to read over, at least as often as it hath fyllables, for this Letter and this branch of this Letter confirms his jealousie, and now makes him fully affured and confident, that his Wife and Palura have defiled his honour, and his bed, by committing adultery together; when vowing a sharp and speedy revengehereof, he (with a panting heart, and trembling hand, lays the Velvet Purse again in the Cabinet, then locks it, as also her Closet and Chamber door, having first left the keys again in the Pocket of his Ladies Gown, and so comes down into the Hall among his Servants, as if he were happy to know that, which it is his mifery, because he cannot be ignorant thereof.

By this time his Wife the Lady Bellinda is returned from Church; he Dines with her, and yet he cannot dissemble his discontent and malice against her so artificially, but that she obferves some distemper in his looks, and extravagancy in his speeches, but such is her pride, as she is no way either curious or carefull thereof, nor as much as once surmiseth of what he had now performed and acted. Dinner being ended, as foon as the betakes her felf to walk in the Allies and Arbours of her delicate Garden, her Husband De Mora, and his jealous and bloody resolutions are walking a contrary way; he is so netled with jealousie, and stung to the heart with malice and revenge, as he ascends to his Armoury, takes down an excellent Sword and Belt, a Case of Pocket-Pistols, each whereof he chargeth with two Bullets, catls for Emanuel de Ferallo, his Ladies Gentleman-Usher, who was a very proper young man, both of his person and hands, bids him to cause two of his best great Saddle Horses speedily to be made ready, and wills him to accompany him to the Town of Arraiallos. Ferallo performs this order of his Lord, and then tells him that he will go into the Garden, and acquaint his Lady and Mistris with his absence, and to receive her commands before his departure; but his Lord commands him to the contrary, and neither to fee or speak with her, so they take horse and away. Now within half an hour after, the Lady Bellinda returns from the Garden, and understanding of their departure, (in regard of the suddennels and unexpectation thereof) knows not what to fay or think thereof, or whither, or about what business they are gone; but she neither once dreams nor conceives so much as a thought, that her Husband De Mora had found her Sweet-heart Palura's Letter, much less, that he had any malicious or desperate attempt, so suddenly to put in execution against Nnnz

him for ner regard and cause, as to ride to Arraiallos to him, to fight with him.

The youth and beauty of his young Wife and Lady Bellinia, arming him with jeal use, and this jealousie with irreconcileable malice and revenge against Pal ra, he cruelly resolving to make his Body and Life pay dear for it, rides away towards his house near Arraial-Ls, and staying some half a quarter of a League from it in a fair green Meadow, sends his man Ferallo to him, and prays him speedily to take his horse, and come speak with him there, about a business which much imports his good; Fera o, (knowing least of this quartel whereof his Lord and Master De Mora thought most) finds out Don Palura at his house, and in respectful tearms, delivereth him his message; which Palura understanding, his guilty conscience makes him exceedingly to doubt, and wonder of De Mora's intention and refolution herein; but his luftful heart and affections, looking more on the young Lady Be inda his Wife, than the old Lord De Mo a her Husband. he speedily (without any servant of his) takes horse and rides away with Fera's to him in the Meadow, where D. Mra (on horse-back) impatiently attended his coming. Salutations being here ended between them, which Palu a observes in De Mora to be more short than ceremonious, and more abrupt than respectful) De Mora calls his Man Ferallo to him, and privately commands him to ride a Meadow or two off, and not to dare offer, either to flir or draw, whatfoever he fee pass betwixt him and Palura, the which his Man Fe allo obeys, but with much winder and admiration, what this business might mean or produce between them. Here De Mora very passionately and cholerickly chargeth Palura for abusing and dishonouring of him, by committing adultery with his Wife Bellind; the which Palura retorts to him as a foul foundal, and false aspersion, and (as an honourable Gentleman) in his speeches and answer to De Mra, makes his own innocency, and his Wife the Lady Eellinda's chaffity very apparent and probable : but these seigned excuses and falle oaths and speeches of Pairra do no way satisfie, but rather the more incense the jealousie, and in-A me the malice and revenge of De Mora against him; whereupon he shows him his own Letter, and with much bitterness and vehemency, demands him if that his own handwriting do not palpably convince him of acultery with his Lidy. Palura is amazed at the fight of this his Letter, to that blushing for shame, he cannot here yet refrain from looking pale with grief and anger thereat; nevertheless, he will not be fo ingrateful to the beauty and affection of Billinda, to think that the hath betrayed him, by delivering up this his Letter to her Husband, but rather (giving a good interpretation and construction to the purity of her intents and affections towards him? he believes with confidence, that he had finisherly and surreptitionsly betrayed her thereof; whereupon to fortifie her reputation, and to vindicate and clear his own innecency, he (with high words and loud cracks) protesteth his Letter to be false, suborned, none of his; and that it was written by some Witch or Devil, and sent by some treacherous enemy of his, purposely to affront him, and to disgrace his virtuous, chaft, and innocent Lady. Bellinda; but these feigned palliating excesses of his, cannot pals currant with the jealousie and revenge of De Mora, who now (to reduce contemplation into action) tells Palura, that nothing but his death can expiate and farisfie this his crime, and therefore (on horse-back as he was) draws his Sword, and bids Palara do the like. The which Palara hearing and seeing, he equally for the preservation of Bellinda's honour, and his own life, (as a brave and generous Gentleman) likewife draws, as highly disdaining to have his youth and courage out-b aved by this old Cavalier; but here before they begin to fight. Palura with many firong reasons, and pathetical perswalinns, again and again prays De Mora to defift from the combate, and to rest satisfied with the truth of his Lady Bellinda's honour, and his own innocency in this their supposed and pretended crime of adultery: but he speaks to the Wind, for De Mora returns him blows for

The event and fortune of this their Combat on horseback is, that in two several meetings and incounters, Palura hath received no wound, but given De Mora two, the one in his neck, and the other in his left arm, whereof he bleeds to exceedingly, as he begins to difpair of the victory, and with his Pillols to provide for his own fafety and life; they by a mutual consent divide themselves a little diffance off to breathe. When Palma reining his Florie a little too strait, and his Horse being hot and furious, and by meer strength and force turning round, De Mora with his watchful and vigilant eye, taking the advantage of this fivou. rable accident, (when Palura never once dreams or thinks of Pittols) speedily pulls his two Pistols forth his pocket, and most basely and treacherously, with the first shoots him therow the head, and with the second into the reins of his back, of which mortal wounds he presently, sell off from his blorse dead to the ground, having neither the power to repent

his tins, nor the grace or happiness to pray unto God for the falvation of his own foul; and thus was the untimely end, and lamentable death of this valiant young Cavalier Pa-

De Mora seeing Palura dead, and having more reason outwardly to rejoyce in this his victory, than inwardly in the daufe and manner thereof, he waves his Handker-chief to his man Ferallo to come to him, (who was an eye-witness, and spectator, and co-mate) which he presently doth, to whom he speaks thus; First, Acquaint Palura's Servants in his house, that I have flain their Mafter in a Duel; then ride home, and tell my Wife the Lady Bellinda, that I have sent her Ruffian and Adulterer Polura to Heaven, and within fix days after come away to me at Lisbone, whither I am now positing; when throwing him fome Gold for his journey, he takes leave of him and away, and at the very next Town drefleth his wounds, which

prove hopeful and not dangerous.

Now doth Fer Me (according to his Lords commission and order) inform Palura's Servents of his death, and of his faid Lord and Masters victory, but (f rhis honour and reputations fake) conceals that he basely and treacherously kild him with his Pistols: they are extreamly forrowful for this his misfortunate end: fo whiles they fetch home his breathless body, and prepare for his decent Burial; Ferallo returns home, and truly and punctually relates to his Lady Bellinda the issue of this combat; as also of his Lord De Mora's speeches which he commanded him to tell her, whom poor Lady is all in tears for the death of her Lover Palu a; and well the might, in regard the loved him a thousand times dearer than her own life. So upon the receit of this forrowful news, the thuts her felf up in her Chamber, and for many days together, her grief and lamentations for his death are so infinite, as she will admit of no company, counfel, or confolation whatfoever; the confidereth how deeply the misfortune of this difaster will scandalously reslect on her honour, and fall on her reputation and therefore vows to requite Palura's death severely, and to revenge it sharply on the life of her Husband De Mora who was his murtherer, at least when she shall be so happy, or rather so miserable, to see him return to her from Lisbone. She exceedingly wondrein at his fecret malice, and sudden indignation and resolution towards Palura, but more at the cause thereof, and from what point of the Compass, or part of Hell this furious Wind should proceed; when at latt, having nothing elfe capable to comfort her, or to give truce to her tears, but the fight of Palara's aforefaid Letter fent to her, the which in tender affection to him, the for his fake had so often perused and kissed; the therefore passionately and penfively fles to her Clolet, and with affection and forrow to her Cabinet, to feast her eyes with the fight, and to delight and comfort her heart with the perufal thereof; when (contrary to her expectation) she finds the Letter taken away, her other Papers displaced, and her Jewels reversed in her Cabinet, and then she knows for cert in, that it is her Husband De Mora, who had thus rifled her Cabinet, and who had bereaved and robbed her of this weet Letter, which (next to Palwa's fight and prefence) was the chiefest joy of her heart, and the sweetest felicity and content of her mind; the which confidering, she therefore absolutely believes, that the detection and perufal of this Letter, was the the sole cause of her Lord and Husbands jealoulie, as that of her sweet Palur's death; wherein indeed The is nothing deceived, for tome fix weeks after, he returns home to her from Lish ne, where (in favour of his Noble Birth and Delcent, of his many great Friends, and of a huge Sum of Money) he (in absence of the Viceroy) had obtained his pardon, from the Chamber of that City, and the very first salurations that he gave his Lady Bellinda, (the which, I know not whether he delivered to her with more contempt or choller) was

Minion (quoth he) how many Prayers and Oraylons haft thou faid for the foul of thy Ruffirm and Adulterer Palura? when the being exceedingly galled to the heart with these his fcandalous speeches, the yer to justifie her own honour and innocency, dissembles her grief for Palura's death, as much as her jealous Husband triumphs and infults thereat, and fo frames him this thortreply; That Palura was not her Adulterer, but a Gentleman of honour, and therefore the belought God to forgive him his own heynous fin and execrable crime for fo foully and basely murthering of him. De Mora netled with this his Ladies Apology and jultification, which he knew to be as falle as her, and Palara's crime of adultery was true; he produceth this Letter to her, then reads it her, and in a great rage and fury, immediately tears and burns it before her face . now although the fight and knowledg of this Letter, as also her Husbands burning thereof, doth exceedingly vex and perplex our Lady Bellinda, yet the was herewith no way daunted, but again very boldly tells him; that the cannot prevent any Gentleman to write and fend her a Letter; and although in the Nnn 3 conclusion,

conclusion of this his Letter to her had simply and finisterly mentioned kisses and embaces, yet she peremptorily wowed and swore to him, the first had not exceeded the bounds of civility, nor the last violated the laws and rules of honour; so wise and politick was she in her answers, and so salse and hypocritical in her justification towards her Husband.

The which he well observing, and understanding, as also with what a pleasing grace she spake it, his own lustiful age, yet still doting on the freshness of the youth and beauty of this his young Wise, seeing that Palura (who was the cause and object of his jealousie) was now removed and dead, he therefore for the preservation of his own honour and reputation, in that of his Ladies, doth content himself so far, as to bury the greatest part of his discontent and jealousie against her, in the dust of oblivion, or in that of Palura's Grave; and to that end he affords her his Table still, and his Bed sometimes, as if that obligation of courtesie, would reclaim her lascivious thoughts, and again call home her wanton desires to chastity and honour; nevertheless, the better to effect and compass it, he much restrains her of her former liberty, and debars her the company and sight of all Gentlemen whatsoever, that come to his house. A peevish Custom, which the Husbands of Spain, Portugal, and Italy, tyrannically use towards their Ladies; whereas contrariwise the Ladies and Gentlewomen of England and France, are far more happy, because more chast and honourable towards their Husbands, in using, and not abusing this their liberty and freedom:

Bellinda with a watchful eye, and a wanton heart, observes these passages and comportments of her Husband De Mira towards her, and in observing laughs at them; but because her lascivious mind incessantly tells her, that there is no Hell to that of a discontented Bed; therefore hating his age as much as he loves her youth, her Palma being dead, the forthwith resolves to make choice of another Lover, and at what rate soever, not to trifle away her time, and her youth idly, but to pass it away in the amorous delights of carnal voluptuoulnels and fenfuality. To which effect missing of other Gentlemen, (and therefore enforced to make a vertue of necessity) she forgetting her felf and her honour, makes choice of Ferallo, her own Gentleman-Usher, a man every way as proper as she is fair, and as well timbred as she is beautiful, and near of her own years, which as yet had not exceeded one and twenty: to Ferallo therefore the freely imparts her affections and favours, who as freely receives, and as joyfully and amoroufly entertains both her and them: fo that to write the best of truth and modesty, I must here affirm, that as he was formerly his Ladies Usher, now he makes himself his Lords follower; and (unknown to him) very often ties her shoofirings, and takes up her Mask and Gloves for her; and many times when the old Nobleman is afleep, then this ignoble couple of unchast Lovers are waking to their obscene pleasures, and secretly sacrificing up their lascivious defires to wanton Cupid the Son, and to luftful Venns the Mother, but they shall find Wormwood intermixed in this Honey, and Gall in this

For three months together our Bellinda the Mistris, and Ferallo the Man, drown themselves in the impiety of these their carnal delights and pleasures, as if they made it their felicity and glory to continue the practice and profession thereof; but at the end and expiration of this time, as close as they bear this their adulterous familiarity from Do Mora, it comes to his knowledg by an unexpected accident and means; for the Reader must understand, that Ferallo was heretofore dishonestly familiar, with his Bellinda's waiting-Gentlewoman named Heredia, who (under pretext and colour of Marriage) he had many times used, at his lascivious pleasure; so that Herodia seeing that Firallo's affections were now wholly transported from her felf to her Lady Bellinda, and that he flighteth and disdaineth her, to embrace and adore the other; she is so inraged with jealousie at the knowledg and consideration thereof, as she calls a counsel in her heart and thoughts, what to do herein, how to prevent it, and again how to reclaim, and regain Ferallo and his affection, from her Lady to her felf; and the is so in flamed with jealousie towards them, as the can reap no peace by day of her mind, nor rest by night of her heart, before she have effected it; to which end, having ran over a whole world of remedies and expedients, the at last resolves on this, to acquaint her Lord and Master De Mora with this unchasse and obscene familiarity, between his Lady Bellinda and her Lover For allo, and her rage is so outragious, as with infinite malice and celerity she performs it. At which unexpected and unwelcome news, our old Lord De Mora, hath now his heart anew fet on fire with jealousie and malice, both towards his Lady, and her Usher Ferallo, so that he as foon believes as understands this their adultery, without ever making a stand, either to confider the truth, or to examine the circumstances thereof; whereupon, to make short work, and

to provide a speedy remedy for this unfortunate disaster and disease; he without speaking a word of it, either to his Lady Bellinda, or to Ferallo, suddenly cashiereth him from his house and service, and in such diffgraceful manner, as he will not so much as permit him to know the reason hereof, or to see or take leave of his Lady and Mistris; and from thenceforth De Mora looks on her with infinite contempt and jealousie. For it galls him to the heart, first to remember her dishonour and dishonesty with Palura, and now far more to know that the is doubly guilty thereof with her own domestick Servant and Gentleman-Usher Ferallo; wherefore he again restrains her of her liberty, and his jealousie fo far exceeds the bounds of judgment, and the limits of reason, as he will difficultly permit her to see any man, or any man to fee her; but as Rivers fropped do flill degorge with more violence, and overflow with more impetuofity, fo Bellinda takes this new jealoufie of her old Husband, and this sudden exile and banishment of Ferallo her Lover and Gentleman-Usher in extream ill part; and (after she hath wept and fighed her fill thereat) she then believes the prime and original cause thereof, to proceed from the malice and jealousse of her Waiting-Centlewoman Herodia: wherefore being infinitely despighted and incensed against her; she (in her dear love and affection to Ferallo) to requite her Husbands courtesie, very discourteously turns her away, and for ever banished her, her house and service; and to write the truth, Ferallo likewise in hatred and malice to Herodia, will from thenceforth neither see nor speak with her more. But to verifie the English Proverb, that love will creep where it cannot go, although De Mora banished Ferallo from his house, and restraineth his Lady Bellinda of her liberty in his house, yet sometimes by day, and many times by night, they (by the affirance of some secret Agents or Ambassadours of love) do in the Arbours of the Gardens, and in some other out-Rooms of the house very amorously meet, and most lasciviously kiss and embrace together. They hold many private conferences on their unlawful affections, and many fecret consultations upon their unjust discontents: fo at last both of them joyning in one wicked heart and mind, and (as matters are fill best distingu shed by their contraries) finding each others company fweet, and their fequestration and separation bitter; they fo much forget their felves and their fouls, and so much flye from Heaven and God, to follow Satan and Hell, as both of them believe and refolve, they can have no true or perfect content on Earth, before De Mora be first lent to Heaven, now upon this bloody defign they agree, and upon this hellish plot they fully resolve, only the gordian knot which must combine and link fast this foul business is, that De Mora being dead, Bellinda must shortly after Marry her Gentleman-Usher Ferallo, whereunto with as much joy as vanity the chearfully confenteth; when they are fo prophane, as they Seal this their ungodly contract with many Oaths, and ratifie and confirm it with a world of kisses: and then of all violent Deaths, they resolve on that Drug of the Devil, Poy-fon; so without either the fear or grace of God, they of Christians metamorphose and make themselves Devils, and Ferallo buying the Poylon, Bellinda very secretly and subtilly in Diet-Drink and Broath, administreth it unto her Lord and Husband De Mora, which being of a languishing virtue and operation, he within less than four months dies thereof; when with much cost, and a wonderful exterior shew of grief and forrow, she gives him a flately Funeral, very answerable to the lustre of his name, and the quality of his dignity and honour, but God in his due time will pull off the Mask of this her monstrous bypocrifie, and infernal prophaneness. Our jealous old Lord De Mora being thus layed and raked up in the dust of his untimely Grave; his joyful forrowful Widdow the Lady Bellinda, according to her promife, to the grief of her Father Curfore, to the wonder of Stremos, and the admiration of all Portugal, Marries with this her Gentleman-Usher Febut fuch luftful and bloody Marriages, most commonly meet with miserable

For fix months together, Ferallo day and night keeps good correspondency in the performance of his affections to old Lady and Mistris, and now his new Wise Bellinda, and although they are unequal in birth and rank, yet marriage having now made them equal, they mutually kiss and imbrace with as much content as desire; but at the end of this small parcel mutually kiss and imbrace with as much content as desire; but at the end of this small parcel of time; satiety of his uxorious delights and pleasures makes him neglectful, and which is worse contemptible thereof, sa base ingratitude, but too often subject to men of his inferior rank and quality, and which the indiscretion of Ladies of honour, very often pays dear for, rank and quality, and which the indiscretion of Ladies of honour, very often pays dear for, as buying it many times with infamy, but still with repentance) so that for ten nights, and as buying it many times with infamy, but still with repentance) so that for ten nights, and fometimes for sifteen together, he never kissed or imbraced her; which unkind ingratitude of sometimes for sifteen together, he never kissed or imbraced her; which unkind ingratitude of shis, and respectively survaluation of her youth and beauty, as also of her rank and means, makes his, and respectively survaluation of her youth and beauty, as also of her rank and means, makes his, and respectively.

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love towards her. But to ascend to the head-spring of this his discourtesse towards her, and so to setch and derive it from its own proper original, we must know, that Fecallo was so vitious, inconstant, and base, as now he is deeply in love with a new Waiting-Gentlewoman of his Ladies named Ghristalina, a sweet young Maiden, of some eighteen years of age, tall-of stature and stender of body, and whose beauty was every way as clear and pure as her name; and yet whose Maiden-head (with a few rich presents, and many poor stattering oaths and salle promises) he had secretly purchased and gotten from her; yea his affection was so servent to her, that part of the day could not content his suffful desires, but he forgets himself so far, as before his Ladies nose, and almost in her sight, he must sy with her whole nights, and which is worse, almost every night, without so much as once thinking so his own Wise the Lady Bellinda, or either loving what she cared for, or caring for what she loved.

But Bellinda esteems her self too good a Gentlewoman, and to great a Lady too be thus out braved and difgraced by a Taylors Son (for fo was Ferallo) and therefore confequently her heart is too well lodged, and too high fixed and feated in the degree of her high Defcent, thus to receive and fuffer an affront; by a man of fo low a beginning, and fo ignoble a quality and extraction as he was, and whom she had raised from nothing, and conferred and honoured him with her affection and bed, and of her Servant made him her Husband; when for the space of fix months together, having continually used the best of herart, and the chiefelt of her power, her sweetest perswasions, and her most fugred prayers and folicitations to make him abandon her Maid Christalina, and so again to reclaim him and his affecton from her to her felf; but feeing all her care vair, and her prayers and intreaties towards him to prove frivolous, the at last (consulting with Satan, and not with God) begins to affume bad thoughts and revengful malice against him, for this his foul dilloyalty, and base ingratitude and infide ity towards her: but first before she attempts it, her turbulent and restless jealousie, makes her resolve to try another conclusion, which is to put off this her Waiting-Gentlewoman Christalina from her fervice and attendance, in hope that Ferallo her Husband would then thereby likewise put off himself and his affections from her, but this project and resolution of hers reaps no successful iffue according to her desires, but receives end, as soon as beginning. For he is still so deeply enamoured, and so constantly affected to Christalina, as he will neither permit nor suffer it; but in despight of his Lady Bellinda, and of all her sighs, tears, and prayers to the contrary, he killeth her in her fight, and (custom now making him licentiously bold and impudent) he in this his sottish familiarity with her, sets ber at Table with himself and his Wife, and in her presence, and before her face, tearms her his dear, his love, and his sweet-heart: a disgrace of so unkind a nature, and discour eous a quality, as she highly disdains long to suffer or digest it at his hands. So that seeing no hope of amendment, and therefore despairing of any reformation thereof in him, she refumes her former bad and bloody thoughts against him, and so peremptorily and definitively resolves to murther him. Her jealousie makes her thus malicious, her malice thus revengeful, and her revenge thus bloody-hearted and handed towards him. She cannot be content to pace, but she will ride poast to her confusion, by heaping crime upon crime, and murther to murther; she hath formerly poyloned her first Husband De Mora, and now she resolves to Ponyard to death Ferallo her second, as if one of these two bloody sins and crimes were not enough capable, to make her as truly miferable, as she falfely thinks her felf happy, in the performance and execution thereof. But these are the bitter fruits of jealousie, and the sharp effects of choler, malice and revenge, which most commonly stream and proceed

Whiles thus her guondam Gentleman-Usher, and now her unkind and disloyal Husband Ferallo, (without fear or care) is wallowing in his beastly pleasures and sensuality with his Strumpet Christalina, this his ungodly Wise, and revengeful Lady Bellinda (with as much series as treachery) is in requital thereof preparing of him a bloody Banquet; yea so hasty is she her rage, and so outragious in this her revenge towards him, as she will no longer be abused or desrauded by him, but thinks every hour an age, before she have dispatched him for Heaven. She will no more be controled and over-mastered by him who was formerly her fervant, and who first reputed it his greatest happiness to kis her hand, before she vouchsased him the honour to kis her I ps, or which is more, the selicity to embrace her in her bed. She now sees with grief, that he hath betrayed her, in betraying, and conveying his affection from her to her Maid Christalina, and therefore although she hath cast away her savours on him, yet of the two, she vows rather cast away him than her self. No grace, no religion, not her

conscience

confcience, not her foul, nor the confideration of Heaven or Hell, can dissipate or keep her from this her bloody purpose, or divert her from the perpetration of this inhumane and cruel murther; but the very first night that he leaves her maid Christalina, and lies with her felf, she (being purposely provided of a very sharp and keen Razor, which she put in one of her gloves, and clapt it under her Pillow) at break of day, as he lay in bed soundly sleeping and snoring by her, she as a Devil incarnate cuts his throat, and leaves him strugling in the Bed, and weltering in his blood, without once having the power to think, or speak to God.

Thus we have feen the bloody malice, and infernal fury and revenge of this execrable young Lady Bellinda, in so lamentable and cruel murthering her first and old Husband De Mora, and now her young Ferallo, and because the perpetration of these her inhumane crimes and facts are so odious to God, that their knowledg hath already pierced the clouds, and their sight ascended to the sacred presence and tribunal of God; therefore his all-seeing, and all-potent glorious Majesty, being as impartial in his judgments, as divine in his decrees, hath already sharpned his sword of Justice, and made ready his arrows of revenge, speedily to inslict, and give her condign punishment for the same, yea, and far sooner than either she

thinks or dreams thereof.

She having thus dispatched this bloody business, and seeing her Husband Ferallo lie breathless in the bed by her, she riseth up, and the better to colour out, and overvaile this her inhumane and monstrous villany, she takes this her dead Husband's Knife out of his Pocket, and goring it all in his blood, the leaves it on his Pillow by him, thereby (with as much hypocrifie as treachery) to infinuate a belief and confidence in the opinion of all men, that he had there murthered himself, and that infallibly he was the author and actor of this his deplorable death; which having performed, the takes on a fine clean Holland-Smock, and puts off her Cambrick one that the wore, which as a fatal mark of her cruelty, and a prodigious Banner of her inhumanity, was all stained and engrained over with her Husband's blood, and wrapping it up very close together, she therein likewise envellops and enwraps her bloody Razor, and also a two pound brass Weight, thereby the better to make it fink, for the refolves that very morning to throw it into a Pond : fo fecret is the in contriving, and so politick in the concealing of this her cruel fact. The morne advancing to fix of the Clock, which was dark, cloudy and obscure, as if (by the secret appointment, and facred providence of God) the Sun (with his gliftering beams) abhorred to behold fo pittiful and lamentable a Spectacle. Bellinda hath no sooner apparelled her self, but triumphing in this her false victory and bloody conquest, and giving the murthered body of her Husband a farewell, composed of many curses and execuations, she softly issueth forth, clapping her bloody Smock and Razor in her Pocket, the which (to make ture work) she had tied fast with one of her blew Silk Garters, then locks the Chamber-door, and very fecretly and furely conveys and throws in the Key within fide, and then descends to the Garden, where calling Hellena (another of her Waiting-Gentlewomen to her) the bids her fetch her Prayer-Book; and thus away she goes towards their Parish-Church of St. Tulian's on foot, which by computation was some half a small League off their house, and forbids an y Man-fervant to wait or attend on her thither. She is not a Furlong off, but the more closely to finish her delign, she there purposely sends away her Maid Hellena to the Parish-Church before her, with this invented and colourable errand; to feek out her own Priefl, Father Sebastian, and to prepare him then to say Mass to her, the which Hellena doth. Now in the midway between her house and the Church, is a great deep Pond, by the which she is to pass; but a little before she draws near it, a poor old maimed Soldier, being cashiered from the Garrison of the Castle of Castcayes, (named Roderigo) travelling towards his home. and feeing this Lady all alone, and observing the sweetness of her beauty, and the richness of her Apparel and Attire, his poverty inforceth and incourageth him to request and beg an Alms of her, the which with much humility he doth. But the Lady Bellinda's heart and thoughts, were so much surprized and taken up with cruelty, as she knew not what belonged to charity; and therefore having other business and Windmills in her head, she is offended with Roderigo's begging importunity, as flatly refusing to give him any Alms, the forgets her felf fo far, as inflead thereof, the gives him many harth words, and at last fends him away with fome unkind and foul speeches; the which poor Roderigo, took so ill at her hands, that (in the fumes of a Soldier) he once thought to have requited it either on her Person, or her Apparel; but then again (by her port and bravery) deeming her to be fome great neighbouring Lady, who that morning had purposely left her followers to take the sweetness of the air, and therefore fearing his danger more than he loved his profit, he abandonabandoneth that cholerick and infolent refolution of his; when taking his leave of her, he fome two Butts length from her, betakes him to fit down at the foot of a great Pine-Apple-Tree, where he might fee her, but not fhe him; and there looking after her with an eye of discontent and indignation, he bewails his wants and hard fortune, and also condemneth the obdurateness of this unknown Ladies uncharitable heart towards him; and enquiring after wards of a Milk-Maid which passed by what she was, he is informed that she is the Lady Bellinda, Widdow to the dead Alonso de Mora, and now wife to Don Emanuel de Ferallo, who hereat doth not a little both grieve and wonder, that so rich and great a Lady was guilty of so much uncharitableness. By this time she being arrived to the Pond, looking about her, and believing that no mortal eye had seen her, she therein throws her Smock and Razor, (which as formerly I have said, she tyed fast together with one of her blew silk Garters) and the ponderosity of the brass Weight made it instantly to sink to the bottom; whereof she being infinitely joyful, away she trips to the Parish Church, and there hears Mas, and mumbles out many Ave Maries and Pater Nosters to her self; but the whole World in general, and the Reader in particular, may imagine with what a foul conscience, and ulcerated soul, she then and there performs this her Devotion.

Now although this our wretched Lady Bellinda have murthered this her fecond Husband Ferallo, with wonderful secrefie, and buried these bloody evidences thereof in the Pond, with such admirable care and privacy, that she thinks it wholly impossible for all the Earth to reveal it; loe if Earth cannot, yet now Heaven will. So here before I proceed further, let me in the Name and Fear of God, request the Christian Reader here to admire and wonder with me, at the mercy and goodness, and at the providence and pleasure of God, in his miraculous detection, and condign revenge and punishment thereof; for he must know and understand, that it seems God had purposely brought, placed and seated this poor, old, weary, maimed Soldier Roderigo, at the foot of this Pine-Tree, to be a happy instrument of his praise, and a true Sentinel and discoverer, both for his sacred justice and divine honour; for here although Bellinda carried away her heart and charity from him, yet (as if guided by some heavenly power and coelestial influence), Roderigo could not possibly carry away his eyes from her, but as closely as she threw this bloody cloth into the Pond, he espies it, and which is more, very plainly and palpably discerns the whiteness and rednels thereof; when considering and thinking with himself, that this gallant and proud Bellinda might be as unchaste and lascivious as she was fair, and as vicious as she was young; God (with his immediate finger) imprinted in his thoughts, and ingraved in his heart and mind, that either her felf, or some one of her Waiting-Gentlewomen had had some Bastard, and that she had murthered it, and now thrown it into the Pond, and was fo strongly possessed of this conceit and belief, that neither day or night, nor nothing under Heaven could possibly beat him from it, but for a while he resolves to conceal this conceit to himself, as referring the truth thereof to time, and the issue to

And here the Order of our History calls us again from Roderigo to Bellinda, who as soon as Mass is done, (with her Waiting-Gentlewoman Hellena) returns home to her house, and by that time they arrive there it is Nine of the Clock, where (putting a pleasant face upon her false heart; and a sweet countenance upon her soyled and sinful foul) the presently inquires for her Husband Don Ferallo, her servants make answer, that they have not feen him to day, and that they think he is still in bed, whereat she musing and wondering, in regard he was not accustomed to sleep at so high an hour, the therefore fends some of her servants to his Chamber to see if he be stirring: but finding his Chamber-door locked, and calling aloud to him, they can get no answer from him; the which they return and report to their Lady Bellinda, who seeming exceedingly to doubt and grieve thereat, the (far more perpiexed in countenance than in heart) ascends with them again to her Husband's Chamber, where they all call and knock aloud at the Door to him, and the far louder than them all, but in vain, for fill they hear no news either of him, or from him, whereat she begins (outwardly) to tremble with apprehension and fear, and so commands them to force open the Door of his Chamber, which they instantly do, where they see their Lord, and she her Husband Ferallo, to lie breathless in his Bed, all begored and recking in his hot and warm Blood, with his Throat cut; whereat his Servants for true grief, and his Lady Bellinda for falle forrow, make a lamentable cry, and a pittiful out-cry in his Chamber,

Chamber, which is over-heard in all the house, but especially the Lady Bellinda her felf, who so artificially diffembled her joy, and so passionately makes demonstration of extream grief and affection, for this deplorable death of her Lord and Husband, both to her Servants and to God, that the is all in tears, and cannot, because the will not be comforted thereat: they find the Chamber Door locked, the Key within-fide, and his own bloody Knife on his Pillow, and therefore they easily resolve and conclude, that this their Lord and Master Ferallo hath wilfully made himself away, and is undoubtedly the Author of his own death; which opinion and resolution of the Servants. their Lady and Mistris Bellinda (secretly to her self) relisheth with much applause and approbation; and to make her afflictions and forrows the more apparent to them, and in them consequently to the world, she doth not refrain from excessive weeping and fighing. They leave the dead Corps untouched in the Bed, to acquaint the criminal Corrigadors of Stremos with this pittiful accident, who come, and being amazed at this bloody disaster and accident of Ferallo; they viewing the infinity of his Ladies tears, and the forrowful complaints and exclamations of his Servants, as also confidering their feveral depositions and examinations; and feeing they found his Chamber Door fast locked, the Key within-side, and his own bloody Knife by him on his Pillow, they all concur with them in opinion about the mather and quality of his death, and do absolutely believe and affirm, that he hath desperately made himfelf away, which opinion of theirs is presently received, voiced, and rumpred in Stremos, and in all the adjacent Parithes and Country: and yet many curious wits (in regard of Bellinda's youthful affections, and wanton disposition) speak very differently hereof. And now doth this our forrowful young Widdow, (the better to support her fame and reputation to the world) bury this her fecond Husband Ferallo with all requifite cere-

mony and decency.

But as the justice and judgments of God (conducted by his divine pleasure, and inscrutable providence) doth many times go on flowsly, but still foundly and surely; so we must here again produce and bring forth our lame old Souldier Roderigo to act another part on the Stage and Theater of this Hiltory. He is still the same man, and ftill retains his former same opinion, that undoubtedly it was some dead Child or Bastard which he saw the Lady Bellinda to throw into the Pond, and his heart incessant. ly prompted by his suspition, doth still considertly suggest and assure him, that that bloody cloath of hers contained some secret, and invelloped some shameful mystery towards her, which he thinks all the Water of the Pond could not deface or wash away: so that he now understanding of her Husband Ferallo's disasterous bloody end, doth no way diminish, but rather every way augment this his suspition and jealou-sie hereof. We must further understand, that Roderigo (the better to restress his body, to replenish his Purse, and to repair his Apparel) stays some three weeks in Stremos, and although he be a Souldier, and have his Sword by his fide, yet being out of action and Pay, he is not ashamed to beg the Alms and Courtefies of the Gentlemen, Ladies and Gentlewomen both in and near about that City. Amongst the rest understanding of the Lady Bellinda's great wealth and dignity, he therefore hopes, that her new forrows and mourning for the untimely death of her Husband, will now make her as compassionate to his poverty in her house, as lately she was discourteous and uncharitable to him in the fields: whereupon he repairs thither to her, but for three days together, he is not so happy to speak with her, or to see her, but being still prest by his poverty, and again emboldned by the consideration of what he saw her call into the Pond, he the fourth day finds her walking in the next Meadow adjoyning to her house, attended by two of her men-servants, and two waiting-gentle-women, all clad in Mourning Apparel: when (with a boldness worth of a poor diffressed Souldier) he advanceth to the Lady Bellinda, where (interrupting her private walks, and diffracting her secret thoughts and meditations) he with much ob-servance, again begs some charity of her; whereat she being offended, because her heart and mind neither thought, nor cared for an old Souldier, but were wholly fixed on some desired new Gallant young Husband, she very cholerickly disdains him and his request, and with much pattion and indignation (to use her own words) commandeth her Servants to fee this bold beggerly Souldier depart and pack away, both from her and her house. Roderigo hearing these her harsh and discourteous speeches, and feeing her Servants unkind usage and enforcement towards him, he with much discontent and choler leaves her house, but in requital thereof, vows that his revenge

shall not so soon leave her: for this her second affront to him, puts him all in choler and fire towards her, so that he vows to God, and fivears to himself to use the best of his power, and to work the chiefest of his Wits to perpetrate her disgrace. When secretly and effectually informing himself from others, that Don Gasper de Mora, who was Nephew, and general heir to her first Lord and Husband Don Stonfo de Mona, was at great variance, and bitter contention in Suit of Law with his Aunt Bellinda about some Lands, and much rich Moveables and Utensils, which she unjustly detained from him; and therefore that he would be exceeding glad to entertain any invention or proposition whatsoever, which might heave her out of the quiet enjoying and possession thereof, and thereby procure her utter disgrace and ruin. He repairs to him, and fecretly (yet constantly) acquaints him, that some three weeks since, and the very morning that Don Ferallo was found murthered in his Bed, he saw the Lady Bellinda his Wife to throw a white and bloody Linnen Cloath into the Pond, which was some half quarter of a League from her house: wherein God and his conscience told him, the had wrapt and drowned some Bastard-Infant, either of hers, or one of her Waiting-Gentlewomans, adding withal, that he could not possibly have any peace of his thoughts before he had imparted it to him, to the end, that he might reveal it to the criminal Judges (or Corrigadors) of Stremos to hunt out and examine the truth

Don Gasper de Mora doth as much rejoyce as wonder at this unexpected news, and because his inveterate malice to his Aunt (in Law) Bellinda, perswades him rather to believe than doubt it, therefore (as malice is still naturally swift and prone to revenge) being confident of the truth hereof, he leaves all other bufinels, rides over to Stremos, and acquaints the Corrigadors herewith, and taking Roderigo likewise along with him, he also fails not very resolutely to affirm, and most constantly to confirm it to them; which these wife and grave Judges understanding, they in honour to Gods service and glory, and in true obedience to his facred Justice, (without any delay or procrastination) take Don Gasper de Mora, the Souldier Roderigo, and some three or four expert Swimmers along with them, and with hafte and fecrefie speed away to the Pond; wherein after those Swimmers had been a quarter of an hour, and curiously busked and dived in most places thereof to find out this Cloath, at last (by the mercy and providence of God) one of them diving far better than the rest, sees and finds it, and Swimming with his left hand, brings it ashore in his right hand to the Corrigadors, who much admiring and rejoycing thereat, cause it presently to be opened, where (contrary to all their expectations) they find no dead child, but (as we have formerly understood) a Cambrick Smock, as yet spotted and stained with blood, and tyed fast with a blew Silk Garter, and in it a very sharp and bloody Razor, with a brass weight tyed in all this, purposely to fink it in the Pond. The Corrigadors, Gasper de Mora, and all the rest, are amazed and astonished at the fight of these bloody evidences, when Roderigo again constantly swearing to them, that he saw the Lady Bellinda (with her own hands) throw this little Linnen Fardel into that Pond, the very fame morning that her Husband Don Ferallo was found murthered in his bed; and the malicious curiofity of Gasper de Mora, here finding the very two first and last Letters of her name in the Cambrick Smock: the Corrigadors then concur in one opinion, (as fo many lines which terminate in one Centre) that yet infallibly it was the and no other, who had so cruelly murthered her Husband Ferallo in his bed. Whereupon, taking this bloody Smock, Razor, and Garter with them, they with much zeal and speed, poast away to the Lady Bellinda's house, to apprehend her for this foul and lamentable murther, where cruel hearted and lascivious Lady, she is so far from the consideration of grace, or the thought and apprehension of any sear, as the fears none, and which is worst of all, not the power and justice of God himself; for she is so immodest in her heart, so lufful in her conversation, as (notwithstanding her black Mourning Attire and Apparel) that her first Husband was but lately dead, and now her second not yet cold in his Grave, yet (with great variety of Musick) she is here now in her house singing, dancing, and revelling with divers young Cavaliers and Gallants, both of the City and Country, as if the had no other care, thought or bufinels, but how to make choice of a third Husband, who might amorously please her lustful eye and heart, and of no less than a pair of Paramores and favourites who should lasciviously content her wanton desires

But these wanton vanities, and vain and lascivious hopes of the Lady Bellinds will now deceive

deceive her: for now the Lords appointed due time is come, wherein for these her two horarible Murthers committed on the persons of her two Husbands, his divine and sacred Maje-sty is resolved to pour down his punishments, and to thunder forth his judgments upon her, to her utter shame and consustion. The Corrigadors resolutely enter her house, and then and there, cause the Sergeants to apprehend her Prisoner, whereat being suddenly amazed, and infinitely terrified, she weeps, sighs, and cries extreamly. But those Cavaliers (I mean those her supposed lovers, and pretended savourites) who were there singing and dancing with her, neither can or dare either assist, or rescue her. Now the plumes of her pride and jollity are suddenly dejected and sallen to the ground, yea, her musick is turned into mourning, her singing to sighs, and her dancing triumphs to tears. The enormity of her crime cause these Officers of justice, to see her conveyed to prison, without any respect of her beauty, or regard of her sex and quality, where she hath more leisure given her to repent, than means how to remedy these her missortunes.

The next morning the is fent for before her Judges, who roundly charge her for cruelly murthering her Husband Don Ferallo in his bed, the which with many tears and oaths the floutly denies: then they shew her those bloody evidences, her Cambrick Smock, the Razor, her blew Garter, and the Brass Weight, and also produce and confront Roderigo with her; who as before he had affirmed, now he swears, he saw her throw this bloody Linnen Fardel into the Pond, the very morning that her Husband Don Feralla was found murthered in his bed: and although at the fight and knowledg hereof, the is at first wonderfully appalled and daunted therewith, yet her courage is fo front, as the again denies it with many prophane and fearful asseverations, and delighteth to hear her felf make a tedious justification, and a frivolous apology to her Judges for her innocency. But those grave and prudent Magistrates of justice, (in zeal to Gods glory) have eyes not in vain in their heads, will give no belief either to the sweetness of the Lady Bellinda's youth, or to the sugar of her speeches and protestations, but for the vindication of this crime, and of this truth, they adjudg her the very next morning to the wrack, where (fuch is her female fortitude) as she permits and suffers her felf to be fastned thereunto, with infinite constancy and patience, as disdaining that the torments thereof, should extort any truth from her tongue, to the prejudice of her reputation, and to the shipwrack of her fafety and life; but herein she reckons too short of God, and beyond her felf, for the confidereth not that thefe forments are truly fent her from God, and this her courage falfly lent and given her from Satan; for at the very first wrench of the wrack, and touch of the cord, finding it impossible that her tender body and dainty limbs, can endure the cruelty of those tortures, God puts this grace into her heart, that with many fighs and tears, the prays her Judges and tormentors to defift, and fo publickly confesset that it was the, and only the, who had murthered her Husband Ferallo, and cut his throat in his bed with that very same Razor.

Upon which confession of hers; her Judges (glorifying God for the detection of this cruel murther) they (for expiation thereof) do forthwith adjudg and sentence this wretched and bloody Lady Bellinda, to be the next morning burnt alive without the walls of Stremos, at the foot of the Castle, which is the destined place of death for the like crimes and offenders, so she being by them then again returned to Prison, that night (in Christian charity) they send her some Priess and Nuns to direct and prepare her soul to Heaven, for this her bloody and unnatural crime was so odious to men, and so execrable to God, that she could hope for no pardon of her life from her Judges, although her sorrowful old Father Carsoro, with a world of tears threw himself to their feet, and offered them all his lands and means to his

very shirt, to obtain it for her.

All Stremos and the Country thereabouts resound and talk of this cruel murthering of Ferallo, as also of his Lady Bellinda's condign condemnation to death for the same, and the next morning at eight of the clock, they all repair under the Castle wall to see this exectable and unfortunate Lady there in stames of fire, to act the last scene and catastrophy of her life; she is conducted thither by a St. Claires Nun on her right hand, and a St. Francis Frier on her left, who joyntly charge her upon peril of damnation, to disburthen her conscience and soul before she dye, of any other capital crime whereof she knows her self guilty, the which she solemnly and religiously promises them: about nine of the clock she is brought to the stake, where she sees her self empaled and surrounded, first with many sagots, and then with a very great concourse and confluence of people; here she is so irreligious in her vanity, that she had cast off, her blacks and mourning, and purposely deighted her self in a rich yellow Sattin Gown, wrought with slowers of silver, a large set Russ about her neck, and her head covered with a pure white Tisseny Vail, laced and wrought with rich Cutswork, as if she cared

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more for her body than her foul, as if her pride and bravery would carry her sooner to Heaven, than her prayers and repentance: or as if the prodigal cost and lustre thereof, were able to diminish either her crime, or her punishment in the eyes and opinions of her spectators. But contrariwise, the very sight of her sweet youth, and pure fresh beauty, and then the consideration of her foul crime, for murthering her own Husband, do operate and work differently upon all their assections and passions, some pittying her for the first, but all more justly condemning her for the second. When as soon as their clamorous sobs and speeches were pass and blown over, and that both the Frier and Nunhad tane their last leave of her, then (laster she had shed many tears on earth, and sent and evaporated many sighs to heaven) she wringing her hands (whereon she had a pair of Snow-white Gloves) and casting up her eyes

towards God, at last with a faltering and fainting voice spake thus.

It is my crime and your charity good people which hath conducted you hither to fee me a miserable Gentlewoman here to dye Miserably And because it is now no longer time for me, to diffemble either with God or the world, therefore to fave my foul in Heaven, though my body perish here in earth, I (with much grief, and infinite forrow) do truly and freely confess both to God and you, that I am not only guilty of one murther, but of two: for as I now lately cut my second Husband Ferallo's throat; so I was so vile and wretched heretofore, as to poyfon my first Lord and Husband De Mora. At which report and confession of this execrable Lady Bellinda, (in regard of the greatness of her Lord De Mora's defect and Nobility) all this huge concourse of people (who are sensibly touched with grief and forrow) make a wonderful noise and out-cry thereat; and now in regard of this foul and double crime of hers, they look on her with far more contempt, and far less pitty than before. But the being as patient as they are clamorous hereat, and feeing their cryes, now again cried down, and well-nigh drowned and hushed up in filence, recollecting her thoughts, and again composing her countenance, the again very forrowfully continueth her speech to them thus. I well know, and indeed I heartily grieve to remember, that thefe two foul and cruel murthers of mine, make me unworthy either to tread on the face of the earth, or to look up to that of Heaven, and in the midst of these my miseries, I have this consolation lest me, that in favour of my true confession and religious repentance thereof to God, that God can be as indulgent and merciful to me, as I have been impious and finful to him; the which that I may obtain, I beseech you all who are here present to joyn your prayers with me, and to God for me, and this is the last charity which I will beg and implore of you. Now because example is powerful, and no example fo firong and prevalent, as the words of the dying to the living; therefore (to Gods glory and mine own shame) give me leave to tell you, that two things especially brought and induced me to commit these foul murthers, as they have now justly brought me hither to fuffer death for committing them: First, My neglect of prayer, and omission to serve and fear God duly as I ought to have done. Secondly, The affecting and following of my laseivious and lussful pleasures, which I ought not to have done. The neglect of the first proved the bane of my soul; and the performance and practise of the last, the contagion and poyson of my life, and both these two sins conjoyned and linked together, enforce me now here to dye, with as much mifery and infamy, as without them I might have lived (and perchance lived long) in earthly happiness and prosperity. O therefore good people, beware by my woful example, let my crime be your integrity, my fall your rifing, and my shipwrack your safety. As I bear not hypocrifie in my tongue, so I will not bear malice in my heart. Therefore from my heart I forgive Roderigo for telling Gasper de Mora he faw me cast some bloody linnen in the Pond. I also forgive Gasper de Mora for informing the Corrigadors thereof, and they for so justly condemning me to death. I also pray my Father and Parents to forgive me these my foul crimes, and both to pardon and forget the dishonour and scandal which the infamy of my death may reflect and draw on them. And now I recommend you all to Gods best favour and mercy, and my foul to receive salvation in his bleffed Kingdom of glory.

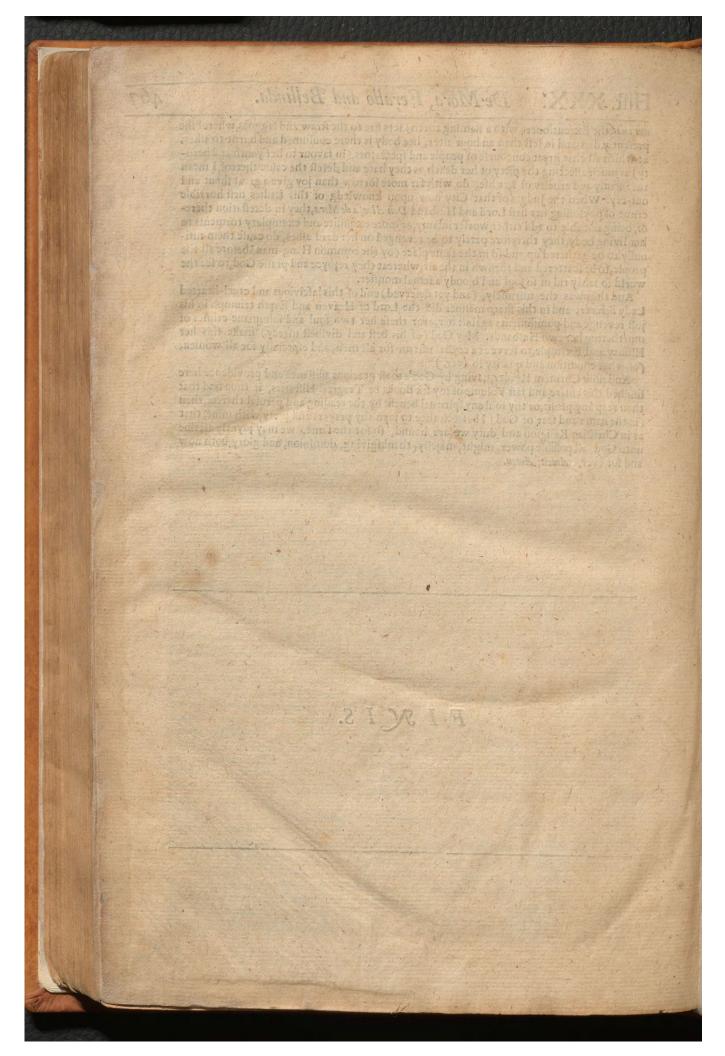
The Lady Bellinda having finished this her speech, the hearing and consideration thereof engendred much pitty and compassion in the heart, and caused a world of tears in the eyes of the beholders, and now she prepares her self for death. Here she takes off her Rings from her singers, and her Pearl Bracelets from her arms, and (as a token of her love) gives them to her Waiting-Gentlewoman Helena, who is present and not far from her, most bitterly sobing and weeping, because we can weep no more for the death of this her dear Lady and Misters, who now repeats many private prayers and Ave Maries to her self; when taking a solemn and forrowful farewell of all the world, she pulls down her Vail over her Snow-white Cheeks, and then often crossing her self with the sign of the Cross, and saying her last in mar-

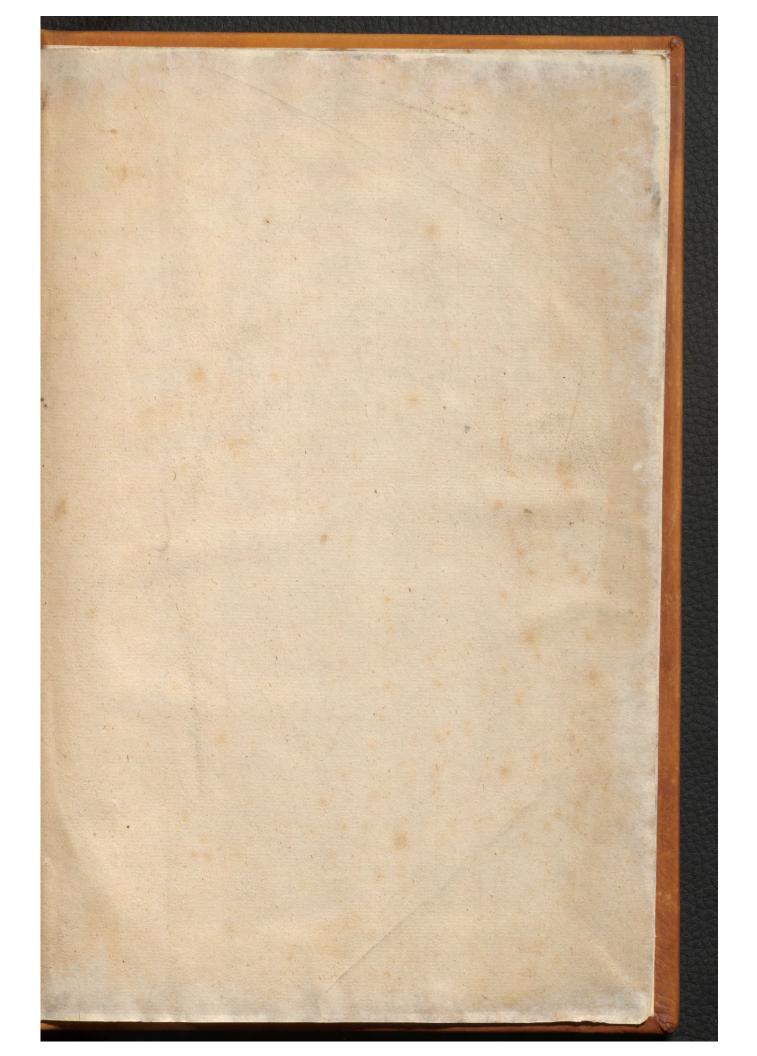
nue than, the Executioner (with a flaming torch) fets fire to the firaw and faggots, wherof she presently dies; and in less than an hour after, her body is there consumed and burnt to ashes; at which all that great concourse of people and spectators, (in favour to her youth and beauty) as much affecting the piety of her death, as they hate and detest the cause thereof, I mean the infamy and cruelty of her life, do with far more forrow than joy give a great shout and out-cry. When the Judges of that City now upon knowledg of this Ladies first horrible crime of poysoning her first Lord and Husband Don Alonsa de Mora, they in detestation thereof, being not able to add either worser infamy, or more exquisite and exemplary torments to her living body, they therefore partly to be revenged on her dead ashes, do cause them curiously to be gathered up, and so in the same place (by the common Hang-man) before all the people, to be scattered and thrown in the air, whereat they rejoyce and praise God, to see the world so fairly rid of so foul and bloody a femal monster.

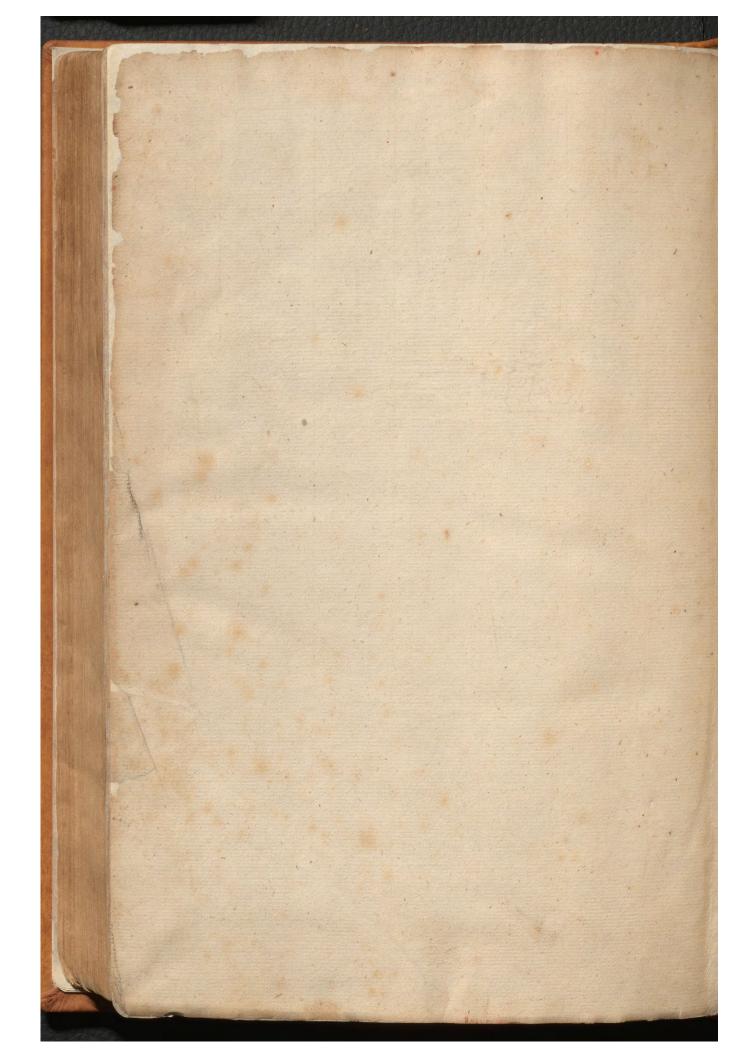
And thus was the untimely, (and yet deferved) end of this lascivious and cruel-hearted Lady Bellinda; and in this sharp manner did the Lord of Heaven and Earth triumph in his just revenge and punishments against her, for these her two soul and inhumane crimes of murthering her two Husbands, May God (of his best and divinest mercy) make this her History and Example, to serve as a crystal mirror for all men, and especially for all women, so what condition and quality so ever.)

And now Christian Reader, having by God's most gracious assistance and providence here finished this entire and last Volume of my six Books of Tragical Histories, if thou find that thou reap any profit, or thy soul any spiritual benefit by the reading and perusal thereof, then (in the name and sear of God) I beseech thee to joyn thy prayers and picty with mine, that as in Christian Religion and duty we are bound, so for the same, we may joyntly ascribe unto God, all possible power, might, majesty, thanksgiving, dominion, and glory, both now and for ever. Amen, Amen.

FINIS.







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